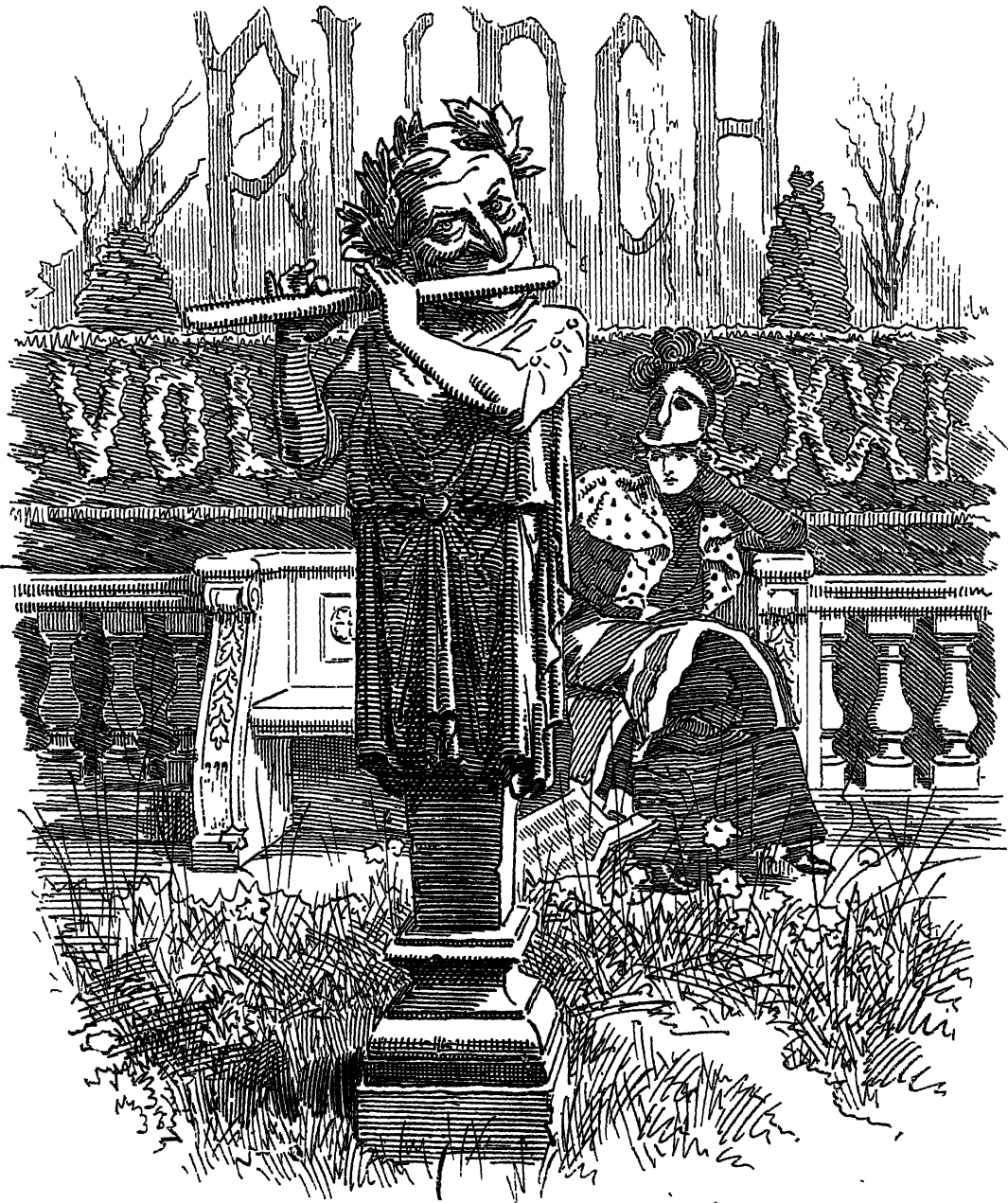

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Henry Sandham. sculp.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1901.

SEABURY, AGNEW & CO. LD., PRINTERS,
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

PREFACE.

Benard Partridge.



CERTAINLY it was a passing poor object that met the eye of the Arch-Practitioner as he entered the apartment of JOHN BULL, patient. A Specialist in complications, he was accustomed to prescribe for the most distressing symptoms with a smiling face. To-day, however, he wore an air of unusual seriousness. A faint savour of quackery, which pervaded the room, had not escaped the professional nostril, emunct as ever; but had confirmed his suspicion that he should have been called in at an earlier stage. In consequence, he was inclined to adopt a tone of moral exhortation rare in so genial a Physician as Dr. PUNCH.

"Let us plunge at once," he said, "*in infimus res*: that is to say, begin at the lower end. Our foot, now. A touch, shall we confess, of *podagra vulgaris*, induced by feeding and drinking with a somewhat expensive abandonment? Physically, I find this development to be without interest; but psychologically a thing to note. Has it not struck you as strange that people who are forever whining of bad times, the strain of the war, the pressure of taxation, the decline of trade, the influx of competitive aliens, the necessity of cutting down luxuries, such, notably, as the purchase of books and pictures, or the assistance of charities (matters, these, that concern the head and heart), should have attempted no sort of economy in the affairs of the stomach, but rather have developed a taste for animal luxury unprecedented within the memory of man? Frankly, I cannot commiserate with you who now pay the penalty of this offence; nor will I prescribe for you any sedative drug. Until you can appreciate the value of 'Plain living and high thinking' for its own sake, I wish you a very excruciating gout and many of them.

"Our arm, to move upwards, is a different thing; another pair of sleeves, as the saying is. Yet here you have yourself to blame for postponing precautions to the last moment. Morally, it is the way of you; you wander casually on when there is no danger, and only employ these necessary measures under stress of immediate peril, and under conditions most inconvenient to everybody except the enemy. Your single merit, in this connection, is that you are not of those pitiful creatures, the conscientious objectors.

"But what shall we say of this affection of our head? Swollen, originally, by over-confidence, it is now suffering, by reaction, from the other extreme of depression. Time was, when you had blood enough and brains enough to leave your rivals standing. Then, like the hare in the story, you seized the occasion to fall asleep, out of mere assurance; and now

you turn lazily, half-awake, to find yourself a lap or so behind in the race. You roll over, muttering curses on fortune, on fate, on anything but your own sole stupidity. You must wake up altogether, my good friend, as your new Prince said the other day; and not lie on your laurels till they lose their shape past all recognition.

"And this reminds me that a certain Canon has been writing an article about you, Mr. BULL, alleging that you are a played-out type, which always stood for a hatred of ideas; and hinting that limbo was the only place for your like. He was wrong, this reverend gentleman; you never hated ideas; but lately you have grown too easily contented with the wrong kind; and you have left it to others to invent them for you. And what inventors! Look at all this stuff I see strewn about you. Heaven, of course, forbid that I should abuse the Press at its best, but you may have too much of even a good thing; you may easily get such a surfeit of other people's ideas as to cease, through sheer distension, from thinking for yourself.

"As for this gutter-press of the Continent, I don't doubt but you still find yourself very superior to your neighbours who feed on this sort of garbage. Yet they only take what's given them; and how much more do you do yourself in the way of discrimination? Indeed, I think they have the laugh of you when they can point to something not so very different being hawked about beneath your very nose. No other country but yours would tolerate it. But you, with your damnable indifference, suffer yourself to be imposed upon by the old plea for liberty of opinion. Liberty of fiddlesticks, Sir! I'd have the whole bag of treasonable tricks burned by the common hangman.

"But sufficient for one homily. And, after all, you're sound enough at heart; it's only your brain that wants stimulating from its atrophy. That's a work that asks no drugs if you will but remember my moral prescription of plainer living and higher thinking.

"So, to our next more jovial meeting in the New Year! Meanwhile I present you with the most perfect cure for a disordered system. It will, at least, help you to set your face on the right road of 'efficiency' tempered by genial mirth. Forgive my air of schoolmaster, and permit me to make my peace by begging your acceptance of my

"One Hundred and Twenty-First Volume."





THE LEGEND OF THE WAR OFFICE RED (TAPE) BRIAR ROSE.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VI.—THE HENLEY SECTION.

(Continued from June.)

These City Imperial Voluntaries, rhymeless and rhymed, are dedicated, as before, with the author's sincere admiration, to the Poet (not the Regatta).

- JUNE 17TH, 18TH.—Night and the starless Void,
And cloud-rack canopies that veil
The undiscoverable vault of heaven ;
And, over the City's coruscating gloom,
High in his beetling four-square tower,
Big Ben, the bull's-eyed Constable,
Flashing his sentinel beam for sign
How, underneath, the nation's tireless brain
Seethes at its sacerdotal task of framing laws.
- 19TH.—With swirl of oozy chb the River goes
Bedridden, barge-blasphemous,
Lipping the terraced stones
Outworn with commerce of tea and cakes
And jaunty legislators' junketings.
- 20TH.—Within, the uncommunicative mace
(Symbol of that portentous sovereignty
Which stamps the people's choice,
Arch-progeny of the proletariat Will)
Watches the tragic comedy
Play out its tardy length to stertorous stalls.
- 21ST.—Hark where in windy platitudes,
Compound of the froth of undigested fact
And ponderous tub-thump wit of the hustings-wag,
Each for his own advertisement,
They rant—they bellow—they abuse.
- 22ND.—Here sits the Chief, disturbed
From healthy spasms of philosophic doubt,
Politely querulous of his truant ranks
Once counted adequate
To play the not-too-exigent part
Of gentlemanly walkers-on—
Now damned for irredeemable diners-out.
- 23RD, 24TH.—There lies the Opposition's fold
Incurably divided from itself—
These, ralliant to their country, right or wrong,
Those, cheek by jowl against her, wrong or right ;
And, in the desperate interval, behold
The dubious Campbell-wether of the flock
Protagonising in his own despite,
And butted fore and aft
Whither not he nor they precisely know.
- 25TH.—This is our Ancient Mother of Parliaments,
Fallen on dotage-days
Varied by episodic savagery,
But, for the rest,
Abysmal, desolate, irreclaimably dull.
What have we done to you,
Mother, O Mother,
That you requite us with so quaint a farce,
Such disillusioning parody of your Prime ?
- 26TH, 27TH.—Inveterate airs that blow
As from a dim orchestral Age of Brass ;—
A rout of coryphæes that toil and spin
With lustre of whirling lace and giddy gyre
Of hose rough-hued to ape
The arduous leg within ;—
Sallies of immemorial patriot wit,
Potent to kill, but impotent to pass ;—

And lo !

London's immeasurable mouth agape
From gallery to transeé pit
With worship ; her Imperial eyes aglow
With the divine ecstasie fire !

- 28TH TO 30TH.—There is no male hero, this ambrosial night,
But feels the manhood vocal in his veins.
There is no woman, if I read them right,
But in her hidden heart
Envies you breezy sylph the art
By which she turns these virile brains
To irreducible pulp, and sets the breast
Apant behind its hedge of shining shirt.
What unconjecturable spell
Inspires this exquisite torture of unrest,
Or where the point of what the humorous mime
Says, and the sudden midriff splits—
Not I, who rarely enter here, can tell.
They, rather, who from unremembered time
Follow the same old Grace's flying skirt,
The same old amorous play of pencilled eyes,
And the unwearied acrobacy of wits
Reiterate past fear of rude surprise—
These, lifting voluntaries clear and stroug,
May quire aloud what happy quest is theirs
Who tread the nightly stairs
Of London's luminous Halls of Mirth and Song.

O. S.

LAMENTATIONS OF LONDON.

[“The Government have abandoned their Education Bill. The fate of the Cockerton schools is still undecided.”—*Daily Paper.*]

Mother City speaks :

DARK are the dens in my teeming life-centres
Where Poverty makes her unspeakable lair,
Where breeze never blows and no sun ever cuts—
But darker than all is the ignorance there.
Lust, greed—all the crimes that are damned by the preachers,
Mid filth of the body and filth of the mind—
These, these are my little ones' eloquent teachers,
And this is the school where my sons are confined.

Ah, think of the foulness that strangles and smothers
Any seed of the good that may struggle to bloom !
Think, Parliament, think of your poor stricken brothers
Sunk deep in these caverns of squalor and gloom !
From these perilous haunts let my sons be protected,
From these nests of black gaol-birds, oh, save them in time !

How can they know virtue when left so neglected ?
How can they be honest, untaught save in crime ?

Come, open your purse ! Let the least in the nation
Be trained in the use of his hand and his eye !
Fling open your schools, for in them lies salvation,
By them is the country to live or to die !
Then still shall I see my poor children enjoying
The rights that brave hearts and true citizens rear—
You spend in one brief little week of destroying
As much as I ask for my schools in a year.

KRUGER AND KONCERTO !—The new opera by Mynheer PAUL KRUGER is to be entitled *Der Ring des Rotterdammerungen*. The principal part of *Der Rotter* will be played by Oom sweet Oom PAUL, who will accompany the other artists.

WHAT was shot by the “Tuppenny Tube” ?
Why, the Inner Circle.



OPPOSITE POLES.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman (to Mr. J. A. M. T. G.). "MAYBE I'M WRONG; BUT I THINK YOUR END'S GOING BEST."

URBS IN RURE.

"WHAT the doctor says TOMMY wants is *nourishment*," Mrs. BOFFIN declared emphatically. "He wants good wholesome country food."

"Very well, my dear," her husband had replied listlessly. "But I don't believe you will be able to get him any better food in the country than you can in Bayswater. In the Grove——"

"Nonsense, JOHN," said Mrs. Boffin. "You know what Dr. HARVEY said. London food is all adulterated. It is kept in refrigerators and treated with chemical preservatives till it has lost all nutritive qualities. What TOMMY needs is fresh country milk and butter, fresh eggs, fresh meat and poultry."

"Very well, dear," her husband replied again. "Have it your own way."

So Mrs. BOFFIN went forth and took lodgings in a Surrey village, three miles from a railway station, where the scenery was delightfully rural, and where TOMMY's health might be quickly re-established by wholesome English food. The morning after their arrival Mrs. BOFFIN's troubles over poor TOMMY's diet began. "Hasn't the milkman brought any cream this morning, Mrs. SMITH?" she asked.

"I'm afraid you won't get any cream hereabouts, mem," said that lady much as if her visitor had asked for the moon.

"No cream, Mrs. SMITH?"

"No, mem; not unless you was to get it in the village. Mrs. KNAPP down at the shop has some sometimes. She gets it in jars from London."

"But I want fresh cream," Mrs. BOFFIN urged; "that will not be fresh."

"It won't be *fresh*, mem, certainly," Mrs. SMITH agreed, evidently thinking that an irrelevant consideration.

Mrs. BOFFIN knitted her brows. The problem of TOMMY's morning cream seemed likely to be more difficult than she anticipated.

"Very well, Mrs. SMITH," she said, after a moment's thought; "you must take plenty of fresh milk every night, and we will get the cream from that."

"It is very difficult to get *fresh* milk here, mem," replied Mrs. SMITH. "It all goes to London. There's Swiss milk, of course," she added, cheerfully.

"Oh, but that won't do *at all*," said poor Mrs. BOFFIN. "I must enquire about another milkman at once. By the way, Mrs. SMITH, don't forget to have plenty of fresh eggs in the house. They must be new-laid."

"You can't get *new-laid* eggs here, mem," Mrs. SMITH replied, rather tartly, stung, perhaps, by the unreasonable character of the request. "There's *French* eggs, of course," she added, meditatively. "You could get *them* at the shop."

"But have you no fowls here? Can't I



Bulkley. "YES; HER PARENTS PERSUADED HER, AND IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US."
Sympathetic Friend. "SHE CAN'T HAVE REALISED WHAT A LOT SHE WAS GIVING UP."

get any eggs at all?" Mrs. BOFFIN enquired, anxiously.

"There's *Russian* fowls, mem," said Mrs. SMITH. "Mrs. KNAPP has them twice a week from Leadenhall Market; you can get them at the shop same as the eggs."

"But I don't want *Russian* fowls," Mrs. BOFFIN answered querulously. "I want *Surrey* fowls. I thought *Surrey* was famous for poultry."

"Oh, yes, mem," said Mrs. SMITH. "We have beautiful fowls. But *they* all goes up to London, same as the eggs and the milk and the cream and the butter."

"The *butter*, Mrs. SMITH!" cried Mrs. BOFFIN in horror. "Have you no fresh butter either?"

"It's quite *fresh*, mem," Mrs. SMITH

replied in an injured tone. "Very good butter it is—*Danish*."

"But I don't understand this," Mrs. BOFFIN moaned. "Your eggs, you say, come from *France*, your butter from *Denmark*, your cream from *London*, your fowls from *Russia*, your milk from *Switzerland*. Is there no fresh food of any kind that I can procure here? Where do you get your meat from?"

"Oh, that comes from *New Zealand*, mem," Mrs. SMITH answered, simpering.

"But you have sheep and cows in *Surrey*, haven't you?" Mrs. BOFFIN said crossly. "Why have you neither milk nor mutton?"

"They're all wanted for the *London* market, mem," replied Mrs. SMITH.

ST. J. H.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Handbook of the Administrations of Great Britain (SMITH, ELDER) is an epitome of the History of Great Britain during the nineteenth century. Compressed within the space of 350 pages, it is none the less complete. Mr. CUTTING CARR-GOMM's method is simple, when you come to think of it; its working-out easy, if you are prepared to devote far-reaching research to the production of what in measurement and avoirdupois weight comes to very little. Each brief chapter contains a list of the Cabinets of successive Administrations, from Mr. ADDINGTON's in the spring of 1801 to Lord SALISBURY's Third in the summer of 1895. A summary of the principal events happening under successive Administrations is given. My Baronite recognises in the handy volume a masterpiece of lucid summary. Its value is increased by a full index.

Mr. ARTHUR RICKETT's *Mimes and Rhymes* (BRIMLEY JOHNSON) is a bright and pleasant little book of *jeux d'esprit* and parodies in prose and verse. Mr. RICKETT has a happy knack of ridicule. The flavour is pungent but never acid.

The reader of *Deborah of Tod's* expects much when he comes across a new novel by Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE. He will not be disappointed on taking up *Catherine of Calais* (SMITH, ELDER). The title is not particularly attractive or in adequate degree descriptive. My Baronite confesses that, guided by it solely, apprehending another of the increasingly tiresome pseudo-historical works now happily in waning fashion, he would have passed it over. CATHERINE chanced to pass her childhood in Calais, the thrall of a cruel aunt, and as *Deborah*, being "of Tod's," was a great success, so *Catherine* is "of Calais." The longer and fuller portion of her life is lived in London and in the Devonshire Mrs. DE LA PASTURE knows so well. The story is strikingly original because of avoidance of what seemed an obvious turn. When pretty *Catherine* gives her passionate heart, her sparkling life into the keeping of a handsome, impassive man, old enough to be her father, the inured novel-reader naturally expects that by-and-bye a younger knight will come along, will love and will ride away with the fair and guilty wife. There is a passage in an early chapter which indicates this ordinary conclusion of the matter. Possibly it was contemplated, or perhaps the hint was only artful, designed to lead astray. However it be, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE has chosen the better way, keeping *Catherine* pure and faithful to the last. The characters, many and various, are drawn with unerring skill. *Lady Sarah Adelstone* is etched with a light, firm, glowing touch that recalls the master-hand of THACKERAY.

The ninth volume of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, published by Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, of 40, Rupert Street, and edited by Lady RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL, is, as was said of the song in *Twelfth Night*, "more excellent" than the others, that is, than the preceding volumes—not as to the contents, but as to the binding, on which subject there is an interesting and learned article by an expert. The frontispiece is an admirable likeness of our Gracious Queen ALEXANDRA, and the reproduction of the three portraits of Cardinal RICHELIEU is excellent. Mr. ANDREW LANG has an interesting article on SMOLLETT, who, he thinks—and rightly—has long ceased to be a popular author, which information is on a par with the news suddenly brought us of the decease of Her Majesty Queen ANNE. Mr. LANG misquotes a classic when he writes the line—

Artis om. Alas, my Bom—(dies)
Rumbastes.—"Bastes he would have said.

But this he can put right by a more careful study of that immortal work. Where the Baron once detects a misquote he begins to be cautious. The similarity between *Barry Lyndon* and "*Ferdinand Count Falkon*" is, to the Baron's thinking, not sufficiently brought out and insisted on, and of the parallelism between DICKENS and SMOLLETT he would willingly have heard more. EDWIN BRADSHAW GREW's article on the Physiognomy of newspapers would be imperfect did it not deal with Mr.

Punch's own remarkable and unique physiognomy. He should have given Mr. MILLIKEN's reply, as narrated in Mr. SPIELMANN's invaluable history of *Punch*, to the lady who complained that "*Punch* is not so good as it used to be." "No," replied MILLIKEN, "it never was." Mr. GREW alludes by implication to this most happy *mot*. The Baron congratulates Mrs. CORNWALLIS-WEST and Lady RANDOLPH (a dual personality) on this pleasant volume, of which it can be honestly said, judging alone from the outside, that "it is bound to please." BARON DE B.-W.

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

La Tosca. Better have left *La Tosca*, with SARA BERNHARDT for the heroine, as a melodrama, than have chosen it for a musical setting, even when the music is PUCCINI's. But that throughout it is most dramatic is what "nobody can deny." How fortunate to find as interpreters a Fräulein TERNINA for *Floria Tosca*, and a De MARCHI for *Mario Cavaradossi*—(what memories does not the name of *Mario* recall in Opera!),—with Signor SCOTTI for *Baron Scarpia*, all so vocally, musically and dramatically excellent. Without such artistes as these, what would become of the Opera, *quid* Opera? 'Tis good, but not great. Where are such rare merits in it as will make it live? PUCCINI's *La Tosca* is for all sorts of "time," but not for an age. By the way, how true a motto for any Opera is "*Tempora mutantur*"!

The comic *Sacristan* is capitally played by M. GULLIBERT, the character recalling some trait of *Calchas* in *La Belle Hélène*. The entire Opera excellently rendered with Policeman MANCINELLI on his beat in the orchestra.

Tuesday.—In three acts, 'all "made in Germany," *Tristan und Isolde*. A fine performance. TERNINA magnificent in acting and singing. Everybody enthusiastic. MARIE BREMA admirable as usual, and Baritone BISPHAM—(Quite a title this! Almost as good as "Baronet BISPHAM," or "BISPHAM, Bart.")—not a whit behind the best of 'em, pick 'em where you like. The tenor, with the regular knock-me-down name of FORCHHAMMER, if not startling, was at all events pleasing, as being never untuneful. The chorus, an "unconsidered trifle" where WAGNER has his sing and say, satisfactory. Orchestra, under LOHSE, quite up to the mark—"the König Marke"—and scenery as good as they can make it, though what the great improvements in stage machinery may have been, of which so much was heard and now so little has been seen, it is difficult to arrive at. House full and "smart."

Thursday.—Great disappointment for some of us, who had been eagerly looking forward to the *Huguenots* with SUZANNE ADAMS, LUIGENNE BRÉVAL, Signor de MARCHI, and Fräulein FRISKY SCHEFF—(No, beg pardon!—how the mis-scheff could the mistake have arisen?—*on vent dire* "FRITZI SCHEFF")—as *Urbain*, the Page of Huguenot musical history. But who shall foresee the events of a rehearsal? Who shall protect the delicate throat? Notices are wired far and near, "*Opera changed to Faust*. BRÉVAL *indisposed*." Alas! poor BRÉVAL! May she speedily recover her voice, and may this deponent be there to hear her sing the "*Tu m'ami*," with the best tenor able to thrill the house, tear himself from his Valentine, and jump like a springheel'd lover into the street below.

Faust, always old, always to be revived, and ever available for rejuvenising. M. SALIGNAC as the "Old Master Restored" (a good and artistic sub-title for the opera herewith presented gratis to the Syndicate C. G.) is not all one could wish; still, for his performance "*toi loi*" is an adequate musical and vocal formula. JOURNET as *Mephisto*, *pro hac vice* "for this journey," sufficeth; but "caparisons are odorous," so no more at present, except to exclaim with the nautical William, "What! SCRAH, ahoy!" and to add that those who have not seen Miss SUZANNE ADAMS when she sings and plays *Marguerite* have yet something to live for. "*Qui vivra, verra*." And so into July, and the Grand Finale within measurable distance.

"VOILÀ CE QUE L'ON DIT DE MOI!"

(*"Dans la Gazette de Hollande!"—Song of (Prince) Paul in Openbar's "La Grande Duchesse."*)



WHEN the war first began, the Boers quite believed

That KRUGER might capture the QUEEN;
For the fibs that he told
To the people he "sold,"
Were odd and uncommonly mean!

But later, when matters began to look black,

The President thought he would hide;
So he mounted his "gee"
(Like Hilpin was he),
And straightway went off for a ride.

When they found from that ride that he did not return,

They searched, but the search was in vain,

For PAUL in this plight
Had now taken flight,

And was lodged, for a while, in a train.

But the foe drew too close to our Oom PAUL's abode,

So lest he a captive should be,
He said, "Inform STEYN
That I now fully mean
To take a long voyage by sea."

Mrs. KRUGER, who wrote when he reached the sea-port,
Begged PAUL that he'd take her with him.

But he wired, "My dear,
I can't have you here;

No time to indulge this new whim."

From the ship *Gelderland*, which the Queen
of the Dutch

Lent our valiant, fugitive hero,
He landed in France
Where he hoped to advance

His cause, which just then stood at zero.

Though banquets they gave to Oom PAUL
and his suite

(Such stuffing was fit quite to kill 'em),

He saw with some pain

He must "move on" again

And said, "I'll seek Emperor VILLEM."

But VILLEM had business that took him
away,

So couldn't dear Oom PAUL receive,

Who then in dismay

Set sail the next day

For Holland his cause to retrieve.

There, too, he did not get "material aid,"

But met with a "hearty ovation";

With music and showers

Of beautiful flowers

Evincing the joy of the nation.

They paraded with banners before his
hotel,—

PAUL KRUGER no rest could obtain;
For they sang till past one,
And then hadn't done,
But chorus'd again and again.

At length some transparencies, brightly
'lit up,

His meal to the crowd did display:

The words made 'em weep;

"Flash! KRUGER must sleep!"

So, tearfully, all crept away.

And now all his friends who are making a
fuss,

A vigilant eye on him keep,

And they ask, speaking low

As they walk on tip-toe,

"Is our wide-awake Oom still asleep?"

BRITISH BRUTALITY.

WITH regard to the outcry recently raised by Miss HOBHOUSE and others anent the conditions of the Boer Refugee Camps for women and children, Mr. Punch's Lady Commissioner, having made exhaustive enquiries, now reports as follows:—

I can fully believe in any enormities alleged, or to be alleged, against the British, as I found a most shocking state of things existing.

1. The supply of Hairpins is wholly inadequate.

2. The whole camp of 573 women had but one back number of a Ladies' paper amongst them, with a fashion-plate depicting a positively odious costume of last season.

3. Only five bottles of Violettes de Parme scent were to be found throughout.

4. No spirit-lamps for the proper heating of curling-tongs—*this is a fact*.

5. Owing to their military duties, none of the British officers ever come in to afternoon tea with, or do anything to socially entertain, the Boer ladies. This is looked upon as particularly brutal conduct, and makes one quite inclined to believe in almost any charge of neglect.

6. It will hardly be credited when I say that *not a single set* of Ping-Pong is to be found throughout the whole of the Refuge Camp!

7. Ladies' maids are almost impossible to obtain. All the Boer women have to do their own hair.

8. A salmon mayonnaise is simply an unknown luxury. The Boer ladies ask for ices to be supplied regularly to the Refuge, but the authorities refuse—beg pardon—refuse, I should say, their request.

9. There is no Ladies' Golf Club.

In conclusion, I venture to make a small suggestion. It is that those Boer ladies peopling the Refuge Camps should be brought over to England and given a season in town at the expense of the country. This would silence every complaint, and make things pleasant all round.

A "GO" AT THE GAITY.



LESSEE and Manager GEORGE EDWARDES is a lucky man: his horse wins, his theatre wins. It takes a trainer and a jockey to do the victorious horse trick, but it takes two authors, two lyricists, and two composers, with designers and makers of costumes, of dresses, of uniforms, of hats, of wigs, "properties," floral decorations, and gloves, all mentioned in the playbill (and what a serious matter the pay-bill must be!) to achieve success for "Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production," *The Toréador*, at the Gaiety Theatre.

Certainly, the horse's gallop at racing pace is over in a few minutes; a mere breathing space, and we knew the worst or best, but it may take weeks to decide the fate of a piece, whether it shall run for months or "come off" after a spirited struggle for life.

Gaiety pieces, or rather musical plays—(they are scarcely "plays," and "extravanzas" may be the more fitting description).—brought out wherever they may be, at Daly's, or the Lyric, or anywhere else, as long as they are produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, on the EDWARDES' method and plan, may or may not at first make a "palpable hit," but after a while, by the strictest attention to business on the part of all concerned in the production, whatever doesn't "go" goes out, and in its place something that makes a hit is substituted, until the patchwork of necessarily eccentric design, perhaps without any design at all, becomes a far more brilliant and attractive piece (or piecing) of work than was the original. I have seen a thorough artist in his studio discard an almost finished picture, which seemed to my somewhat particular eye uncommonly good, and recommence the work on a fresh canvas, simply because in the first he had not come up to his own ideal; and, after a time, I have testified to the vast improvement on the first picture when he has completed the same subject on his second canvas.

So it is with Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES and his musical plays; so it is with this present musical play, written by Messrs. TANNER and NICHOLLS, lyricised by ROSS and GREENBANK; music composed for it by CARYL and MOSKTON; which music, light and full of tune and go, presents no striking novelty, no very original and catching melody; and, as the music, so the piece, which being bright, light, uninteresting but amusing, easy, not brilliant dialogue, and with nothing to arrest the attention in business or situation, carries one along for three hours through a pleasant song-and-dance country, presenting, however, few features that can compare with the charming *Sam Top*, the delightful *Grishu*, or the eccentric *Messenger Boy*. But, on the EDWARDES' method, it may yet rival and beat all its predecessors, outrunning them all with two or three hundred nights in hand.

As far as "character" may be looked for in such a piece, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Junior, with his song "*Everybody's awfully good to me*," by PAUL RUBENS, has the best of it; while for eccentricity Mr. EDWIN PAYNE'S *Sammy Gigg* the tiger is incomparable. Ah! what couldn't Mr. EDWIN PAYNE do if—but no matter, let's take him as he is and for what he is, and rejoice in him as "a thing of beauty and a joy for" the entire run of any piece in which he plays a leading part. Mr. LEO MACKINDER represents one of those modern musical-piece young men whose special *métier* came into existence with HAYDON COFFIN'S success, and who are gradually settling down into a recognised classification as "Gaiety-good-young-man, A Gaiety-good-young man," who can dance a bit, sing a bit, speak a bit, "here a bit and there a bit, and everywhere a bit," and all good of its kind. With EDWIN PAYNE is associated bright Miss VIOLET LLOYD, and their duets and eccentric character dances are capital; but in their predecessors they have "ower dangerous" rivals.

Miss CLAIRE ROMAINE has the best song in the piece, "*Maud*" (not the elderly spinster invited into the garden), which meets

with hearty encores; while Miss MARIE STUDBOLME and Miss FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE have, with Messrs. GROSSMITH and MACKINDER, the pick of the quartette singing and dancing. Miss MAIDIE HOPE comes out well with Mr. RUBENS' song of "*The Toréador*"—(very rash of Mr. RUBENS to choose such a subject, and clever of him to get away entirely from the only "*Toréador contento*" so familiar to all of us)—and Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON gives so much of intensity to the jealousy of *Dona Teresa* as brings out, in sharp contrast with it, the comic terror and the absurd amativeness of Mr. PAYNE.

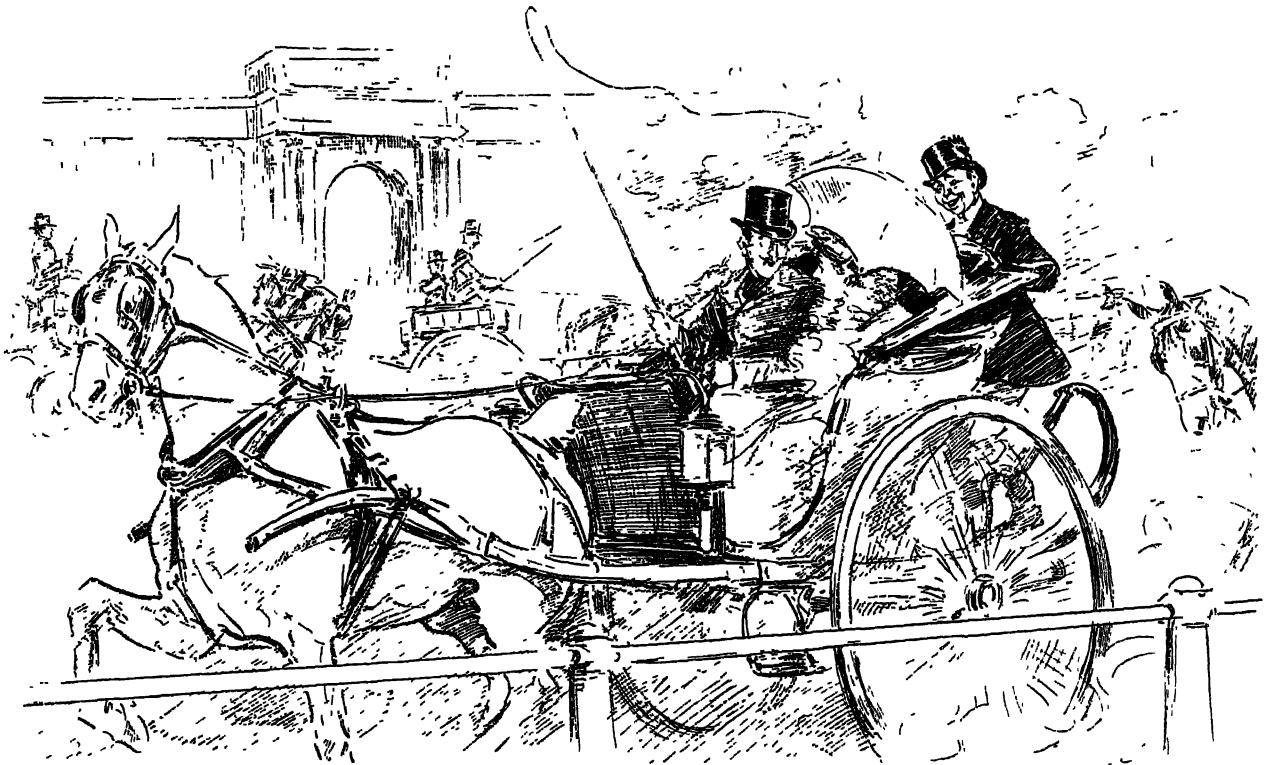
Mr. WILLIE WARDE is funny as the Bandmaster, his make-up defying identification; but, for once, having taught everyone else how to dance, he takes no steps to show what he could do on his own account. Mr. IVAN CARYLL working harder as conductor than he seems to have done as composer, gives an impulse to the plaudits of a crowded and appreciative house. Summary of evening's entertainment: "great pleasure and little Payne."

FROM FATHER THAMES TO THE OARSMEN.

WELL, boys, you're here again at Henley, the home of youth and strength and endeavour; at Henley, where for more than sixty years my Naiads, the fair, fresh daughters of a hoary parent, have watched your swift boats cleaving the pellucid surface of the river, and from the depths below have acclaimed your skill, your endurance and your triumphs. How is it to be with you this year? Is the ancient Cup, engraved with so many noble names, to be won by you, my sons, or is it to become the proud ornament of some foreign, if fraternal, Club? Shall Leander have it again, shall New College for a year glow with its possession, or shall I hide my mournful head while the doughty Pennsylvanians or the brave Belgians carry it in glory to a distant shore? Many are the chances. I control the river. It is fair and equal for all. But the winds are tricky, treacherous customers, fellows of whims and caprices, of sudden dislikes and an uncontrollable temper. The winds are not within my rule. *Notus*, *Boreas*, and the rest owe fealty to *Eolus*, and *Eolus*, the lasher of waves, was ever an enemy to me and mine. Let us flatter him while there is yet time, and entreat him to send at most a Zephyr, a gentle breeze that may make the water smile, and blow with equal favour behind the racing crews.

You, O dauntless Belgians, have visited me before. I welcome you again, and wish you well. But for you, friends from far Philadelphia, I have a special greeting. I like your pluck, your eager spirit of adventure, your emulous desire to wrest the trophies of our old world from our hands. A fair course you shall have, and, for the rest, such fortune as your skill and vigour deserve. You have come to tug the old Lion good-humouredly by the beard—not to twist his much enduring tail. He's a sleepy beast; see how he yawns and stretches his big limbs, and looks for all the world as though effort and agile swiftness were beyond him. But there's a fire in his eye still, and his muscles are well strung and—well, I think he's got it in him, and he'll try his best now that you've put him to it. Of one thing you may be sure. You have come three thousand miles over weary wastes of ocean, and now you are our friends. We clasp your hands, and give you place in our brotherhood of oarsmen. Henceforth you are with us and of us in honour and in all loyal manly strife. Loss or gain, victory or defeat, what, after all, do they matter? We play the game—you and we—for the sake of the glorious game itself. Success is a thing of a moment, defeat nobly endured can leave no sting. But loyalty and chivalry and friendship these remain with us all, a possession for ever. May your memories of the Old Country, and of the men you strive against be sweet and pleasant. We shall do all we can to make them so.—Yours in friendship and good-will,

FATHER THAMES.



THE LATEST SCANDAL.

"WEIGH, OF COURSE, MUST NOT GO ANY FARTHER." NOW THEY WONDER HOW THE STORY GOT ABOUT!

"A BERLIN!"

"Modernstyle."

SCENE — Charlottenburg. Enter rapidly various motor cars. From them descend French chauffeurs.

First Citizen (with enthusiasm). Hoch!

Second, Third and Fourth Citizens, and everyone else (also with enthusiasm). Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

The Chauffeurs (removing masks, goggles, leather coats, gauntlets, &c.). A la bonne heure! Entin! Quelle chaleur! Quelle poussière! Quelle route! Mais sont-ils charmants, ces Allemands, hein! Mon Dieu, j'ai une soif! Garçon, un bock. Deux bocks. Cinq bocks. Une dizaine de bocks.

Waiter. Ja, ja, ja! Komme gleich.

Ludwig Müller (clasping the hand of a chauffeur). Ach, Himmel! Herr BASSOMPIERRE. Es freut mich sehr. Kolossal! Wunderbar!

Auguste de Bassompierre. Pardon! Je ne comprends pas. Tiens! Si je ne me trompe pas, c'est Monsieur LUDWIG. Enchanté!

Lud. Ja, ja, ja! Herr AUGUST. Grossartig!

Aug. You speaks English, not is it, dear Mister? You not have forgetted him? Me, you know, I not know the German.

Lud. I am the German.

Aug. I not him speak.

Lud. Ach so! Yes, yes, yes. So speak

we English. Now come you in Berlin to the first time?

Aug. But yes. Hold! I have one thirst.

Lud. Bitte? If you please?

Aug. Je veux bien. I wish well. One bitter, one bock.

Lud. Ach so! Kellner, zwei Glas Bier. Bitte. If you please. Prosit!

Aug. To the amiable eaters of the Germany. Live the eaters!

Lud. Bitte? I understand not. Wherefore the eaters. It is true man eat much in Germany, but man drink yet more and yet willinglier. Kellner, noch zwei Bier.

Aug. Pardon! Not the eaters, qui mangent, but the eaters, qui chauffent, les chauffeurs. Ah, there is one H. I not know ever to aspirate the English H. Live the H—H—Heaters!

Lud. Ach so! With H. But take you yourself in care, or shall you one blood-vessel in the head burst. Drink we yet one glass beer. Our French guests! High, high, high!

Aug. Thousand thanks! You also, dear Mister, you are chauffeur?

Lud. Natürlich, naturely. I find that the motor waggondriving colossal amusing is.

Aug. Eh bien, alors! As all the sportsmans, we are camarades, we are brothers.

Lud. Yes well, dear friend. (They clasp hands, and raise their glasses again). Only the Englander loves not the motorwaggon.

Astounding, not true, because he always the sport love?

Aug. Ah, the English. It is, perhaps at cause of this war. They not can to think to other thing. We others Germans and Frenches, peoples so peaceables, we have the time of us to amuse. But that not shall to endure. The King of ENGLAND is chauffeur. As soon the war finished, or even more soon, the English shall become enraged of the automobilism. Are they voyagers, these English! One rencounters Mister JOHN BELL and Missis and the young Miss partout. Eh well, before little they shall voyage in automobile. They commence already to construct some automobiles. As carriagers they are very strong. Perhaps, more late, we others Frenches we shall go to buy the automobiles at London. That may himself.

Lud. Perhaps. Now dine you with me, dear friend.

Aug. Ah, my dear, you are one not can more amiable. Enchanted! Regard then my automobile.

[They go off, arm in arm, discussing wheels, tyres, breaks, levers, petroleum, electricity, and such things.

The Citizens (with undiminished ardour). Hoch, hoch, hoch!

The Chauffeurs. Vive l'Allemagne!

The Winner. Vive l'Empereur! (Suddenly remembers he is a Frenchman and a Republican.) Vive le Sport!

H. D. B.



Daughter of the House. "ARE WE REALLY HELPING YOU, THOMAS?"

Thomas. "LAWK-A-MUSSY! YEP, MISS: A'MOST THE SAME AS IF YOU WAS GROWN UP."

Daughter of the House. "THEN WHY DON'T YOU ASK US IF WE'D LIKE A DROP O' ZUMMAT?"

A VERY MEMORABLE DATE.

(The Fourth of July, 1901.)

"WHAT! what! what!" cried the first shade confronting the other. The Elysian grove was all but deserted, and only these two celebrities were present. "What! what! what!"

"Surely, Sire," remonstrated the other, "you can drop earthly peculiarities in this pleasant place."

"I am indebted to you, Mr. WASHINGTON," responded King GEORGE THE THIRD, "for the suggestion, but, as you are no doubt aware, there is nothing more difficult to eradicate than a favourite habit. Moreover, my 'What-what-whats' and 'Why-why-whys' serve to earmark me and preserve my identity."

GEORGE WASHINGTON smiled and bowed. "You wished to speak to me I think, when you made your favourite ejaculation?"

"It was only to suggest that there seems to be a great demonstration going on in that large hotel in the Strand, where so many huge banquets are held.

If I am not mistaken, numbers of my own loyal subjects and successors to those misguided emigrants who followed your pernicious example are to be present. I was about to say—"

"Forgive me for interrupting you, Sire," put in GEORGE WASHINGTON, "but you know politics are forbidden in this peaceful spot."

"Well, loyalists and rebels are fraternising. They have crossed the Union Jack with that flag upon which your armorial bearings appear without the consent of the Earl Marshal."

"Pray leave my armorial bearings alone!" said GEORGE WASHINGTON, a trifle testily. "They are to be found in your Herald's College properly displayed, representing a good old English family, and surely that should be sufficient to satisfy his Grace of NORFOLK."

"It gives me infinite pleasure to get an innocent rise out of you," replied King GEORGE THE THIRD, in great good humour; "but tell me, Mr. (or shall I call you General?) WASHINGTON, what is the

cause of all that enthusiasm down below? Why are Britons and Americans fraternising, and toasting one another's institutions?"

"They are keeping the Fourth of July."

"Dear me—my memory fails me—the Fourth of July?"

"Surely you remember, Sire, that on the Fourth of July the Independence of the United States was declared."

"Oh, yes; I ask your pardon. Ah, to be sure, and that was the birthday of—"

"The love between England and America. I congratulate your Majesty upon the fact that both you and your subjects and I and my followers can celebrate the anniversary with equal satisfaction." And the two shades exchanged snuff-boxes.

FLOR-ADORE. — When ex-President KRUGER was in Amsterdam the other day, "young ladies strewed blossoms before him to tread upon." Of course they were corn-flowers.



THE LAZY DOG.

PROFESSOR A. J. BALFOUR (with *Four-tined Whip*). "I DON'T ASK ANYTHING ORIGINAL. BUT, HANG IT, YOU MIGHT GO THROUGH THE SIMPLE OLD TRICK!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 21 — There is nothing small or mean about Mr. ALFRED PICKWICK DAVIES, Member of Parliament for the Carmarthen District. He has all the high-mindedness and simple dignity of the genial gentleman whose personality he realises for the present generation. As a statesman he distrusts the COLONIAL SECRETARY. Carmarthen District has committed to his hands a solemn charge he is proud to cherish.

"Keep your eye on JOE," was the last injunction he received when Carmarthen District sent him to Parliament.

No one can accuse him of laggard



In the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.
(A pencil snap-shot.)

service in the cause of his country and of Carmarthen. Ominously early in career of new Parliament DON JOSÉ became conscious of a strange magnetic influence. Unconsciously obedient, he found his gaze attracted to the lower end of Front Bench below Gangway opposite, dan beheld, as he thought, the cherished hero of his earlier excursion into literature—Mr. Pickwick. Illusion strengthened when, a few days after Parliament had settled down, Member for Carmarthen rose, and, stepping out half a pace from the bench so that there might be more room for his cocked coat-tail when with familiar gesture he thrust his hand beneath it, begged to address to the COLONIAL SECRETARY "a Question of which I have given him private notice."

There was the same noble brow under which, astride an unobtrusive nose,



An Impression of Dr. F-r-q-l-r-n.

glistened the interrogative spectacles; the same kindly but firm manner. Almost, under the trousers with which later fashion clothed the legs of authority, DON JOSÉ fancied he could trace the gaiters.

"I will ask the House," added Mr. DAVIES, waving his right hand, "to give the right hon. gentleman their attention while he kindly replies."

That only the beginning. Since that day DON JOSÉ has constantly been strained on the rack by the Member for Carmarthen. A visit to the United States, occasioned by international complications not unconnected with the business of carriers, gave him an interval of respite. It was a coincidence, purely a coinci-



The Chief Secretary to the "Lhard Liff-ten'nt."
(Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m.)

dence, that when the newspapers announced the return of the Member for Carmarthen to Westminster, the COLONIAL SECRETARY had an attack of gout that confined him to his room. Last week Mr. DAVIES, stepping out to address a Question to the right hon. Gentleman, observed his absence and extended graceful assurance of sympathy. Encouraged by this friendly token, DON JOSÉ to-day returned to his post. His re-appearance led to one of those incidents that ennoble Parliamentary strife and irrigate the arid course of party politics.

"Question 57, Mr. SPEAKER, to the COLONIAL SECRETARY. And," Mr. PICKWICK continued with comprehensive wave of his hand, "I am sure the House will join me in welcoming the right hon. Gentleman on his recovery."



On Beryl of the Aggericultural Labourer.
(Mr. Br-dh-rst.)

DON JOSÉ visibly affected; master of himself though Liberal Ministries fall, his voice now trembled as he made acknowledgment of this friendly overture. PRINCE ARTHUR suspiciously sniffed as he unfolded his pocket handkerchief and gazed reflectively into its depths. In Strangers' Gallery there was not a dry eye.

Business done.—Mr. JEMMY LOWTHER, looking in from Ascot on his way to Exeter Hall, delivers a speech prepared for last Thursday's Debate on the Sugar Duty. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, resenting the delay, offers, *sotto voce*, a few remarks that sound like extracts from the Athanasian Creed.

Tuesday night.—ST. MICHAEL comes up quite fresh again with his conundrum, "What is Small Coal?" For him age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite

variety. Whenever hard pressed by the struggling millionaire coalowner he rises, leans his elbow on desk and remarks, "I confess there is a good deal in what the honourable gentleman says; but can he define Small Coal?"

Of course he can't; necessarily shuts up, and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER goes on his way resistless.

In the end the thing works out admirably. D. A. THOMAS having moved an Amendment in one of his powerful speeches rich in eloquent pauses, ST. MICHAEL followed. "Can the honourable Gentlemen," he commenced; whereat there was howl of despair from the impoverished millionaires.

"No, no," they cried; "we give it up."

ST. MICHAEL, justly pleased, not disposed to be outdone in generosity, met surrender by liberal compromise.

During his first Session in the House of Commons, the MEMBER FOR SARK dined with a company that included that most delightful of men the late Lord GRANVILLE. A lady announced the interesting fact that a son had been born to ROBERT BROWNING and his wife, then resident in Florence.

"The funniest, oddest thing you ever saw," she said.

"Ah," smiled Lord GRANVILLE, "then there will now be, not two Incomprehensibles, but three Incomprehensibles."

ST. MICHAEL has added a fourth. It is Small Coal. Having established it in the category, having exacted admission of its impregnability, he could afford to be lavish.

"We know," he said, "the limit of human power, even in this potent assembly. We can't square the circle; we can't gag Ca'pen TOMMY BOWLES, and we can't define Small Coal. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll relieve from the shilling export duty all coal delivered free on board at six shillings a ton, and you may call it small coal or great, as you like."

DAVID THOMAS fell on JOICEY's breast, and dropped a coal-black tear on his cambric front.

"It is not everything, JAMES," he said, "but it will save us from starvation. It will yield a crumb for our little ones, and a jug of water for the stranger at our gate. Let us re-Joicey."

To this pitiful depth was reduced an ordinarily staid colliery owner.

Business done.—Mutual concession; the coalowners give up CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER'S riddle, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER gives up portion of Coal Tax.

Thursday night.—The vital truth that underlies the observation "One man may steal a horse whilst another may not look over the hedge" was illustrated just now

in case of Mr. WEIR. On Consolidated Fund Bill JOHN DILLON nagged at length at Mr. BRODRICK, accusing him of having, four months ago, misled the House as to position of the forsaken Boor women in the refugee camps. Performance lasted fully an hour. BRODRICK made detailed reply; JOHN DILLON worked off repeated rejoinder; LLOYD - GEORGE said a few words.

Mr. WEIR, a patient listener, felt his hour had come; quite a long time since he had an innings. What with verbosity of Irish members, activity of the Welsh, no opening for modest Scotch gentleman. Now it presented itself. Mr. WEIR rose; solemnly adjusted his *pince-nez*; through the House rumbled the noise of the hydraulic machinery whereby his voice is drawn up from the reservoir of his boots. Click! It was all right; ready for a good forty minutes' spin.

"Is the right hon. gentleman a Weir—?"

As in the analogous case of *Marmion*, these were the last words of the Member for Ross and Cromartie. Up sprang PRINCE ARTHUR. "I move that the Question be now put," he said.

Mr. WEIR slowly sank in his seat, as at eventide, in far-off Ross, the sun drops behind Ben Wyvis. There was no appeal. It was the Closure; brute force brought to choke off Highland eloquence. One thing Mr. WEIR might do; he could demand a Division. So when the SPEAKER put Question of Closure and declared "the Ayes have it," a deep-throated "No," sustained by a disproportionate quantity of unused hydraulic power, rolled through the House.

Thus was Mr. WEIR avenged. PRINCE ARTHUR refused him even five minutes in which to speak. The Division on the Closure occupied fifteen.

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

House of Lords, Friday.—Mr. CHOATE, hearing that the Moorish Ambassador had been down to House in a white shirt, thought it time United States had a look in. Settled himself comfortably in side gallery this afternoon, and had refreshing sleep whilst LANSDOWNE discoursed on British Army. Woke up hearing WOLSELEY referring to America.

"For its size, mind you, I say for its size," F. M. repeated, holding up his little finger, "I call the Army of the United States the finest in the world."

"Shake!" said the American Ambassador, feeling in the neighbourhood of his moustache with intent to give it a military curl. Not finding it, he squared his shoulders and softly whistled a bar from "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Business done.—In the Commons PRINCE ARTHUR, by this time quite used to the domestic manoeuvre, abandoned the Infant Education Bill.

JULY.

THE sun is a-blazing
Mid Heaven's deep blue,
The Idler is lazing
In punt or canoe.
The muslin maiden
Drifts down with the stream,
With strawberries laden
And sugar and cream.

The batsman so merry
The willow is welding,
The fielder is very
Reluctantly fielding.
The Varsity chappie
Is lurching with zest;
He's perfectly happy
And perfectly dressed.

The fly's mobilizing
In every domain
His most tantalizing
Hot weather campaign.
The mother's repairing
To seadisy spot,
The father is swearing
Because he is not.

The yachtsman in flannel
Triumphant is found;
The Solent or Channel
He's sailing around.
The farmer in making
His hay is immersed,
The City man's slaking
A business-like thirst.

And everyone's planning
Their annual trip;
On beach they'll be tanning,
In ocean they'll dip.
We're feeling, to be sure,
A trifle run down,
Then, hey for the sea-shore—
Away from the town!

FURTHER REGULATIONS FOR HENLEY.

(Under the Consideration of the Thames Conservancy.)

No piano playing shall be permitted on house-boats during the racing, so that the attention of coxswains shall not be thereby distracted.

To avoid a crowd collecting on the course, no craft shall be permitted to leave the shores between the hours of 6 A.M. and 9 P.M.

To preserve decorum, only lemonade and ginger-beer shall be drunk during the illuminations, and fireworks shall henceforth be restricted to one squib and a couple of crackers to each house-boat.

Finally, recreation of every kind shall be discontinued, so that in future the unpopularity of the County Council on land shall find its reflection in the universal detestation in which the Thames Conservancy shall be held by those living on the river.

THE MAN BEHIND THE PEN.

A "Literary" Play.

[“The immense competition among young publishers, and the hawking round of books to the highest bidder by the literary agent, has made publishing a less remunerative pursuit than formerly: and I have in my mind's eye a number of publishers whose houses are less magnificent than those of at least a dozen authors whom I could name.”—*Sphere*, June 22.]

The scene represents a magnificent apartment in the palatial abode of a fashionable Author. The beautifully carved walls of sandal-wood, where they are not concealed by priceless tapestries, are hung with countless “old masters.” Gorgeous portières of Eastern design and colouring usurp the function of doors, and conceal rows of books bound “in the best possible taste and style.” The Author languishes on a Tuscan divan, chatting idly to a peer or two. All are toying with most expensive cigarettes. Immediately behind the Author is a Japanese Idol composed of several precious metals, which serves as a pedestal for a twin pair of jewelled typewriters, while a miniature Indian Temple (the gift of twenty Rajahs) contains the gold-edged paper. Near by stands a console table, with platinum and ivory legs, bearing wines and spirits of the choicest vintages and brands, an invisible electric fan supplements a rose-water fountainette in tempering the metropolitan air, while a thousand ingeniously concealed electric globes diffuse a soft radiance over the elegant apartment. Nuggets of Transvaal gold lie scattered here and there in charming disarray. A secretary in vermilion and gold uniform announces a Visitor, who crawls in slowly on all fours, and continues

bowing his head until the Author motions him by a swift movement of his jewelled hand to arise. He does so and sits timidly on the edge of a Louis Quatorze chair. Author (with surprising affability). Evenin'. How goes it?

Visitor (properly overawed by the sphere of splendour—with trepidation). Excellently.

Author. Good. How are my novels and Essays and Poems and travel books doing? What does the world think of my latest outbreak of genius, *The Mystery of the Crimson Pillow Slip*?

Visitor. It is already in its twenty-eighth edition. We omitted to print the—er—first twenty editions—

Author (nonchalantly). A mere printer's error.

Visitor (only half convinced). Doubtless.

Author. Shall I scoop £20,000 out of it? A paltry sum for a twenty-five thousand word story. (Making a lightning mental calculation, the process strangely visible in the working of his mobile features.)

Visitor (pleading tremulously). Only—only a quarter per cent.

Author. Good heavens! How on earth do you expect me to live?

Visitor (with callous iteration). Only a quarter per cent.

Author (a shade of annoyance on his strong, intellectual face). I'm not a business man.

Visitor (glancing round sumptuous apartment, dubiously). No—

Author. But the Anglo-American Literary Trust are willing to pay me £50,000 a year. If I accept—

Visitor (imploringly). But you won't—(By the firm lines about the mouth of the Author, the Visitor judges it best not to press his claim.) Then I suppose I must be content with my usual eighth per cent.

Author (the hard lines relaxing). I'm awfully sorry. But you see how I am situated. One must live. The competition is so keen now-a-days. The Agents cut things so fine. One must go with the stream or sink!

[Offers the Visitor a costly cigarette, but he is too overcome to accept it and crawls out of the room sobbing bitterly.]

A Peer. Who was that little, weedy, undersized object?

Author (with a cruel and heartless laugh). My poor devil of a publisher!

(Scene closes slowly and softly.)



THE DEVONSHIRE CREAM.

Martha Balfour (house-keeper). “THERE, DON'T EF CRY, DUKEY DEAR! I'VE PUT IT AWAY, AND IT'LL KEEP BEAUTIFULLY TILL NEXT YEAR. AND I'VE GIVEN YOU SOMETHING TO GO ON WITH!”

Why, dash it all, it's under £1000 a word!

Visitor (nervously slipping off his chair, and quickly readjusting himself). Ye—yes, I am afraid it is.

Author (sensibly moved by the mathematical discovery). Starvation prices!

Visitor. I'm sorry, because (hesitates), I was going to ask—(passes his finger nervously round the brim of faded silk hat) if—I could possibly look to making fifty pounds out of the venture.

Author (in open-eyed astonishment). Fifty pounds!

HAUGHTY-CULTURE.

A GARDENER at Metheringham, in Lincolnshire, has set up the following announcement in his garden:

“NOTICE—Anybody found pinching vegetables from this garden will be shot. By Order.”

This seems a strong announcement, especially when we fail to recollect a single instance of anyone pinching vegetables. We have heard of tickling trout, and have ourselves pinched peaches, apricots and pears, to ascertain if they were ripe, but to apply our fingers with the same object to potatoes, carrots, turnips, kidney beans or even tomatoes, has never been our custom. In Lincolnshire the practice may obtain, but surely the penalty is in excess of the crime? Why not try a gin on the June-nipper instead of executing him with fire-arms? The gardener of Metheringham seems to be rather too much of a marksman. Of course, he will shoot the pinchers with grape-shot.

PURIS OMNIA PURA.

["At the Jubilee Convention of the Y. M. C. A. in Boston, U. S., the Methodist Bishop and other zealous gentlemen issued a solemn manifesto against the public reception of the delegates at the Museum of Fine Arts, on the ground that classic nude statuary is exhibited there. The protest was ignored by the Executive Committee."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Chorus of Statues.

WHAT is Beauty? Whence is she?
From the halls of heaven
Beauty came at Zeus' decree,
Human kind to leaven.
"Go!" he said, "rejoice my sight
With a vision fair and bright—
Women phantoms of delight,
Men with strength of seven.

"I have given man a mind
Priceless past all measure,
And I would a casket find
Worthy such a treasure;
Let the fairest form and face
Deck with Aphrodite's grace,
This my jewel's resting place!
Such my royal pleasure."

Enter Hermes by *Praxiteles*.

Her. Hush! Hush! This is no time for beauty's praise!

Cho. The matter? Why your warning finger raise?

Her. They come!

Cho. Who? Who?

Her. Close on my wingéd sandals,

Behold, a horrid horde of hateful Vandals!

Top-hats!

Cho. No, no!

Her. Frock-coats!

Cho. Wo, wo!

Her. And terrible trousers!

Cho. Never!

Her. Funereal black!

Cho. Alas! Alack!

Has beauty fled forever?

Her. Hush! they are here! Look where they crowd and crush!

Cho. What are they saying?

Her. Listen.

Cho. Hush! Hush! Hush!

Chorus of Y. M. C. A. Members without.

Spiritual souls are we,
Holy, chaste and pure,
From temptations wholly free,
From the world secure.
Cream of creation, we come here to-day,
Salt of the earth and the Y. M. C. A.

(entering.)

Oh, oh! did you ever—
How shocking! I never
Expected such horrors to sup!
What classical crudities!
Barbarous nudities!

Cover them, cover them up!

First Y. M. C. A. Member. Sheets! blankets! If they have no
decent garments,

Rather than they contaminate the world,
My own frock-coat upon this hussy—

Venus of Milo. Goth!

Withhold thy impious hands, or, by the gods,
The heavens shall blight thee. I contaminate?
I, on whose grace the wondering world has gazed
Enraptured—I, the acme of all art—

Oh, for a word to tell thee what thou art,
Thou doting ass!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. O wicked, wicked woman!
Hast thou no shame? No shred of virtue left,
That thou dar'st flaunt it thus with front of brass,
Stirring the evil passions?

V. of M. Self-condemned!
Know'st not thy country's motto, *Honi soit
Qui mal y pense*? Upon that text I'll preach.
Some prigs delight to hold that the world is bad and bold,
And that everything is only meant to hurt you,
And were the truth confessed, they believe themselves
possessed

Of an absolute monopoly of virtue.
It delights them to impute all the passions of the brute
And the very, very vilest of intentions,
And the reason of the same is that any higher aim
Is quite beyond their little comprehensions.

Because you have no heart to appreciate high Art,
It doesn't, as you seem to fancy, follow
That another one who can is a bad and wicked man,
And his higher aspirations merely hollow.

Go, go, thou pious prig, with thy own importance big!
It is surely, surely time that thy attention
To this simple fact be given: There are things in earth and
heaven

That are quite beyond thy little comprehension.

Chorus of Y. M. C. A. Members.

There is certainly something in that,
And although it may savour of treason
To our worthy friend here, it is perfectly clear
That the lady is not without reason.
Yes, we rather opine she is right,
Though at first her costume is alarming
To the unprepared eye, one can scarcely deny
That the Venus of Milo is charming.

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. My friends, I would warn you! Beware!
She will ruin your morals!

Cho. What stuff!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. She's a hussy—

Cho. Absurd!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. And a bad—

Cho. Not a word!

First Y. M. C. A. Mem. Wicked woman—

Cho. Shut up, Sir! Enough!

You're only a prating old prig,
And we strongly advise you to lie low;
Belong though we may to the Y. M. C. A.,
We can worship the Venus of Milo.

"THE PARTY" AT THE AVENUE.

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH has found an outlet for his dual talent as dramatist and actor at the Avenue Theatre. His new and interesting play, *The Night of the Party*, is going strong. That it should be going strong speaks well both for company and audience. The piece, although possibly suggested by such productions as *High Life Below Stairs* and the *Lucky's Carnival*, has a novelty of its own. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH—must earmark him from Brother Gee-Gee—has made his hero, "the gentleman's gentleman," very human. In some respects the life from below stairs might give a lesson to the existence on a platform a couple of stories higher. The servants pictured by the author show a chivalry not usually associated with the atmosphere of the pantry and the house-keeper's room. For the rest, Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH is a host in himself, literally and figuratively, supported by a capital company of comedians. Miss MAX PALFREY is charming.

ADDITIONAL ANTICIPATIONS.—III.

(By R. Tesau Wells.)

WE have already seen by our extracts from the daily papers of the latter half of this century, that the readers' time will not be wasted by any attempts at redundant elegance or stately verbosity. When every needless word is omitted it would be impossible to imitate JOHNSON or MACAULAY, or, above all, BLOWITZ, the three great masters of literary English. The journals of the future—consisting wholly of paragraphs, every paragraph illustrated in colours—will attract chiefly by their price, never more than one "fif," that is, the fiftieth part of a "twen," one-twentieth of a sovereign in the decimal coinage of that period. Even the leading articles of the *Times*, long published in a separate form every Saturday at the price of two fifs, will eventually disappear.

One newspaper, however, the *Tailor and Cutter*, will remain faithful to the finest traditions of the older journalism. No one ever saw a tailor or even a cutter—except a racing cutter—in a hurry, and no one ever will. The journal devoted to the interests of those serene and stately persons will continue to use language worthy of them, and in its dignified leisure it will have time not only to chronicle the present but also to review the past. We have the pleasure of reproducing, or ante-producing, from its pages the following article, entitled "Costume for Gentlemen in Days of Yore":—

Amidst the manifold occupations of this agitated age but few have leisure or inclination to study the attire of Auld Lang Syne, or to investigate the origin of each species of garment worn by men, to use the curt language of the present day, or by gentlemen, in the more elegant phraseology of a bygone period. Our grandparents considered the "topper" hat a permanent institution of our native land. They would never have dreamed that it would eventually be worn by only one gentleman, the Speaker of the House of Commons when in the Chair. There was also the "bowler" hat, still worn by the umpires at the professional cricket matches, but why it was named after the bowler, or whether it was ever worn by him, the most careful research is unable to discover. When the ordinary hat of to-day, which it would be superfluous to describe, was first introduced, every one asserted that it would never supersede the "topper" hat, at least in "Capel

Court," the old name of the Stock Exchange, still applied to the gigantic edifice at Highgate, N.C. Yet the last wearer of this head covering, a venerable broker, died at an advanced age many years ago.

It was the same with the "frock-coat," not to be confused with a lady's "frock," or "petticoat." This ancient garment, now only to be seen in the Historical Costume Museum at Chichester, S. S. W., a suburb so easily reached for thirty fifs by the Isle of Wight Motoroad, was once universally worn by gentlemen in London, and was considered the *jue fleur du smart*. With the "topper" hat it vanished in the early days of the primitive motor, that strange, vibrating, smelling

of the entire universe. Unaltered amidst these variations, the exquisite white ex-pause of the snowy shirt front remains as it was at the beginning of the century. Fashions in day garments—literally the *ephemeride* of our art—have altered in accordance with the changes in locomotion, in occupation and in life generally, but the evening attire of the English gentleman seems eternally fixed.

In one respect it has advanced. Sixty or seventy years ago the crease in the trousers became the fashion. Now that all gentlemen, and even some authors, artists and other persons usually indifferent to their appearance, have their complete evening attire pressed every day, the effect is much finer. The ancient

Greeks themselves would have gazed in astonishment at the elegant *habitués* of the New Opera House at Cambridge, N., or the Riverside Music Garden at Oxford, W., those two suburbs (so conveniently situated within the half-twen zone on the Western and and Northern Motoroads) which are especially devoted to the encouragement of music, literature and the arts in general.

It was our good fortune to attend the Japanese Opera Cycle at Cambridge, and to observe with admiration the appearance of those gentlemen who had just come on by motor from dinner at the newest Restaurant d'Étê of the Cercle Gastronomique de Londres on the Norfolk Broads. Nothing could be handsomer than the appearance of an English gentleman in the evening, during this, the second, half of the twentieth century, with an unbroken crease down each leg, down each arm, down the middle of his back, and at each side of

his rigid shirt-front, looking, to quote the words of a distinguished critic of sartorial art, "as though he were clothed in cardboard." H. D. B.

VITA BREVIS.

["SHORT'S" in the Strand is being demolished.]

A SPOT not altogether smart

But haunted by a race of toppers

Who came from each dramatic mart,

And scowled distrust at interlopers.

Fat plummy hums were close beset

By choicest brands of brimming port,

And here the fellow hail-well-met

Made art and life together Short.

The L. C. C. with vandal grin

May wonder what SHORT'S "might have bin,"

And in their own complacent way

Rejoice that SHORT'S will longer stay.



"THE MOTOR CAR IS AT PRESENT ONLY IN ITS INFANCY."

Daily Paper.

vehicle which our grandfathers thought so wonderful, and its place was taken by the present *distingué* garment, which, like the modern hat, it would be superfluous to describe. Nor need we refer to the difference between the modern morning or afternoon leg-coverings and the old trousers.

The alterations in evening attire appear trifling to the unprofessional eye. To the keener vision of the artistic designer and connoisseur the subtle variations in the cut of the trousers—now "peg-top," and anon wide-spreading at the ankle—the delicate *nuances* in the height of the coat-collar, and the *soupons* of change in the opening of the waistcoat, alike breathe a whisper of that eternal evolution, that persistent, though gradual, adaptation to the environment, which is the natural law

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

["The Kingston magistrates recently granted a vaccination exemption certificate to a married woman. A few days later the local vaccination officer informed the Bench that the Local Government Board had instructed him that the mother of a child was not the parent within the meaning of the Act."—*Daily Paper*.]

Is nothing anything, and all

But nothing? Is it true

That words most commonly let fall

Don't mean just what they do?

Oh! who is who? and what is what?

And wherefore is it so?

And if it ain't, why is it not?

That's what I want to know.

has therefore suggested that the turn of simplicity is now about due, and we have, therefore, all gone in for Gardening. We have determined to read you *blasé* country-folks a lesson in rusticity, with a new version of the Rake's Progress, though some of us don't know a (garden or common) rake from a hoe.

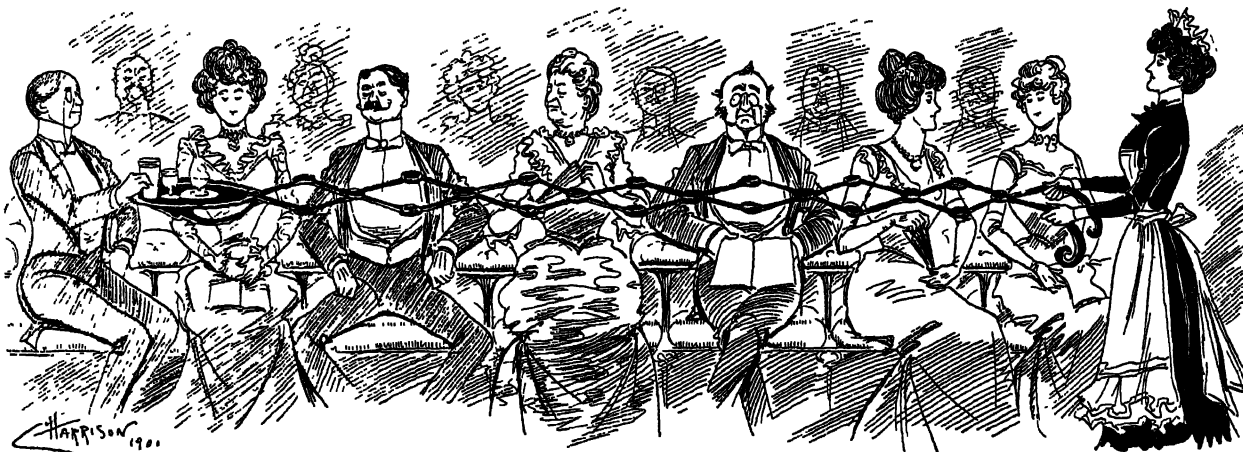
Lady KENSINGTON-GOWER has set the fashion, after reading about *Elizabeth's* German Garden, and so we are all bound to follow. We now call a spade a spade with refreshing directness. The dear old Marchioness of ROUGELY has become quite an adept at top-dressing. Her grandson, young ARTY CHOQUE (my foster-cousin-in-

in West Kensington have formed a Window-Garden Club, nor has Bloomsbury been behindhand. My Monte Carlo friend, Madame DE BROCCOLI, has coaxed a teeny little row of *bijou* cabbages into existence on her bed-sitting-room window-sill; they are the envy of all the other boarders.

Have you heard the story about ALGY VAVASOUR and his prize turnip? I am dying to tell you, but must rush off to the area to water my favourite pumpkin.

Your loving Eva.

P.S.—I have just wired to you that horticulture is "off," so you need not read this letter. We are all now going in for laundry-work.



A SUGGESTION TO THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENTS OF OUR THEATRES, MUCH SIMPLER THAN THE OLD METHOD OF STRUGGLING BY AND WOULD PREVENT THE MEN GOING OUT BETWEEN THE ACTS.

It seems to ordinary wits

A mother to her son

Is bound to be a parent. It's

Apparent she is none.

The L. G. B. declare the fact;

They say, no parent she

Within the meaning of the Act—

If meaning there can be.

Of course, 'tis so since so they say

Who say that it is so;

But if these are not parents, pray,

Who are, I'd like to know?

O Bumble, long ago we heard

The Law defined by thee—

But where wouldst thou have found a word

To suit our L. G. B.?

EVE AND HER LONDON EDEN.

DEAREST MABEL,—You ask me to keep you *au courant* with the latest fashions. I do so with pleasure, only premising that a fresh craze may be sprung upon us before I have finished this letter, in which case I will wire. I daresay you know that Bridge, Ping-pong, and Vint have become successively *démodés*. "Gryllo," a combination of cricket and tennis, was started a day or two ago at the Queen's Club and is now out of date. Some genius

law-twice-removed, you know), who is considered the best-dressed man in town, now wears a smock-frock down Piccadilly, and is taking lessons in weeding and gravel-scratching from a professor every morning in the Row. His whim has caught on quite wonderfully, and a new type of liver-brigade has been evolved. Sir MANGELL WORSELL, who is nothing if not original, has obtained permission from the various local authorities to plant potatoes and other esculent roots in the different entrenchments now to be found in the Strand, Regent Street, and elsewhere. He says, quite rightly, that the ditches are there for months, and may as well be utilised.

Smart Mrs. GYLLS-HONGSON has started a real roof-garden (not one of the American sort) among the chimney-pots of her charming Park Lane house. She has some special pets in the shape of three dwarf scarlet-runners, which find the soot of those elevated regions most congenial. The youngest she has had potted, and takes daily for a drive in the Park instead of her lap-dog. All Mayfair now clambers through the skylight to attend her very French bean-parties.

The fever has even attacked the dwellers in Flatland, and some of the best people

A DESERTER'S MEDITATION.

SULTRY is the summer day,

And the lawns are cool and shady,

On them throngs, in raiment gay,

Round me many a lovely lady;

While afar the dull debate

Plods with dilatory dripping.

On things of state

I meditate,

From cooling cups at leisure sipping.

Far from tongues' discordant strife,

'Mid fair scenes I fain would hide me,

Snatching hours of happy life

While sweet Daphne sits beside me;

What though cares of statesman-ship—

Clearer, plainest duty—blinking,

The watchful whip

I had to slip,

Out of the House in secret slinking?

What though irate leaders come

With their "black lists" to impeach me?

In these shades the distant hum

Of their threats can hardly reach me.

Heedless what the vulgar deem,

Who with politics are fussing,

To me this cream

And strawberries seem

Matters much better worth discussing.

"THE PACE THAT KILLS."

[The time has come when more vigorous action ought to be taken against the snorter-scorchers, who is a much more dangerous wild beast than his cyclist prototype.]—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

In hideous leathern garb,
With goggles and misplaced zeal,
The scorcher sits in his motor-car
And grips at the steering wheel.
Scorch! Scorch! Scorch!
In petrol and people and dirt,
He runs down a mortal, he utters a
chortle,
And puts on an extra spurt.

Snort—snort—snort—
While frightened pedestrians cower;
And snort—snort—snort
At twenty odd miles an hour.
It's oh, to be on foot
For setting the nerves a-jar;
And always be ready to up and scoot
From the rush of the swirling car.

Scorch—scorch—scorch—
With a pelt and a plunge through
space.

Scorch—scorch—scorch
At a double death-dealing pace.
Stream or mansion or shop,
Shop or mansion or stream,
All is merged in a mixed design
In an oily, odorous dream.

Scorch—scorch—scorch—
And a cow or a sheep is lamed.
Scorch—scorch—scorch—
And a boy or a hen is maimed.
And the villager gasps at the scorching
car,
And his bosom with terror fills.
For he knows the pace of the scorching
car
Is the terrible pace that kills.

Scorchers with sisters dear,
Scorchers with mothers and wives,
Think of the people your snorting car
Is frightening out of their lives.
Pity the shattered nerves
Caused by your shriek and snort.
It isn't exactly an Englishman's game,
And it isn't a British sport.

PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

V.—THE CRITICAL MAN.

CRITICISM, like the cold-water douche, is refreshing—at intervals. But some folk overdo the cold-water business altogether. Of such a kind is the critical man. He is only bearable in the hot summertime of violent emotion. Then a little of him, just like an occasional ice, may have a cooling effect. But, on the whole, the critical man is not suited to our English climate, and if you have any enthusiasms, better cover them up with the waterproof of a cheerful dogmatism before you meet him: otherwise, depend upon it, he will chill the poor things through and through



'WHERE THERE'S A WILL.'

Aunt. "WHY, TEDDY, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN TO BRING YOUR SPADE!"

Teddy (reprovingly). "OH, AUNTY, IT'S SUNDAY! NURSE PUTS IT AWAY."

Aunt. "POOR LITTLE MAN, HOW WILL YOU MANAGE TO AMUSE YOURSELF?"

Teddy. "DIG WITH MY HANDS!"

by swamping them with frigid questionings.

The critical man, who prides himself upon his level-headedness, flatters himself that he is never swept away by the current of strong emotion, and has constructed for himself logical tunnels which run beneath the tidal passions and convey his opinions smoothly along to their destination, while the electric light of common-sense sheds a hard radiance upon the course.

Considered as a companion, the critical man is the reverse of exhilarating: it is disagreeable to walk beside a man who

uses stilts. You can put up with a taller man than yourself, but a man who raises himself artificially and then takes credit for looking down on you—that is not to be borne with.

The critical man is usual good-tempered, but there must be something wrong about a man who persistently keeps his temper. It isn't healthy to keep aloof from emotional athletics.

The critical man boasts that he has scarcely any prejudices. Unhappy wight! One would as soon admire an old house the better because all the lichen and ivy has been removed.

A FORTUNE-HUNTING SONG.

[“MATRIMONY.—Gentleman, thirty, holding important appointment and desiring to enter Parliament, wishes to meet affectionate lady of means and social standing.”—*Advt. in the “People.”*]

SING Yoicks! Tally-ho! Fortune hunting I go
Through the gayest society scenes,
All eager to catch that desirable match,
An affectionate lady of means.
Coy maiden just out of her teens,
Old matron surrounded with weans,
It's all one to me if the party but be
An affectionate lady of means.

One swears by the grace of his lady-love's face,
To her eyebrows another one leans,
While a third lover sighs for his mistress's eyes—
I sigh for affection *plus* means.
It's a rare combination, one gleans,
But hope still at times intervenes
That in spite of the dearth I may yet run to earth
An affectionate lady of means.

“LAST NIGHTS! WALK UP! WALK UP!”

“*Charles the First*,” revived for only a few performances, to be repeated again, it is to be hoped, if pre-arrangements permit, “walked and talked” last week; but Sir HENRY IRVING has not as yet given us enough of “Wills's Mixture,” whereof the flavour is delightful. As the lovable but weak King, IRVING is at his very best. His manner, his figure, his smile, all so pathetic, that no one, save a being of Scrooge-like type, with a strong spice of Fifth-Monarchy man in him, seeing the representation could have the heart to adapt the Cibberian version of *Richard the Third* to the occasion and exclaim, “Off with his head! So much for CHARLES STUART!” In fact, had Sir HENRY been CHARLES THE FIRST he would never have been beheaded; but had CHARLES been HENRY he would have lost his head over the management of the Lyceum long ago, and been sent to the block by some stony-hearted Cromwellian Syndicate. The only “block” at present is that of carriages and cabs in the Strand, Covent Garden, and Wellington Street, on the occasions when the unfortunate monarch is fortunately revived. *Vivat Rev!*

Then the opportunity afforded to our own ELLEN TERRY! Are we not all ready to join with her with one heart and voice, and with tears in our eyes, in that touching and eloquent appeal to the stubborn man of destiny, *Cromwell*, as admirably represented by Mr. TYANS, as is the honest and faithful servitor by Mr. BARNES.

The Lyceum should be to Londoners what the Français is to the Parisians. Here is a varied collection! Place side by side as companion portraits HENRY IRVING'S *First Charles* and his *Eleventh Louis*. They are historical studies worthy of any stage: the one play original, by an Englishman; the other a clever English adaptation of the play by M. CASIMIR DELAVIGNE, but quite an English classic associated with the names of CHARLES KEAN (whom the present deponent just remembers in it, and, remembering, shall never forget), and PHELPS, whom the same deponent never saw in this particular part, and it is difficult to imagine him as having been equal to either KEAN or IRVING. The part with its cynicism, its sardonic smile, its good humour under flattery, its abject superstition, tiger-like ferocity, and its display of grovelling fear of death, is one which gives the actor opportunities afforded him probably by no other part in his repertoire, and from which he extracts the very utmost effect possible.

No one who cares for English drama at its best should miss such a rare display of histrionic genius as can now be seen “for a few nights only”—alas!—at the Lyceum. Pity that

this entire season has not been devoted to these most popular revivals! Sir HENRY might have kept *Corry O'Lanus* for a little tour in Ireland and then on to America, and *Corry* would have done well for a few nights, alternating with *The Lyons Mail* and *The Bells*, on which he could have rung the changes, but returning again à nos premiers amours, *Charles*, *Louis*, *Shylock*, and two or three others, not on any account omitting *Jingle*, and that Meissonier-like finished figure of the old soldier as given to the life by Sir HENRY in that charming one-act piece called *Waterloo*.

THE LOST FOLLOWER.

[NOTE.—The Leader of the Liberal Party, being himself somewhat in doubt as to the issue of Tuesday's impending conference, has felt unable to render the author any useful assistance in his composition.]

JUST for a mouthful of dinner he leaves us,
Just for a bumper to mellow his heart;
False is the sigh that the hypocrite heaves us,
Wishing we too could be taking a part.

Had he withdrawn at the summons of duty,
Pressure of work, let us say, at the Bar,
How had our sympathy, tearful and fluty,
Mourned the eclipse of a promising star!

How we had felt for him, visibly thinner,
Worn to a shadow by zeal for the law,
Running no risk of incurring at dinner
Pangs for his conscience and pains for his maw

We that remarked his forensic proclivities
Under that other redoubtable chief,
Fostered and flattered his latent abilities,
Letting him have an occasional brief—

We that beneath an identical banner
Fought at his side to dismember the Church,
Dimly adopting his Balliol manner—
We are the ones that he leaves in the lurch!

MORLEY was for me, Sir WILLIAM was one with me,
Battersca BURNS with my cause had combined;—
He (the unmentioned) has openly done with me,
He has announced that he means to be dined!

Picture what pattern of barbarous victuals
Such an occasion will place in his hands;
Boer's-head and bully-beef, lager (with skittles)
And the dum-dumpling that goes and expands!

We, too, have dined; he will plead our example,
Hint how we feasted for personal ends,
How, being full, we proceeded to trample
Right on the toes of our dearest of friends.

Well, if my section waxed fat, when they fed it,
Even discharging the opening brick,
Still I can always recover my credit
Keeping a trump for the “confidence” trick.

As for this duplicate banquet's verbosity,
While I am all for opinions at play,
Candid respect and polite reciprocity,
I should suggest he were better away.

Yet, if I reckon the ultimate cost to me
(Here I allude to the moral expense),
'Tis but a paltry Imperial lost to me
When I return to my roost on the fence;

Back to the perch that I ought to have stopped on,
Back from the nervous exhaustion and strain,
Back from the definite sphere that I dropped on,
Back to ambiguous postures again!

O. S.

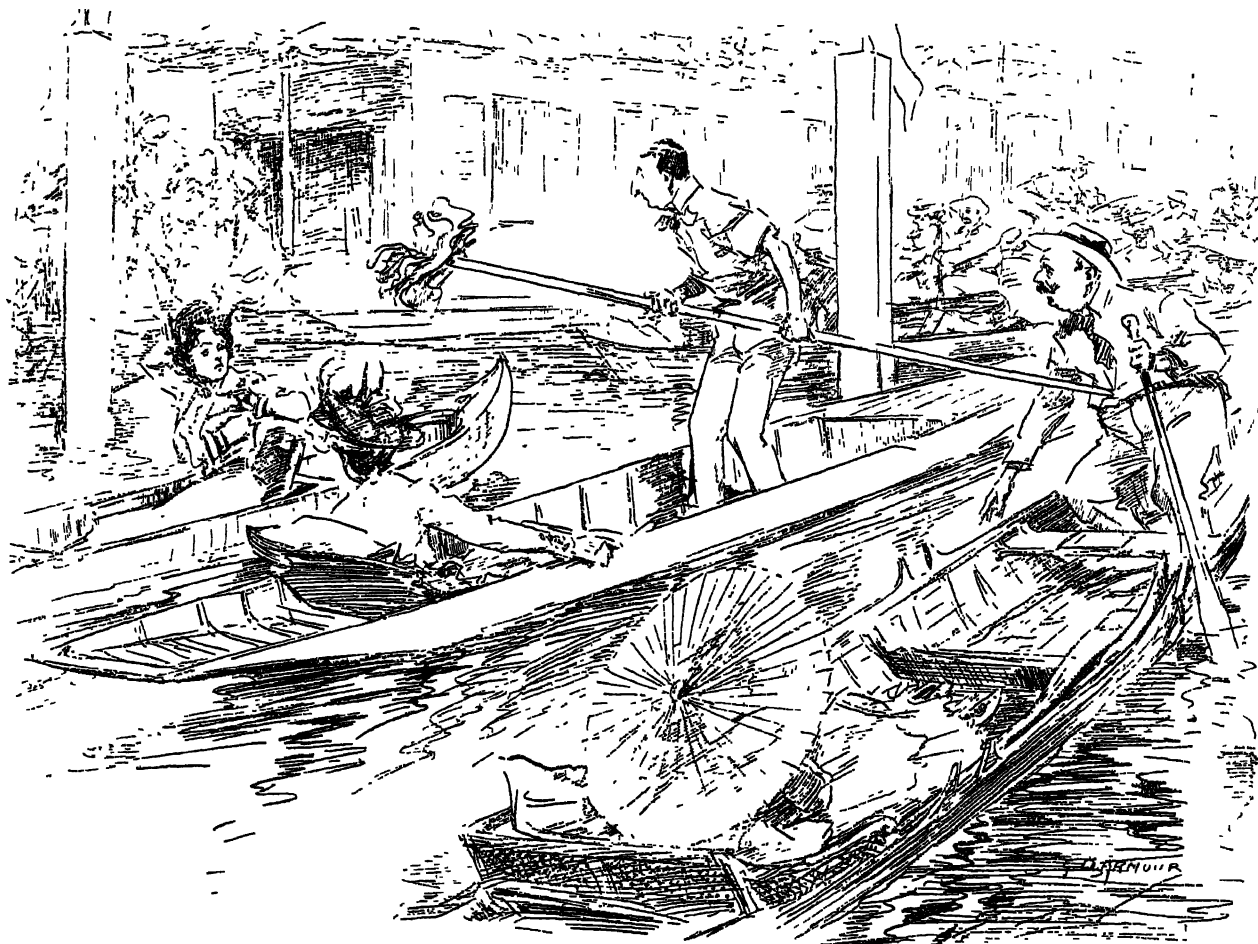


'LAZILY, LAZILY, DROWSILY, DROWSILY!'

Boat Song.

Admiral's Optimist (murmuring to himself—momentarily awaking). THREE NEW BATTLE-SHIPS—PRETTY NAMES—SIX CRUISERS—TEN DESTROYERS—SOON READY—PLENTY OF TIME—ALL RIGHT. MEDITERRANEAN— (Drops off again for another "forty winks").

Vide statements in both Houses on Shipbuilding Vote, Friday, July 5.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

FREDDY'S FIRST DAY AT HENLEY.

ROUNABOUT LONDON.

(Concerning the Four-mile Radius.)

THE would-be driver was applying for a licence.

"How would you get from Charing Cross to Victoria Station?" asked the Examiner.

"I would go up Bond Street by Suffolk Street, the Haymarket, Regent Street, and Burlington Gardens, then get into South Audley Street and come round by Sloane Street, Pont Street, Eaton Square and Hobart Place."

"Wouldn't that be rather a circuitous route?"

"Well, it could not strictly be charged the whole distance by the mile, because it would come to more than the measured allowance issued by Scotland Yard."

"Why not go by Parliament Street and Victoria Street?"

"Because Parliament Street would be probably up for alterations, and Victoria Street closed for repairs."

"You wouldn't go by Pall Mall and the Park, and then through Buckingham Palace Road?"

"Certainly not; for one of those thoroughfares would be sure to be blocked by something or other."

"Then you think the route you have indicated the wisest?"

"Yes, and in the long run it would be found to be the shortest."

"If you had to drive from Charing Cross to the Mansion House, how would you go?"

"Chiefly by Holborn and north of Newgate Street."

"And from Charing Cross to London Bridge?"

"Round the Bank and over the New Tower Bridge *via* Finsbury Circus."

"And why would you take these seemingly roundabout courses?"

"Because I would have to consider the ups and downs of the Metropolitan roads."

"And you believe that the Metropolitan roads would be chiefly—?"

"Would be chiefly ups. So, you see, Sir, I know my London fairly well."

"Yes," replied the Examiner, "you do; and, what is more useful, you know your London County Council even better."

And the would-be driver received his certificate.

DRESS DIARY FOR THE DOG DAYS.

(Sanctioned by Precedent, but emphatically not guaranteed.)

Monday.—Furs and overcoats. Thick materials and umbrellas.

Tuesday.—Muslin and cambrie. Sunshades and brown boots.

Wednesday.—Autumn wear. Tweeds, goloshes and mackintoshes.

Thursday.—Chiffons and lace. White suits and slippers.

Friday.—Dust-coats and veils, frieze dittoes and shooting-boots.

Saturday.—Furs, linens, overcoats, chiffons. Sunshades, umbrellas, lined gloves and white boots.

Everything by turns and nothing long, except skirts and waterproofs.

Prepare for heat wave, thunderstorms, Scotch mist and fall of snow.

SIR HENRY IRVING AS A MOTORIST.—Sir HENRY is in excellent health. He daily goes out for a spin with the Lyceum Motor-Carr. A crowd watches with admiration Sir HENRY'S Comyns-and-Goings.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War (ARNOLD) is essentially a sane book. Its author, Mr. E. T. COOK, equipped in many ways for his task, is, above all, gifted with a judicial mind. Had he been called to the Bar, and enjoyed even remote blood-relationship with the Lord Chancellor, he would, ere this, have been a priceless addition to the judicial bench. As things went, he was content to sit for a while in the editorial chair of a daily newspaper, to which he brought access of the dignity born of absolute independence of judgment, keen insight into public affairs, and inflexible courage. His book [characteristically partakes rather of the summing-up of a judge than of the views of an advocate. The task he set himself was to trace the war back to its ultimate causes, to recall the secret events immediately preceding it, and to set forth the actual course of negotiations. For the student of history coming to his task to-day or to-morrow the book is invaluable. Mr. COOK has a pale passion for Blue Books. He has unrestrainedly indulged in it, boiling down into a not too portly volume all that relates to the War in South Africa. He frankly admits belief that, substantially, Great Britain has been in the right and the Dutch Republics have been in the wrong. If the reader, on laying down the book, arrives at the same conclusion he will admit that it is due, not to special pleading on the part of the author, but to the irrefragable logic of facts. In an appendix re-appear the two valedictory articles which startled the readers of a historic morning newspaper on the eve of a great collapse. Their dignified tone, maintained through painful circumstances, will find all journalists in agreement with my Baronite in hoping that the time is not far distant when British journalism will again see Mr. COOK in one of its principal chairs.

No one can commence reading *The Serious Wooing* (METHUEN), by "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" (Mrs. CRAIGIE still retains her *nom de plume*), without in a very short time becoming deeply interested in every one of her characters, according to their measure of importance. It is the simple story, worked out with singular cleverness, and with masterly insight into character, of a strongly loving man, as zealous to indiscretion in the political cause to which he has given all his energy as he is when surrendering himself to the overpowering passion of his love, and of a woman devoted to him heart and soul, as is he to her; a woman who learns to think as he thinks, to talk as he talks; to yield to him unquestioning obedience save in one thing, and that is, she will not part with him, she will not allow him to leave her, she cannot bear separation for the very shortest space, but whether because she mistrusts him or because she is not sure of herself is not made clear. If they have not perfect confidence in one another, apart or together, then is their love not love at all. When *Luttrel*, ordered away on a foreign socialistic and revolutionary mission, must go alone, all that *Rosabel*, in effect, has to say is, "That she never will desert Mr. MICAWBER." But both have to yield to fate, and both are the victims of the machinations of a set of well-disposed, ordinary worldly persons (every one of them artistically individualized) who being self-interested in preserving the respectability of their friend *Rosabel* as one of their own rank, condescend to a series of lies and to acts of meanness and dishonesty which, to a certain extent, achieve their purpose, in so far as they temporarily wreck the happiness of *Luttrel* and *Rosabel*. The whole story is admirably written; and yet, original as is Mrs. CRAIGIE's style the Baron is not infrequently struck by something in it that reminds him of the earlier and less word-entangled MEREDITH. As, for example, this description of how "*Luttrel*, much in earnest in matters of justice, and also fairly reeling with love for the martyr to a monstrous etiquette," might easily have been an "extract of Early MEREDITH." Tittering *Arthur Wardle*, with the fat hands and æsthetic tastes, is delightful as playing the part of Chorus

before the audience, and taking his share in the action as it is carried on by the aristocratic coterie. The two scenes in Chapters vii. and viii. are of the very best high comedy. The Baron trusts that no lurking feeling of jealousy will prevent Mrs. CRAIGIE from joining him in offering his most sincere congratulations to "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" on this new work, which, he fancies, will achieve even a greater popularity than any of its predecessors writ by the same hand.

Great Men (GRANT RICHARDS), verse by HAROLD BEGBIE and pictures by F. CARRUTHERS GOULD, is capital fun. The Baron congratulates both poet and painter (for the illustrations are in colour,—not of the old "twopence coloured" kind, but excellent in every way) on their work, which, though jocosely intended for the nursery, somewhere in the top storey, will be, the Baron ventures to think, far more popular among the "grown-ups" in the drawing-room and smoking-room,— "but that's another 'storey.'" Under the picture of "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the Earl of BEACONSFIELD" Mr. CARRUTHERS GOULD should have added "with thanks for the suggestion conveyed to him by Sir John Tenniel's cartoon, Aug. 3, 1878, entitled, 'The Pas de Deux.'" With this exception, all are thoroughly original and of most happy application.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A CURIOUS CREED.

["The idiot who praises every country but his own."—*W. S. Gilbert.*]

OUI, is it not a moral joy, an altruistic pleasure

To vilify one's Native Land with JEREMIAH's measure!

"My Country, right or wrong," to say the Jingo may continue,
But as, of course, you can't be right, my Country, I'm agin you!

I never fail to circulate the tale opponents make up,
And any *continental* lie is good enough to rake up.

I misreport and minimise with gusto our successes;
To think they forward wicked ends my righteous soul distresses!

When things go wrong upon our side, I'm positively skittish;
I burst to hail our Nemesis—"Disaster to the British!"

Nay, where I really am at home is at a foreign meeting,
Where cries of "*Mort à Chamberlain!*" my gladdened ears are greeting.

To show my country up 's my cue, and enemies of Britain
Cannot outdo in emphasis what I have said and written!

To show my country up—I gloat upon my holy function;
There isn't much to show, but what there is I ban with unction.

Give me a Cause that militates against the Empire's glory—
I'm *ipso facto* pro-that-Cause, a "gin-Joe" *con amore!*

I do not blame our soldiers—no, I only say they're brutal,
Nor do I care how many times I meet with a refusal.

I do not praise the foe, because the foe is not the farmer
Who's fighting hard for KRUGER's rights, but our battalions' 'armer.

I would conciliate all those who British soil invaded
And lurked in white-flag-flying farms with Mausers ambuscaded.

By general climbing down once more I would our sins diminish,
But not, as Mr. Punch once said,* by "fighting to a finish!"

A. A. S.

* See cartoon of Oct. 11, 1899.

RATHER A PUZZLE.—The Author announces in its "Book and Play Talk" that LUCAS MALET's new book, which is "to appear shortly," is "the longest novel" the publishers have ever sent to press. Has, then, "the longest novel" been considerably edited by Messrs. Pruning Knife and Scissors between its having been sent to press and its reappearance "shortly" in public?

FOR CLARITY'S SAKE.

SCENE—The Park. Time. The Fashionable Morning Hour. LIL and FILL discovered enjoying a causerie.

LIL. Oh, it will be quite gay! Admission five guineas and ten pounds a seat at the restables. The Organising Committee have rented the Anthropological Gardens.

LIL. Any kind of entertainment?

ELLE. Oh, yes. We have got Mr. BARNSTORNER for a recitation and Mr. FLOP for one of her great songs with a chorus for nothing, and SCRAPINI, the violinist, is to bring his violin.

LIL. Also for nothing?

ELLE. Of course. Such an excellent advertisement for them. And then there are to be lamps on the artificial lake and fireworks—small ones that won't frighten the horses outside—on the terrace. Two guineas a seat for places in front of the fireworks, and five shillings entrance-fee to the avenue of Japanese lanterns.

LIL. Well, you ought to rake in the shekels. And what is it for? What's the name of the Charity?

ELLE. I quite forget. But you will find it on the tickets.

[The talk drifts to other topics.]

THE VERB TO DINE.

(A companion to the Verb "To Be," conjugated by Mr. Punch, Nov. 28, 1900.)

PRESENT TENSE.

I dine.

Thou joinest me.

He tries to whip us up for a division.

We smoke our cigars.

Ye drink your port.

They are defeated in the Lobby.

IMPERFECT TENSE.

I was dining.

Thou wast holding a reception.

He was attending it.

We were feeling puzzled.

Ye were reading the *Globe* and *Pall Mall*.

They were not knowing what to make of it.

FUTURE TENSE.

I shall dine.

Thou wilt join my party.

He will squirm.

We shall promote the unity of the party.

Ye will applaud.

They will call a meeting at the "Reform."

PERFECT TENSE.

I have dined.

Thou hast made ambiguous remarks.

He has explained them away.

We have tried to make it all sweet again.

Ye have split a soda.

They have split the party.

SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may dine.

Thou mayest object.

He may want to state his views.



The Widow's Intended. "WELL, TOMMY, HAS YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU OF MY GOOD FORTUNE?"
Tommy. "NO. SHE ONLY SAID SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY YOU!"

We may insist on our dinners.

Ye may agree with them.

They may disagree with you.

SUBJUNCTIVE IMPERFECT.

I might dine.

Thou mightest emerge from Berkeley Square.

He might resign.

We might lead.

Ye might follow.

They might not.

IMPERATIVE.

Dine though!

Let him speak out!

Let us know who is our leader!

Read ye the *Times* and *Globe*!

Let them settle the question for us!

INFINITIVE.

Present: To split.

Past: To have been a party.

"ENGLISH OPERA IN THE COUNTRY."—Under this heading there appeared a paragraph in the *Times* stating that "The Moody-Manners Opera Company have secured the rights of Dr. V. STANFORD'S *Much Ado*." The part of the villainous *Don John* should suit down to the basement and up to the top note any leading member of the "Moody-Manners" Company. But surely the light-hearted *Benedick*, the dashing *Claudio*, the merry *Prince*, and the gay *Beatrice* cannot find representatives among a company of "Moody Manners!" No, no; this talented set should stick to deepest dye'd tragedy, from which should be eliminated the least sign of light comedy or of anything farcical.

THE LATEST SOUTH AFRICAN DRINK.—The Liberal split.



Register-keeper. "MAJOR JONES FIRST TO COUNT. A MISS—NOTHING."
 Major Jones. "I SAY, SERGEANT, THAT'S ALMOST AN IRISH BULL, I FANCY!"
 Register-keeper. "NO, SOBB, JUST A SIMPLE ENGLISH MISS!"

AN AMERICAN OFFER.

["America is anxious to supply all poor England's deficiencies. The last deficiency to be reported is in curates. The time is anxiously awaited when America will produce a gigantic curate trust to absorb the business."—*The Globe*.]

THE following is believed to have been found among the "waste-paper" in the basket of an ecclesiastical dignitary.

"The Great American Curate Trust" has much pleasure in enclosing a few advance sheets from their catalogue.

A particularly rich crop of curates has been harvested this year, enabling the directors of the G. A. C. T. to supply all the deficiencies of the British markets. We have over 10,000 curates now ready for exportation, and guarantee all parcels to be sound in wind and limb (except where otherwise stated to the contrary), and will deliver free on board at prices to be obtained of our London Agent.

The following attractive "lots" taken at haphazard from our mammoth catalogue will give some idea of the wealth of our resources.

No. 3. Our Special "Social" Curate. For bazaars, garden parties, flower shows and other local functions. Exemplary

manners, amiable smile, soft, dreamy expression, pink complexion (or in cream), low-pitched musical intonation. Could wear button-hole. A particularly fascinating line.

No. 10. The Advanced! Non-smoking, teetotal, vegetarian, flannel-shirted Curate. Fine classical scholar. Socialistic tendencies and advanced views generally. Indispensable to the elder members of a congregation. Weak chest only blemish.

No. 10. The Glow-of-Health Curate has enjoyed a steady demand for the last five years. Special Athletic Series. A perfect player of one of the following games:—(a) cricket, (b) lawn-tennis, (c) croquet, (d) ping-pong or any other game not herein specified. Kept in sizes from 5 to 6 feet. A perfect boon where gymnasiums or athletic clubs are attached. Fitted with or without first-grade free-wheel cycle or foils and boxing-gloves. Very neat parcel.

No. 25. The Sentimental—with fair hair, attractive lisp and mellow tones. Fitted with over 1,000 appropriate quotations from dead and living poets. No fixed views. Impressionable, and would marry easily. A very handy and attractive

ornament for a semi-detached provincial residence. Fragile.

No. 31. The Domestic. Willow frame, pince-nez, nice short trousers, shoes or elastic-side boots (please state which). Exhaustive knowledge of food, "simple remedies," seaweed, and old furniture. Can sing and vamp. Tea-meetings a speciality.

No. 40—50. Married curates. Nice cheap lot. Some slightly damaged.

No. 72—6. Special parcel of assorted curates. With clever parlour tricks. Banjoists, jugglers (two double-jointed), clean-shaven and natty. (With or without fox terrier.)

No. 104. Temporary chaplains. (Specimens of sermons on application.) Proud, dignified, long or short hair (please state which), deep, sonorous voice, dramatic delivery (gestures if ordered).

Voices are supplied in three qualities, unless otherwise specified:

(1) Stentorian. (2) Mellow, for appeals. (3) Sentimental, die-away.

Special ornamental monocle supplied, with purchase for cathedral towns.

Customers should state whether white or red socks are desired.



DIRTY WEATHER!

MRS. LIBERAL PARTY (evidently so comfortable). "I DO—ASSURE YOU—CAPTAIN BANNERMAN—WE HAVE EVERY—CONFIDENCE—IN YOU!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 1.—“I suppose you’ve heard?” the SQUIRE of MALWOOD said to JOHN MORLEY when latter took his seat at end of Front Bench in time for Questions.

“Heard what?” said JOHN gloomily, for now that MILNER man is authorised, Parliament not sitting at the Cape, to issue warrants to meet the expenditure for the public service.

“ASQUITH’s going to the dinner at the Hotel Cecil.”

“No,” cried Honest JOHN, a fresh wrinkle stealing over his pensive brow. “Wouldn’t have thought it of him. I confess that, OLIVER CROMWELL and BURKE

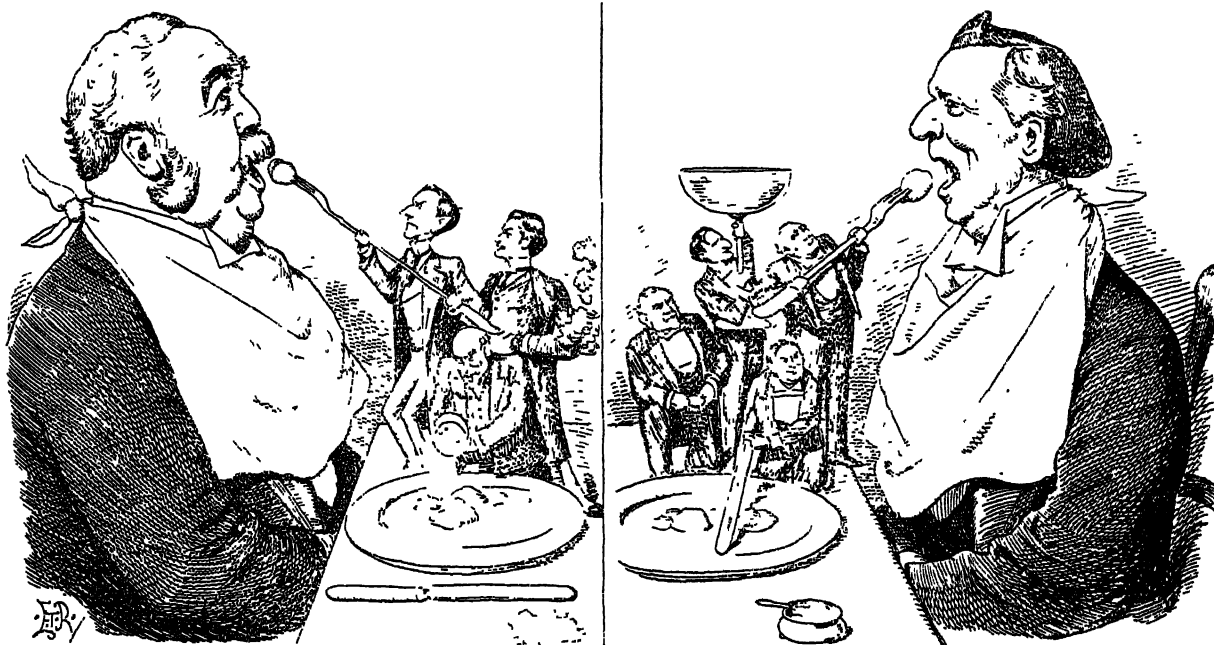
you see what I’m leading up to? ASQUITH at another meeting, where I suppose there was some sort of a dinner, emphatically denies my assertion. That was unnecessary; it was rude to an old colleague, but there matters might have rested. Instead of which, they propose to dine ASQUITH, in order that he may trounce us! Now that’s what I call going too far. It’s traitorous to the Liberal Party, playing into the hands of the enemy.”

“Exactly,” said the SQUIRE, stroking one of his chins, “but didn’t we—ahem!—rather begin it?”

“Certainly we had a dinner, but that was the dinner of the Liberal Party. C.-B., our—I mean their—esteemed leader, was present, and he wouldn’t have been if the gathering had been that of a section

must limit his remarks within briefest space of time; only one Member may speak in criticism, he equally read and bound in matter of minutes. Think of that, when a whole summer night might be wasted in making speeches that would have no possible effect on Bill, which will be fully discussed on Second Reading and moulded in Committee.

This had enough; worse still, JOHN O’GORMSTON, who might have spoken for ten minutes, occupied only four. True, in that time he said everything that was possible or useful. But insult was added to injury. Opposition angrily protested the thing couldn’t be done in ten minutes. Lo! it is accomplished in four. BRYCE, ordinarily the mildest-mannered man that ever sat in Opposition, quite in tantrums.



“WAR TO THE KNIFE AND FORK,” OR THE DREAD ARBITRAMENT OF DINNER.

being no more, my faith in man was weakened. Now it is shattered. Consider the situation. You and C.-B. are the honoured guests at a dinner given at the Holborn Restaurant with intent to extol the Boer and decry our fellow-countrymen at the front in South Africa. I drop in, accidentally as it were, hoping I don’t intrude. You, in your clever way, drag me to the front, and I make a speech in which I avow belief that ASQUITH, GREY, HENRY FOWLER, and other misguided persons, seeing error of their ways, are chiefly anxious to find opportunity of recanting their so-called patriotism.

“Very well, you follow me? I don’t mean, of course, as a political leader. I know my place. On the Front Bench we are two; I’m the Party and you’re the Leader. That in parenthesis. I mean

numerically insignificant. No one can call me an extreme man. I am all for compromise. You’ve read me *On Compromise*? What I call compromise is, that since we began the business of disintegration at the Holborn Restaurant, let us leave it there. For the majority of the party to go and dine at the Hotel Cecil and denounce us is flat burglary. Could anything be fairer or more logical?”

“N—n—no,” said the SQUIRE, stroking the other chin, “I think not.”

Business done.—Still in Committee on the Budget.

Tuesday night.—Opposition fallen on evil times; like Mrs. Gummidge of blessed memory, it is “a lone, lorn critter and everythink goes contrary.” Final blow fell to-night when JOHN O’GORMSTON brought in Education Bill under Ten Minutes’ Rule. That means Minister introducing Bill

“The extreme brevity of the right hon. Gentleman’s speech,” he said, severely regarding the inoffensive JOHN O’GORMSTON, “does not minimise the objection we take to bringing in this important measure under the Ten Minutes’ Rule.”

Thereupon, BRYCE proceeded to deliver one of the most effective speeches he ever contributed to debate. Time strictly limited; no room for verbiage. Spoke for seven minutes, crystallizing objections to the Bill. Every sentence rap of a hammer. A valuable object-lesson for House; hope it will be studied and bear fruit. What we want is not restriction but extension of Ten Minutes’ Rule. With rare exception, all Ministerial Bills should be brought in under its beneficent ordering.

Business done.—Quiet night in Committee on Budget.

Thursday night.—C.-B. coming back at eleven o'clock, slipping quietly into his place, amazed to find things in state of uproar. MR. JOHN BRODRICK on his legs, stirring up with long pole Irish Members, Welsh Members and Mr. LABOUCHERE. That all very well. A hot night, but battle is the business of War Minister, and if BRODRICK likes to engage in it with the thermometer at 90° in the shade it is a free country. Quite another thing when, catching sight of C.-B., he suddenly turned upon him. Members of his party, he said, habitually championing cause of Boers; attended public meetings where resolutions were carried affirming righteousness of independence of the Boer States.

"It is a novelty in the history of the House," BRODRICK added, "that on a question of this importance the Leader of the Opposition should absent himself and refrain from expressing an opinion."

"I was under the impression," said C.-B., with air of injured innocence that well becomes him, "that this was an ordinary financial debate. Up to approach of eight o'clock things were as dull as ditchwater. I assumed it was an occasion on which I might follow the example of hon. Members opposite, who are in the habit of spending their Parliamentary evenings in more pleasant localities."

THE MEMBER FOR SARK, who never tells tales out of the dining-room, whispers to me that the pleasant locality C.-B. has just returned from is in the neighbourhood of Bruton Street. An older generation of Members of both Houses remember it as the hospitable home of the late Lord GRANVILLE. To-night a later host worthily kept up traditions of the historic dining-room where, before GRANVILLE bought his costly mansion on Carlton House Terrace, men who made English history often sat at meat.

Dinner given in honour of JOHN ROBINSON, Knight, who made the *Daily News*, and revolutionised British journalism by establishing the practice of using the telegraph instead of the pen for word-pictures from the battle-field. C.-B. heard much of late designed to make dinners distasteful; found this an exception. A notable gathering to do honour to the Master Journalist. In addition to colleagues, some of whom worked with him on the old paper for a quarter of a century, there were the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who has intimate acquaintance with the contributor to the morning newspaper wont to sign himself "Historicus"; the RED EARL, now, alack, growing grey; Lord ABERDEEN, Lord BRISSEY, the ever-buoyant Lord CORK, the mute but not inglorious Lord WELBY; Earl CARRINGTON, faithful among the faithless found; a former private secretary of Mr. G.'s; an old Liberal Whip, and others known only to fame.

To leave this cheerful circle and suddenly fall into cauldron of Parliamentary wrangle painful experience. C.-B., as usual, made the best of it.

"The fact is, dear boy," he said, mopping his massive brow, "the new century has invested dinners with a novel danger. If there isn't a row at the table, you are sure to come in for one immediately after."

Business done.—War Loan Bill read a second time. Sudden flare-up at conclusion of placid debate.

Friday.—Strolled into the Gallery in Bond Street, where F. C. G.'s political cartoons are on view. Like being in Lords or Commons, only more so. Here are the men we know so well, all alive, some of them kicking. Most have appeared in the *Sea Green Incorruptible*, that excellent



SHAW THE "SAFEGUARDS"-MAN.

"If the Commission could possibly devise means of restoring the independence, under safeguards to the Empire, of those Republics, he would offer it." —Mr. Brodrick quoting Mr. Shaw's *Election Address*.

evening paper with which GEORGE NEWNES, Bart. (being so fond of chess, he would more appropriately have been made Bishop or Knight), endowed the world. Everyone reads the *Sea Green*; argal, everyone is familiar with reproduction of these drawings. They should be seen and, what naturally follows, bought in their original state. Only therein comes out in full measure their exquisite humour. In the main good-tempered; occasionally mordant with one subject only. The difference between F. C. G.'s MARKISS and his DON JOSE are as wide apart as are the two men. Both are supremely excellent, priceless legacies for posterity, marvelling what manner of men they were who saw the birth of the Twentieth Century.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

FARTHEST SOUTH.

["A SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEM.—What shall we do with our daughters? The modern answer to the conundrum, as furnished by an important conference, is that we should send them to South Africa, there to join hands in the work of colonisation with those active and energetic countrymen of ours who, at the close of the war, will find a permanent home in the Colonies."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 3.]

THE Hon. Mrs. GETEMOFF, in an eloquent address on the subject of emigration, remarked that, so thoroughly was her heart in this work, that if she could find a suitable *chaperon*, she would not object to sending her own dear girls out—she had heard that there were plenty—oh, heaps!—of eligible men—she meant elegant occupations—in South Africa for ladies. Her DOROTHEA, for instance, could teach the natives figure-skating, a most useful accomplishment, and one which, up to the present, was quite unknown upon the Veldt. (*Applause.*)

THE DUCHESS OF HAUGHTYSHIRE said that BERTIE FITZASS, who had just been (promptly) returned from the front, had assured her that there were plenty of high-class openings for women in South Africa. A nurse's dress was very becoming, and of course, one need not do more than sit with the patients an hour or two a day. She, the Duchess, would suggest starting Pagodas for afternoon tea all over the Veldt, from Cape Town to the Zambesi. She did not quite know who the Zambesis were, but they had certainly been settled in Africa ever since she could remember. (*Applause.*)

Mrs. CUTDASH, who spoke rather rapidly, making reporting somewhat difficult, said that there were lots of ways to make money in South Africa, if only the right sort of women went out. (*Applause.*) She suggested that dressmakers, those who really had a knowledge of WORTH's latest things, would be immensely appreciated by both Boer and Kaffir ladies. Of course, at present, the latter didn't dress well—if at all; but their tastes must be educated up to the latest things from Paris. There would be no difficulty in this. (*Applause.*) She herself had never found any women reluctant to dress in things that were really *chic*, no matter of what nationality they—the women—were, and she saw no reason why the Kaffir women should not take to Paris fashions as a duck takes to green peas—she meant to the water. (*Great applause.*)

THE Hon. Mrs. DRESSWELL thoroughly endorsed the sensible observations and practical suggestions of the last speaker. Good dressmaking would mean the making of the Cape. ("Oh, oh!")

A proposition that some women should go out as domestic servants and housekeepers was at once negatived *nem. con.*, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chair-woman.



AT HURLINGHAM.

Captain Smith (who is showing his cousins Polo for the first time). "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"
Millicent. "OH, WE THINK IT IS A RIPPING GAME. IT MUST BE SUCH AWFULLY GOOD PRACTICE FOR CROQUET!"

A GOUTY COURTSHIP.

HIS DIARY.

Royat, July 4th.—Arrived here to-day from London, condemned by doctor to twenty-one days without the option of a fine! In other words, I have to swill tepid water at a bubbling fountain, soak myself daily in a running bath and undergo a gentle massage treatment at the hands of an expert Swede for three consecutive weeks, and all because my forefathers drank too much port, and left me as a heritage the most unmistakable signs of gout. Yes, in the flower of my youth (I am only thirty-three) I find myself extremely "dicky" on one leg, and my hitherto angelic temper is rapidly changing to chronic irascibility. Gout at thirty-three! It is sickening, disgusting, absolutely ridiculous. I was told that I should find Royat delightful. Two casinos, two theatres, bands playing all day, baccarat and *petits chevaux*, health restored—in fact, a perfect little Paradise on earth. I have already seen all the former attractions. I have lost a few louis at the "little horses," I have been politely invited to become a member of the Baccarat Club, but I experienced a shock on hearing a lady, who was dining at the next table to mine, say, "It is my seventh season here—the waters are so good for gout!" But why seven years if the waters are any good? Shall I have to come here seven years? I who already grumble at the prospect of twenty-one days? I must make this lady's acquaintance, and find out what she means. Surely she must have been talking nonsense, or perhaps she has gout on the brain. It seems to me that you ought either to be cured, or not, in your first year. Why persevere seven years?

Royat is empty; the bands play to rows of unoccupied chairs, a few sepulchral looking *coquettes* walk listlessly round the *petits chevaux*, and you can inscribe yourself for any hour you like at the baths. The hotel proprietors say, "*Les Anglais nous manquent cette année!*" I should think so! France has been so inviting to English people lately.

I have noticed one pretty girl here, and she is staying at this hotel. But what is the good of thinking of pretty girls when you have gout, and a prospect of spending seven seasons at Royat? I close my Diary with renewed feelings of despair.

HER DIARY.

Royat, July 4th.—This is papa's tenth day here, and he is no better. Our excellent doctor, the type of the courtly English physician, tells him that the waters show no beneficial signs at first. Papa asks him, with a sarcasm even more suppressed than his gout, at what period they do begin to show beneficial signs, and our dear old doctor smiles goodnaturedly and tells him not to be impatient. All the same, Mamma says Papa's temper has certainly improved within the last few days. His grumbling, which he feared was becoming chronic, is certainly less violent and the intervals between the outbursts of fury are becoming longer. I hope he will really be cured soon. Royat is so dull, and every second person one meets is an invalid. By the way, we have got a new man at the hotel. He is rather nice-looking; but he, too, looks delicate. He is too young to have gout, although he certainly walks a little lame. Perhaps he has been wounded in the Transvaal. That would make him rather interesting. We want interesting people in the hotel—there are only about six men all told, and they are all what the shops call "damaged goods." I wonder what a dance would be like here. There is a lawn-tennis club, but I never hear of anyone playing. Perhaps it is kept up by charitable contributions, like the hospital. I went to one little *soirée dansante* at the Casino, but there were only the shopkeepers from Clermont who danced, and Mamma was so afraid that one of them would ask me to dance that she hurried me away after the first valse. Ah, well, we have fifteen days more to spend here. Ordinarily the "cure" is twenty-one days, but it appears that Papa's case being an obstinate one requires

four days more. "Your father always was obstinate in everything," Mamma said when she heard this prescription. And to think that gout is hereditary!

HIS DIARY.

July 5th.—Took my waters, my bath and my massage; feeling worse—furious.

July 6th.—The same as yesterday. Decidedly that English girl is pretty. Her name is SOMERVILLE—MAUD SOMERVILLE. She has red hair, her father has gout. She looks sad and devoted. Poor girl! What an existence!

July 7th.—She dresses well and has a pretty figure. There is a mother, a faded, nearly obliterated portrait of the girl. I should like to make their acquaintance; but they seem to know no one, and not to care to. After dinner they take their coffee on the terrace of the hotel and then go to their rooms. I am not allowed coffee. Took my treatment as usual.

July 8th.—Am I overwhelmed with vanity, or do I fancy that she looks at me sometimes? Perhaps she pities my lonely condition. I wonder if she knows what I have the matter with me. I sat very near them at the band this afternoon, but with no result. Treatment as usual.

July 9th.—My *masseur* masses her father's stomach, to aid his digestion. Scarcely a sufficient introduction. I could not very well say: "I think we have a mutual friend, who masses your father's stomach." I must find some other means. Of course, the usual treatment—which is doing me no good.

July 10th.—Did not see her all day. *Masseur* said she had gone for an excursion with her mother. What silly things excursions are, and how I hate Royat!

July 11th.—It appears they have gone to Vichy for two days. Royat is perfectly loathsome.

July 12th.—She has come back, looking more charming than ever. She almost seemed to recognise me, and appear pleased when she saw me at luncheon. It is fine and the place is looking brighter, people arriving every day. Fancy my knee is a little better.

HER DIARY.

July 5th.—Papa is certainly better. Mamma says he swears with less volubility, and experiences a difficulty in finding fresh oaths which she has never known before. It really looks as if the waters were doing him good. The new invalid looks very dull, and as if he was boring himself to death. Perhaps he is longing to be back again at the war.

July 6th.—I rather fancy the new invalid would like to make my acquaintance. Naturally it is very dull for him, but Papa won't know anyone. He says it is quite enough to be bored with people at home, without coming abroad to have fresh inflictions thrust upon one.

July 7th.—His name is GORING—PERCY GORING. He is not in the army. He has gout! What a disillusion. Still, I can't help pitying him. He is so young to suffer. I hope the waters will do him good.

July 8th.—We have had an invitation from the DENTONS to spend a couple of days at Vichy. Neither Mamma nor I wanted to go, but Papa insisted on our going. He said it might do him good not to see us for two days. A new kind of cure! He has tried almost every other one. Mr. GORING looks very ill and sad. I hope he will be looking better when I come back.

July 9th.—He looked so pitiously at me to-day. I wish he was going to Vichy. Mamma says perhaps he drinks—it is very unusual for a man of his age to have gout. Papa went further, and said of course he was a confirmed drunkard. He could see dissipation written in every line of his face. I can't—I can only see resigned suffering.

July 10th, Vichy.—Arrived here this morning. It is very like Royat, only ten times bigger and more crowded. I don't think I should like to stay here.

July 11th.—Decidedly, I hate Vichy! Thank goodness, we go back to Royat to-morrow.

Royat, July 12th.—It seemed almost like seeing an old friend when I saw him coming in to luncheon. He limps a little less, but not much. I fancied he looked reproachfully at me, as much as to say, "Why did you go away?" I tried to look as if it wasn't my fault, as if I would have given *anything* to stay here. But all that was rather difficult to get into one look, and I am not at all sure that I succeeded. Papa is still making improvement. I think he ought certainly to prolong his stay, as it is doing him so much good. I have told Mamma to tell the doctor so. She seemed surprised, and said she thought I disliked Royat. I said I thought it better to make the sacrifice a complete and unique one, instead of having to return here year after year. She agreed with me.

HIS DIARY.

July 13th.—What rotten things introductions are, and to what a corrupt state Society must have arrived to require them! Why can't I speak to her without being introduced? I think she would like to know me and sympathise with my miserable condition. She has a very sweet voice. I am sure she would soothe me, and I want soothing very badly. If I don't make her acquaintance in two days, I shall finish my treatment at one gulp and go away. I shall sit in a bath for twelve hours at a stretch, and drink thirty glasses of water.

July 14th.—She has gone to Clermont to see the National fête. I shall go to Clermont to see the National fête. Hang the treatment!

July 15th.—No good! They got lost in the crowd, and I never saw them. At dinner the waiter brought her father the wrong water—St. Victor instead of Cesar.

Old man furious; let loose choice Billingsgate. I jumped up and promptly offered my bottle of Cesar, which waiter had just brought me. Old man still more furious. "I was not speaking to you, Sir; I was addressing the waiter." Tears of mortified humiliation in her eyes, apologies from mother; but I had to retire defeated. I shall certainly finish my treatment tomorrow. I shall order a bath for the day!

HER DIARY.

July 13th.—It seems very hard that we can't talk to each other without being properly introduced. I am sure he is dying to know me, and that we should have a lot to say to each other. He has lovely eyes, and they look at me so reproachfully sometimes. But what can I do?

July 14th.—We went to Clermont to see the sports, and the

review, and all the stupid things of a National fête. In the morning, I said in a very loud voice as he passed us: "I think it will be very hot at Clermont," with a strong accent on Clermont; but he never came, or if he did he must have been lost in the crowd.

July 15th.—When I have written my day's diary I am going to bed and have a good cry. We had such a terrible scene at dinner. Papa was very thirsty, and ordered a bottle of Cesar water. The waiter brought it and poured some out, and Papa

took a gulp, and suddenly sent it flying in every direction, accompanied by the most horrible language, partly French and partly English. Papa's French is very elementary: he can't get much beyond *Sacré!* and *Imbecile!* "Vous voulez poisonner moi!" he yelled at the waiter. "Vous savez que l'eau St. Victor il est plein d'arsenic et moi je dois pas prendre ça!" And then English came to his relief, and he sank back in his chair purple in the face, and emitting verbal fireworks of a very fiery nature. Then my angelic martyr came to the rescue with a bottle of Cesar, which he promptly and graciously placed at Papa's disposal. But this only made him worse—he curtly refused it, and glared at Mr. GORING as if the bottle he had offered him was really a deadly poison. So poor Mr. GORING retired, followed by pleasant little mutterings such as "D—d cheek!" "Infernal snob!" "Mind his own blank business," etc., etc., and so now I am going to bed to cry. The DENTONS are coming over to spend the day tomorrow. Such a nuisance!

HIS DIARY.

July 16th.—Hooray! I have made her acquaintance! She is adorable, perfectly bewitching, and she gains tremendously on acquaintance—even the acquaintance of a few hours. It appears that the DENTONS—excellent angels of mercy!—are actually at Vichy. I have known them all my life, and they actually came here to spend the day with the SOMERVILLES. It was not an opportunity to let slip; so the moment they came and spoke to me, I whispered, in hurried, tragic accents, "You must introduce me to the girl with the red hair—I mean the SOMERVILLES." "Is it as bad as that?" laughed Mrs. DENTON. "Of course we will, in good time. But you might ask us how we are, and what we are doing here. JACK has had awful dyspepsia. He can't digest a simple biscuit, so we are at



"CHAOS IS COME AGAIN!"

(Or, Things very much Up in the City.)

[“The following streets were ‘up’ on July 3—Old Broad Street, Threadneedle Street, Lothbury, Princes Street, Bishopsgate Street, Gracechurch Street, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, Lombard Street, Fenchurch Street, Cannon Street, Cheapside, St. Swithin's Lane, and Queen Victoria Street.”—*Times*, July 4.]

Vichy." "How sad!" I answered. "But don't let's talk about symptoms. I am much worse than Jack. Tell me about the SOMERVILLES." So then I quickly learnt that she was an only child, adored by her parents, rich, attractive, gifted, and very hard to please. "I don't know how many men she has already refused," concluded Mrs. DENTON. "It is either morbid, or a mania with her." This, of course, is discouraging, but after the introduction had been made I felt less disheartened. I sat at the band with them in the afternoon, and I was quite charmed with her easy, unaffected conversation. We carefully avoided the waters, the baths, and other usual topics of conversation here. She asked me once if I drank the waters, and I replied with evasive lightness that I had had a slight accident to my knee and took them occasionally. Then I adroitly got her back to safer topics. The DENTONS went back in the evening. I was rather glad—they had served a very useful purpose, and I would rather have her to myself. Mrs. DENTON is loud and cheery, and horribly energetic. Even her husband's incurable indigestion doesn't seem to have damped her spirits. I am looking forward to tomorrow and every day until she goes, which, alas! is to be very soon. I counter-ordered the all-day bath, and resumed rational treatment.

F. C. PIR.

(To be continued.)



FANCY.

The kind of figure you see on Posters inviting you to the French seaside resorts.

RÉCLAME A LA RÉJANE.

DURING Madame RÉJANE's stay in London everyone must have seen her pair of very handsome mules drawing a carriage of a form sometimes seen in Paris, and resembling, according to one London newspaper, a hansom cab. Seeing that it has four wheels, the box in front, and a pole for a pair of animals there semblance is not very apparent. It is, in fact, a victoria with a fixed wooden hood instead of a movable leather one. It is extremely unlikely that this eccentricity of genius on the part of Madame RÉJANE will pass unnoticed or unimitated by the other leaders of the theatrical world. Next summer we may expect to read the following amongst the "Society" paragraphs.

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT was in the Park yesterday, in a yellow barouche drawn by four superb zebras, with postillions in amber silk liveries and gilt hats.

Mrs. LANGTRY was at Hurlingham in the afternoon. She had come down in her miniature green cabriolet drawn by two large autelopes of matchless beauty driven tandem. A negro page, wearing a greensatin turban and green dress studded with emeralds, stood as "tiger" behind.

Mons. COQUELIN (the Society paragraphist would certainly write "Mons." instead of "M.") was noticed in Piccadilly in his scarlet *charrette anglaise*, drawn by a remarkably fine ostrich.

Mr. TREE drove through the Park. The dashing dromedary in his elegant pink Irish car excited general admiration.

Mlle. LIANE DE POUGY was shopping in Bond Street. Her palanquin, painted pure white, and lined with white velvet and pearls, was suspended on the backs of two white sacred bulls from India, led by Hindoos entirely clothed in white garments with pearl ornaments.

Mr. DAN LENO was riding in the Row on his hippopotamus. An unexpected incident occurred. The animal suddenly dashed over the footpath and rushed into the Serpentine. Mr. LENO scrambled off, and struggled out of the water with some difficulty. He was at once charged by the police with having a horse not under proper control, with riding on the footpath, with sending an animal into the water, with bathing in the Serpentine during prohibited hours, and with other breaches of the Park regulations. As he explained, however, that the animal was a river horse, and therefore ought to be in the river, and that he had not bathed in the Serpentine but had only stepped in with his clothes on by mistake, his name and address were taken and he was allowed to go home. The Royal Humane Society's men, after two hours of fruitless efforts, desisted from their attempts to rescue the hippopotamus, which left the water later on and trotted quickly home to Mr. JAMRACH'S stable.

H. D. B.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

["It is just in the south that the mists of the north get then full effect on the northern imagination."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

Oh, folk on distant journeys bent
In search of Nature's rich delights,
Who seek earth's rarest spots, intent
To view her fairest sights,
Come, since your aim is beauty's quest,
And spare your pains, and save the cost,
Which, experts say who know the best,
Are useless waste and labour lost.

He to the highest who aspires
Humbly his object best attains,
He who the mountain's charm admires
Should view it from the plains;
The ocean's spell he best can prize
Who inland gives his fancy scope;
The sun is brightest in his eyes
Who in a dismal fog must grope.

Ah! then, why squander wealth and time
In costly visits to the sea?
Why perilously mountains climb
In quest of scenery?
Nay, beauty's lover, rather go
Among surroundings poor and mean,
And learn fair Italy to know
In Bermondsey or Bethnal Green.

"IFS."

HAPPY the child "who takes after his father," IF the child isn't thirsty, and IF his father is a teetotaler.



FACT.

'The kind of figure which comes nearest to the ideal you have formed.



"COULDN'T MAKE 'UN SPEAK."

Infuriated C. O. 10th V. B. Maudslayi Fusiliers (who has ordered Bugler to sound the "Cease fire" several times without effect). "DON'T YOU HEAR ME, FELLOW? WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU SOUND THE 'CEASE FIRE' WHEN I TELL YOU?"
His Bugler. "IF YE PLAZE, ZUR, A'VE BLOWED A QUID O' BACA DOWN SPOUT T'OULD TRUMPUIT, AWW I 'AN'T MAKE UN SPEAK!"

"WHAT'S THE ODDS AS LONG AS YOU'RE 'JAPPY'!"

In what light do the educated Japanese, the Jap gentlemen and ladies, regard such a performance as the one we have recently been witnessing at the Criterion Theatre? It seemed to bear a striking resemblance to the inspired attempts of very small and early masters, joining with their sisters and with young friends of about the same age, in treating their nurses and, perhaps, even papa and mamma (admission to principal places at the price of "what you like to give, thank ye, Sir!") to a dramatic entertainment in the Theatre Royal Day Nursery. Of course, these modern Jap actors gave us dramas which might be termed "scenes from old Japan" in no way representing modern Japanese life. The story was made quite intelligible by their action, and their speaking was as the twittering of early birds on a spring morning, only given pianissimo.

In *The Shōgun* (not unlike the title of Irish drama *The Shaughraun*) the love-making of Madame SADA YACCO and Mr. FUUSAWA was, especially on the lady's part, sweetly natural; while the death per "Happy Despatch" and subsequent, or was it simultaneous, beheading of Ujitomo (Mr. HATTORI), and of the little Jappy child *Huruō*, delightfully played by Master RAIKICHI, quite a mere "toddle," brought tears to the eyes of those most inclined to laugh at the whole show. As that wicked old Sybarite of a *Shōgun* (which is apparently Japanese for "a Great Gun"), with his leering eyes and amorous grin, Mr. O. KAWAKAMI was really admirable. You didn't want to hear what he said; his manner and action showed to the most

limited imaginative capacity of what that naughty old man was thinking. Ought to have been ashamed of himself!

It must have occurred to some among the tittering and giggling audience to ask themselves how Sir HENRY IRVING, were he playing (say) *Coriolanus* or *Macbeth* at the Theatre Royal, Li Seyum, in Yokohama, to a fashionable Japanese audience, would like it were his finest efforts and most desperately tragic fighting and dying greeted with uncontrollable merriment?

Yet this is how the audience received all the combats, the stranglings, the knivings, and, indeed, all the terribly tragic situations on the night when I saw it, and, I admit, thought it, with an exception here and there, elementary and childish. There was very little art used to conceal art. It was, as it were, a Japanese *Bottom* and his friends playing *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* before the Court of THESEUS, with a charming young lady, as Chorus, to step in front of curtain, before each act, to smilingly explain the plot.

As an *intermezzo* LA LOIE FULLER gave us a marvellous exhibition of Drapery Dancing, viewed in all sorts of lights. Some of the designs—one of the Rose and another of the Sunflower—are exquisite. It is wonderful, but not fairylike; it is not a Peri at the Gates of Paradise, no, it is a LOIE FULLER's earthly form of entertainment, as difficult to classify as is "LA LOIE" herself, the moving, materialised spirit of a show which may be described as fascinating and irritating.

The Japs have departed on tour. May their *Shōgun* achieve its aim and make a hit.

IDYLLS OF THE CHIEF.

IV.

[NOTE.—The reader is requested to regard the word Chief in this connection as a general term applicable to the leader of the Liberal Party for the time being; and the following Idyll as continuing a series originally entitled "*Morte d'Harcourt*."]'

So on an afternoon the knighthood drew
Mist-like to that great Meeting in the Mall.
For he, Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU, the Chief,—
Chief? Ay, for if to have the style of Chief
Is to be Chief indeed then he was Chief,
Which thing he thought to settle once for all—
Being vexed of soul because his flower of men
Had fed, or meant to feed, beyond their strength,
And, feeding, spoken, or proposed to speak
Most parlously above the wassail-bowl,
Oblivious of their fealty to the Cause,
Oblivious of their own elected lord,
Oblivious of all else beside the facts,
And sown divisions, yea, and deadly taint
Among the weaker vessels—he, the Chief,
Summoned a solemn conclave, to be held
Without refreshments. So the knighthood came
All through the solstice-sultry afternoon
Panting; and filled the Order's ancient haunts
(Half-alien now, and borrowed free of charge)
And tasted vain desire of cooling drinks;
Factions, a few, but loyal-seeming all,
And smiling widely, as the Cheshire cat
Smiles in the picture. Then Sir PORTE-DRAPEAU
Climb to the chair, and heavily sighing spake.

"Not for myself, O knighthood, would I plead,
Seeing I care not greatly, no, not I,
For that white light that beats upon a crown
Sadly debased and shorn of privilege,
Being hawked about and ever changing heads;
But—for the heathen wanton overmuch,
Accounting us a beast of many mouths,
Each feeding at its several banquet-board—
I would remind this Table Round, so-called,
How they reposed their hands in mine and swore,
Not lightly, but with strange and fearful oaths,
To love one Chief alone, and freeze to him
Through years of Opposition till he came
Out on the top and triumphed. So ye swore,
Saying "We will," and straightly did it not.
What cause of privy malice wrought this wrong,
Being so innocent I may not guess,
Or, shrewdly guessing, will not seem to guess,
So ye be minded now to make amends.

For, O my knights, some faith there needs must be,
Wide-armed and tolerant, which being embraced,
We might contrive to pass our days in peace;
And such an one I will proceed to sketch.
And, first, ignoring how the thing began,
I would pursue this war and make an end;
Yet not by military means, O no,
But civil; and for those misguided men,
British, that lifted reckless hands and struck
At Britain's throne, I would o'erlook their fault,
And yield, for blows, the kiss of courtesy,
Leaving to loyalty its own reward,
That all may so be equal at the last.
This, not by bandy words, should be a creed
Wide-armed and tolerant, with easy range
For honest difference on paltry points,
Which for the time escape me; yet I hold

That we should draw the line at lawless cliques,
Dining or other. Having said this much,
I call upon a brace of gallant men
To move a vote of confidence in me."

He ended; then those others, worthy knights,
Spake; and Sir HARCOURT, he that ruled the lists,
But sold his charger, having had enough,
And made as if to pass, but, being bored
In Avalon the Forest, made return
In that balloon of which the tale was told*;
And gladly would have led the jousts again
But dared not say so,—he, Sir HARCOURT, spake
Softly, with delicate motion of his chin,
Veiling his heart; and all the Order cried,
(For so the theme of dinners held their thoughts)
"Clash crockery! and clang glass! Let the Chief
reign!"

Thereat Sir FIFE, the same that knew his mind
And had a way of putting it in words
Most awkward, and was deemed the primal root
Of this disturbance, rose and roundly swore
Loyalty to the death, with leave reserved
To hold what damned heresy he chose.
Whereon the cheerful Order cried again,
"Clash crockery! and clang glass! Let the Chief
reign!"

But he, Sir REID DE CARDIFF, who alone
Of all the greater knighthood had his tongue
Elsewhere than in his cheek, stood forth and said,
"A boon, my liege lord! Let me hear again
What are those comfortable words of grace
Proffered to rebels taken in the toils
With blood of loyal British on their hands!"
So he, and sat at pause, waiting reply.
And in the pause Sir GRIS DU JEU DE PAUME
Chipped hastily in, and said, "Let details be!
This is no place for aught but platitude
Clothed in loose verbiage, cryptic, vaporous,
Committing nobody, me least of all.
Who in this frequency am resolved to swear
Loyalty to the death, but, once outside,
Reserve with bold Sir FIFE my manhood's claim
To hold what damned heresy I choose!"
Then on Sir REID the knighthood looked askance
As on a dreadful child that fain would know
More than he should; and crossed themselves, and
cried,
"Clash crockery! and clang glass! Let the Chief
reign!"

But when Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU, that shone
Like to a sepulchre new-washed without,
Had made acknowledgment of favours done,
Dropping no hint of banquets yet to be,
But loudly praising liberty of speech,
So it be always barren of results,—
Thereafter, overworn with ecstasy,
The knighthood parted, each to his own place,
Save such as went and told it to the Press.
And, last, Sir LABOUCHERE DE BOOM-LE-YRAI
Low-muttering in his beard remarked, "What rot!"
And I that called myself their King of Fools!
And now, behold! I am a beaten man!" O. S.

*Punch, Dec. 24th, 1898.

LOGICAL PUZZLE FOR VEGETARIANS.—If "all flesh is grass,"
then "all grass is flesh"; and this being so what food is there
for pure and simple vegetarians vowed to vegetate?



"THE GIDDY GORST."

Dr. Punch (*Head Master, severed it*). "SOMEBODY WANTS THE BIRCH, —AND IT'S NOT THE BOY!"

CÆLUM, NON ANIMUM, MUTANT, QUI TRANS MARE CURRUNT.

[A Mr. O'DONOGHUE, of San Francisco, is seeking, it is said, to induce wealthy Irishmen to support a scheme for transplanting the population of Ireland to four islands in the Pacific Ocean.]

COME, live in the greenness of constant prosperity
On an emerald isle that is over the sea,
Where there's never a symptom of wrath or asperity,
And nothing but happiness ever can be.

We shall govern ourselves with the lightest frivolity,
Ne'er an eviction shall trouble the land,
Landlord and tenant beneath a new polity
Each being equally childlike and bland.

No one shall wield any galling authority,
Pigs and potatoes shall flourish and grow;
Bulls shall exist by the flour of priority,
Everyone bossing his own little show.

There may we grumble, if grumbling amuses us,
Far from the world where no ill was redressed,
Ignorant whether the tyrant abuses us—
Come to the South, be pacific, and rest.

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday, July 11.—On no account, even at a banker's—(well, that's as may be),—would Mr. Punch's Royal Opera Commissioner miss hearing and seeing his very dear old friend *Les Huguenots*. To-night his old friend shows him a new face, namely, that of M. JEROME appearing as *Raoul de Nangis*, or as near *Raoul de Nangis* as possible. And M. JEROME was distinctly good; not great, not entrancing, no; not making us wonder that the sweet singing, merry, yet stately equestrian, *Queen Susan Adams of Navarre*, did not fall in love with him on the spot and cut out her first lady-in-waiting *Valentine*, powerfully played by Miss LUCIENNE BRÉVAL, but a very capable and agile *Raoul* for all that. M. PLANÇON realises the grand seigneur, as the *Comte de St. Bris*, singing perfectly and acting as he always does, artistically. Whatever character M. PLANÇON for the moment represents, that for the moment he is. M. DECLERY très distingué as the high-minded *Comte de Nevers*. M. JOURNET is not the rough-and-ready Huguenot soldier *Marcel*, his "Piff Paff" song having in it less of the musket than the pop-gun, rather missed fire. After the great duet, between *Marcel* and *Valentine* in the third act, c'est Mademoiselle LUCIENNE BRÉVAL qu'il nous faut when we applaud with all hands, but an encore could not be taken. Mlle. MAUBOURG as *Urbain*, the page, delightful, both in singing and acting, though her "No, No, No!" was not so effective as to make it at once apparent that she is "thoroughly in the 'No.'"

'Tis a wonderful Opera! What chances for singer and actor! What triumphs for stage-manager and for scenic artists! Yet the chorus that should be throughout so spirited is but half-hearted, and its shyness was apparent when as Huguenot soldiers they tried to back up their officer in his solos, they themselves having, contrary to all military discipline, taken the initiative by commencing the Rataplan chorus. What tact is demanded of any stage-manager to render such a situation anything like possible! *Les Huguenots* requires new stage management, fearlessly ignoring conventionality.

Dare a conductor, who should be equally musician and dramatist, with a thorough knowledge of the most advanced requirements, re-write some of the old "tum-ti-tum" accompaniments? Would not MEYERBEER himself have done so in 1901? Not a doubt of it. If, for modern audiences, to edit and adapt SHAKSPEARE is permissible, why not do the same with MEYERBEER? And so with the old stage operatic traditions. Look at that absurd "banquet" in the first scene, when some hundred splendidly attired guests drink aerated nothing out of

shining goblets, apparently quite charmed at having been invited, the whole lot of them, to a tasty "spread," consisting of one centre-dish containing a couple of apples, a pair of oranges, grapes, I think, and, possibly, nuts, lavishly provided for them by the generous giver of the feast, the gay and festive *Comte de Nevers*. The polite guests did not touch that single dish of fruit. They knew those apples and oranges. A little child sitting behind me in the stalls watched this scene with the greatest possible interest. "Why," she asked her mamma, "does no one take any of the apples?" Her mamma could only say "Hush!" And how delighted was the little girl when, at the close of the act, *Raoul de Nangis* had a handkerchief bound over his eyes. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed joyously, "now they're going to play Blind Man's Buff!" Poor little girl! how disappointed she was when the curtain descended, and all chance of seeing a really good parlour game of "Blind Man's Buff" was lost for ever.

The season terminates on Monday, July 29, and for Wednesday, July 17, a new opera, *Le Roi d'Ys*, by EDOUARD LALO, is announced. What will be the next novelty? *La Reine de Wherefores*, as a companion Opera?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Millionaire Mystery (CHATTO & WINDUS) belongs to the class of story-telling that in theatrical illustration was known as "penny plain, tuppence coloured." To do Mr. FERGUS HUME justice, his book should, in recognition of the wealth and elaboration of its detail, rank on the higher pecuniary scale. Never before was there such concatenation of circumstance, the unexpected ever leading to the improbable. If there is in any locality a desire to make the flesh creep, probably not an unpleasant process in sultry weather, *The Millionaire Mystery* is the very thing.

Sister Theresa, by GEORGE MOORE (T. FISHER UNWIN), is a sequel to the same author's *Evelyn Innes*. To understand *Sister Theresa* it is essential to re-read certain portions of the earlier work, published in 1898. It is safe to affirm that neither story was intended by the author to be read *virginibus puerisque*. Moreover, *virgines et pueri* of healthy literary tastes would, it is the Baron's deliberate opinion, be weary of the first book after a few chapters, and therefore would never think of attempting the second novel; while, if they began with this recently published sequel, it would be unintelligible to them. Primarily, WAGNER and his music seem to be responsible for much that was wrong in the life of *Evelyn Innes* who became *Sister Theresa*. The story, powerfully told, in clear and graceful style, is saddening in its realism, dealing as it does with the wanderings of a restlessly yearning soul in perpetual conflict with its material body. Not a very novel theme; and whether the ultimate victory is with grace or with nature the author leaves undecided; and the heroine's career seems so uncertain, that the reader almost expects to see the notice, "to be continued in my next" on the last page of *Sister Theresa*. At all events *Sister Theresa* is not dead yet, and perhaps there is Moore hereafter on the same subject. Mr. GEORGE MOORE, after the manner of the Zolaesque school, has no scruples as to "dotting his 'i's'"; indeed, the Baron is of opinion that, with hardly an exception, these dots are simply blots. Could not the story have been rendered attractive to all, and profitable to many, without these blots of dots? As it is, the undoubtedly clever work of a clever man can only be recommended to the elect few who will thoroughly appreciate the artistic merit of this author's latest work.

Mr. RAPHAEL TUCK has sent for the Baron's inspection and, he hopes, approval, an assortment of post-cards with photographs of various places of holiday resort and of picturesque types peculiar to some of them. Good, so far. But picture occupies so much of the card that little space is left for sending a friendly message and signing each. Now, when Mr. RAPHAEL tuck it into his head to produce these cards he evidently forgot

that the sender would probably wish, like the inveterate after-dinner speech-maker, "just to say a few words." What's the use of anyone sending a portrait of a "Deep Sea Fisherman" to his, or her, intended, unless some explanatory lines can be added? And without "lines" the fisherman at any time is useless? Of course, if the portrait of the Fisherman conveys some very deep meaning, then we mustn't judge by the surface, but must suppose the photo to mysteriously convey some "fishing interrogatory" or "a message from the sea." As picture cards and as advertisements of attractions, excellent; but as a means of communication, for which the ordinary unillustrated post-card sufficeth, these cards leave a want unsupplied.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FOR A CONSIDERATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No doubt, until June next, the columns of your contemporaries will be deluged with suggestions as to the route of the Coronaion Procession. Permit me to make a proposal in the same direction?

Why should not the route be as follows? Start from Buckingham Palace and do the suburbs thoroughly. Up to Chiswick by Kensington, Hammersmith, and Upham Park Road. Then have detachments sent to Streatham, Tooting, Peckham Rye, Lewisham, and Barnes. I say detachments, because the main portion would be required for parading Lesser London and the City. With a little organisation all the principal streets could be visited. Even the provinces might share, to a certain extent, in the demonstration. The heralds, acting on precedent, might make a visitation to a few of our watering-places.

If my plan is adopted—as it should be—thousands and thousands will be able to take part in an event of unique historical importance, after, of course, showing their solvency by paying for their places in advance.

Yours sincerely,

AN ANTI-BANGER OF SAXPENCES.

LAST NIGHTS AT THE LYCEUM.

PERSONALLY, I should be content were Sir HENRY IRVING to limit himself to a single piece at any one performance. Of course, when SHAKESPEARE provides the entertainment there can seldom be two pieces in the bill; but when CONAN DOYLE'S *Waterloo* is given, the impersonation of Corporal Gregory Brewster takes as much out of the audience as it does out of the actor, and most willingly would we quit the theatre immediately after the fall of the curtain on the Corporal's death, grateful for having seen it and absolutely certain that no other piece could give us so much of the very essence of the great actor's histrionic genius, rather than witness him exhausting himself on the character of *Mathias* in *The Bells*, a play that could well have the programme to itself. By the way, the "melodrama" music for this, except when it is purely Alsatian in character, might with advantage be rewritten.

But what Sir HENRY might give as a foil to *The Bells*, or to *Waterloo*, would be the slight piece entitled *Jingle*, of which I remember nothing whatever except the principal character figuring in a dramatised episode from *Pickwick*. Possibly it would have to be re-written: a new version might, perhaps, give us *Jingle* at Dingley Dell; *Jingle* eloping with Miss Wardle; a cinematographic view of the postchaise chase bringing down the curtain; and, for the second act, we should have the touching meeting of Mr. *Pickwick* with *Jingle* in the Poor Debtors' side of the Fleet, ending with his embarkation for a new life in a new world. There would be much to raise a smile: but the finish would leave us smiling through tears. However, this is but a suggestion, that, adopted practically, might relieve the actor who is inclined to over-tax his powers, and, which might prove a very considerable attraction.

Now "The Dook has something to say" as to *Waterloo* and its present cast, which, though efficient, is not quite up to the original. However wonderful be the "make-up" of any actor, yet "mannerism," like murder, "will out," and within a few



"WHY WAS BILL JONES MADE CAPTAIN? 'E'S DONE NOTHIN', 'E AIN'T."

"NOTHIN'! OH, AIN'T 'E!! WY, AT THE HOVAL 'E THERW UP THE BALL FROM FOUR BOUND'RY WOT GRACE 'IT!'"

minutes of the best disguised actor's appearance on the scene, his individuality is sure to reveal his identity. I am beginning to reconsider this dictum: for it occurs to me, after seeing this piece at the Lyceum, that there are two young actors on the London stage who can perfectly conceal their identity; and of these two Mr. LAURENCE IRVING is one; while as to the other young actor, I leave experienced playgoers to guess, merely saying that he is not, and never has been, connected in any way with the Lyceum.

All who have seen Mr. LAURENCE IRVING in the play of *Robespierre*, for example, will testify to the perfection of his make-up as Colonel James Midwinter, which was so excellent (though to his reading of the part I take exception) that, unlike the amateur in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, I did not "know it was LAURENCE IRVING," nor did I make the discovery until consulting the bill after leaving the theatre. Had his rendering of this small part struck me as something exceptional, naturally I should at the time have referred to the bill to see if the name of the actor were familiar to me.

For Friday, July 19, *The Merchant* is announced, and on Saturday, July 20, *Coriolanus* is given on the last night of the season, after which, and before starting for work again, let us hope Sir HENRY will give himself a thoroughly lazy, lounging, invigorating, recuperating vacation; and if he doesn't, "a word will have to be said on that subject by

THE DOOK."

THE MACHINE, SOME MORTALS, AND A BAT AND BALL.

THERE is no need to say much about the Bowler. Like all latter-day trundlers he was a person of next-to-no-importance, with a strong fellow-feeling for Skating Competitions and the Hay Crop and all other unfortunates whose success or failure depends on the whim of the weather. Also, he was a cricket reformer of the deepest dye. He was fond of arguing that the game ought to be played in winter instead of in summer: we might get decent wickets then, he said. Or else why not use a smaller ball? But his ideas, like his deliveries, were treated with scanty respect by a sceptical public. The Batsman deserves more notice. He belonged to a well-known cricketing family, easily distinguished by the fact that its members never figure in the list of averages. His own initials were B. R., and he was a son of M.'s and a brother of S. M. and B. and T., as well as of A. N., who is, of course, the most famous of all the OTHERS. His cousin, ANON, the most prolific of the minor poets, was stretched behind the net on what he called the grassy sward, armed with a pencil and note-book. There were also present the Bat and the Ball.

The wicket was a good old-fashioned one. In other words, as B. R. remarked with some heat, it reduced first-class cricket to an utter farce. But the Bowler, for once in his life, was enjoying himself. As hot and happy and sticky as a child at a Sunday-school treat, he was giving B. R. a very bad quarter of an hour. In the language of the sporting newspapers he was making the ball talk, and ANON, who had never yet seen this feat accomplished, except in print, composed himself to listen with both ears, *ventre-à-terre*.

"What's this new game called?" asked the Bat, who was also in a conversational mood.

"Called!" repeated the Ball, scornfully. "I forget. Sort of name that recalls the delicious hair-oils of thirty years ago, combined with the patent compressed soups of to-day. But it's the new society game; I know that much. Begins with *Vi*—that's the soup, and ends with *oro*,—that's the olives, hair-oil, I mean. But it's,—no, it isn't *Vioro*. There's somethin'—can't remember what it is—joinin' the two (got you that time, old chap) halves."

"Yes," murmured the Bat, as he knocked in the middle stump, "there would be a joint, wouldn't there, after the soup? Ah'm. Perhaps there's a G missing. You're always droppin' them about. I know. It must be *Vigoro*—is that it? Well, it certainly does make one's hair curl. But how's it played?" he continued, settling himself in the block. "It's a sort of cricket, ain't it?"

"Cricket! It's about as much like cricket as—as *that* is," exclaimed the Ball, as B. R. put his pad in front of a cunning off-break. "Why, they use lawn-tennis balls instead of MR."

"That won't make much difference here I wish you wouldn't kick," said the Bat, all in one breath. "That ain't cricket anyhow. You needn't get savage. You've hurt my man." Then there was an interval, while the Bowler tried to look as if he were sorry, and B. R. made forcible remarks (which he ought to have suppressed), about his thumb and the wicket. And it certainly was bleeding—the thumb, *bien entendu*, not the wicket.

"Well, go on, old stick-in-the-mud," the Bat resumed, when the Man had at length exhausted his vocabulary. "Tell us how they bowl."

"With lawn-tennis rackets!"

"Bosh! How do they field, then?"

"With rackets."

"And catch?"

"With rackets—rotten badly."

"Ah," said the Bat, in a relieved tone of voice, "then they're not out-and-out Radicals. Not going to change everything all at once. That means there's a chance for me. At least—they're not going to cut me down, or stick up another wicket, are they?"

"Worse than that,"—said the Ball.

"By Jove, I shot then, didn't I? I'd quite forgotten what it felt like. They're goin' to bat with—"

"Not with rackets?"

The Ball nodded: his heart was too full for words.

"Oh, what rot!" screamed the Bat. At least that was what he meant to say. What he did say—well, this is ANON'S account of the matter. The Bat, he says, was obviously a highly respectable Bat, rated A1 at Lord's, and carefully trained not to interfere with balls which the pads could play as well or better than himself. In fact, he had got beyond the mere A, B, C, of cricket, and was learning to mind his P's and Q's in first-class company. But when he got excited he could not pronounce his R's. As ANON remarked in his humorous way, they always stumped him. So that what he actually did say in his frenzy was not, "What rot," but "What wot."

Now it happened that the young female who goes by the name of ECHO, was, after her usual custom, slumbering lazily in front of the Pavilion. You know her trick of catching up your last word in a scornful sort of way, giving it a perverse twist, and rushing off at a tangent, without paying any attention to the main argument. This trait of hers would, of itself, be enough to prove her sex, even if the most famous of ANON'S predecessors had not settled the question for all time by the immortal line, "*Echo femininum* name." It is true that the writer adduces

no evidence in support of his proposition. But, argues ANON, that only proves, not that his gender-rule is at fault, but that he was either a married man, or else had sisters. And as ANON is the one himself, and possesses several of the others, he is probably correct.

But to resume. When the Bat cried, "What rot!" he called so loudly that he woke the nymph of the Pavilion. And after that the conversation took the following turn.

Echo. "What *what*?"

Ball. "Don't take any notice of her. She can't catch on to what I say. I'm too fast for her."

Bat. "All right. Did you hear what my man said when you hit him on the wrist?"

Echo. "Whist!"

Ball. "Got your middle stump again, old cock. You were frightfully crooked."

Bat. "Well, it's B. R.'s fault. He ought to hold me straighter."

Echo. "Waiter!"

Ball. "Jove, I bumped a bit then. Beastly wicket."

Bat. "Yes, I don't half like it: it's too risky."

Echo. "Whiskey."

Ball. "She's pullin' your leg, old chap."

Bat. "If I could only pull hers! Wouldn't it be rare—"

Echo. "Beware!"

Bat. "Simply ripping!"

Echo. "Whipping!"

Ball. "You couldn't."

Bat. "Could if I tried."

Echo. "Wide."

Ball. "I'm blown if it—oh, I forgot."

Bat. "I say, that was a good smack. How many could I have run?"

Echo. "One."

Ball. "Oh, confound the girl! Here, let me have a shot at her. He's tossing me up slower now. Are you there, ECHO?"

Echo. "Ecco."

Ball. "You are—"

Echo. "You are—"

Ball. "A fool."

Echo. "A fool."

Ball. "No, hang it, I must put it the other way round. I mean I am a fool, you fool."

Echo. "Fool, you fool."

Whether the Ball would have succeeded in finding out ECHO'S weak spot, is, in ANON'S opinion, rather doubtful. But at this moment the Mortals took up the running. "By George, B. R." said the Bowler, as he put the Ball into his bag, "didn't I make him talk?"

"You!" answered the Batsman. "It was the wicket. Besides, balls don't talk."

"This one does, my dear cousin," said ANON. "I heard it."

"Heard it! Bosh! You beastly poets are always thinking you hear things."

'Spose you'll say next that my bat talks, or my pads, or—or—"

"Or the mowing-machine?" suggested ANON, who had some unpublished verses on the subject in his pocket. "But it *does*. Can't you hear what it's saying? Well, I can. I'll just scribble it down while you fellows are changing. Oh, it's no bother." And when the two cricketers returned, bored but submissive, the poet and his verselets were ready for them, as fresh (apparently) as a basket of new-laid eggs, and without a hint of the Rhyming Dictionary or a trace of the midnight oil about them.

"Sure you fellows don't mind?" he began. "Well, then, I've called it *Ex Machina*, and it begins like this: 'Backwards and forwards.' B' the bye, I ought to tell you the first and last verses are in italics. It's more usual, you know. Ahem!

EX MACHINA.

*BACKWARDS and forwards, and forwards and back,
Marking the length of its double green track,
Making the cricket-ground level and green,
This is the song of the Mowing-Machine.*

Hark to me, cricketers, hark to my whirr,
Hark to my mellow machinery's purr,
Hark to my murmuring all the long day;
I have my work to do, you have your play.

Work at your playing, then,—like a machine,
Regular, little by little, and keen;
Nerves made of iron and sinews of steel,
Shoulder to shoulder, and wheel within wheel.

Shoulder to shoulder, you'll get at the heart of it,
Wheel within wheel is the whole and the part of it.

Play with one mind and one end and one aim,

Playing together and playing the game.

Play it with judgment and play it with skill,

Play with good temper but play with a will,

Play it with courtesy, play it with pluck,
Play it with something that's better than luck.

If you'd be honest, steal nothing but runs,

If you want wins, then take care of the "ones,"

Don't count your centuries ere they are hatched,

Don't drop your catches until they are catch'd.

Play the game, aiming to make a good fight of it,

Play—never mind if you're beaten in spite of it;



"SUA OUIQUE VOLUPTAS."

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.

Keen in the contest and straight in the strife,—

That is the motto for cricket and life.

Nearer and clearer the stir and the whirr of it,

Further and fainter the thrum and the hum of it,

Backwards and forwards, now white and now green,

That is the song of the Mowing-Machine.

"Not half-bad," said the Batsman, as the Poet paused for breath and applause.

"Oh, ripping," added the Bowler; "but I'm afraid I must be off. You coming my way, B. R.?"

"Clever little devil, that cousin of yours," he went on, as soon as they were out of earshot. "I couldn't have done it, at least not in record time like that."

"Oh, well, I don't know. Yes, I dare say," returned the Batsman, with cousinly disparagement. "Pity he's such an ass though. He's an absolute crock at games,

you know. And yet, somehow—I wonder if he did hear all that rot. What d'you think?"

G. F. C.

"OUR DEAR OLD HOLMES."

"Is it really true that you rescued the great S. H.?"

"Certainly I did. As the celebrated detective descended with the utmost expedition from the mountain, I caught him before he was smashed in the valley."

"Really! Most astounding!"

"I caught him in a balloon."

"Wonderful! What was it made of?"

"It was made of paper."

"Was it inflated with gas?"

"No. It was fed by a magazine."

"Of powder?"

"Ah, now you are asking too much."

"Then is even the name of the magazine a secret?"

"Certainly—a journalistic secret."

And the Interviewer disappeared singing the old-time song "In the 'Strand.'"



First Street Vendor. "ILLO, BILL, WOT'S THE MATTER NOW?"

Second Street Vendor. "Now, I HARK YER, I HARK YER, HAIN'T IT HENOUGH TO HAGGREGATE HENNY MAN TO BE HARKED FOR A 'CRICKET SPECIAL' AT 'ARF-PAST FOUR HO'CLOCK HIN THE HAFTERNOON!"

"FOR THEIR HEARTHES AND HOMES!"

AN APPEAL.

In the number dated November 8, 1899, Mr. Punch aroused the sympathy of all with a cartoon by Sir JOHN TENNIEL entitled "Britannia Consolatrix." A crowd in the background cheered the troops departing for the war (1899!!), and "the girls they left behind them" were their wives and children, to whom BRITANNIA said, "I will take care of you! Your man has gone to his duty—and I will do mine." Once again Mr. Punch comes forward and craves your support, Ladies and Gentlemen, Fathers and Mothers, for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, the Holborn and Finsbury Fund, under the presidency of Her Majesty Queen ALEXANDRA. In this cause, the great cause of charity, we, whatever may be our political opinions regarding the war, all must be, and, for the matter of that, are, united. From prospectus recently issued, it appears—

"The wife of a Private receives a total of 9s. 11d. a week—of this 7s. 7d. is separation allowance from Government, 2s. 4d. allotment from her husband. She also receives 1s. 2d. a week for each child from Government.

"The Association supplements this aid by small weekly grants. In the Division of Holborn and Finsbury these vary from 2s. 6d. to 5s. for each woman.

"In cases where employers make weekly grants, the Association gives no help.

"The question of the moment is—whether these soldiers' families are now to be left without this supplementary aid, or whether the generosity of those in the Holborn and Finsbury Boroughs will enable the Association to continue their aid to the wives of those men who, month after month, are so nobly doing their duty.

"There have been altogether 566 families in the district. Of these some, owing to the death of the husband, have become entitled to pensions; some men have returned and resumed their previous employment, while others, pending their discharge, have been provided for from other sources. There are still, however, 250 families to be aided, at a cost of about £50 per week. The number gradually diminishes as the events just mentioned occur, but it is estimated that funds will be required to carry on the work for many, many months to come; further, the recent despatch of fresh Militia battalions to the front has added to the number of families.

"It is proposed to make arrangements whereby the smallest weekly sums can be collected, enabling all to give to this Fund.

"All money received will be spent entirely on the families in Holborn and Finsbury."

To this Mr. Punch need add nothing, except what he trusts his many friends will join him in, namely, a substantial contribution, which can be addressed to *The Punch Office*, care of Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., for the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Families (Holborn and Finsbury) Fund."

Mr. Punch receives many uninvited "contributions" which from time to time he is compelled to reject, but such contributions as he now invites, being intended for the above-mentioned Fund, no matter what their value, will be immediately and gratefully accepted, with heartiest thanks in behalf of this truly "Home Charity." Friendly amateurs, too, send him drawings which he is unable to use, but in this case, every cheque duly drawn and signed, by amateur or professional, no matter how many figures there may be in it, will be sure of acceptance, and will be handed over for artistic "reproduction" in the shape of substantial benefit to the families of our Soldiers and Sailors.

PUNCH.



A UNITED FRONT.

RIGHT HON. SIR H-NRY C-MPE-LL B-NN-RM-N (after a successful effort). "WELL, THANK GOODNESS, I'VE GOT THE TWO SIDES TO MEET!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 8.—Extremely painful scene in the House to-night. At half-past seven LORD CHANCELLOR, rising from Woolsack, regarding



Canny Kilmarnock.
(Colonel D-nny.)

with awful countenance the bench of Bishops, remarked, "I have a strong conviction that we have been out of order since half-past five."

Now it was about that hour, be the same more or less, that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY interposed on Motion relating to KING'S Declaration on Accession. Subject came before House on stage of consideration of Report of Select Committee. Calling on the Order, LORD CHANCELLOR observed that all that might be done at present juncture was to lay Report on the Table, whereupon notice of action might be given. Hopped back to Woolsack; resumed his seat; folded his gown across his stately body with assurance that the thing was settled.

Up gat the PRIMATE, and positively moved that Report be referred back to Committee! A hush of fearsome expectation fell over Assembly. What would happen? Would the floor open, creating a vacancy in the See of Canterbury? Instinctively felt that the MARKISS was the only man who might ride on the brooding whirlwind. MARKISS not one to shirk his duty, especially when it involves privilege of having a go at a Bishop.

The PRIMATE complained that the Committee appointed to consider the delicate matter did not contain a single Bishop. Let a certain number be added to the Committee, and the Report referred back.

In tones of mingled scorn and indignation the MARKISS protested he had never heard of such a thing as referring back a Report to a Committee without indicating particulars on which it was desired to amend it. The only suggestion offered by the most reverend prelate was that to the Committee should be added "a large infusion of Bishops."

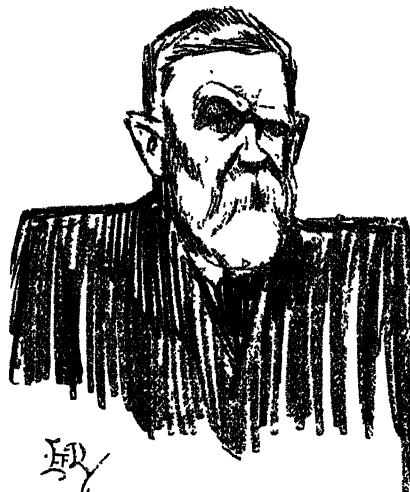
Most eloquent word "infusion" in the MARKISS'S mouth. Analogy between Bishops and tea-leaves unmistakable. Speaking again later, when revolt seemed coming to a head, he changed the metaphor, alluding with increased scorn to a proposal to "dilute the Committee with two Bishops." This tamed even the truculent TEMPLE; broke down the white walls of resistance, four-deep, set up above gangway to right of Woolsack. No one could say whither the fancy of the MARKISS would lead him next. There were possible similitudes even worse than tea-leaves and tepid water. Primate made haste to capitulate, humbly asking leave to withdraw his motion.

It was then the LORD CHANCELLOR rose in his might and rounded off a pleasant evening by asserting that, led astray from the Episcopal Bench, the House had for two hours been in a disorderly state.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education Bill moved in the Commons.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—"Sir," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, looking more than ever like Jove, "this insolent injustice must be repelled."

As he thundered forth the words he, swinging round on heel to face the cheering Opposition, flung forth his right arm as if discharging a thunderbolt. What was the matter? Looking on and listening, the stranger in the Gallery, unfamiliar with the SQUIRE'S occasional manner, would be inclined to answer with Mrs. Malaprop in *The Rivals*, "Why,



"Danger! Weir!"

murder's the matter. Slaughter's the matter. Killing's the matter."

It wasn't any one of the three. JOHN O'GORST was the matter. On moving Second Reading of Education Bill last night, he spoke disrespectfully of School Boards. Having gone so far, he naturally felt he might fling to the winds last vestige of respectability; accordingly assumed a sprightly air; told the House some interesting stories.



North Birmingham.
(Mr. M-ddl-m-re.)

It seems that, like HAROUN-AL-RASCHID, the Vice-President of the Council, disguising himself and painting his well-known bicycle a less obtrusive colour, made the round of the night schools with intent to see for himself how things were working. In one he found the youthful aspirants after knowledge tripping it on the light fantastic toe. "Physical exercise," it was discreetly called in the School Report. The Vice-President was able to testify that it was nothing other than the giddy waltz, the shameless schottische.

Whether, in order the better to maintain his anonymity, the Vice-President of the Council took a turn himself was not stated. BRYCE, alluding to the adventure, hinted belief that the right hon. Gentleman was quite equal to the indiscretion. It is only fair to suppose he drew the line at the waltz. But it is a pretty conceit that flashes on the mind—JOHN O'GORST, mated with a maiden from Bethnal Green, going hands across and up the middle, after the manner of Mr. Fezziwig in JOHN LEECH'S immortal picture of the ball, in "A Christmas Carol."

To-night, whilst SQUIRE OF MALWOOD thundered at him across the Table and PRINCE ARTHUR gallantly defended him, JOHN O'GORST, with elbow supported in palm of left hand, toyed with his beard,

and, with far-away look appropriate to subject, reflected on the power and majesty of the Committee of Council, on the grip, gentle, firm, and comprehensive, held on the Education Question by "my noble friend the President."

Business done.—Education Bill read a second time by 333 votes against 215.

Thursday night.—There is something really distressing about Mr. COGHILL'S conscience. Its occasionally sudden prompting enriches the Commons with painfully close realisation of the hovering habit of *Banquo's* ghost. To-day, as in *Macbeth's* castle at Inverness, things are going on quietly; no one thinking either of *Banquo* or Mr. COGHILL; suddenly, according to stage direction, "enter the ghost of *Banquo* and sits in *Macbeth's* place."

Came about this way. LAMBERT asked when Agricultural Rating Bill will be brought on. "Next week," PRINCE ARTHUR answered, and resumed his seat, thinking the incident closed. From below gangway on Ministerial side was heard a voice curiously like *Banquo's* before he became a ghost.

"Will the right honourable gentleman," it said, "wait until the war in South Africa comes to an end before he proposes to renew the Act?"

Storm of cheering rose from Opposition benches; here was a man on Ministerial side saying what they long had thought! PRINCE ARTHUR looking round beheld, not *Banquo*, but Mr. COGHILL regarding him with sternly-set face. For moment the illusion was complete. The PRINCE'S white lips, slowly moving, murmured,

"Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me."

Perceiving his mistake (the Member for Stoke's hair is not red), recognising that it was "only COGHILL," PRINCE ARTHUR recovered his self-possession. But these things are disconcerting, especially in hot weather. Worst of it is, never know when similar thing may not happen. It's always in quiet moments, on unexpected topics, when no one is thinking of him, that COGHILL jumps up and puts inconvenient questions of this kind.

Business done.—Report stage of Budget Bill.

House of Lords, Friday.—Listening to LLANDAFF discoursing on the King's Declaration, observing JAMES OF HEREFORD seated on the Ministerial bench just below him, memory carries the MEMBER FOR SARK back over a period of thirty-five years when he first knew HENRY MATTHEWS and HENRY JAMES. It was in an ancient assize town on the Oxford Circuit known to SHAKESPEARE. They were then in the very prime of life and power, hardy stuff-gownsmen. Their style with judge and jury varied. Both were brilliant, though possibly neither, constitutionally

modest, dreamt of this evening when they would be sitting in the House of Lords, one having having been Home Secretary and Cabinet Minister, the other enjoying the perhaps unique distinction of having refused alike the Speakership of the House of Commons and the Lord High Chancellorship.

As a debater HENRY MATTHEWS was, strange to say, by no means a success in the Commons. His speech on the King's Declaration was one of the finest pieces of oratory SARK has lately heard in the Lords. In style and manner of delivery it recalled RATHMORE, and praise can no higher go. Like the ever-lamented DAVID PLUNKET of the House of Commons, Lord LLANDAFF very rarely speaks since his translation. Which, seeing what is suffered in the ordinary way in the House of Lords, approaches inhumanity.

Business done.—Fifteenth allotted day for Committee of Supply in the House of Commons. Only eight more possible, and still over a hundred votes out of 144 to be dealt with.

DIOGENES.

IN 1901.

I DREAMED; and in my trance beheld
A gentleman infirm and old,
Yet with a step heroic.
And by the glimmering lanthorn he
Upheld, I made him out to be
Diogenes, the stoic.

"Ah, sage," I cried, "still, still you seek
An honest mortal!" Down his cheek
An idle tear-drop ran,
As he replied, "Fool, naught I care
A finger-snap whether, or where
There dwells an honest man.

"New centuries new wonders bring,
Which set new sages wondering
And new pursuits impose.
No more the phantom-man whose brow
Is stamped with honour I allow
To lead me by the nose!"

"But still you seek with lanthorn,
why?"

I asked. And as he made reply
His voice with anguish shook.
"My search as hopeless as of yore
Now seems since I am searching for
A perfect English cook!"

STARVATION POLICY AND LIBERAL FARE.—At the Eighty Club's "At Home" Lord TWEEDMOUTH suggested the abandonment of the "ASQUITH Dinner," and added, according to a *Daily News* note, that the party "should postpone dining until they could all dine together." Poor Party! How ravenous they will all be when that *tout ensemble* banquet comes off! Then, indeed, will the Dinner Party cry be, "Let 'em all come!"

CORRUPTIO OPTIMI—?

["The trial took place on July 8, of KAPUSCHA, one of the leading members of the Boer Committee in Vienna, who got up a violent agitation in favour of the Boers there and collected large sums in order to present Mr. KRUGER with a costly casket and other gifts. He engaged a large number of persons to accompany him in a tour of Europe, demanding from each security in sums amounting altogether to 40,000 crowns. The address to Mr. KRUGER was signed by 16,000 persons. . . . KAPUSCHA was arrested on suspicion of having appropriated the deposit money. . . . He has been sentenced to five years' hard labour."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

KAPUSCHA speaks:—

I WAS among the leading men
Who formed Vienna's Boer Committee,
And strove to rouse with voice and pen
The slumbering conscience of that city.
Our efforts won complete success,
We made a splendid agitation,
We drew up a superb Address
To Mr. KRUGER from the nation.

The document was widely read,
In every household you could find it;
I don't remember what it said,
But sixteen thousand people signed it.
These signatures we hoped to send
To KRUGER, in a costly casket,
And piles of money to that end
Came in when we began to ask it.

A tour through Europe's chiefest towns
To help The Cause was next projected,
And more than forty thousand crowns
Were very rapidly collected.
The scheme delighted high and low,
We put it into execution,
And every one who wished to go
Forked out a handsome contribution.

And thus a good, round sum was raised,
The total, really, was surprising,
I was, myself, immensely praised
For my success in organising.
But when, at length, the moment came
To buy the casket and present it,
And cash was wanted for the same,
I had to own that I had spent it!

So the projected tour fell through
As I had collared all the money.
It seemed the only thing to do,
Though KRUGER must have thought it funny.
And now Vienna's ceased to take
An interest in the Boer faction,
So no one but myself will make
A penny out of the transaction!

ST. J. H.



Parson. "YES, ON ONE OCCASION I MARRIED FOUR COUPLES IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR. QUICK WORK, WASN'T IT?"
Nautical Your Lady. "YES, RATHER! SIXTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR!"

Arthur Heppner

A GOUTY COURTSHIP.

HER DIARY.

July 16th.—Oh Joy! Joy!! Joy!!! Dear, darling diary, we have been introduced! Sweet Mrs. DENTON, whose visit hung over me like a nightmare, was the officiating angel. She knows him very well; she says he is of very good family, tolerably well off, rather a *malade imaginaire* she fancied, and he has no parents. What could be nicer? He certainly improves even in appearance when you talk to him. His features light up, and his sad eyes almost sparkled once or twice. I am afraid he is not very truthful. He told me that he had had an accident to his knee, and the *caissière* of the hotel distinctly told Mamma that he was following the treatment for gout. But he does not like to talk about himself. He asked me so many questions about the things I liked and the sort of life I led, and it is extraordinary that we agreed on every subject. We have exactly the same tastes. He does not care much about society, and not at all for dancing—no more do I. He likes golf and all out-door sports. So do I. Oh! I wish it was to-morrow!

HIS DIARY.

July 17th.—A terrible thing has happened. They are going away very shortly. Some idiotic doctor has decided that Mr. SOMERVILLE has had sufficient baths, and they have decided to leave on the 22nd. I shall decide for myself when I have had sufficient baths. It will probably be not later than the 23rd. I am certainly better. Royat is a wonderful place. The air is perfectly delicious, and the Park so green and smiling with its perennial orchestra. How could one be dull here? I sat with her twice yesterday—she can tell fortunes by palmistry. I begged her to tell mine. At first she objected, and asked me if my fortune was not already told; but as I persisted she took the tips of my fingers in hers and read some really wonderful truths. It was an ecstatic moment. First of all, she said I had “a very good heart”—(Quite true); that I had more heart than “head”—(I am not quite sure of this); I had natural gifts for the Arts—(I suppose this is true also); I had a good temper—(This I know to be an absolute fact); I was perhaps not always quite truthful—(Who can be in a world full of shams and deceit?). Finally, I should live to a good old age, and she added, rather maliciously, I thought, “notwithstanding the accident to your knee.” I couldn’t help asking her, in rather a shaky voice, “Shall I ever marry?” She looked very steadily at the lines of my hand, and then said, “I hope so. People are happier married, are they not?” I felt almost like making her a declaration on the spot, but the band was playing a particularly loud selection from *Lohengrin*, and the moment was not propitious. I should like to have asked some more questions; but her father came back from the fountain, where the waters had evidently not improved his temper. “Do leave off that tomfoolery, MAUD,” he said. “A hundred years ago you would have been burnt as a witch.” “It is a very harmless kind of witchcraft,” I said apologetically. “I don’t choose my daughter to do it, Sir,” he said with a gouty glare.

Naturally, we both collapsed.

In the evening I managed to say: “Will you complete my fortune to-morrow?” “I don’t think I have anything to do with your fortune,” she answered simply. “You might have, if you liked—if you would condescend,” I said very humbly, and then of course there came the usual interruption in the shape of her mother. I am thinking of nice things to say to-morrow. Usually, I don’t find it difficult to talk, but when I am with her I find myself tongue-tied or making inexpressibly idiotic remarks.

HER DIARY.

July 17th.—I have only four more days to spend here. A week ago I should be delighted at the prospect of leaving, but now I am almost miserable. I suppose we shall meet again, but everything is so uncertain in this life. I told his fortune by

palmistry yesterday. He has nothing but *good* lines in his hand. I was sure of it before I looked. His “heart” is immense, and he is affectionate and true in love; but I couldn’t tell him all that. I went very far as it was! He talks *brilliantly*, and at the same time very sensibly. I could listen to him all day. There is just a little sadness in some of the things he said, but I don’t know if that is caused by the past or the present. I rather fancy it is the latter. Mamma likes him, but Papa says there must be something radically wrong with a man who has gout at his age. “God knows what he has been up to!” he said. I turned crimson, and said: “Were you very wicked, Papa, that you are being punished by gout?” I was very near the door when I made the remark, and I didn’t wait for the reply.

HIS DIARY.

July 18th.—Things are reaching a crisis. I can’t sleep now. All night long I tossed about thinking of brilliant things to say to her, and the more I strived after epigrams which should have a slight tinge of sadness in them, the more my mind became a blank, and I could only repeat, “She goes in three days! What will become of me?” Of course, I am in love—more so than I have ever been—and, mingled with gout, it is a terrible disease. And she is in love too. Why does her hand tremble when it touches mine? Why does the colour mount to her face whenever we meet? Why do we both prefer to be silent when we are together? Because we cannot talk of the things which are in our minds, and so we prefer to *think*. The idea of ever gaining her father’s consent seems to me preposterous at the present moment. If I could only save her life, or her mother’s—not his—something that would entitle me to his gratitude. But people never are grateful. It would probably make him hate me more than he already does if I rendered him a service. I must think of something else. But what? In vain I beat my brain to think of something that will show me in a favourable light to him. It is no use sitting here writing—I must go to bed—back to the hot pillows which I turn again and again, till, in desperation, I throw them on to the floor and lie flat on my back, staring up at the ceiling in blank despair.

HER DIARY.

July 18th.—Papa dislikes him more and more, and I am sure his affection for me increases in proportion. What is to be done? I have started a cough—a little hacking cough; and if they are very unkind to me I mean to develop consumption. Papa is already irritated by my cough. He said, “You have caught cold, MAUD. How the devil did you manage to do that?” I said, “I don’t know. I daresay it’s nothing—only—I always feel tired now.” Mamma was really uneasy, and said I must see a doctor. If the doctor would only recommend me the waters to gargle and inhale, I shouldn’t mind. It would keep us here till the end of his “cure.” What will he do without me! He told me yesterday that his movements were uncertain, that he should probably not stay after the 23rd, and he threw such meaning and sadness into the date. It would be terrible if I were the cause of shortening his treatment and preventing his restoration to health. I should never forgive myself. How I wish I had gout, then Papa couldn’t say anything. I might imitate the faces Papa makes when he gets a twinge, but nothing would induce me to imitate his language. Only three days more, unless a miracle takes place.

HIS DIARY.

July 19th.—Only two days more, and she is ill. How inhuman of them to take her away. She coughs, and has a drooping appearance. Can it be grief? We never have a moment alone! She told me yesterday that she had never been so sorry to leave any place. I managed to whisper that I liked it at present, but after she had gone it would seem like—I stopped for want of a proper simile. “I know the place you mean,” she said; “Papa often mentions it.”

I think I will write to her to-morrow. It may be dishonourable to do so without her parents' knowledge, but with such inhospitable parents one must deal differently. They are going to Paris for a few days, and from there home to their place in Sussex. It is all hopeless; I shall never see her again. I am decidedly better, but what does it matter how I am if I lose her?

HER DIARY.

July 19th.—There is not the slightest sign of a miracle, and I shall never see him after the 22nd of this month. I coughed till I really made myself hoarse, and then Papa and Mamma both decided that I wanted change of air. I have never coughed since, still they say that it is a warning that I have exhausted this air. What rubbish people talk about health! I almost feel as if I must confide in Mamma; I should like to throw myself at her feet and tell her that I love him, and that as she was young herself once, and, I supposed, loved Papa at that period, she must have pity on me. She is very good and sweet, I think she would understand me; but Papa would be driven clean out of his mind, and probably have a very bad relapse. Besides, I don't know that he loves me. I think he thinks I am rather nice, and he certainly prefers to talk to me to anyone. He knows people here, and he has refused all their invitations; but is that sufficient to implore Mamma to stay another week? I can write no more—my brain is wandering.

HIS DIARY.

July 20th.—It is done. I have written to her! Without vanity, I think I may say I composed a beautiful letter. It was simple, manly and straightforward. I told her frankly that I loved her, that I had never loved anyone until I met her, and then I gave some necessary details of my position and past life, and, finally, begged for a few words of hope. I have just given the letter, together with a louis, to the chambermaid of her floor, and to-morrow morning I shall know the worst. Of course, sleep is out of the question; I don't even feel like going to bed. I have only been here sixteen days, and what a change has been effected in my life! How blindly one looks at the future. I came here thinking only of my gout and the wretched three weeks I should have to spend here, and now all is changed. I think only of her, night and day.

HER DIARY.

July 20th.—He has written to me! How imprudent of him, but how delightful to read his fervent, truthful words, and know that he really cares for no one in the world but me! He asks me to marry him, to be only his, to drag his soul from the slough of despair in which it is at present plunged. Nothing could be more beautiful or clever than his choice of words, and his handwriting is exquisite—firm and legible. What was I to do? I read his eight pages over and over again, and then I

decided to seek Mamma's assistance, so I tapped gently at her door, and begged her to come and talk to me in my room. It was very difficult, and poor Mamma was quite unprepared for my news. She said she was just saying her prayers, and thought she had finished with one day's miseries at any rate. But I explained to her that this was not sorrow; it was joy—unspeakable joy, for me. She seemed to think it very extraordinary that I should care for a man of whom I knew so little, but I told her that there was no reason in love; if people reasoned it wouldn't be love, it would be calculation. This argument seemed to strike her, and then, with many blushes, I showed her his letter. Of course, she couldn't help admiring

his beautiful phrases—although she didn't acknowledge it; but she shook her head, and said Papa would never consent to my marrying a gouty man. "Then I shall die!" I exclaimed. "And the sooner the better. You know I am ill, and I believe you want to kill me on purpose." Then Mamma cried, and I cried too, and finally I got her to consent to my going over to the DENTONS to-morrow; and he may come too, if he likes (by another train); and if we really seem to care for each other when we are without the restraint of third people I am to write, and then she will see what can be done with Papa. "It is better that you should not be there when the news is broken to him," she said, in her dear old complaining voice. "He might throw something at you." So then I hugged her for ever so long, and let her go to bed, and I sat down and wrote a very guarded, modest letter to PERCY—I shall certainly call him PERCY in my diary. I have looked out the trains; I leave at 10.0 and there is a train for him about 12.3. I shan't sleep to-night.

HIS DIARY.

Vichy, July 21st.—We are both here—she staying with the DENTONS, I at another hotel. She has consented, conditionally on her father's approval. Too excited and bewildered to write.

HER DIARY.

Vichy, July 22nd.—We are so happy; but all depends on Mamma's letter to-morrow. Vichy is such a pretty place, and the air perfectly delightful. As for the DENTONS, no words can express their kindness. I can't write, I have so much to think of.

July 23rd.—A very sweet letter from Mamma. She says the worst is over. She let Papa work off the superfluous language for at least half-an-hour before she interrupted him, and then she gradually explained to him that I was really in love with PERCY, and making myself quite ill at the thoughts of a separation—also that I must marry some day, and that Mr. GORING my own darling PERCY—was certainly a desirable *parti*, and a lot of other very clever arguments, and finally, towards the evening, Papa consented to interviewing PERCY, and if he can give satisfactory reasons for his gout he will *perhaps* consider



THE HAND OF THE CENSOR.

John Bull. "YES, I CAN SEE SOUTH AFRICA RIGHT ENOUGH; BUT, HANG ME IF I CAN MAKE OUT EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE DOING!"

"EUPHONISMS."

I.

THERE thrived some years ago, Cremorne
(A haunt deserving of our scorn),
At least, so tells tradition.
It also spins a shocking yarn
That Surrey Gardens—Highbury Barn,
Both needed prohibition.
Still, even then, that was not all,
'Tis rumoured, farther back, Vauxhall
Was in a worse condition.
But nowadays we've changed all that ;
We dare not fling a toque or hat
With former expedition.
Yet to the rescue comes a phrase
(You kill a cat in many ways):
So wise discretion finds the name—
"An Exhibition"—Just the same!

II.

In days gone by, whose loss we feel,
They dallied much with Fortune's wheel,
At least, so tells tradition.
Assisted by a friendly State
They gambled early, gambled late,
Off-times to their contrition.
The lottery-wheels would gaily spin,
Sometimes you'd lose, sometimes you'd win
(Subtraction or addition).
In modern days the thing's a sin ;
They run the Fortune-teller in,
And Chance leads to perdition.
But to the rescue comes a phrase
(You kill a cat in many ways):
So wise discretion finds the name—
It's "Church-bazaaring"—Just the same!

III.

They found, in bygone days, 'tis true,
That ZOLA was a bit too "blue."
At least, so tells tradition.
To publish him was then a crime—
It meant for those who did so "time";
Suppressing the edition.
And yet one suffered not at all—
If one could read the tongue of Gaul
Instead of transposition.
The modern taste—alas! the shame,
Is open equally to blame
(Pray don't call this sedition),
For to the rescue comes a phrase
(You kill a cat in many ways):
So wise discretion finds the name—
"A Problem Novel"—Just the same!

HUAN MEE.

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S VADE-MECUM.

Question. I think you are the master of a house, and find your position the reverse of dignified and comfortable?

Answer. That is so; in consequence of the change of manners in my household.

Q. Of what do you particularly complain?

A. Of the reversed positions of master and servant.



Mr. Gusher volunteers to help in the subjugation of a vicious colt owned by his innamorata, Miss Sims.

Miss S. "OH, MR. GUSHER, DO PLEASE KEEP COOL. THE BOOK SAYS IT WILL RUIN THE COLT IF YOU ALLOW HIM TO THINK HE CAN BE MASTER!"

Q. Can you give an instance to prove your meaning?

A. Yes, many; but perhaps one may suffice. In the past, the remains of the dinner of the parlour went down to feed the occupants of the kitchen. Nowadays, the dining-room may consider itself lucky if it receives a cut off the joint from the servants' hall.

Q. Do you find that there is less inclination to work amongst servants than there used to be?

A. Assuredly. In the days of old, a Sunday out was a concession made once a month. Now, two half-holidays a week and a whole holiday every seventh day is quite the regulation.

Q. Do you dread to ring the bell?

A. Certainly, because the housemaid will not bring up the coals, and the foot-

man has a soul above the ascent of a jug of hot water.

Q. You mean that your servants think more of their dignity than your comfort?

A. Quite so; and this idea, carried to excess, renders life in a furnished house a perfect misery.

Q. Do you know any remedy by which things may be set straight?

A. Yes, by letting your house and living at a hotel.

Q. But what will become of the servants if you do this?

A. If they have a spell of responsibility as their own employers, they may learn to resume their old-fashioned fidelity.

Q. And when that happy time arrives, what will you do?

A. Give up hotel life, and go home again.

ROSEBERY; THE LATEST PHASE.

(After Tennyson's "Ulysses.")

It little profits that an idle Peer
 I sit beneath the sun with empty hands,
 Sniffing the lotus of an afternoon;
 Or at the psychologic moment rise
 Incontinent and take a sudden chair
 And tell the untutored crowd what might be done
 If there were men to do it, and return
 And write the records of the Man Who Did.
 I cannot rest for very long on end.
 For I have been a portion of the Turf,
 And drunk delight of running three-year-olds
 Far on the ringing slope of Epsom Downs;
 I have conversed with greatness; I have known
 Cities and men, including Edinbro'
 And Mr. GLADSTONE; I have filled a place
 On Urban Councils and in Cabinets,
 And marked their modes of intermittent thought,
 Strange customs, ay, and manners stranger still;
 And had a party of my own, and led
 Until the turn of fortune left me tired.

And notwithstanding all that I assert
 In praise of privacy, most dull it were
 To be regarded merely as a name,
 A mythic memory of the man I was.
 For, though 'tis sweet to view the staggering bark
 From some removed and settled vantage-ground,
 Where falls not any fleck of flying foam,
 Or chunk of mainmast going by the board,
 And nurse that sense of humour which is fed
 On quiet contemplation of the mess
 Of others, unembarrassed by the risk
 Myself of making food for people's mirth
 (A thing most inconvenient), yet I hold
 That if this world-wide realm, than which I know
 Of none more free or more beneficent,
 Means to fulfil her high Imperial charge,
 I should account it matter for regret
 Were I to have no thumb within that pie.

* * * * *

Deep calls to deep; there lies, a splendid hulk,
 Our grand old wherry, wheezing off the shore;
 Seaworthy once, but now severely strained
 And pirouetting in a fatuous round
 With rival rowers working different ways.
 Groggy, I grant, she is, and lists to port,
 But has a lot of service in her yet.
 Come then, my noble tars, who oft have fared
 Through sunshine with me (and through storm, without),
 Come let us give the seas another chance.
 Bring on your well-fed b's'n; step aboard;
 Shove off and plough the furrows, sitting tight
 In any order which occurs to you
 So that you somehow get the thing to go.
 It may be we shall spring a loathsome leak
 And ultimately rot upon the sands,
 Not those we ploughed of old, but somewhere else;
 It may be we shall touch Elysian fields
 And sit with blessed HARCOUET hand in hand,
 And wallow in official asphodel.
 For though we have to mourn some splintered planks
 (Old platform-wood) we will replace the same
 With heart of oak; and though we may not be
 That happy family which once we were,
 Still, at the worst, why, what we are, we are;
 A desperate crew adventuring the deep
 Toward no particular port this side the polls,

Nor, for that matter, down the dim beyond,
 But sworn to float or founder with the flag.

* * * * *

P.S. On second thoughts, my gallant crew
 Shall go without me: I will stay at home
 And check their movements on a private chart. O.S.

AN "X"-HIBITION; OR, ALGEBRA AT THE ALHAMBRA.

THE algebraic problem is to find the value of "X" to the Alhambra Co., as represented by the General Manager, Mr. DUNDAS SLATER, under whose auspices the "Entirely New and Wondrous Illusion" is now being nightly presented to the puzzled public. A Masked Lady in theatrical "boy's" costume runs on to the stage, bows to the audience, then runs away disappearing behind some curtains, whence in a few seconds emerges a kind of balloon flower-basket carrying the upper half of, apparently, this same Masked Lady, while for the nonce the lower half has entirely disappeared. There was once, in bygone ages, a certain "Miss BREFIN" exhibited, who was a legless lady. Is this the solution of the new "Illusion"? Does the legless one appear as "the double" of the leggy lady? However it is done, the effect is electrifying. Up she goes, carried in a basket, as was the elderly lady who went to sweep the cobwebs off the sky, so that people on earth should get a clear view of the moon, until she is very near the gallery, and then, always gracefully bowing, and scattering flowers right and left of her, turning right round as if moving on a pivot like one of those half-length dummies in a hairdresser's shop, she is slowly lowered, and in her floral and aerial car she is carried back to the stage, disappears behind the curtains, and suddenly re-appears, running down to the *flote*, kissing her hands to the audience, and, taking good care that there shall not be the slightest doubt as to the existence of her legs, she runs off merrily, leaving everyone staggered and wondering. We have had the "Problem Play," now we have got "The Problem Entertainment." The latter is distinctly the more amusing.

After this, the comic billiardists, Messrs. KELLY and GILLETTE, contrive to restore us to the realities of life in their most eccentric and amusing knockabout scene. The Alhambra Ballet, which is called *Inspiration*, is as effective as ever; but the problem is *the thing*. Here "X," on which no "X-rays" throw any light, is an unknown quantity—yet not Xactly that—as two legs can't be precisely an unknown quantity. But where do these two legs walk off to by themselves? What becomes of these detached legs? The lady should, when up above, have a song to sing to the old tune of *The Girl I left behind Me*, to be entitled "The Legs I left behind Me!" It is quite the *knee plus ultra* of puzzles, and we're content to leave it that, congratulating the Alhambra on the engagement of a lady who without legs can put the entertainment on a sound footing.

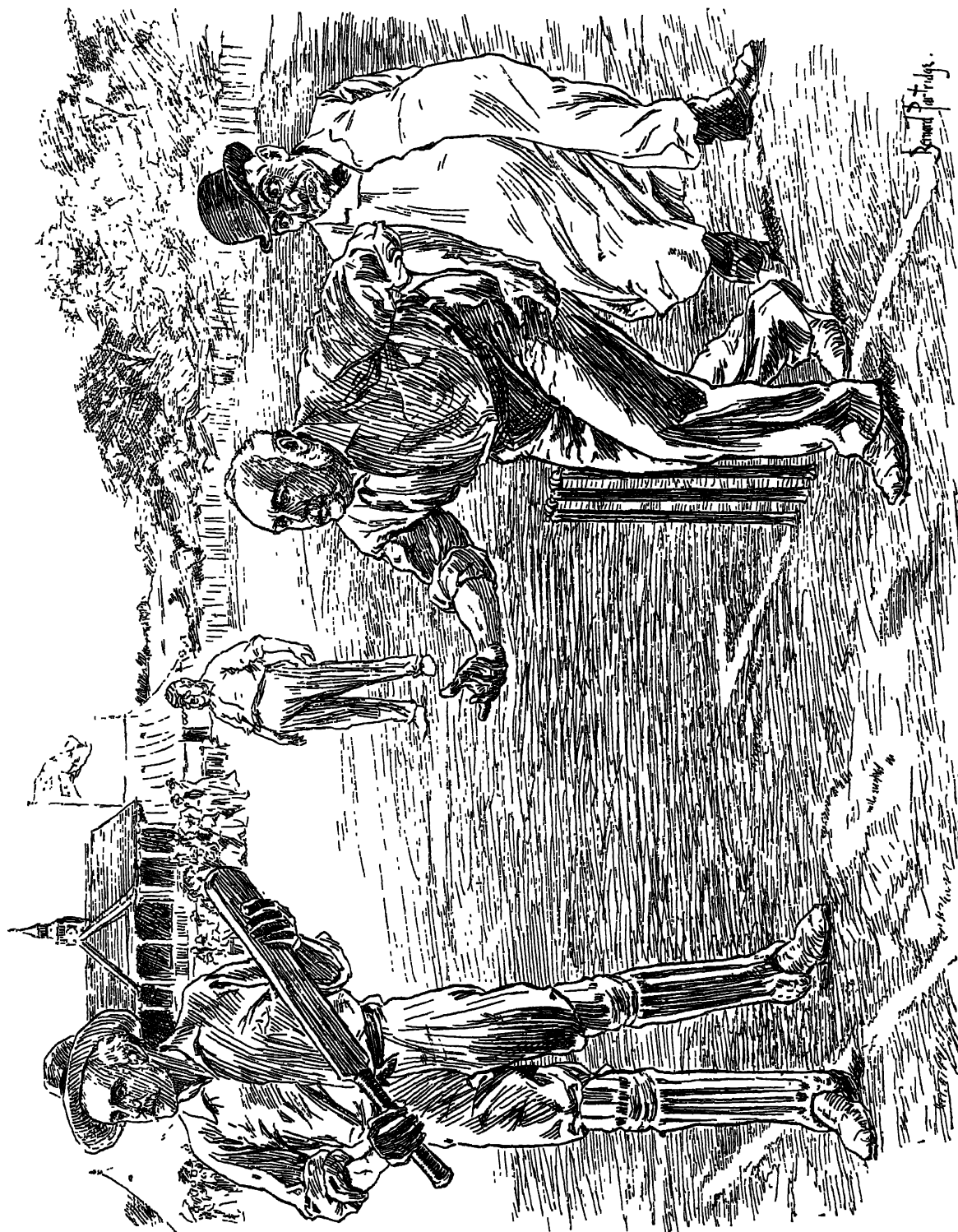
WRITE AND WRONG.

[DR. T. A. STEWART, the Chief Inspector of Schools in Scotland, calls bad writing "immoral."]

OH, Doctor, though you're rightfully annoyed
 At vile caligraphy, your rage exciting;
 Indeed, I'm not of virtue all devoid,
 Though I must own to wretchedly bad writing.

'Tis true when once I wrote "immortal verse"
 (Or verse I thought deserved a deathless laurel),
 Banned by the angry printer's devil's curse,
 With shame I found my verse became "immoral."

Yet spare your strictures to a suppliant sad,
 To one who owns his failings be propitious,
 Nor say because my characters are bad,
 My character is consequently vicious.



A DULL INNINGS.

Umpire Mr. Punch (to himself). "WELL, IF THEY DON'T SCORE OFF THIS SORT OF BOWLING, THEY MUST BE A FEEBLE LOT!"

THE END OF EUSTACE JENKINS.

NOT without reluctance do I take up my pen to relate the circumstances which led to the untimely end of EUSTACE JENKINS. But I find it necessary to justify my own share in the matter, and feel convinced that when the truth is known it will be found that I was actuated—not by any petty feelings of pique or spite, but—by a desire to benefit the community at large—*pro bono publico*, as my young Eton brother would say.

EUSTACE JENKINS was by nature a very serious-minded young man. Some of his lady friends thought him clever, but I think that aspersion was due to the fact that he wore spectacles and looked bilious. At the same time, it is only fair to add that he once created quite a stir among some elderly relatives by a letter to the *Spectator* on "the moral qualities of the beetle."

Some serious-minded young men have been known to make themselves objectionable. Not so EUSTACE JENKINS. Exhilarating as a companion he certainly was not, but a certain diffidence (possibly justified) in his own powers of conversation made him a silent and by no means unpleasant companion. For he possessed this most rare and admirable quality: he was an excellent listener.

To this quality I attribute the fact that he was a man with many friends. What such a man might not have done with his negative merits must be left to idle speculation. Speaking for myself, I am bound to say that often when I have felt the spirit of loquacity rise within me, and when I have felt that I must have an audience, JENKINS has done what no other friend would do for me. He has listened attentively while I discoursed for hours. This much I wish to record, in justice to the memory of my friend.

But, alas, about three months ago he underwent a terrible change. Some misguided person told him of a riddle then coming into fashion: "Why did the blankety blank," or "What made the what-you-may-call-it thingum-a-bob?" Up to then, JENKINS had never been guilty of an attachment for humour of any kind; even while awaiting his turn at the barber's he would bring out a pocket-edition of EMERSON'S Essays for perusal, and shun the harmless comic cut. But the riddle craze made of him another man. A curse on these verbal atrocities! Alas! My poor friend bought up every paper that contained the least reference to these lingual barbarities.

Nor was this the worst. The riddle-fever made him restless and talkative. He would rush up to chance acquaintances with all kinds of imbecile Why did's, and Why was's, till the sight of his spectacled features became a terror to all who knew him.



He. "VERY FUNNY, ISN'T IT?"

She. "VERY."

He. "OF COURSE YOU UNDERSTAND FRENCH WELL?"

She. "NOT A WORD."

He. "BUT YOU LAUGH."

She. "SO DO THE OTHERS."

[The title of the song is "Personne ne comprend."]

I watched the progress of this insidious disease with horror and dismay, and was the more pained as the unfortunate JENKINS never was able to invent a riddle of his own, or to recall any that had not already become a club chestnut.

The craze is bad enough, the pun-riddle is trying, even at the best. But when the riddle has a musty, mildewy appearance—!! At last I made up my mind. Matters had reached a climax. Several of my friends were already prostrate with nervous headaches entirely due to the questionings of EUSTACE JENKINS.

Last week JENKINS came to see me after dinner. I had staying with me an uncle rich in everything but a good temper. If there was one thing he disliked more than another it was a pun. For myself, I was far from well, and when I saw

JENKINS I knew by the feverish glitter in his eye that he was in a dangerous condition.

So, after considering matters all round, I made up my mind.

Before greeting JENKINS, I loaded my revolver.

"Hullo, old chap," said he, "why —," I pointed the weapon and fired.

JENKINS fell back. "What made the bullet dum?" he murmured, then expired.

I explained to my uncle, who then entered the room, that my friend had suffered from a painful and incurable disease. He was so pleased with my humanity that he has added a codicil of a gratifying description to his will.

* * * * *

At the inquest the jury exonerated me completely. They, too, had suffered from the riddle craze.

A. R.

THE LIBERAL SOCIAL-ISM.

["Nine-tenths of the existence of society, and the whole of its point of view, are false and unhealthy, and a Liberal can no more partake of that existence without being weakened in some way or other than he can take poison and receive no injury. We cannot imagine any community of idea or faith between a great reforming party inspired by the spirit of humble humanity and that organisation of flitting and dining and gossiping known as society."—*Echo*.]

AWAKE, Opposition, your parlous position
Is due to your own impropriety,
In mixing and thronging with people belonging
To what's understood as Society.

The fitting and flirting undoubtedly's hurting
Your liberal stomach for fight, Sirs.
You come to the lobby from some social hobby;
Do you think such behaviour is right, Sirs?

In circles unhealthy you move, where the wealthy
And idle and useless hold sway, Sirs,
And their vileness and taint will stick like wet paint;
Oh, try to keep out of their way, Sirs!

You are far too much seen in that peopled demesne
The Park, where on Sunday you bask, Sirs.
What with dances and dinners and talking with sinners,
You're surely unfit for your task, Sirs.

At the theatre and opera, dressed like a fop or a
Twentieth-century beau,
You are frequently noted; or smartly frock-coated
You have actually lounged in the Row.

At a swagger hotel you've been noticed as well,
Shaking hands with an aristocrat,
And been once or twice met with a fast, racing set—
Oh, the stigma attaching to that!

You have dined à la carte at a restaurant smart
With effrontery simply astonishing;
But your manner so hearty is wrecking your party,
And calls for the strongest admonishing.

So, Liberals, pray to the country away,
Society animadverting,
And exclusively ponder in silence and wonder
Your side-splitting action diverting.

OCCASIONAL OPERATIC NOTES.

Finishing up. Tuesday.—Old Friend Faust, with Mme. CALVÉ as *Marguerite*. Certainly not seen, in such a wig, at her best nor heard at her best either. Miss KIRKBY LUNN excellent as *Siebel*. Mr. WAGSTAFF whispered to Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE his regret that "Miss LUNN's name was not SARAH, as, had it been,——" "Had it been," interrupted Sir ALEC, "you would have said that the successful SALLY LUNN took the cake! Good evening," and the eminent composer departed, triumphantly chuckling, leaving Mr. WAGSTAFF "planté là."

Wednesday, July 17.—Your Musical Representative being unavoidably prevented from attending in his place at the production of *Le Roi d'Ys*—libretto by EDOUARD BLAU and music by EDOUARD LALO ("two 'Eds are better than one")—for the first time at Covent Garden, although it has been known in Paris for some years, was represented by a distinguished Lady Musical Critic in whose opinion he has the most perfect confidence, although knowingly allowing himself to be Miss-represented. Your M.R.'s miss-representative pronounced favourably on the Opera, and says, that though to some extent Wagnerish, yet on the whole the airs were, to put it meteorologically in this excessively hot temperature, "light and various." With such a *Margared* as Mlle. PAQUOT, the success of this part was assured, while "Pretty Seesuan," operatically known as Madame SUZANNE

ADAMS, was, as in singing so in acting, an ideal *Rozenn*. The majestic PLANÇON was excellent as *Le Roi qui ne s'amuse pas*. M. JEROME, as *Mylio* the victorious, will be a good boy and do better next time; while as *Karnac the Konkered*, M. SEVELHAC was good but not great. The stony-hearted statue of the Commandatore who personally conducts the wicked *Don Juan* to "down there," has now an animated operatic rival in the operatic living statue of *Saint Corentin*, whose music was well given by M. JOURNET, organ and choir being "heard without." The audience, being in melting mood, on this lovely night in July, quite envied *Margared's* final plunge into the canvas sea. What was left unmelted of your representative's miss-representative expressed great contentment, and Y. R. trusts to personally pay his respects to His Majesty *Le Roi d'Ys* at his next gracious reception. So *Vive Le Roi!*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF its kind, says my Nautical Retainer, I have read nothing so remarkable as ZACK's story of *The White Cottage* (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE). It is of the rare books that leave you with a sense that the author has had faith in your intelligence and imagination. It is a close and delicate study of character, treated dramatically rather than analytically; in the sense that you arrive at results, in action or speech, without superfluous discussion of mental processes. The reserve of language natural to these Wessex folk adds its own force to the economy of the tale. The effect of such methods, in the hands of an author who adds a fine imagination to a sincere knowledge of the kind of character with which she deals, is constantly to delight the reader by the piquancy of unforeseen conclusions, which still in the retrospect compel him to acknowledge their inevitability. Both the theme and the locale of the story recall THOMAS HARDY; and if one looks in vain for the personal charm of his manner there is abundant compensation in the undissipated intensity of the matter. Indeed, the author seems nowhere to have sought to embroider her work with literary graces; at times it is almost carelessly defective in the first elements of style; but she is an artist without knowing it, or without letting you see that she knows it; and the gain in sheer vitality is not to be questioned. The book possesses, along with a subtler imagination, that essentiality which characterises the short stories of MAUPASSANT; but ZACK succeeds, where MAUPASSANT generally failed, in preserving this quality over a sustained narrative. That the book is tragic even in its joys will not give it less favour in the eyes of the only kind of public whose heart is worth winning. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SOMETHING LIKE WAR IN THE CHANNEL.

(Forecast of the Naval Manœuvres.)

(Log of H.M. *Citizen Waterman's Steamboat* when she is put in Commission.)

Off Shoeburyness.—School of Gunnery well on the alert. Detachment on guard outside the theatre at Southend. Could not be better.

Nearing Herne Bay.—Coastguard protecting the Reculvers. A.-B. Seaman watching our progress with a telescope.

Passing Westgate.—*Char-à-banc* manned with Volunteers. Band playing martial tunes. No chance of making a successful landing.

Abreast of Ramsgate.—Sands crowded with defenders. Bathing machines in *échelon* prepared for all emergencies.

Abreast of Dover.—Promenade Pier flying signals. Large advertisement hoardings pointing out vulnerable points. Lawn-tennis party armed to the teeth in front of the Castle.

Within Sight of Folkestone.—Lifts to the Lees drawn up like a draw-bridge. Boatmen on the look-out for the enemy, and excursionists requiring "a nice boat for a row."

Sandgate.—Justices of the Peace ready to read the Riot Act on the approach of invaders.

Hythe.—Signal that, "Further than this spot is out of bounds." Additional message, "Would captains commanding vessels get into their mess uniforms and come ashore to dinner?"

VAINGLORY!

OH, why is MARY JANE so proud?
And why does she appear
To pity so the little crowd
Of children standing near?

Her pride has soared to such a pitch
It animates her nose!
Observe the angle, pray, at which
That useful feature grows.

And see how envy (monstrous birth!)
Has spread its sickly hue
On each young face. To what on earth
Is all this envy due?

Ah, listen to that wail, you should—
"She thinks 'erself a toff;
But BILLY's pretty nigh as good,
'E's 'ad the 'ooping-cough.

"JEMIMARANN 'as 'ad the mumps,
An' toofache, too, quite bad;
An' me—I tell you straight, it's lumps
Of hawful things I've 'ad."

What means this highly cryptic speech
Respecting MARY JANE?
And why these whispers, each to each,
And wherefore her disdain?

'Tis simply this. The children please
In rivalry to boast
Which one has had the worst disease,
And who has suffered most;

And not a soul, they have to own,
Has had an equal slice
Of luck, for MARY JANE alone
Has had the measles twice.

CAMP-FOLLOWERS.

(Between Rifle and Big Gun.)

Long Ago. Well met. How are you?

To-day. Far too busy for words.

Long Ago. Seems but a few months since I was at the ranges.

To-day. You at the ranges! Why, the ranges with you was a secondary consideration.

Long Ago. And yet it was very pleasant. We had quite a pic-nic forty years since.

To-day. You should be ashamed to admit it! A pic-nic, indeed!

Long Ago. Well, the Volunteers were different to what they are nowadays. In my time, ALFRED TENNYSON was a gunner in the 4th Middlesex Artillery, and a company of the Civil Service was commanded by Captain TOM TAYLOR.

To-day. No doubt both did their duty, but we want men who have come for work at the front in the twentieth century.

Long Ago. The uniforms were very smart,



He. "ARE YOU STILL LIVING AT THE SAME ADDRESS IN TOWN, MRS. JONES?"

She. "YES. BUT SINCE I'VE BECOME A WIDOW, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR ANOTHER FLAT!"

all silver lace and cock'sfeathers. At first privates wore silk scarfs like officers in the line.

To-day. All that kind of thing has vanished. We prefer khaki to swagger.

Long Ago. And our shooting was pot hunting. Never thought of attacks in combination.

To-day. Yes; we have made strides since LLOYD-LINDSAY lent his name to a prize for ride and fire. EVELYN WOOD has followed up the idea, giving it valu-

able development. But there—our meeting is for work not for pleasure.

Long Ago. And yet you must regret Welcome Wimbledon.

To-day. Not at all. Welcome Wimbledon can't hold a rifle to Busy Bisley. But there—good-bye, I must be off to the shooting at Shoeburyness.

Long Ago. Farewell! and don't forget that the N. R. A. and the N. A. A., after forty years, still owe everything to their founders.

THE POLICEMAN'S VADE-MECUM.

["At Clerkenwell County Court a firm of book-sellers sued a constable to recover 6s., an instalment of the purchase price of an encyclopædia in eight volumes. The defence was that the encyclopædia did not assist the policeman in the carrying out of his duties, as it was said to do by the agent."—*Daily Paper*.]

TELL me, what must ROBERT know
As he paces to and fro?
Endless problems rise to greet
ROBERT tramping on his beat.

He must be a mathematician,
For he lives in a division,
And is able to descry
Functions both of X and Y .

He must also have a mind
To astronomy inclined,
Regulating, as they run,
Cycles both of *Star* and *Sun*.

He is learned to dispute on
Principles laid down by NEWTON,
And he likewise knows, of course,
All the laws about the force.

Medicine, too, he must not shirk;
Crossings are such risky work;
He must see folk are not dead,
Even though they lose their head.

Who would, then, a policeman be
Must know the *omne scibile*,
And to this the only way
Is my Encyclopædia.

THE BLACK FOREST VADE-MECUM.

It may not be generally known that in the picturesque region of Germany called the Schwarz-Wald there exists a society called the Association of Black Forest Proprietors, with headquarters at Hornberg. For the benefit of British travellers this society publishes a little handbook of "Hints," which is a distinctly precious volume. In the first paragraph, after some useful advice about beds, children, &c., the writer says:

"On the visitor receiving a special offer, with prices and details, we would recommend him, if the offer be suitable, to write at once, or even should the place be much frequented or the season advanced, to telegraph his acceptance, otherwise he may easily be too late. *For, as a matter of course, the hotel proprietor cannot hold himself bound by the many offers he is obliged to make daily.* Like any other business man, he offers so long as disengaged, i.e. providing that on receipt of an answer accepting his offer its execution is still possible."

This is magnificent. Note—(1) the landlord makes the traveller an offer, (2) the traveller accepts the offer, (3) but when the traveller arrives at the inn the landlord may declare the deal off. This is very like the old game of "Heads I win, tails you lose," and it may be a Black Forest game known as Spoufchen. As to pension, the guide remarks after pointing out the social advantages of boarding—

"Of course in this case a punctual attendance at table is necessary, a point in which many visitors leave much to be desired. It is really surprising how many *otherwise nice, highly educated and fashionable people* cause annoyance to the management, the servants and their fellow boarders by daily coming to table too late."

Ye gods! this is, indeed, a lesson in manners which should be taken to heart by such "otherwise nice people" as the Earl and Countess of COCKALORUM, Sir DIONYSIUS PERIWIG, Captain CORKINGTON, of the Manx Guards, and others of the *bau monde*, who imagine that most London dinners begin when dessert time arrives. We readily allow that in the Black Forest such culpable tardiness may annoy the management and the menials; but we cannot believe that the early birds are dissatisfied, since they will, if wise, have devoured all the best *table-d'hôte* worms before the arrival of the "highly-educated, fashionable," but dilatory—"otherwise nice"—ones. Passing by the question of children, in big or little beds, let us turn to the Canine Question. Quoth the guide—

"As the taking of dogs and other pet animals causes the landlord, the servants, and also the visitors, greatest annoyance, and as, moreover, these animals, apart from inevitable nuisances, cause great damage to the arrangement of rooms, carpets, upholstery, curtains, and also to beds, visitors cannot be sufficiently recommended to leave their dogs and other pet animals at home."

Another way of saying, "No dogs admitted." But what are the other pet animals? Monkeys, cats, mongooses, lions, tigers, foxes? Let them be scheduled by the hotel proprietors, or, one of these days, we shall hear of a Briton arriving with a polar bear and defying ejection from the premises. Next the guide urges that articles of value should be given over to the landlord, as in case of loss the visitor "would save much annoyance and difficulty, as he would have to prove that the objects in question had really been brought into the hotel and lost there." This casts a distinct slur of dishonesty on the visitor, and seems to imply that he travels about pretending to lose his treasure in unsuspecting hostleries. It is then pointed out that the Post Office will not deliver registered letters and money orders without the traveller proving his identity. The voyager naturally appeals to the landlord.

"This, however, the hotel proprietor cannot be expected to do for people quite unknown to him. We therefore earnestly advise visitors of the Black Forest to take some proof of their identity, or in case they have neglected to do this to have their registered letters or money orders sent to them under cover addressed to the care of the hotel proprietor."

If this means anything at all, it is that the landlord, being a thought-reader, although he cannot identify a visitor for the benefit of the Post Office, knows him at once when he (the hotel-keeper) has

the valuables in his keeping. The clause about cheques is worth a king's ransom. It says—

"Foreigners (especially Englishmen) often want to pay their hotel bills by cheques payable abroad. They do not consider that a cheque is not ready money, but only an order on a bank, and that a conscientious and prudent business man is not bound to take for granted that it will be duly honoured, unless the drawer is personally known to him as a thoroughly good and solvent man. *But this is seldom the case.*"

The last sentence is appalling. Has the Black Forest been visited by swarms of depredators, who spread their worthless drafts among the confiding inhabitants? It would unhappily seem so, and that they were "especially Englishmen." The *vade mecum* goes on to say, "An hotel-keeper is less averse to taking in payment so-called circular notes—cash payments are, however, the best." Of course they are. Hoch! hoch! hoch! for the merry innkeepers of the Schwarz-Wald!

THE STRAYED THOUGHT.

IN Life what joy, what hope?

Ah me! a veil is drawn

Athwart the sun. I grope

In darkness and lift up the cry of one forlorn.

I rose, to find thee fled,

Whom I had made mine own.

Thee, whom I cherished,

And reared in my mind upon a daedal throne.

When first thou camest to me

In exultation wild

I sank upon one knee.

Nor half my love for thee e'er parent had for child.

Yet ever wert thou coy

And wayward as the wind,

My pale, elusive joy,

But thou art gone and I am left with voided mind.

For thee I sighed for fame.

Ink, inspiration, thou!

The lustre of a name

To have, thou, one of three, shouldst have informed me how.

On *Thamis'* watery coil

I hoped, thou to inspire,

To fling my midnight oil

And see his bosom blaze with dropping globes of fire.

For thou wert all I had,

My ewe-thought, ah! unkind

To fly me, too, too bad.

To coldly stray beyond the margin of my mind.

A sense of loneliness

Came o'er thee, straying thought!

But what of my distress?

For now that thou art fled: I have no mind—for aught!

TO MY MUSE.

DEAR MUSE, I've called upon you oft,
 Though as, a fact, I've never seen you,
 Parnassus' misty clouds aloft
 Habitually seem to screen you;
 I don't know even how you're dressed,
 Have you a girdle or a sash on?
 And do your classic robes suggest
 The niceties of former fashion?

And are you really wholly mine,
 And do my verses only please you,
 And do you read my every line,
 While other people's merely tease you?
 And do you breathe the tender stuff
 Which I am used to sell for money?
 And are you sure you have enough
 To give me, of Hymettian honey?

I would I were completely sure
 That I was your elect's elected,
 That you and verse would aye endure,
 Nor be by editors rejected.
 A vile suspicion haunts me yet,
 Both that you are, and that you know it,
 The mythical and common pet
 Of every single minor poet!

UN HÔTEL DE PROVINCE.

STIFLING in Paris. Worse in the trains.
 Night journey to Zurich long and gritty.
 Black smoke, whistles, screams, jolts,
 gritty floor, gritty seat in the *wagon-lits*,
 with a bed that jumps up and down, and
 sheets and pillow which soon become
 gritty also. It might be better to stop
 somewhere on the way, and sleep com-
 fortably. Search *Baedeker* and discover,
 half-way to Zurich, Langres, an old
 French town on a high hill. That sounds
 more airy. Will go there.

Five hours in the express quite long
 enough. Arrive at Langres in the after-
 noon. Get out, to the evident surprise
 of the railway officials, and go up by
 little hill railway to the town. It is an
 old-fashioned provincial town, with an
 old-fashioned provincial inn. The land-
 lord ushers me up to vast state apart-
 ment. Sofa, arm-chair, and numerous
 other chairs, all covered with crimson
 velvet, two gigantic mirrors in gilt frames,
 immense gilt clock, actually going cor-
 rectly, family portraits on walls, table
 with crimson velvet cover. A voyage of
 discovery reveals the bedstead, hidden
 beneath a mountainous *édredon*, in a re-
 mote corner, but the washstand is not to
 be found. Search everywhere. At last
 fall exhausted into vast velvet *fauteuil*,
 and wonder if there is any ink in the
 room. Search again, and find, in another
 dim corner, a well-designed old *escritoire*.
 Open the top and perceive a small white
 object, round and rising up in the middle,
 rather larger than a coffee-cup. It is
 doubtless a big old-fashioned crockery



She. "HOW BEAUTIFULLY MISS HEAVYWEIGHT DANCES! SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO TOUCH THE FLOOR SOMETIMES!"

He (whose feet are still suffering from the last polka with her). "SHE DOESN'T!"

inkstand. Look closer. It is not! It is the jug and the hand-basin. I have discovered the washstand.

However, if but little water is provided, the room is perfectly clean. Not a speck of dust anywhere. When I go to bed I summon the *garçon*, and ask, knowing that it is an absurd question, if there is a bath in the house. Of course not. "*Mais vous avez des bains de siège, naturellement?*" The waiter hesitates. "*Je crois que oui, monsieur, je vais demander.*" Then he goes away, and after some time returns with a dejected air. "*Ah, monsieur!*" says he, in an agitated manner, "*le patron dit que nous avons un bain de siège, mais il a été brisé, et le patron ne l'a pas fait raccommoder, comme ça, c'est impossible.*" His hands spread out, his shoulders rise, he is the image of despair. There is a painful pause. Suddenly a bright idea strikes him. "*Mais nous avons un bain*

de pieds, monsieur!" And in the morning a tiny footbath makes its appearance. I do not venture to step into it, for long ago in a French provincial inn I once tried to stand in a footbath, whereupon the bottom at once gave way, and the precious water, obtained after infinite negotiations, was lost over the whole surface of the floor.

Afterwards my *café-au-lait* is served up, with a bowl to drink it from, which is larger than the hand-basin, and a noble napkin at least four times the size of one of the tiny *essuie-mains* which, together, took the place of a bath towel. It is quite an old-fashioned *hôtel de province*, but it is clean, absurdly cheap, and the proprietor and his servants are as polite as possible. I take a stroll round the town, I see the distant view towards Switzerland, and then I go on to Basle and Zurich.

H. D. B.



THE JOYS OF TOURING.

Traveller. "I SAY, YOUR RAZOR'S PULLING MOST CONFOUNDEDLY!"

Local Torturer. "BE IT ZUR! WULL, 'OLD ON TIGHT TO THE CHAIR, AN' WE'LL GET IT OFF ZUMMOW!"

VIEWS ABOUT A VIEW.

(Some Topical Thought-reading.)

The Jerry-BUILDER's. What a fuss about a few trees and a bit of riverside! What finer view can there be than a neat little row of our red-and-white brick villas, rent £30 per annum; two reception, three bed, and two dressing-rooms, bath-room (h. and c.), kitchen and usual offices; easily reached from Bank of England and West-End stations by Twopenny Tube and 1d. electric tram every three or four minutes; near public library and large recreation ground? Besides, as our houses are guaranteed to collapse in two and a half years, the landscape will soon be agreeably diversified with picturesque ruins, which should appeal to every artistic eye.

The Old Inhabitant's. Well, of all the robbery! Here, this view has been our chief commercial asset since the days of POPE and WALPOLE. It has been discovered over a hundred and fifty years, and has brought any amount of custom into the town. Why, the hotels and boarding-houses are run on the strength

of it, and if this act of spoliation is allowed, I shall never let my house again! The view is part and parcel of the place, and it is perfectly scandalous, Sir, that upstart vandals should be allowed to tamper with it! What! Ask me to subscribe to save it? Why, it's of world-wide importance—you had better write to Mr. CARNEGIE or Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN. Only Americans properly appreciate our scenery.

The American Visitor's. You don't say! Wal, I guess I'll buy your toy county right here, and take the view back home. Calculate we'd fix it up in a roof-garden corner, alongside of Stratford-on-Avon, transhipped to-day. Shake!

The Shade of Turner's. 'Gad, they'll be stealing my sunsets next! What is the Academy about? Didn't I invent the place, and make 'em a present of it? My stars and garters! I'll tell CONSTABLE to keep an eye on Dedham. Nice century this! The Thames will be another Styx before they've done with it, and the steamers the only beautiful things left to remind them of my days.

The Man-in-the-Street's. Here, where do

I come in? Don't want any more streets, at least, not where the missus and I want to go of a Sunday. No more bricks-and-mortar within *char-à-banc* range, I say. Let 'em take their blooming new suburb off to the middle of Essex, or somewhere where it'll be lost and forgotten.

The Solicitors' and Auctioneers'. This outbreak of sentiment is really too absurd! How are we to make a living if the country is not to be properly developed? This particular estate is admirably "ripe," and it would be a sin to neglect such an opportunity. These ridiculous landscape-lovers would take us back to the times of WILLIAM RUFUS, and turn Middlesex into a second New Forest. No, gentlemen; make your bids! Going, going —

Mr. Punch's. Not gone yet, I hope.

A. A. S.

LENO.—A correspondent has discovered that "leno" is a kind of muslin adapted for curtains. The only LENO we know (and which his Christian name is "DAN") needs no muzzlin', but is certainly adapted for taking plenty of "curtains."



THE “DEUS IN MACHINÂ.”

LORD R-S-B-RY. “H’M, I SEE YOU ARE IN DIFFICULTIES, MADAM. FOR MYSELF, I SHALL NOT VOLUNTARILY RE-ENTER THE WATER; BUT I WILL GIVE YOU A FEW ELEMENTARY HINTS ON THE NATATORY ART.”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 15.—Young Members had a taste to-day of pre-historic times; opportunity of observing how things worked (or didn't work) before the era of the closure. Chairman of Ways and Means laid up with gout. STUART-WORTLEY, one of the appointed deputies, takes the Chair in his absence. So far good. LOWTHER, J. W., is one of the two best Chairmen of the last quarter of a century. But STUART-WORTLEY, for what must be regarded as an amateur, served admirably. Only he is not invested with power to put the closure in force. When that beneficent rule was slowly driven through House of Commons, a last stand was made round the bodies of deputies.

"Let the SPEAKER and CHAIRMAN of



Merry Horsham.

An Impression of Mr. H-y-w-d J-hnst-ne's smile.

Ways and Means wield this debasing, demoralizing power if they must; but spare, oh, spare our feelings by not deputing it to the deputy." Thus good Conservatives of the day.

Concession was made on this point, though why a man capable of performing duties of CHAIRMAN should not be trusted to say whether closure may or may not be moved is one of those things that beat Banagher. To-night absurdity of situation forced on notice. Hour after hour STUART-WORTLEY sits in Chair whilst CHANNING chatters, and MACNAMARA at prodigious length makes his moan. Not even decent pretence made of saying anything new; speeches delivered at Second Reading re-hashed; benches empty, but Members kept at hand in case of a division; CHAIRMAN impotent to deal with dreary farce.

Once when Mr. PLUMMER turned aside



A Pencil Kodak of the Prime Minister.

to discourse on the Battle of Waterloo, CHAIRMAN ventured to observe that that event, though interesting and historical, had nothing to do with the question immediately before the Committee. In vain PRINCE ARTHUR pleaded for the division. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, happening to look in before going to dinner, fell upon him and sorely buffeted him. Not often Opposition has a chance like this; ridiculous to suppose they would not make the most of it.



Last End Philanthropy.

Mr. Ein-st El-w-r.

So through the dead, unhappy night the talk went on till stroke of midnight sounded the adjournment. For all practical purposes, adjournment might just as well have taken place at a quarter-past five when House got into Committee. Recognising hopelessness of situation, further dealing with measure deferred till Monday next, by which time it is hoped LOWTHER, J. W., will have come again, bringing his sheaves with him in shape of the closure.

Business done.—None.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—In an ancient document few have been privileged to see it is written that when, a little more than seven centuries ago, Sir DAVID OF WEMYSS escorted the Maid of Norway on her journey to Scotland he made only one remark. "But," as the chronicle here translated quaintly puts it, "it lasted all the way from Norway till the shores of Scotland were sighted."



There must necessarily have been intervals for refreshment and repose. Nevertheless, as is well known, the Maid MARGARET did not survive the ordeal, dying ere she reached the shore, where her betrothed, son of EDWARD FIRST of England, impatiently awaited her.

Curious how hereditary tendencies assert themselves. Sir DAVID OF WEMYSS was an ancestor of the lusty young bridegroom who is to-day ninth Earl of WEMYSS. Times and manners have changed; but Lord WEMYSS possesses in degree that gift of voluble speech which, seven hundred and twenty-one years ago, proved fatal to the Maid of Norway. Some Members still in the Commons remember when Lord ELCHO, standing well out from a seat below the Gangway, nightly lectured alike the Government of the day and Her Majesty's Opposition. To-night, a belted Earl, he is on his legs in the Lords, look-

ing hardly a year older, apparently not having abated a jot of the energy that marked his manner, when, just sixty years ago, he took his seat for East Gloucestershire. Forty-two years he sat in the Commons, for the last thirty-six representing Haddingtonshire and the Universe.

To-night he is concerned about the plans of the Government Offices in Whitehall and Parliament Street; wants models to be made and publicly exhibited. PEMBROKE pooh-poohs suggestion. LANS-DOWNE tries to laugh it out of the House. WEMYSS just holds on; insists on taking a division, and defeats the strongest Government of modern times by more than two to one.

"Such, TOBY, dear boy," he said, when I congratulated him on his success, "is the result of natural eloquence when informed by taste, sustained by knowledge, and not hampered by considerations of brevity."

Business done.—Commons talk all night round Local Government Board Estimates, and pass one vote.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Pretty scene across Table between C.-B. and DON JOSÉ. WALTER LONG had moved for leave to introduce Bill continuing the Landlord and Clergy Relief Acts passed in last Parliament; pleaded, as JOHN O'GORST did on introducing Education Bill, that the measure was a very little one.

"Some people's geese are all swans," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, suiting his simile to agricultural surroundings. "This Government's are all goslings."

C.-B., arguing against the dole to landlords out of rates, quoted dictum on subject delivered, he said, by a distinguished Member of present Government. "Lord SALISBURY," so the extract ran, "coolly proposes to hand over certain new customs duties to the landlords of the country in the shape of a contribution in aid of local taxes. I must say that I never recollect any man propose in a franker, I might even say in a more audacious manner, to rob PETER in order to pay PAUL. And what makes it worse is that in this case PETER is represented by the landless millions who have no other wealth than their labour, while PAUL is a great landlord seeking to relieve himself of his share of taxation by shifting it on to the shoulders of his less fortunate fellow-countrymen."

That is what Opposition said about Agricultural Rating Bill when introduced five years ago. That is what they say now of attempt, when the country is groaning under war taxation, to renew the Act. Only no one of them said it so well, put the case in such pitiless, stinging, memorable phrase.

C.-B. smacks his lips over the passage as he quotes it, looking over top of manu-

script at DON JOSÉ seated with impassive countenance on the Treasury Bench, buttressed on either side by those blue-blooded Tories PRINCE ARTHUR and ST. MICHAEL. A jubilant cheer rises from crowded Opposition Benches. Eight score mocking faces turn upon the pale countenance apparently slumbering on the Treasury Bench. Suddenly DON JOSÉ, dropping the mask, sprang to his feet, waving C.-B. down with imperious movement of the arm.

"Who said I ever said that?" he angrily asked. "The right hon. Gentleman, as I understand, said that whilst I was a member of the Government—"

"Oh, no," C.-B. rose to explain, "it was not in the present Government. These were his old doctrines before he got into his present company."

DON JOSÉ still standing at Table whilst C.-B. explained. Case made clear, he for all response said, "Oh!" and waved permission to C.-B. to go on, if he thought it worth while. It was only one of his old speeches of far-off '88 come home to roost. He had gone through this ordeal before. It amused his former colleagues, and it didn't hurt him. Only none who did not hear DON JOSÉ utter that "Oh!" dream what depths of scorn and contempt lurk in the interjection.

Business done.—Landlords Relief Act to be made permanent. Also the Clergy ditto.

Friday.—The MARKISS, as everyone knows, has a pretty wit. One of its flashes of late illumined the family circle. Too good to be exclusively enjoyed at Hatfield. Someone, discoursing on the activity of Lord HUGH CECIL and Earl PERCY when any question affecting the Church comes on in the House of Commons, observed that though only half the strength of the Fourth Party they are a considerable power in Parliament and only want a distinctive name.

"Call them the Hughligans," said the MARKISS, his eye dwelling with fatherly affection on the slim figure and seraphic countenance of son HUGH.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

"UP, UP, WITH THE STREETS!"

The way they have in the City.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the organiser, "I am at your service. It certainly is a much-frequented thoroughfare, but, of course, you must have it up when necessary."

"Well, Sir," put in one of the representatives, "I think we shall want January for the sewers."

"Certainly. Sanitation before anything. I have put you down for January."

"And, Sir, we shall want February for the water-works," suggested a second representative.

"No sort of objection. February for you."

"Please, Sir," and the boy put out his hand, but he was ignored.

"May I have March for the Electric Lighting?" asked a third representative.

The reply was in the affirmative. Then another half a dozen or so obtained a month apiece for various undertakings.

"We have got to December," observed the organiser. "Well, the public can enjoy the thoroughfares without interruption during the Christmas holidays."

"I am afraid not," said the last of the representatives. "Because they must be closed then for repairs."

"Please, Sir," asked the boy, who had been trying to put the question all through, "couldn't all these things be done at one and the same time? Then, you know, the thoroughfares would be open eleven months out of—"

"Silence!" interrupted the organiser. "Don't talk nonsense."

The boy was silenced. But how about the public?

HERE AND THERE.

If you were only here, GEORGE,
I think—in fact, I know,
We'd get a girl to steer, GEORGE,
And take a boat and row;
And, striking mighty bubbles
From each propulsive blade,
Forget that life had troubles
At ninety in the shade.

We'd swing along together,
And cheerily defy
This toasting, roasting weather,
This sunshine of July.
Our feather might be dirty,
Our style might not be great;
But style for men of thirty
(And more) is out of date.

You'd note with high elation—
I think I see you now—
The beaded perspiration
That gathered on your brow.
Oh, by that brow imperled, GEORGE,
And by that zephyr wet,
I vow in all the world, GEORGE,
There's nothing like a "sweat."

To row as if it mattered,
Just think of what it means:
All cares and worries shattered
To silly smithereens.
To row on such a day, GEORGE,
And feel the sluggish brain,
Its cobwebs brushed away, GEORGE,
Clear for its work again!

But you at Henley linger,
While I am at Bourne-End.
You will not stir a finger
To come and join your friend.
This much at least is clear, GEORGE:
We cannot row a pair
So long as I am here, GEORGE,
And you remain up there. R. C. L.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Miss Sore. OH, MY DEAR MISS BRILL I'VE BEEN THROUGH THE SAME ILLNESS MYSELF, AND THERE IS NO REASON WHY, IN A FEW WEEKS' TIME, YOU SHOULDN'T LOOK AS WELL AS I DO!

A SIDE-SHOW.

SCENE—An Open-Air Charity Bazaar. Mr. ALGERNON DE LE TANTE, *that promising young poet, soliloquises:*

HAD no idea when I came to stay with Lady TAPPERTON that I should be expected to attend this kind of thing . . . pleases the poor rustics, of course—but are they worth pleasing? They don't even know that a celebrity is among them; they make coarse remarks about pigs and things, even when I try to direct their thoughts to loftier altitudes . . . asked one of them—the Vicar's daughter, I think—whether she had read *Foul and Fair*, my last volume of exquisite sonnets . . . she said she hadn't, but would like to, if it would enable her to get a better price for her chickens at Puddleton market! . . . Here's another woman, in a horrid frock, coming to pester me to buy things . . . shake my head with a sweet, sad smile . . . she refuses to go, saying that the Bazaar's for the soldiers' widows and orphans—"such an excellent cause" . . . I argue the point . . . she is annoyed; her husband is a Colonel . . . tell her "I'm sorry for her" . . . she goes, but others of her tribe succeed her . . . No, I don't want a buttonhole—*such a buttonhole!* . . . and I can't take shares in a raffle for a sewing-machine, and tea I never touch outside my own rooms . . . this is dreadful! Isn't there any way of escape? . . . Here's the tent of "ABRACADABRA, the celebrated Syrian fortune-teller"; suppose I have my fortune told? . . . Perhaps the fortune-teller isn't a dreadful rustic, and anyhow I shall be out of the rabble for a while . . . the tent is empty apparently—no, here's the Prophetess . . . Good gracious, it's Mrs. SMITHSON, a woman I know (and abominate) in town! . . . Too late to escape . . . very surprising; she seems delighted to see me—doesn't even suggest fortune-telling, but asks me to make myself comfortable . . . I repose elegantly in a deck-chair, and, at Mrs. SMITHSON's suggestion, light a cigarette . . . very comfortable here. Mrs. SMITHSON's gone away; wonder if I might take a short nap. . . . Awakened by sound of coarse laughter. . . Two rustics hastily disappear through the tent door . . . unmannerly plebeians! . . . pose myself again in graceful attitude, and light another cigarette . . . more rustics enter, stare at me in silence for a moment, then guffaw loudly . . . with a languid wave of my hand, I explain that the Prophetess is temporarily absent, so they had better go . . . they do so, roaring with laughter . . . they are followed by others, all convulsed with merriment when they see me. Why? Wonder if my tie is disarranged, or can there be a smut on my nose? . . . Yet more rustics enter, guffaw loudly, and disappear . . . this is becoming unbearable. I shall go . . . ah, here's Mrs.

SMITHSON. I thank her for allowing me my cigarette, but she declares that the obligation is on *her* side . . . what the dickens does she mean? And she's giggling all the while, too. . . Asks me, in a choked voice, to remove a placard from the outside of the tent when I go . . . I proceed to do so . . . *oh!* . . . on it is scrawled in huge letters, "The Common Prig. Very Fine Specimen, just arrived from London. On view within!"

"PROMOTION."

I.

ONCE a Company was started by a few Of the sharpest City folk you ever knew,
And a big success was scored,
With a Peer upon the Board
(Who had nothing in particular to do).
By abundant advertising
Applications were surprising,
And the letters of allotment and regret
Were sent out in several batches,
Which were followed by despatches
Of the most astounding profits they would net.

The promoters filled their pockets,
And the shares went up like rockets,
For the public didn't understand the trick,
That the thing was over-loaded,
And in time must be exploded;
After soaring like a rocket it would come
down like a stick!

II.

All announcements looked so absolutely true,
That it rapidly in public favour grew;
Directly it was floated
By jobbers it was quoted
At a premium—(seventeen to twenty-two).
At this boom unprecedented
Speculators were demented,
But that premium still continued to expand;
It got more and more inflated,
The directorate, elated,
Said, "Our riches even beat the Rand."
Still promoters filled their pockets,
Still the shares went up like rockets,
Still people were bamboozled by the trick;
And messages were coded:—
"We're auriferously loaded,
It's a great financial rocket to which
everyone should stick."

III.

Their Statutory Meeting then fell due
(In accordance with the Act—that is the new).

They conducted business formal,
They made promises abnormal,
And said they'd put the "bears" into a stew.

Next the Chairman was rewarded
(And the office boy applauded),
For there really seemed a plethora of cash.
But at this important juncture
To the bubble came a puncture,
And the whole thing went to everlasting smash.

The promoters filled their pockets
(On the Stock Exchange were dockets),
For now the public realised the trick;
To selling they were goaded,
So they rapidly unloaded;
Of the splendour of the rocket there was
nothing save the stick.

IN THE CAUSE OF HEART.

(An imaginary Interview with a Soupçon of Truth in it.)

SCENE—*Author's Sanctum.* TIME—*The Day before the Great Aristocratic Garden Fête in aid of the Nothings in Particular.* PRESENT—*The Author.* To him enter *Fair Petitioner.*

Fair Petitioner (coquettishly). You are quite sure you are engaged for to-morrow?
Author. Quite sure. Must deliver my lecture.

Fair Pet. But can't you put them off? It would cost you nothing.

Aut. It would be as much as my life was worth to disappoint an audience of working men. And as to costing me anything. Well, I get twenty guineas for the lecture.

Fair Pet. Not really! You are chaffing?

Aut. No, I am always serious in business matters. And that reminds me, dear lady, that I have got to write five thousand words before I leave this desk.

Fair Pet. Oh! you are at work on one of your delightful short stories! Do give it to us.

Aut. Very sorry. I really can't afford it.

Fair Pet. Oh! don't say that. The poor Nothings in Particulars do want our help so much. But you will help us. Mr. HARRY MARIO JONES, the rising tenor, Mr. PANINI BROWN, the violinist of the immediate future, are coming to play.

Aut. Graciously?

Fair Pet. Of course. They are so kind. An excellent advertisement for them.

Aut. Yes; and cost them—as a correspondent to the *Times* pointed out the other day—two or three pounds apiece for costumes and travelling expenses, which they can ill afford. Why don't you pay people? You don't ask the refreshment contractor for free food.

Fair Pet. Why, you are horrid! Fancy putting refreshment contractors on the same platform with writers, actors, lawyers and other interesting people! I am not going to let you off. If you won't give me your short story—give me something else.

Aut. (Writing out cheque and giving it.) Will this do as well?

Fair Pet. (Overpowered.) You are generous! Much better than your short story.

Aut. You are quite right—for me. You see, my cheque will only cost me five pounds, whereas my short story is worth, to me, at least, a hundred guineas!

(The scene closes in upon the *Fair Petitioner's* unbounded astonishment.)

AN OLD SONG.

(Set to New Facts.)

WHEN swallows dart to catch the guats,
And midges swarm around our hats,
When moths are captured by the bats,
And flowers perfume the way,
We love to fly from daily care
To breathe the sneezious country air;
Our cambric handkerchiefs we bring.
And sniff and sneeze like anything
Amid the new-mown hay.

There's room for all, who'er they be,
Who have a turn for heartless glee,
And snigger, "Bless you," when they see
Us turn our heads away.
Then join the sport, good men and true,
And maidens sweet with eyes so blue;
Come youth, come age, come children fair,
And blow your noses in despair,
Amid the new-mown hay.

SENTI-MENTAL.

["The reign of physical beauty in woman is, according to M. MARCEL PREVOST, the French novelist, now over. The mind, it seems, is what is revered nowadays, and that is the reason that such women as Mrs. GLADSTONE, Mrs. KAUFER, Mrs. BORER, Mrs. DE WET, and the Countess Tolstor are most revered."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

SING no more of winsome faces,
Roguish laughter, courtly graces,
Flashing arms
And roseate charms,
Sure your taste in song disgraces.

Sing no more of eyes entrancing,
Nor the love-light in them dancing,
Silken lashes,
Radiant flashes,
Be no more their spells advancing.

Foolish he who fondly lingers
O'er a maiden's shapely fingers;
Shoulders dimply
Sung are simply
By the most degenerate singers.

Cease henceforward, foolish lover,
Aught in beauty to discover;
You must spurn all
Charms external,
Carnal beauty's reign is over.

If you must sing, sing discreetly,
Taking care to waive completely
Skin-deep beauty
That refute ye,
Tho' it strike your senses sweetly.

Sing the female disposition
With a mental acquisition;
Charm cerebral,
So integral
Till the chop-and-change transition.

Sing the maid revered for reason.
For ourselves, we're out of season
We must go hence,
Keeping silence,
'Less we be accused of treason.



Doctor (to little girl who is rather unwell). "NOW, MY DEAR, PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE."
Little Patient (decidedly). "CERTAINLY NOT! MUMMY SAYS IT IS VERY VULGAR TO PUT OUT ONE'S TONGUE TO ANYBODY."

HOPS ABROAD.

(A Peep into the Future.)

SCENE—Fleet Street. TIME—A year or two hence. Enter BROWN and SMITH severally.

Brown. Why, where have you been to? You look the picture of health.

Smith. More than the picture, my boy—health itself. I have been pretty well everywhere.

Brown. And yet you are tied to the wheel here, ain't you?

Smith. Quite correct. Not been away from Fleet Street for a whole fortnight for more than a quarter of a century.

Brown. And you say you have been everywhere?

Smith. Yes, in reason. Popped over to St. Petersburg the other day, *viâ* the Crimea. Very interesting.

Brown. I noticed they had started a trip in that direction.

Smith. Then I spent the Sunday before last in Vienna.

Brown. Ah! pleasanter than in Town.
Smith. Well, not so triste. Then I did the Italian lakes one journey, and the Swiss mountains the next. The Aërial Travel Bureau managed the coupons for those affairs.

Brown. But how do you contrive to cover so much ground?

Smith. Simplest thing in the world. Week-end trips.

(*Cur ain on the discovery.*)

PRESS AND DEPRESS.

"Now, you don't like papers," said my uncle, trilling a little melody from a light opera. "A great mistake, my boy. Everybody ought to spend an hour a day with the newspapers. They depress you? Contain nothing but vague reports? Nonsense, boy. You're not well. Sluggish life, sluggish liver."

He repeated the last two words, and opened one of the morning papers. I never remembered seeing him look so well and jolly. In the pink of condition.

"Besides," he continued, looking over the top of the paper, "it stimulates one's thoughts, sets in motion a train of ideas that carry one through the day. A mental tonic, my boy, that's what our daily paper is, a mental tonic, to be easily taken with our coffee and bacon and eggs. Ha! ha!" he looked at me again with an expression of triumph. "My boy, listen to this. Lord AVEBURY, on the British Press, 'said he believed there was no country in the world which had a better or a brighter literature than England. You see, it would brighten you up, my boy. Nothing but other people's misfortunes? Fiddle-sticks! You're hipped. Now, I'll just prove to you how entertaining and refreshing a morning paper is. What tone, what *verve*, what vigour," here my uncle mildly saluted his chest with his right hand, "a perusal imparts to the system."

He glanced at the leading article, and began reading: "'From the melancholy array of blue books and volumes of statistics issued at the close of the nineteenth century we are unhappily brought face to face with the very mournful

truth that, as a nation, we are on the down grade.' Ah! well, that's uninteresting. One never reads that sort of thing. Some croaking dyspeptic." His eye reverted from the leading article to another column. "Ah! now, my boy, I read haphazard. 'In a current number of one of our foremost scientific magazines, we are confronted with the alarming statement that our coal supply cannot last for ever. A time must come when'—my uncle's voice faltered—"nothing but the tax on it will remain!" Pooh! pooh! a scare. These things will creep into the best regulated paper." A shade of annoyance crossed his face.

"Now, look here. Shipping Notes. 'The

news that the American Syndicate has actually bought out one of our largest shipping lines is quite sufficient to fill every British breast with apprehension as to the future of our marine commerce. In every department the Americans are outbuying us. At no distant date we anticipate the flotation of 'Britain, Limited,' by a syndicate of enterprising Yankees.' Dear, dear!" said my uncle, slowly.

The cheery tone had disappeared. His



SNUBBING.

He. "SORRY I FORGOT YOUR PARTY THE OTHER EVENING!"
She. "OH, WEREN'T YOU THERE!"

brow puckered. He turned over a page.

"Now, then, page three. British Navy. Now, my boy, our glorious Navy. Surely that has some interest for you." He read, not, I believe, without an uncomfortable foreboding. "'During the last few months we have made it perfectly clear to our readers, by our Special Investigator's articles, how very far from satisfactory is the state of our Navy. Half the number of vessels which go to make-up our powerful Fleet are either not built or only in the first stages of building, and of the rest all those with modern armaments have leaky boilers, while,'—my uncle's voice grew unsteady again—"all the ships with reliable boilers

are—are furnished with muzzle-loaders—of the time of NELSON.' And to think of the sum expended yearly, the taxes, the constant calls—"My uncle's words failed him. His face was almost haggard. I would have begged him to desist. But he grasped the paper, more determined than ever to convince me what a cheerful companion a daily newspaper was.

"Turn to the Army," he said. Then he decided he would not, as he caught sight of the headline: "Is Our Army

worth the Khaki it is clothed in?" He turned the paper again: "England's Trade, a Study in Retrogression." He moaned audibly, and folded the article down out of sight. His eye lighted on an advertisement. "'To-morrow You May Have a Fit!'" he read, and shivered. He folded the paper again, and in thick black letters was informed that "Few People Have Sound Lungs." The "mental tonic" slipped from my uncle's knees on to the floor. He looked worn out, and coughed in a tentative manner. "My chest has been rather troublesome lately," he affirmed mildly. "I wonder if my lungs—" and stretched down for the paper. But I had kicked it away. I trilled lightly the melody my uncle had begun his remarks with, and raising my coffee cup, said, in a spirit of mock gravity, "To the British Press, the brightest in the world! What tone, what *verve*, what vigour a perusal—imparts to the system."

My uncle laughed in his old delightful manner. He saw the humour of it.

"BEAUTIFUL IN REPOSE, BUT —."

ONE was a beautiful bird. The plumage was a mass of the most glorious colours. He walked with a dignity and a grace beyond compare. There never was so gorgeous a sight.

The other was a beautiful girl. Her hair was golden, her eyes heavenly blue, her teeth rows of pearls. She glided along with a dignity and a grace recalling the Grecian queens of old. There never was so charming a vision. Perfectly Lovely!

Then the bird opened his beak and uttered a sound. Oh, horror!

Then the girl smiled and spoke. Again, oh, horror!

The bird was a peacock, and the girl came from the "American" side of the Atlantic!

A third time, oh, horror!

VOX INDIAE CLAMANTIS.

["In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward." The forthcoming debate on the Indian Budget reminds us that we have still to profit by the wise words of Queen VICTORIA."—*Daily Paper*.]

PROSPERITY!—when year by year

Grim poverty I see

Draw ever nearer and more near,

Devouring all my children's gear—

Why, what a mockery is here

Of Her benign decree!

What strength, O England, shall be thine

When such prosperity is mine?

Contentment!—what contentment lies

In that poor slavish heart,

That dumb despair, with sunken eyes,

That bears its ills, and rather dies

A thousand deaths than dare to rise

And play a freeman's part?

Ah, what security can be

On such contentment based by thee?

My gratitude?—ah, empty name!

Thy charitable mites

But feed to-day the feeble frame

That starves to-morrow; for the same

Old wrong grows on untouched. I claim

Not charity, but rights—

England, what gratitude have I?

Canst find reward in apathy?

A DIALOGUE AT THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

(Which will be impossible unless the Army precedent is followed.)

Special (deferentially). Beg pardon, Sir, but will you please pass my despatch?

Censor (graciously). Fire away, and I will tell you when to stop.

Special (reading). "The torpedo boats are—"

Censor (interrupting). Oh, you had better not say anything about them.

Special (after using blue pencil). "The torpedo-catchers then—"

Censor (as before). Oh, we can't have anything about them. Cut again, please.

Special (annoyed). Very well, Sir. "The protecting fleet turn—"

Censor (interrupting). Oh, I say, you mustn't say anything about the protecting fleet.

Special (vexed). Very well, Sir. "The attacking fleet at this juncture—"

Censor (remonstrating). Oh, I say, you really mustn't refer to the attacking fleet. Look here. I daresay you have summed up the situation in your last sentence. What is it?

Special. "Everyone concerned is all at sea."

Censor. Capital! We are all at sea!

Special (to himself). Yes, and likely to continue so—until criticised!

[Scene closes in upon an ocean fog.]



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING."

Village Doctor. "How is your husband to-day, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown. "Oh, ever so much better, Doctor, thank you kindly. These last few days he's been uncommon cross, but this morning his temper is quite normal."

HOW TO BE HAPPY AS A HOUSEHOLDER.

MY DEAR BLANCHE,—You will be glad to hear that we are ever so much more comfortable than we used to be. You will remember that when you stayed with us a week or so ago dinner was delayed a couple of hours one evening because something had gone wrong either with the kitchen chimney or, what is more probable, with the cook. Now we have our meals regular as clockwork—beautifully served and excellent in quality.

Then mamma is thrice as happy, as all the bothering household duties are done for her by someone else. She hasn't to worry day after day about store order forms and the rest of it. Finally, the pater (as the boys call him) is radiant, because he says he "now knows where he is from a financial point of view." He never did before when he was for ever drawing cheques for "house." So we are all pleased.

Yours affectionately, POLLIE.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that we have let our house, and are living at a hotel.

THE RIVER REVELLERS.

WHO'S for the River? just see what a rioting,
Fluttering fairies in airiest frocks,
Creamy creations the male heart disquieting,
Naiads of back-waters, willows and locks.
Dainty town daughters in open-worked bodices,
Conveyed by cousins in piqué so spick,
Rosy-cheeked, brown-fingered, jimp water-goddesses
Fleeing the district of mortar and brick.

Ladies excitable scuttling and scampering,
Laughing with glee as they rush to and fro,
Groups of old staggers, their quick footsteps hampering,
Wondering why they are hurrying so.
Fathers in flannel fig breathless and bustling—
(Rich ruby face neath the gay Panama),
In the long queue at the ticket-box hustling,
Waiting for tickets to bear them afar.

Mad, merry misses, intent on a summer-y
Slaughter of hearts in an innocent way,
Actors and actresses, shorn of their mummery,
Off for a quite unprofessional play.
Bachelors, bearing big baskets in duty bound—
Precious pro-visions for luncheons and teas;
Happy festivities with radiant beauty crown'd,
Lobster and love and youth under the trees.

Gauzy girls tripping with fellows in duck and drill,
Going by through train to Henley, you see,
Languishing ladies with marvellous tuck and frill—
Launching and lunching their programme's to be.
Porters with pillows—soft lining for punt are they,
Cushiony couches one does not disdain;
Bronzed army officers—back from the front are they—
Just stepping into the Maidenhead train.

Oh, the mad whirl at the Paddington terminus,
Meeting acquaintances, nodding to friends,
If of good fellowship we have a germ in us
Tone to our spirits such frolicking lends.
Bright, happy faces a-peeping 'mid billowy
Wavelets of muslin and eddying lawn;
Thrice happy revellers, supple and willowy,
By the delights of the dear river drawn!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Grip of the Book Maker (HUTCHINSON) will be extended to the ordinary reader, who will find himself held in it till the end of the last chapter. There is, of course, nothing new in the leading idea of the book—a young man with educational and social advantages purchased with the money of a well-meaning but illiterate and, on the whole, undesirable parent. With a variation it is the foundation of what my Baronite regards as one of the two best, the one least widely known, of DICKENS'S novels. That is the only point of resemblance with *Great Expectations*. Mr. PERCY WHITE goes his own way, and a pleasant one it proves, with his sketches of high life in London, designed on the whole to make persons of lower estate content with their lot.

Souvenir of Sir Arthur Sullivan (GEORGE NEWNES) is perhaps not the best title Mr. WALTER WELLS (no relation to JOHN WELLINGTON of that clan) might have chosen. More especially in this connection is it suggestive of those not too-costly gifts managers of theatres present to the audience on the fiftieth, or, happier still, the hundredth night of the performance of the piece. Apart from this minor criticism the work is well done, and beautifully printed. The sketch of the life and works of dear ARTHUR, a man whom to know was to love, is considerably added to by a series of illustrations, including photographs of

the great musician, from the days when he stood in the quaint costume of the Children of the Chapels Royal till he sat at a gilt and carven and highly uncomfortable table, a worn-out man, smartly dressed, posing for his photograph. Of special interest are facsimiles of pages of his music done by his own hand. On loftier range in art and history is the photograph of "W. S. GILBERT at Work." "GILBERT," writes Mr. WALTER J. WELLS, unconsciously dropping into the style of JOHN WELLINGTON, "never writes at a desk. He has a favourite easy chair of red leather which he takes with him wherever he goes. When working, he sits with his legs stretched out on a stool, *exactly the same height*, and writes upon a pad on his lap." Struggling authors will here find disclosed the secret of supreme success. The italics are my Baronite's.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MY SPORTING LIFE: A RETROSPECT;

Or, Gambling Parsonified.

["Those who imagined that the last 'sporting parson' had disappeared from the Church of England are quite mistaken, for in this week's *Church Times* a clergyman who boldly adopts the time-honoured pseudonym writes a long letter asking whether gambling is really a sin, and he comes to the conclusion that it is not. . . . As an undergraduate he used to attend Newmarket out of sheer love of horseflesh, and at the University Steeplechases he and his friends frequently made bets, and the reckoning up of their gains and losses added much to the fun of the day. Same with cards—always for small sums."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 23.]

THOUGH Time has taught me something of discretion,
And on my blooming cheek has pressed a finger,
I do not blush to make the small confession
That still I love to let fond mem'ry linger
O'er former days when I, a verdant scholar—
A Church of England minister prospective—
Was wont to back my fancy for a dollar.
Ah! happy is the habit retrospective.

What were the Muses nine? What were the Graces,
Ecclesiastic tutoring and knowledge,
To one fair day spent at the Steeplechases,
So warmly patronised by our college?
My love of horseflesh so predominated
My taste for Christian creeds or heathen gods,
That to accept I never hesitated
A smallish bet at rather longish odds.

Ah! happy day, when from the race returning,
Our several gains and losses then we reckoned,
Ah, joy! to such as with an eye discerning
Ne'er backed a horse to win that came in second.
Ah! who will say that I had ta'en a ramble
Within the precincts of a wicked sinner?
I think myself I did not wrong to gamble—
I always toddled home a tidy winner.

And oh! the days before a parson's choker
Proscribed in some degree my love of gaming,
Those cosy little parties of draw poker!
Myself I really cannot think of blaming.
Except on one occasion when a bluffer
By standing pat on nothing proved a winner,
The limit best—I went out like a duffer—
I should have seen him. Then I was a sinner!

Those days are gone; but still I am not lacking
In those proclivities which folk call sporting,
My fancy still occasionally backing,
Altho' to methods different resorting.
Instead of taking odds at Goodwood races,
Or making little books on the regattas,
I speculate upon the pairs of braces
I'm likely to receive, and such like matters.

W. H. M.

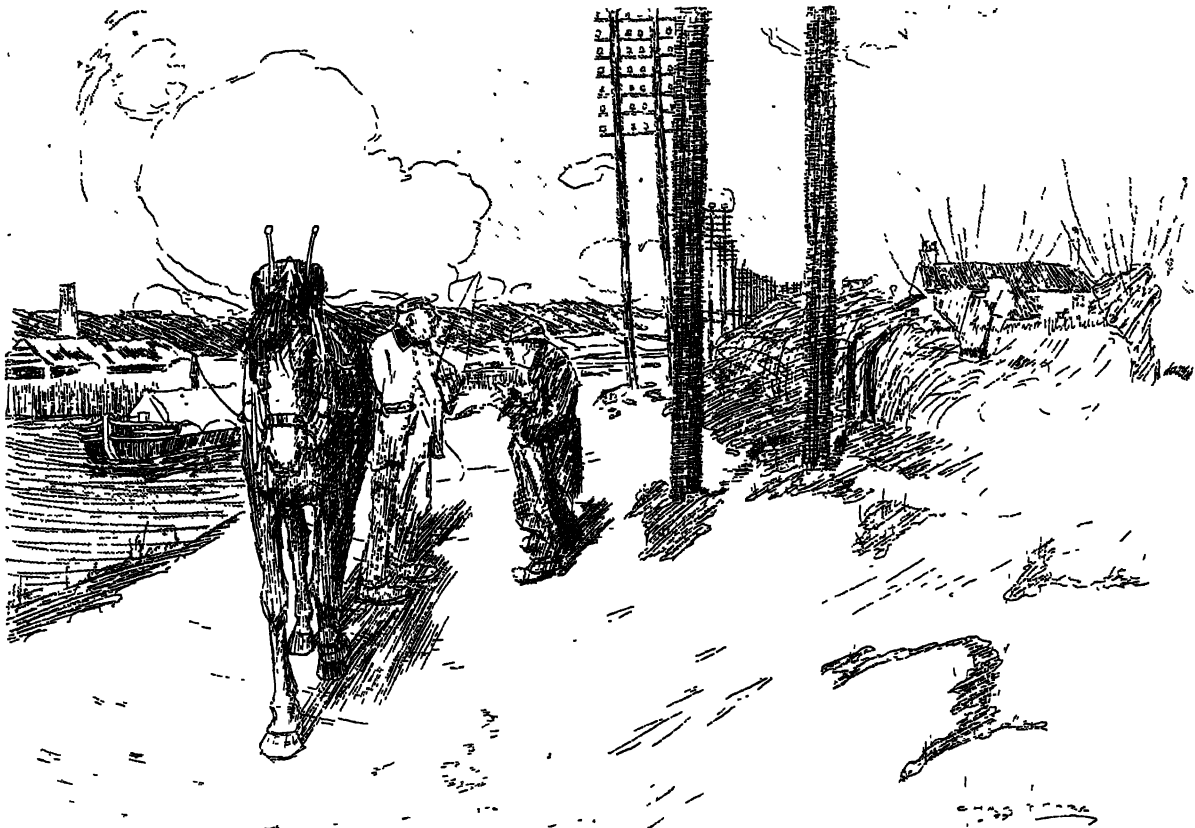


RE-ENGAGED.

Alfred the Parnassian Circus-rider (to Pegasus). "I'VE GOT THE JOB AGAIN! COME UP, PEGGY! HOUP-LÀ!" (sings.)
 "'TIS I WOULD BE THE LAUREATE BOLD,
 WITH A BUIT OF SHERRY
 TO KEEP ME MERRY

AND NOTHING TO DO BUT TO POCKET THE GOLD!"—*Bon Gaultier's Ballads.*

[Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN has been duly re-appointed to the post of Poet Laureate.]



PROHIBITIVE TERMS.

Tramp. "ELLO, MISTER, WOULD YER MIND GIVIN' ME A LIFT AS FAR AS BRENTFORD? I'LL WORK MY PASSAGE."
Boathauler. "ORL RIGHT, MATE. TAKE 'OLD O' THE 'ORSE'S 'EAD AN' LEAD!"

"DELUSIONS."

I.

A LADY somewhat *passée* wants to play the juvenile,
 (And as *Juliet* or *Rosalind* to lead).
 So will practise by the hour winsome way and sunny smile,
 And she finds a deal of practising they need.
 She's matronly ingenuous and flits across the stage
 In delightful seventeen's seductive way;
 But through your opera-glasses you can estimate her age—
 And you swear that "she is forty, if a day."

Rouge, hare's-foot, powder-puff and dye,
 A wig, of ruddy gold, she'll buy,
 (With other kinds of panoply essential to her art).
 She will fancy both her acting
 And appearance are attracting,
 And think she looks perfection when she's made up for the
 part.

II.

You may have met a City man who boasts about his yacht;
 At Cowes he points it out—and you admire.
 He says his "soul's in racing," but you're confident 'tis not,
 Though he struts in Comic Opera sea attire.
 He always is romancing of the perils of the deep,
 Of a cyclone he encountered in the Bay;
 As you've seen him on a Calais boat it sounds a trifle steep,
 For before you'd reached Mid-Channel he looked grey.

He's quite aware the restless sea
 Does not agree with such as he,
 So from the Esplanade or pier will rarely make a start,
 But dressed in serge (with buttons brass),
 He'll keenly eye the weather glass,
 And think he looks perfection when he's made up for the
 part.

III.

If a fussy little tradesman, in a neighbourhood effete,
 As Mayor of Borough Council gets elected,
 He soon begins to fancy that his brains are hard to beat,
 Though hitherto they've never been detected.
 As patron of Suburbia he'll proudly stroll about,
 (He is something now beyond the common clay);
 But for acme of amusement you ought to hear him "spout"—
 A performance quite as good as any play.

He wants a chain and badge to wear,
 Some footmen tall, with powdered hair,
 A gilded coach, with coat of arms, to supersede the cart,
 A robe—he'll simply grab it
 (It is red and trimmed with rabbit),
 And think he looks perfection when he's made up for the
 part. HUAN MEE.

ADVICE TO PROPRIETOR OF A THEATRE.—"Let it."

ADVICE TO THEATRICAL SPECULATOR.—"Let it alone."

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VII.—THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME SECTION.

(With the Author's apologies and compliments to the writers imitated below.)

JULY 1ST TO 5TH.—“And where shall we go for our summer elopement *this* year, dearest?” said JOCELYN, as they stood locked in each other's arms. “Would Nuremberg suit you?”

“What route do you propose?” asked ROSABEL, suddenly practical, and extricating herself from his grasp.

“I suggest the Hook of Holland and the Rhine to Mayence. Have you any prejudices in the matter?”

“How do you get to the Hook of Holland?”

“By the Great Eastern, from Liverpool Street to Harwich. But why this unwomanly regard for detail? I hardly know you, ROSABEL, in this new attitude.”

“Is Liverpool Street the only starting-point for Harwich?” She insisted with a strange perseverance.

“ROSABEL, ROSABEL, you have changed surprisingly since our last elopement. Is it the influence of your second marriage? You never talked like this before. You were never importunate about termini. Can you have lost your old confidence in me?”

“Never, never! But we must be frank with one another, and face the truth. We shall have many embarrassments to contend with in our coming irregular career; let us not anticipate them; let us at least hold together, you and I. Is Liverpool Street the only starting-point for Harwich?”

“Yes, a thousand times yes. And now kindly explain.”

A sigh of satisfaction escaped from ROSABEL. “Dearest,” she said, “between those who love no explanation should be needed. But I too will be frank with you. I have not lived this long, weary time apart from you without growing older and knowing more of the world. Never again, with my eyes open, will I elope with anyone on a system with alternative routes, such as the Chatham and South-Eastern. Have you already forgotten the *fiasco* of our first elopement? How it fell through, as it were, between two stools—namely, Victoria and Charing Cross? And my first husband lying dead at the time, and I ignorant of that *fait accompli*? It is by these little accidents—an unforeseen change of terminus at the last moment, for instance—that the entire destinies of two lives may be permanently bifurcated. But for those alternative routes we might have reached Marseilles together, read of my first husband's death in the papers, got married at the consulate, and been an honest man and woman ever afterwards.”

“‘Honest,’ ROSABEL? What is this new talk of technical virtue, based on signatures before witnesses? Do you, after all, regret the step we are once more taking in defiance of social tradition? *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. This is the second of the kind.”

“No, my love, I am not drawing back. But a second elopement, even with the same man, can never be *quite* the same thing. The first prompt, instinctive glow is irrevocably gone. One becomes rational, almost worldly in one's unworldliness. But my mind is fixed; I shall not fail you. To-night, then, at Liverpool Street, for the Hook.” (She smiled a little pathetically at this unpremeditated pleasantry). “You will get the tickets—single tickets, of course. I must go home for my Church Service and hand-mirror, and to leave a p.p.c. on my second husband. Remember! Liverpool Street.”

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS (in *The Serious Wooing*).

6TH TO 10TH.—It did not fall, gentlemen, within the scope of my original scheme to confide to you my arrangements for spending the summer vacation. Never voluntarily will I withdraw the veil of privacy from my retirement. But having

already admitted my intention of ploughing my furrow alone to the utter end, I am compelled to throw further light upon my plans. For, if I am to anticipate, as a contingency, the prospect of being joined by others in my enterprise, it becomes necessary for me to define the precise locality of my intended tilth. Being fully cognisant of the fact that the ordinary furrow is naturally limited in the opportunities it offers, and that, while I reserve the freedom of desisting at any moment if the furrow prove too tedious, I do not wish to consummate my task prematurely, I have felt bound to select a field of practically boundless range. The Sahara occurred to me as answering to this description.

I propose, therefore, in the full heat of July, to issue from the site of Carthage, whose ruins were once sat upon by MARIUS (an historical figure that has always had a poignant interest for me), and plough, with the permission of the French and other Governments, in a southerly direction, with Cape Town for my objective; thus covering in a bee-line the entire length of the Dark Continent. Of the adaptability of much of the soil to the uses of the plough I am uncertain: but I have confidence that at least the Sahara will provide the kind of material with which our Liberal implements are familiar.

If I fail to get to the Cape Colony alive, my friends will be good enough to attribute that misfortune rather to my own hardihood than to any neglect on the part of the Foreign and Colonial Offices. Beyond that point, if I meet with the enemy, I shall plead non-combatancy, and, if detained a prisoner, shall send for my books. Assuming that I reach my ultimate destination in solitude, I shall return to my library by the next steamer. And, finally, if I attain my end in company of others, I really cannot tell you what will ensue, as I am myself at present in ignorance of the proper sequel to such a juncture. Understand that I crave the company of none; but in case my movements should be matter for curiosity to any prospective supporter, the Sahara will find me until further intimation. ROSEBERRY.

11TH, 12TH.—To the glazed eye, dull with yearlong routine, and avid of colour and incident, Yarmouth brings relief with the bronze of her bloaters. On your seaward breakfast-table they lie, a point of diurnal pungency; eloquent, too, of suggestion. Salt, that was the breath of their life, is the stuff of their embalming. Not here, in the trite phrase, was death the cure of ill, save for a brief interspace. Then that which gave its savour to existence was itself made the cure of death, last ill of all.

That is why Yarmouth, for all its pier and sable minstrelsy, is still the inviolable hermitage of tired hearts. Its salt is something better than Attic. It breathes, as Athens never wholly breathed in her prime, the continuity of existence. It is vocal with the rhythm of death cured and corrected.

ALICE MEYNELL.

13TH TO 17TH.—“I want a new place to be a hero in!” The speaker ended, as he began, abruptly. Silence is golden, but the next best thing is that your words should be fit and few. He was a strong man, but his eye had the quiet reserve that may sometimes be found with strength, a combination always attractive. There were lines, too, about his mouth that revealed a capacity for pathos as well as humour.

None of these characteristics, except perhaps his strength (a dangerous thing if allied to madness), imposed itself upon the observation of the young man whom he addressed—a clerk in the office of Messrs. GAZE, CATCHEM AND COOK.

“Is it a holiday tour you want?” he asked, tentatively.

“Mention a few novelties,” replied the strong, quiet man.

“We are booking a good deal for the interior of Turkey,” said the clerk.

“Fought at Plevna,” replied the strong, quiet man.

“Then we have the Steppes of Russia on our new list.”

“*Sbogom*—Lord love you! Sowed wild oats there years ago.”

“Or a little round in Spain or Holland, personally conducted?”

“*Quien sabe? Hoe laat is het? Speak the languages.*”

"Or say West Africa, perhaps? We are fitting out a small punitive expedition."

"Played with Edged Tools there in my youth."

"Or Patagonia? The very latest thing in explorations!"

"Ah! I have never been a hero there. Any other heroes pioneering in those parts?"

"Only one that I know of, and he's just back from tracking the Big Sloth."

"Sloth is a great impediment to enterprise."

"I said the Big Sloth."

"That makes it no better. Quantity is no excuse for bad quality. But, tell me, are the natives of Patagonia good and beautiful?"

"We have no reports to the contrary," said the clerk.

"A noble wife is a gift of the gods," said the strong man, absent-mindedly. Then, recovering himself, he added, "I will trouble you for a *Tierra del Fuego* Conversation Guide. *Mille remerciements! Leb'wohl. Hasta mai'ma. Che sarà sarà.*"

HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

(To be continued.) O. S.

AS USUAL.

DAPHNE, now the time of year

Us to holidays invites,
While the vulgar, far and near,
Revel in their crude delights,
We, endowed with proper pride,
From their revels stand aside.

Let us, dearest, not affect

Vapid pleasures such as theirs;
With a sense of self-respect

Let us take our change of "airs,"
While our pleasures (yours and mine)
With improvement we combine.

Say then: strata shall we trace,

While the rocks our hammer breaks?
Or, with Keswick as a base,
Do religiously the lakes?
Or a sally Lunn afford,
Where we may be lodged—and bored?

Or, at Oxford shall we spend

An improving week or so,
While its influences extend
Over us a lofty glow,
While from Culture's well, with awe,
Samples gratis we shall draw?

Of the channels these provide

Education to impart,
If on one you won't decide,
DAPHNE, since to-day we start,
We shall be compelled to fall
Back on Margate, after all.

A MYSTERY FROM SHOEBOURY.—When does the caanon ball? When the Vickers-Maxim.



"I'VE JUST LEFT MR. BRAYNE, AND IT'S QUITE A RELIEF TO MEET YOU. HE IS SO INTELLECTUAL, YOU KNOW!"

A LAST APPEAL.

[The *Lancet* is of opinion that man should not have his meals alone. His food is far more likely to agree with him when partaken of in company.]

SWEET! though a word from you would bind

My future and your own much closer,
You have not yet made up your mind
Whether to answer "Yes" or "No, Sir!"
Let it be "Yes," for here indeed
Is reason good for you to chance it;
Be influenced by what you read
Among the columns of the *Lancet*.

"Man should not take his meals alone!"
This stated as a simple fact is.

If you'll consent to be my own,
We'll put this precept into practice.
Though little love you have to spare,
Why not let pity solve the question?
For, only think, my lady fair,
How you can help my poor digestion!

At breakfast-time—supposing that
This charitable job you take on—

No longer shall I dread the fat

That usually surrounds my bacon.
Though eggs be stale, yet who shall note
Of discontent the slightest whisper?
You'll help the coffee down my throat,
And make my toast seem all the crispier.

At dinner, too, your charming face

Will make a difference surprising;
In the *hors d'œuvres* I'm sure to trace
A flavour far more appetising.
Soup, fish and joint will all entice,
Though feeble be the cook's resources;
And I shall dream of Paradise
Before I've finished half the courses.

Then, later on, your presence still

Shall haunt me like some gay enchanter,
And hover round each glass I fill
From out the trustworthy decanter.
For nothing then will disagree,
Dyspepsia won't make me shiver.
Oh, be my bride, and you will see
How Love shall triumph o'er the Liver!

P. G.

THE AGE OF CULTURE.

["If a SHAKSPEARE or a THACKERAY were writing now, it is doubtful if he would find a publisher."—*Daily Paper*.]

SCENE—A Publisher's Sanctum.

Chorus of Authors.

IN these enlightened days
Of taste and culture rare,
When souly School Boards raise
Their standards everywhere,
When ignorance is dead,
And vulgar folly dumb,
And pupil teachers shed
Refinement on the slum;

When babes that scarce can walk
Are taught to sing and dance,
And even learn to talk
The dainty tongue of France;
Our work is sure to find
Appreciative praise
From every cultured mind
In these enlightened days.

First Author. A humble poet I
That spent my eager youth
In seeking after Truth—
I sought her low and high.

Through fortune good and ill
One passion filled my heart—
To mingle Truth with Art,
And show her truthful still.

My days among the dead,
The deathless dead, were past;
With them my lot was cast,
Their mighty minds I read.

Athenian SOPHOLES
And SHAKSPEARE, fancy's child,
Warbling his woodnotes wild—
My boon companions these.

And now a humble play,
The fruit of toilsome years,
I bring with hopes and fears,
And at thy feet I lay.

Publisher. A Shakspearian play? Oh, take it away!
It's the very last thing that one needs.
Demand there is none, for Shakspeare is one
That nobody now-a-days reads.
It's dull, stodgy stuff—not sensation enough—
Too poetical—calls for some brains.
A man who will write in blank verse gives you quite
Unsuitable reading for trains.

First Au. Then you decline my drama?

Pub. Yes, I do;

It's quite unsaleable. Now, what have you?

Second Au. No SHAKSPEARE I. With humbler pen
I only seek to tell
The follies and the faults of men
That round about me dwell;
To paint them as in truth they are,
Wise, foolish, grave and gay—
Content to follow from afar
My master THACKERAY.

Pub. My thanks to you! Pray, don't undo
Your parcel; there's no reason!
Remember, please, such works as these
Are wholly out of season.

Such stuff as that to-day falls flat;
The public want more savour.
Take my advice, and give them spice
With lots and lots of flavour.

Chorus of Authors Oh! oh! oh!

Ah, what a situation!
Alas, unhappy nation,
With all its education!
Wo! Wo! Wo!

I'm sorry for the nation;
But what's my situation
Without a publication?

Third Au. I do not doubt, good Sir,
That heavy your distress is—
Alas, poor publisher,
Sans up-to-date MSS.
But dry the starting tear
And list to me a minute—
I think I've something here
That may have money in it.
Her name is ELIZABETH.

Pub. Good!

Third Au. She lives in a garden.
Pub. She should.

Third Au. She writes a love-letter.

Pub. Still better and better!

Third Au. And pours out her sorrows.

Pub. She would.

Third Au. If I purpose withholding my name,
I hope you'll agree to the same?

Pub. Anonymous? Splendid!
Our sorrows are ended.

Third Au. You'll publish my novel?

Pub. I'm game.

Together. Dame Fortune no longer looks glum;
The voice of our sorrow is dumb. [*They dance.*]
But there's no time for capers,
Let's off to the papers
To write the advertisements! Come!

G. K. M.

THE NEW PROFESSION.

["Signor ROSARIO BUFFALINO, who has been in prison for a number of crimes, but has succeeded in escaping, has written to the *Giornale di Sicilia* that he has just formed a band of brigands, he proposes to begin business in the New Year, and to administer justice according to the teaching of Holy Writ."—*Daily Mail*.]

FOR judges and juries and prisons of stone

I don't care the least little fig, and
I'm anxious to let it be publicly known
That I shortly propose to set up on my own
As a highly respectable brigand.

If you writhe 'neath a wrong you can write me a note;
On receipt of your valued advices
Your foe will be pistolled, or slit in the throat,
Or stabbed, or found drowned in his own castle moat,
At exceedingly moderate prices.

Your commands, like the tyrants of whom you complain,
I will execute promptly, and ever
By strictest attention I hope I may gain
Your favour and patronage, which to retain
Shall be my continued endeavour.

MEM. FOR YACHT-OWNERS.—If you are inviting a party to go sailing with you for three or four weeks, take good care that it is a thorough good company, able to enjoy the roughest weather; in fact, a specially sea-leg'd lot.

TO MY QUEEN—OF THE ROSES.

(At a Rose Show.)

ROSES in dazzling dresses
Shook out their perfumed tresses,
Such glory ne'er was seen.
In trembling odour swaying,
Their blooming charms displaying,
Each claimed to be the queen,

Their sweets about did fling
In inter-whispering
Their title to be queen.
And ne'er among the flowers
Born of the golden hours
Was such sweet turmoil seen.

In midst whereof my queen
Was by the roses seen;
Their titles all they hushed.
And at the lovely sight
Grew many roses white,
And other roses blushed.

THE ANTI-GREEN PARK.

MISTER PUNCH, MY DISTINGUISHED FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE,—I ask your pardon to address you. I have now been in your great city for many years, and although I know the Vauxhall Bridge Road and Leicester Square better than the other parts, still I feel able to advise you.

You are about to spend some millions of francs in altering your Green Park. Good! But let it be done wisely. I hear your present intention is to take a slice of Piccadilly and make it road, leaving a narrow neck at Hyde Park Corner, and another narrow neck at your street of St. James. Is this wise? I say No, a thousand times No! Why do you not imitate the Continent—as you call all Europe save your own little island—in this direction? Why should there not be a road (like that in the Champs Elysées) for the children? Why should not Mr. Punch himself appear in his own show? He might be accompanied by Madame and the dog, and—for a while—by the baby. It would be delightful, and how pleased the children would be! And why not cafés? And even a Kursaal might be established like the excellent one just started at Southend. Roads might be made here, there, and everywhere. It would not cost much if the land had not to be purchased. And there might be a garden for strange animals—like the one in the Bois de Boulogne. I have been told—and I do not think he that gave the story was what you call pulling my leg—that there is already a *Jardin d'acclimatation* in the Park of St. James. Why not bring it to your Green Park?

Above all, there is a blot which should be removed. Away with your Vilainton! He is too much!

Receive my consideration the most distinguished.

(Signed) AN INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER
(French.)



Diminutive Nursemaid (to Angler, who has not had a bite for hours). "OH, PLEASE, SIR, DO LET BABY SEE YOU CATCH A FISH!"

SERENADE OF THE ELECTRIC FUTURE.

[“Dr. HERDMAN, of the University of Michigan, declares that after experimenting on guinea-pigs, he can fatten swine by means of electricity. If pigs, why not human beings?”—*Philadelphia Post, abridged.*]

MY gentle JANE, I see with pain
That you with love are thinner.
Though quaffing stout you don't fill out,
Yet never spurn your dinner.
Your once round arm has lost its charm,
Your cheeks are drawn and wan-like,
Your shoulders bare are very spare,
Your neck's, alas! too swan-like.

(Refrain.)

O! lady mine do not repine
At your emaciation,

But try the cure alert and sure
That's called electrization,
Tra-lal-la-la! Tra-lal-la-la!
O! blest electrization!

Like to a ghost or whipping-post
I, too, defied all stuffing,
A course of "watts" has given lots
Of rich organic puffing.
I proudly own to eighteen stone,
And still increase in matter;
So, love, with me electric be,
Together we'll be fatter!

(Refrain.)

So, lovely JANE, your weight regain
With gentle jubilation,
No longer lank, great HERDMAN thank
For this electrization.
Tra-lal-la-la! Tra-lal-la-la!
This plump electrization!



War-Office Genius. "NOW THIS IS ANOTHER OF MY BRILLIANT IDEAS, THE SHELTER TRENCH EXERCISE. OF COURSE, I KNOW THE TRENCH IS THE WRONG WAY ABOUT, AND THAT, WHEN THEY HAVE FINISHED IT, THEY HAVE TO FIRE INTO THE WOOD THEY ARE DEFENDING, AND THEN TURN ABOUT AND CHARGE AWAY FROM THE WOOD, BUT, THEN! WE GET A CAPITAL BANK AND DITCH MADE ROUND OUR PLANTATIONS, WITH PRACTICALLY NO EXPENSE!"

Mr. Punch. "AND THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL INSTRUCTING THE VOLUNTEERS!"

A HOME-COMING.

[The *Saxon*, with Lieutenant-General BADEN-POWELL on board, arrived at Southampton on July 25.]

BETTER late, B.-P., than never—England greets you once again,
Many-sided Boer-baffler, home at last from toil and strain.

Fourteen months and more we've waited, one and all your hand
to clasp,
Since the day your band of heroes were released from SNYMAN'S
grasp.

WHITE we've welcomed back and BULLER, ROBERTS with an
extra cheer,
MILNER, C.I.V.'s and Yeomen, marking this historic year.

Homeward too from o'er the oceans other Empire-champions
came,
CROMER, CLAUDE MACDONALD, WILLCOCKS, each to win his meed
of fame.

Some there are, alas! who never may re-seek their native
shore;
STEEVENS, WAUCHOPE, many another in the *veldt* sleep evermore.

Time has flown; but not forgotten is the tale of Mafeking!
Who that lived that Day in London could forget its echoing
ring?

How the Town broke into bunting, Piccadilly to Mile-End!
How each man for joy saluted every other man as friend!

How we crowded to the City in an orgy of delight,
'Tumbled out of bed for gladness, waving Union Jacks all night!
Even if we overdid it after deadening suspense,
Better this than anti-British Queen's Hall windbags' insolence!

Though we later coined a playful word, our soberer sense to show,
I would rather "maffick" daily than abet a treacherous foe!

Well, may be 'twere best your hoped-for coming-home has been
delayed,
Else had last year's throngs their idol lionised past doctors'
aid!
A. A. S.

"WHERE WERE THE POLICE?"

MISS TABITHA PRYM, who is the very pink of propriety, while
reading aloud to her old friend and employer, Mrs. Q. PROFFUR,
the Naval and Military Intelligence in the *Times*, one day last
week, came across this passage:

"There is every reason to hope that Messrs. WARING, the
Royal Upholsterers, whose men are working in day and night
shifts"—here the two elderly ladies paused and regarded each
other in considerable astonishment, then Miss PRYM, after
both had coughed dubiously, continued—"will be able to leave
the yacht before the end of the week."

"Good gracious! my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Q. P. "Leave
the yacht in their day and night . . . ! I can't believe it!
Read something else."

COME!

COME to me now, when freezing frost has frozen
The sunlit radiance of life's waterway;
Come to me now, the moment's not ill-chosen,
Come to me now, or ever stay away.

Come, though a torrent's force, outpouring madly,
Fills all the air with adjectival flood;
For I shall soon be taken very badly,
Unless you help to find my collar stud.



THE END OF THE PARLIAMENTARY "FLAT" SEASON.

ARTHUR BIRRE (the Jockey). "NO FIELD AGAINST ME! BUT I CAN'T GET HIM EYEN TO WALK OVER! IT MUST BE HIS DINNER HOUR."

[After all, we must be practical, we must descend to the lower subject of human contemplation, and we must admit that the great adversary of a successful division is the necessity of obtaining some dinner.]

Lord Salisbury at the United Club.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 22.—Small minds disposed to scoff when, the vision of the housemaid crossing the MARKISS'S eye, he thinks it worthy of mention in the High Court of Parliament. Profounder students of human nature will find in it a charming note of domesticity flecking the purple of the Premiership. However it be, the topic and cognate matters are irresistible. Nothing seemed more unlikely in Lords to-night than that the PREMIER would make a speech that should overcome his predecessor's indisposition to interpose in public affairs.

A sultry afternoon; less than two score Peers present. First business, motion by STANMORE to re-establish the Fine Arts Commission of 1842. PREMIER dozed on till STANMORE, after some talk about pictures, began, as the MARKISS put it, to tell us of stains on various carpets, to criticise certain wall-paper. Promptly rising when STANMORE made an end of speaking, the MARKISS eagerly said, "I quite sympathise with the wish of the noble lord that all wall-paper should be pretty and all carpets should be clean. But the point is, what is the remedy, what is the mode of achieving this end?"

Then STANMORE insisted there was delicate ironwork to be made, dainty wood-carving to be achieved. "These things," continued the MARKISS, shaking his head, "are, I think, calculated to send a cold shudder down the back of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. They," he added in hollow voice, "can be attained only by expenditure of money. Why want such a Commission? Why part with the supervision of Parliament, or the executive power of the Government in matters of art?"

On this a vision in turn crossed the active mind of Lord ROSEBURY. "I should



"The Markiss's eye slowly roved over the benches opposite."

be very sorry," he said, "to see the noble MARKISS followed by a staff, passing through the Private View of the Royal Academy with a marked catalogue in his hand, noting the purchases he intends to make on behalf of the public."

Another vivid picture flashed by ROSEBURY through the half empty House was hung on a peg supplied by STANMORE'S suggestion that portraits of leading statesmen should adorn the walls of Parliament. "I think," he said, "there would be an invidiousness about hanging statesmen in this House."

The MARKISS, preparing to go to sleep again, woke up; his eye slowly roved over the Benches opposite. He did not say anything, but there was that in his expressive countenance which indicated he did not go the full length of the noble Earl's statement. As a rule the proposition was sound; but there are possible exceptions to every rule.

Business done.—In Commons, after brisk debate, PRINCE ARTHUR carries motion suspending Twelve o'clock Rule for rest of Session. Says there is no need for Prorogation to be deferred beyond 17th.

"Bogorra, we'll see about that," say the Irish Members, whose well-earned increment is calculated at rate per diem, and does not run through the recess.

Tuesday night.—It is a tradition at the Treasury that during REGINALD EARLE WELBY, K.C.B.'s term of office as Permanent Secretary, whenever estimates were submitted from any of the spending Departments, he responded, "Can't you cut 'em down?" Conspicuous ability, high service to the State, leading to a peerage, question arose as to what title he would select. Colleagues at the Treasury were prompt and unanimous in

suggestion. Lord CUT-'EM-DOWN was obvious. The new Peer, avoiding the picturesque, was satisfied with ennobling his family name, and as Lord WELBY has through seven years suffered the pangs of silence in House of Lords. What the discipline must have been to him his many friends will know.

To-night broke the spell. Delivered luminous speech on condition of national expenses. Through it all ran the old refrain, "Cut 'em down."

The MARKISS evidently impressed. "I am not an agricultural labourer," BOBBY SPENCER once remarked, standing at Table of House of Commons in immaculate morning costume. Said the MARKISS, "I have only a very lay and uninstructed intelligence to bring to bear on the accumulated learning which many years of distinguished public service have enabled the noble lord to gather."

Thus the MARKISS, rising, as it were, to propose a vote of thanks to the learned lecturer. What "a very lay intelligence" may be is not immediately clear. It finds its parallel in CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES's remark the other night in another place. "I rose very largely," he said, "to give the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS an opportunity to explain."

PRINCE ARTHUR, beginning to think that we can have too much even of the CAP'EN, privately expressed a hope that the old salt would be content to present himself at question time in his usual size. That the MARKISS, master of phrases, should have blundered on a faulty one is striking testimony to impression wrought by Lord WELBY'S discourse.

Business done.—In Commons, LOWTHER, J. W., back after week's absence in



Lord B-le-rr-a reflex



The Henley Division.

company of gout. A hearty cheer from both sides paid tribute to his successful administration of a difficult and delicate post. Closure once more possible, Committee on Education Bill brisked up wonderfully. Last week HART-DYKE rather let fly at the blameless JOHN O' GORST; accused him in so many words of playing the banjo whilst national school-houses were burning. To-night, influenced by example at Reform Club, withdrew everything he had said; apologised; held out right hand of reconciliation; couldn't have behaved handsomer had JOHN O' GORST been a Liberal Leader, and he one of the "conspirators" among the party darkly alluded to by C.-B. and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

This led up to proposal that PRINCE ARTHUR should accept amendment moved by MATHER from Opposition Benches limiting operation of Bill to prolonging *statu quo* for twelve months. Never in his life was PRINCE ARTHUR so amazed, so pained. What! Should a Ministry of which he was a member, of whose views he was authorised exponent, display this weakness in face of enemy? His Majesty's Government had brought in Education Bill embodying a distinct principle, framed on definite lines. To withdraw it, to abandon it, to substitute an alternative, would be to display a weakness that would stamp them as incapable of dealing with so grave a question as national education.

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who remembers history of Education question under the MARKISS's Government, softly laughed. Crowded Committee looked on in admiration at PRINCE ARTHUR's indignant gestures, his flashing eyes, his anger- crimsoned cheeks.

"Upon my word," said JAMES BRYCE, a plain Aberdeen body, "I do think he believes he has not within the last few years twice stood at that very box and abandoned two Education Bills a few months earlier introduced from the Treasury Bench, with trumpets also and shawms."

Thursday night.—What was the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN going to do with the benches, the scarlet cloth coverings, the canopy over the chair of the LORD HIGH STEWARD, and eke the door mats that furnished forth the Royal Gallery for the trial of Earl RUSSELL by his peers? Something sad in meditation on the matter. Here was the heir of a historic name on trial for felony. The Peers of the United Kingdom, arrayed in scarlet cloaks, sat in pained silence. The LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, a square cap stuck on top of his wig lending a crowning grace to his presence, was throned in state. The formula, closely studied, was strictly followed. It was a page reverently removed from early English history, and set among the magazines, the newspapers, the extra-specials of 'the twentieth

century. A solemn, stately pageant, carrying the mind back to Plantagenet times.

And here was the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN, narrowly examining the texture of the crimson cloth, in his mind's eye measuring the matting, snacking his lips over the canopy above the chair of the LORD HIGH STEWARD, reckoning up how much they would fetch in the market. They were all his; perquisites belonging to his high office. As soon as the trial was over, when JOHN STANLEY, Earl RUSSELL, was led forth, to the stake at Smithfield or to the chop in Holloway Gaol as the sentence might direct, the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN's varlets could swoop down on the rich carpets, the rare red cloth, and bear it away.

But as on a historical occasion RANDOLPH CHURCHILL "forgot GOSCHEN," so the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN forgot AKERS-DOUGLAS. Story out to-night at Question time. "Where," SWIFT MACNEIL, envious, asked, "are the benches, the scarlet cloth covering, and the canopy of the LORD HIGH STEWARD?"

"The fittings, &c.," said the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS (note the bloodless " &c." in this connection) "are still in my possession. They have been claimed by the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN, but I have disallowed the claim."

And there was an end of the matter.

"What pale, puling creatures we have become in this so-called twentieth century," says SARK. "Had ANCASTER's forbear, the Lord WILLOUGHBY who fought under EDWARD THE FIRST, yearned after this red cloth and these wooden benches, he would have just looked in and taken them, running AKERS-DOUGLAS through the body if he said him nay. Under EDWARD THE SEVENTH the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS holds up his hand, and the LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN slinks away to write a postcard to Whiteley's to say they needn't send for the things."

Business done.—The LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN's little game stopped by the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.

WHAT THE SAD SEA WAVES ARE SAYING.

At Aguehoe.—Avoid this "abode for the convalescent" if you wish to escape the doctor on your return to town.

At Swindlesborough-on-Sea.—Beware of the hotel "extras" and the bath in your own room at two shillings a day.

At Coffin-super-Mare.—Make your will and send it to your lawyer, and then choose a spot in the local cemetery.

At "the favourite watering-places" generally.—That you won't have much comfort unless you have a long purse. And even if you are a millionaire, you will find furnished apartments nothing like home, sweet home.

"CHINA MENDED."

APROPOS of the report that Chinese "progressives" intend to so far conform to Western customs as to start a popular newspaper in Hu-Nan embodying the "latest ideas in journalism," a few extracts from the Editor's diary might prove of interest:—

Interfiew big pidgin 'Melican man. Callee himself a Calipaliste. Plentee dollar. Wanchee buyee everlyting. Buyee Emplor—buyee Emplless—buyee ME! But not givee mutchee for ME. Buyee allee China at a plice. He tellee me he just boughtee Sir THOMAS LIPTON and his yachttee in one job lot! Wanchee Gleast Wall of Pekin to take away to 'Melica. Me tellee him no can do. He say, "Odam, Chinaman no enterprise good-day."

Sillee season comee on. Must startee Log-roller like uller beautiful number-one sized newspapers. Gleast Sea Serpente played out. Gleast Gooseberry played out. "Is Malliage a failure?" —(Not muchee! winkee uller eye!)—him played out too. Ha! "Why no cookee folcign devilee in boilee oil?" Good. Me will lite first letter, and signe him, "A Poor Clerk," or "Mother of Five," or "Constant Subskliker," then allee uller foollee follow pletty devilish quick.

Earlee LUSSELL keepee English Parliamentee Lords men longee time fion holiday. Parliamentee Lords men cussee swear, but no can help. Will littee big leader on him. Makee plentee copy.

Must littee article on wickedness of play Fan Tan. Me losee plentee dollar lately at Fan Tan, and me tinkee he most disgustin gamee.

Will publish splicy palaglyph about Mrs. MA-KEE-FUN, and if she blingee action for libel say I mean someone elsee.

Must say Chinesee clew won everly lace at Hen-Lee.

South African news. Mr. KLUGER leadee on his tloops and die in last ditch, and then he go to Holland and live happy ever afterwards. He beatee allee tloops, except Chineesy tloops—they beatee him.

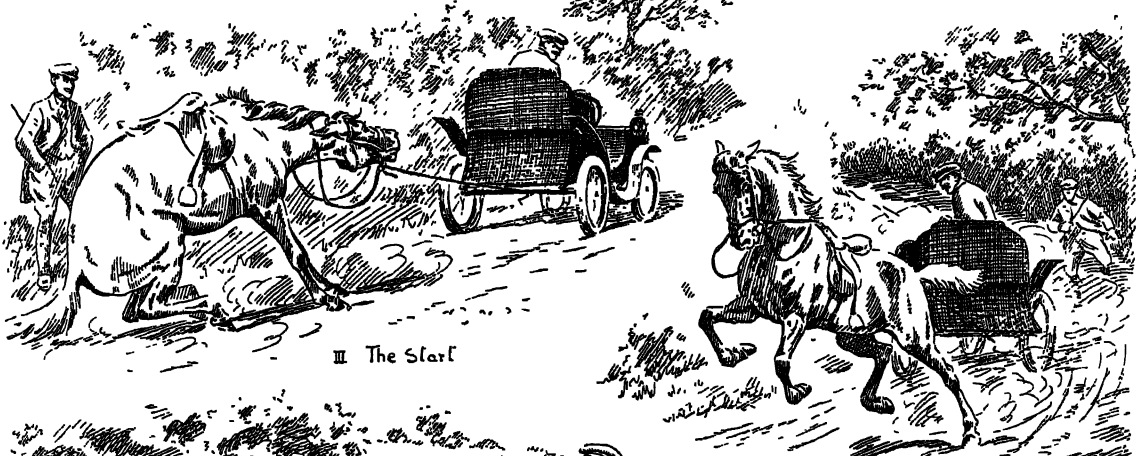
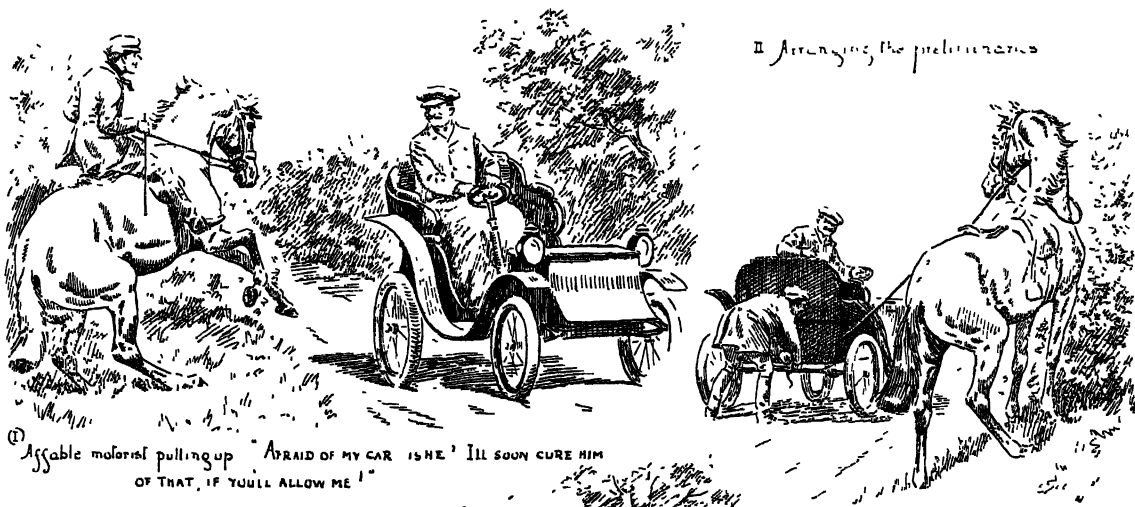
Makee big scandal about Blitish soldier man, and if he callee at office with big stick, my makee him interfiew the subbee editor, while my takee long walkee.

Will say something bad about Mandalin HAN-TEE. Say I see him winkee eye at little Japanese girlie. Plaps Mandalin comee here and kickee—not me but subbee-editor—while me takee anuller long walkee.

Must litte ploglessive leaders, everly day. This our ploglamme:—

- 1.—Dlive out Foleign devilees.
- 2.—Kill all we can't dlive out.
- 3.—Boil all Missionalies.

4.—Makee plogless back to what we were a hundled years ago.



THE AFFABLE MOTORIST AND THE SKITTISH COLT.

MATCH-LESS BEAUTIES.

MARRIAGEABLE maidens.

Froud beyond compare,
Treating Master Cupid
To a lofty stare;
He would beg a favour,
You have none to spare.

Slim and slender maidens,
Beauties port and prim,
Attitude unbending
Towards each handsome him!
Slender be ye, maidens,
But, ah, not too "slim"!

In the marriage market
Bold men e'en are shying:
Shy men never will the
Marriage knot be tying.
Will ye let Old Time be
All your beauty buying?

Will you see the roses
You so proudly wear
Wasting all their sweetness
In your haughty air—
Drooping, spite of water
From a truant tear?

Roses then to Cupid
Give without delay,
He will keep them fresh for
Ever and a day.
Quick! or jealous Time will
Snatch them all away.

Pearls and corals hoarding,
Pretty maids, beware!
Love-entangling tresses,
Beauties rich and rare,
Soon, too soon, you 'll rue them
That so matchless were.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

[A recent advertisement in the *Morning Post* announces:—"Advice and sympathy 'to be' given by a woman of the world who has had great experience: five shillings for half an hour's interview."]

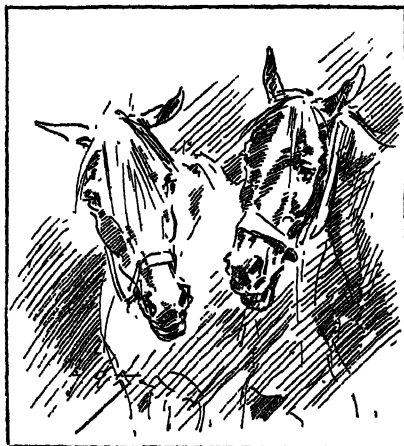
If you're in a grave dilemma,
Or should find it hard to stem a
Tide of difficulty sweeping you away,
It is good to know of "wimmin"
Who such tides have learnt to swim in,
And will give you their experience for
pay.

Are you wedded 'neath your station?
It will ease the situation
To have half an hour's feminine advice;
For tho', taken to the letter,
It may make the case no better,
To the spirit it is soothing, and it's nice.

And how sweet to sit confessing
That your dums are rather pressing,
And to note the sympathetic little shock
Running down the spinal marrow
Of a lady you may harrow
For the space of thirty minutes by the
clock.

Are you jilted by a maiden?
Is your breast with trouble laden?
Here is one the world has never yet
perplexed,
Who will share with you your burdens
For the paltriest of guerdons,
And be ready in a moment for the next.

Then, O man, be not dejected!
Let your heart be re-directed
To the memory of far more happy things;
And 'mid long-forgotten thrillings
You will find that five poor shillings
Make the sorrow's crown of which the
poet sings.



"THE TALKING HORSES."

First Boer Horse. "I WONDER HOW MANY TIMES WE'VE BEEN CAPTURED!"

Second Boer Horse. "OH, CRUCK IT! I NEVER WAS ANY GOOD AT ARITHMETIC!"

[The interesting communication from Our Special Correspondent confirms the suspicion that many of the heavy captures of stock made by our troops have been allowed, through negligence, to fall again into the hands of the vigilant raiders."—*Evening Standard*, July 24.]

LATEST FROM PALL MALL
AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(Diary of a Secretary.)

Monday.—Member objected to the joint. Not enough gravy. Quite right. By the way, rather too hot for Paris.

Tuesday.—Another member said there was an imperfect supply of stationery in the Morning Room. Agree with him. Scotland is overrun with tourists.

Wednesday.—Member complains that the newspaper files are not kept up in the Library. Ireland just like Scotland.

Thursday.—Influential member of the Committee thinks that a new carpet would be just the thing for the Card Room. Agree with him. Must look up my Continental Bradshaw.

Friday.—At the meeting closure settled. Can get away at once.

Saturday.—Arrangements made with kindred establishments.

Sunday.—Off for my holiday! "Club closed for alterations and repairs."

SOME BANK HOLIDAY PLANS.

By VARIOUS DEVOTEES OF ST. LUBBROCK,
AND OTHERS.

(History does not say whether in every case they were rigidly fulfilled.)

L-rd S-l-sb-ry. Will study up the technical terms of the science of betting, especially the difference between giving and receiving "tips"; practise on HUGH or the head coachman at Hatfield, so as to be ready to "take" TW-DM-TH "on" next time.

B-sh-p of L-nd-n. Shall drive round the Park with a carriage-load of Hooligans, afterwards having tea together in Kensington Gardens, and a dip in the Serpentine.

Sir M. H-cks-B-ch. Will work out some "sums" with vulgar fractions of the Opposition, and the Integral Calculus as applied to the British Empire.

Lord Milner. Will take a long day's sightseeing in London after protracted absence, disguised so as to avoid well-meant but overpowering ovations; visit Hotel Cecil, Twopenny Tube, Kew Tram, Punch Office (as rebuilt), the Gaps in the Strand, Her Majesty's Theatre, and other new institutions and points of interest; also refresh memory of the Zoo, Athenæum, Tower of London, Crystal Palace, and Westminster Abbey; and forget there are such things as Boers, Pro-Boers, or return tickets.

E-r-l R-b-rts. Hooray! Shall have a day off from opening bazaars and giving away prizes.

Mr. Andr-w C-r-n-gie. Won't bang a sax-pence, not even a million for a whole twenty-four hours. This donating habit is beginning to grow upon me, and I shall find myself paying the War Bill next, if I don't look out.

A Little Englander. A grand opportunity for a nice quiet time wherein to produce an article denouncing "JOE" as the author of the Plague, the Boxer Massacres, the Belleville Boilers, the London Fog, Hydrophobia, Pauperism, German Bands, Italian Organ-grinders, Unpaid Bills, the "Englishwoman's L—," and all the other ills of Life.

An Editor of an Afternoon Paper. Shall spend the day in bed.

A Sensible Citizen. Will avoid railway stations, 'buses, theatres, Hampstead Heath, and popular resorts in general; stay at home, take tea with the missus, make the kids' acquaintance, clean the bicycles, fool around with a hammer and nails, and tidy up the garden.

His Better Half. Everybody being out of town, shall pay off all my duty calls.

Lord Avebury. Travel to Southend, Brighton, Margate, and Herne Bay in excursion trains, third class.

A. A. S.

OUR CLUB.

It is well known that the king can do no wrong. It is almost equally well known—at least, in clubs—that no House Committee can do anything right. Our House Committee is no exception to the rule.

For a long time there had been complaints of draughts upon our staircase. After considering these for months our

House Committee at last decided to put up a new swing door. They waited till the winter was over and till the chilly spring was well advanced, and then they began. For days and days we, the members, fell over recumbent workmen, bags of tools, and such things, in dark corners of the hall; the early morning brought sounds of hammering, and unexpected bangs disturbed the calm silence of the afternoon. At last the door was there, a seemingly inoffensive, glazed, swing door. Then it was at once discovered that the hinges had been put at the wrong side, with the result that members going in one direction walked into the fireplace, and in the other stumbled down the back stairs.

So the House Committee considered the whole thing once more, the recumbent

workmen, the bags of tools, the hammerings and the bangs came back again, and the door made its re-appearance with the hinges altered. Meanwhile the weather was gradually getting warmer, and the members forgot the draughts. We all said, of course, that the House Committee was wrong, and that the door should have been put up in August, when the Club is always closed and cleaned. But the House Committee, having started that door, devoted all their energy to the completion of it. By degrees it was painted; it was provided with handles and finger-plates, and, finally, a spring of

superhuman force having been affixed, it was completed. The great work of our House Committee, the masterpiece of those sublime intellects, was achieved.

Still we were not satisfied. By this time the weather had become so hot at intervals that we pined for draughts. We remembered the refreshing currents of air which had prevailed all the winter, and were now shut out by the pig-

tearing the tails off his coat. They had to pull him out of his garment, and he went to the lady in a friend's overcoat that didn't fit him.

After this we thought that door would be altered again, but it wasn't, and shortly after one of us let it go unexpectedly, for he had not the strength to hold it open, and it hit another member

on the head, raising such a bump that he could not wear a stiff hat for a fortnight.

Then timid members, especially after dark, got in the habit of going up the front staircase and coming down the back one, merely to avoid that door. One powerful member, fighting with it, had a new hat knocked off and utterly ruined. Another, a small, new member, was so battered about in his first attempt to get through that he has never come to our Club again.

At last our sufferings ended. The other day a member of the House Committee was caught by that door and his little finger was scratched. An extraordinary meeting of the House Committee was immediately summoned; they deliberated for nine hours and three-quarters, and then ordered up a bundle of firewood. One of them, incredibly



FATHER NEPTUNE'S BANK HOLIDAY.

A CHANCE FOR THE CHILDREN. AUGUST 5.

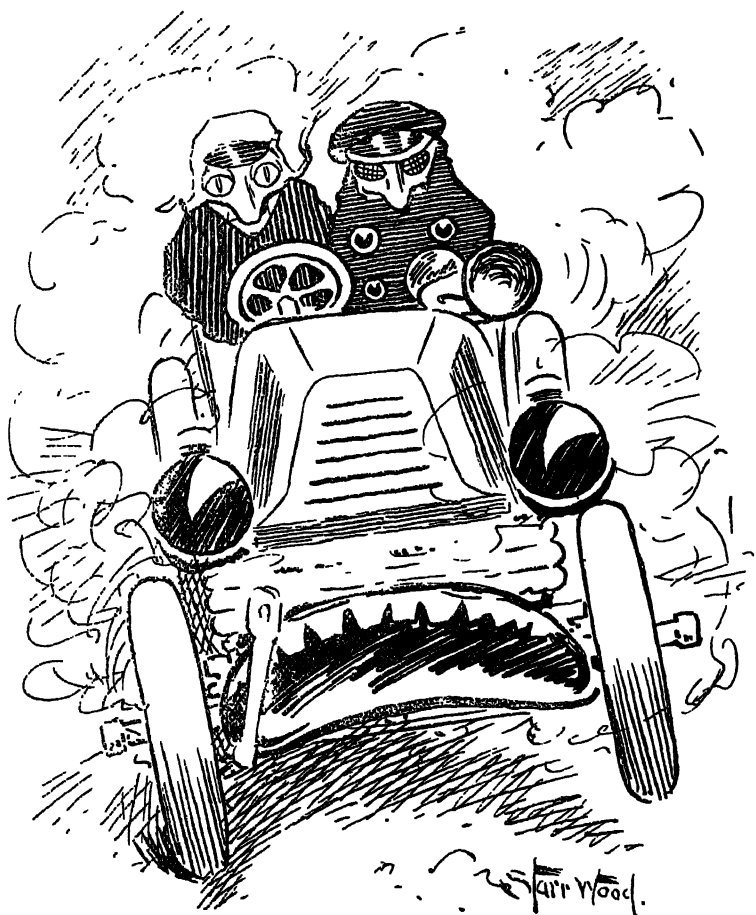
headed obstinacy of our House Committee.

But our sufferings did not end there, and our grumbings only began. The force of the spring on that door was so great that it needed three of the largest of us, or half-a-dozen small members, to hold the door open. One day TOMKINS rushed hastily out to welcome a lady visitor in the hall, and as he passed the demon door caught his coat and held him immovable. Members and waiters rushed to his assistance. They could not move his coat without opening the door, and they could not open the door without

reckless, tried to tackle the demon door single-handed. In the twinkling of an eye he was swept round a corner, flung down the back staircase, and picked up more dead than alive in the basement. Then the remainder of House Committee, flung themselves on the demon door and held it back, while a page-boy slipped a wedge of firewood underneath it.

Thus at last we were freed from that wooden tyrant, and it now stands, always open, helpless and forgotten. But the Club will have to pay for it all the same. So, you see, our House Committee is no better than any other.

H. D. B.



NO, THIS ISN'T A COLLECTION OF TUBERCULAR MICROBES ESCAPING FROM THE CONGRESS; BUT MERELY THE MONTGOMERY-SMITHS IN THEIR MOTOR-CAR, ENJOYING THE BEAUTIES OF THE COUNTRY.

DER SCHNELL-ZUG.

If you want to find a really slow train try the express of the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft from Innsbruck to Toblach in the Tyrol. The distance, according to the infallible *Baedeker*, is 90½ miles, and the journey takes five hours. A Spanish express could hardly beat this. Even the Imperial Royal Private Southrailway Company may not be able to run a train very fast uphill, though they have an engine to pull and another to push it up the Brenner Pass, but they might try a slightly greater speed on the level ground, and even if the express stopped at every station like a Spanish express, as it does, it need not stop long enough for the engine-driver to smoke several cigarettes, or the guard to drink a *Kaffee mit Obers* with the stationmaster. And this marvellous express, travelling at the astounding average speed of eighteen miles an hour, is so ingeniously arranged by the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft that it lands one at eight in the evening—that is, if it is only a quarter of an hour late—at the desolate station of Toblach, immediately

opposite a vast barrack, which is the hotel owned by the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft, one of the most uncomfortable and, considering its discomfort, one of the most expensive hotels one could possibly discover. To the north it commands a magnificent view of the railway station, with a grass slope beyond, to the south there is a hill immediately outside the windows.

In this dismal spot the unhappy traveller, caught in the clutches of the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft, must spend his time and his money, especially the latter, till the next morning, and patiently consume such tepid soup and other fragments as may remain from the *Abendessen* of the very numerous middle-class Austrians who are content to stay *en pension* in this huge shed. They are stated, and they appear, to be mostly Viennese financiers. Perhaps they prefer to be opposite a railway station in order to rush off at once to Vienna if there should be a rise or fall on the Bourse. Only, as the expresses of the Company would take about two days, at eighteen miles an hour, to

convey them there, they would probably arrive too late.

My fellow-traveller in this train was a courteous and amiable priest, who became very restless after about five hours, and paced up and down the little corridor. In the next compartment there was an officer, buttoned up in the extremely tight blue tunic of the Austrians, a tunic so tight that it suggests stays beneath it. Whenever the train stopped for an unusually long time, the priest sought out the officer and conversed with him. I imagine that he found some consolation in such forcible expressions as the soldier might apply to the K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft, but which a priest could not properly use. However, the officer got out before we reached Toblach, and the priest was going on to Trieste, with no one to speak out for him. He told me he expected to arrive at three o'clock in the morning. As that was a good many days ago, I hope his journey is ended by this time.

It must be admitted that travellers can avoid this express by taking an equally slow one at seven in the morning. Then they can also avoid the hotel. Here the crafty K.k. priv. Südbahn Gesellschaft again shows its ingenuity, for it knows that most people do not care to start at that unearthly hour. As for the slow trains of this Company, one never hears of them, and I am inclined to believe that none of them have ever reached their destination, so that no traveller has returned to tell what happened—*ce qui arriva*—but it certainly could not have been the train *qui arriva*.

GUESSES AT GOODWOOD.

THAT the gaiety of the past will be reserved for the future.

That many a house-party will be conspicuous by its absence.

That the frocks at Goodwood will have more colour than the gowns of Ascot.

That Petworth and Arundel will lack representatives.

That Cowdray Park, Castle Goring, and Burton Park will be pleasantly in evidence.

That cold *consommé* will figure in the *menu* of the luncheon parties.

That the Army will be remembered in connection with certain regimental coaches.

That there will be a few "good things" that will come off, and a "cert." or two that will cause disappointment and indignation.

That a Glass Jug may prove on the Thursday to be worth £2800.

That much gold may come to Brassey.

That if the Clerk of the Weather attends to his duty with proper courtesy, this meeting will be a delightful one.

That the remainder of the "guesses" will be supplied by the Brigade that hails from the Occidental side of the Atlantic.

PONS ASINORUM.

STRANGE game of esoteric charm,
 Bridge of a myriad sighs and curses,
 And harbinger of much alarm
 To all the world, from peers to nurses.
 Tennis and poker, golf and pool
 Are quite incompetent to meet you,
 Acknowledging your despot's rule—
 Unfathomable fad, I greet you!

Companion of the gambler's soul,
 Delight of various simple misses,
 From Audley Street you levy toll
 Unto Suburbia's dark abysses;
 To prey upon the upper ten
 You have not proved yourself contented,
 To "Rob Roy House" and "Fairy Glen"
 You've come and driven them demented!

But short, if sweet, shall be your day,
 Some newer game will be your ruin;
 Your season past, the world will play
 At "Plushtepkank," or "Mutual Bruin."
 And I shall smile to watch you, while
 You fall from Lady CLAUDIA'S graces,
 And slither down to lose the crown
 You wore in less exalted places.

ROUND THE BOOK SHOPS.

A suggested "Literary" Column for a
 Ladies' Paper.

["Lovers and buyers of books will be glad to know that at least one London publisher is ready and willing to offer facilities to the public for the inspection of new books. On receipt of a postcard he offers to furnish the address of any local bookseller where the books detailed in his catalogue may be inspected."—*Daily Paper*.]

At last the publishers are awake to the advisability of offering every facility to the public for a personal inspection of their new books. We claim a small share in this welcome innovation, for our readers know how vigorously we have advocated in these columns a careful examination of all books previous to purchase. I know of nothing more distressing to one's peace of mind than, after ordering a novel or a volume of verses from a catalogue, to receive a clumsy leatherette affair with an atrocious design executed in the most hideous colour imaginable. But, thanks to one or two leading publishers' foresight, such contingencies can be guarded against.

I spent yesterday morning in turning over Messrs. PRINT AND BIND'S summer stock. A little booklet of Essays (I forget the nature exactly) in a soft shade of crimson levant, especially took my fancy. The paper, of a delightful Indian transparency, yielded deliciously to the touch and made it quite a pleasure to turn over the leaves. The type was singularly clear and graceful, and that known to printers as "pica." Altogether a pleasing little book. The novels, I noticed, still cling to the elaborate designs, and I cannot confidently recommend any except a couple in a light



He. "I CAN ALMOST FANCY MYSELF AMONGST THE AFRICAN MOUNTAINS."

She. "AH! AND THERE IS THE ENEMY COMING IN THOSE BOATS; WHATEVER SHOULD WE DO IF IT WERE SO?"

He (dyspeptically). "OH! SEND 'EM TO OUR HOTEL, THAT WOULD PUT THEM OUT OF ACTION."

terra-cotta buckram, which had a cheerful and generally pleasing get-up. I forget what they were called and whom they were written by. *The Love-letters of a German Gardener*, that everyone is raving about, is bound in an unfortunate shade of sage-green, and should not be read by anyone with a pale complexion—at least, not in public. The cover is grotesquely ornamented with Japanese cabbages, which adds in no small degree to the great vogue which this horto-sentimental work has attained. Although, I must say, I cannot myself see how a great sale can be looked for while the paper continues to be of so inferior a quality. The time has gone by—and the astutest of publishers recognise the fact—when readers are satisfied with any kind of binding and get-up so long as the contents are genuinely good. But in these enlightened days what we look for and justly expect is as high a finish to our literary ornaments as to our tables and chairs.

Messrs. PAPERMASTERY'S stock includes an excellent series of summer novels, daintily habited in a thoughtful blue. There is an open-air freshness about them that cannot but make them exhilarating

companions. For such of our readers as affect a taste for pale pink, we can recommend *Queen of the Quorn*, and *Altruist or Idiot*? A word of praise must be accorded the latest novel by Mr. HUGO HUGHES. It is in automobile red and is printed with a nice, generous margin in a distinctly fetching American type. The "honey-pale" bookmarker inserted in *The Cabman and Corinna* is bound to secure for it a high place in the summer sales. When you look at PUFF AND BOOM'S holiday goods, don't fail to notice the little imitation shagreen bibelot. I must say the so-called Poems which these little masterpieces in the art of modern book-binding hold together are the feeblest nonsense I have come across for many a long day. But who reads Poetry nowadays? Anyhow, the ornamentation on the cover has been especially copied from a design of one of Queen ANNE'S pocket-handkerchiefs, and at least five duchesses have intimated their intention of having a copy about the house. I should not be surprised if this little sheaf of songs (what a pity they're so very twaddly) finds a prominent place in every boudoir in Britain. The binding is in every way excellent.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON have issued the second volume of *The Living Races of Mankind*, edited by Mr. H. N. HUTCHINSON, Mr. GREGORY, and Mr. LYDEKKER. It presents a popular account of the customs, habits, pursuits, feasts and ceremonies of the races of mankind throughout the world. It is marked by all the excellencies noted by my Baronite in review of the first volume. Whilst the letterpress is bright and informing, the illustrations, reproduced from photographs, are unique in range and striking in individuality. Sharper than a library of books do they bring home to us insulars the personality of our strange brothers and sisters throughout the wide world. By the way, on page 431 there is a photograph of a Tellemarken (Sweden) peasant for which Mr. GLADSTONE might have sat. In every detail of feature and contour we have revealed the familiar face.

Secret Chambers and Hiding Places, by ALLAN FEA (BOUSFIELD). This is a most interesting book; one, however, rather useful to the historian or historic novelist as one of reference than for the general reader, who, if on tiptoe of expectation for strange, wild, weird and exciting stories, would be proportionately disappointed. The author rarely goes into anything like details of the romantic and fearful facts, though with them he could have filled several volumes. The illustrations, too, are most interesting. The ingenuity that invented these hiding places was something marvellous, the chief inventor dying a martyr; and as he had passed his life in carefully secreting those persecuted for conscience' sake, so, during the supremacy of the unprincipled CECIL, he, true to his latest breath, died under barbarous torture, a "blessed martyr"—whether canonised or not this deponent cannot say—never breathing one syllable of all he knew. By "holes" of his devising a considerable number escaped, and, though not actual martyrs, they were henceforth reckoned as "hole-y men." Also, the author gives all too brief accounts of smugglers' caves and hiding places. There is a delightful chapter about Boscobel and CHARLES; and there is just such a taste given of the mystery of Glamis Castle as will make the least curious in such matters eager for more.

John Topp, *Pirate* (METHUEN), is a right down good story of the old-fashioned tuppenny-coloured type. That Mr. WEATHERBY CHESNEY has studied CHARLES KINGSLEY, and is familiar with the works of R. L. STEVENSON, is evident. But his work is none the worse, rather the better, for that. The scene is laid in the time and in the country of *Westward Ho!* The story is full of blood, thunder, fighting on deck and shore, with interstices filled in by graphic descriptions of the work of the Spanish Inquisition. It will prove a delight to boys big and little, and my Baronite, no longer in his teens, has read it with breathless interest.

"*Biographies—No. VII.*"—*His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII.*, by H. WHATES, author of *The Third Salisbury Administration* (H. J. DEANE, Salisbury House, Publishers). Ahem! Everything comes to him who Whates, and the chance has arrived of which Mr. WHATES has availed himself, and, on the whole, well and wisely. But—there are lots of "buts" in it—might it not have been done better and with more wisdom? The Baron is unaware what six biographies have preceded this of the Seventh EDWARD, His Most Gracious Majesty, nor within the range of his extensive knowledge does he remember having previously met with any specimens of these "Bijou Biographies." Reading the preface, after having perused the little volume, the Baron is informed thereby that "this little sketch will excite the disdain of the courtier and the surprise of the sycophant"; so leaving the courtier and the sycophant to discuss the matter between them, the Baron, with his hand upon his heart, is able to say that, having read the "Bijou Biography," he feels neither surprise nor disdain, and is, on the whole, about as well as could be expected. It is a handy

book of reference, and, of course, very interesting in the details of our King's early educational career, especially as Mr. Punch, ever thoughtful, ever kindly, and truly loyal, actually interfered for the young Prince's benefit, being fearful lest all work and very little play should have a bad effect on our future King. It is pleasant to think that Mr. Punch's well-timed advice was acted upon. Altogether, it is so interesting a little work that the author of it will not be remembered as "Heavy Whates," nor is any portion of it so frivolous as to suggest the idea of "Light Whates." No, the Baron fancies the well-balanced writing suggests "Exact Whates," while its occasional genial and harmonious tone suggests "Christmas Whates." THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE LOVESICK LOCOMOTIVE.

'Twas a dashing locomotive, and it thundered down the line
Ev'ry morning with a corridor express,—
Round a curve or through a tunnel,
Puffing smoke from out the funnel,
On and on,—a mile a minute more or less.
If the signals didn't stop it, it would cut the records fine,
And one day the pace was wonderful to see,
When another engine passed it,
And it realised at last it
Was in love,—about as badly as could be.

You would think a locomotive big and bluff, puff! puff!
Would be proof against all sentimental stuff, puff! puff!
I've a theory—though slender—
That, as part of it was "tender,"
It explains the funny conduct of the puff, puff, puff!

Now the other engine drew a humble goods train to and fro,
While the big express went past her ev'ry day,
With its driving wheels a-humming
When it saw that she was coming—
But between them was the horrid six-foot way.
Ev'ry now and then its whistle very loudly it would blow,
But the other took no notice,—not a bit;
So the poor express was troubled,
And it snorted and it bubbled,
For, as I remarked, it *was* so hardly hit.

And at last it really got into a huff, puff! puff!
For the treatment it received was rather rough, puff! puff!
And it thought, "I'll have revenge in
Some way suited to an engine,
I will not be made the plaything of a puff, puff, puff!

"I will get on closer terms with her!" that locomotive cried,
But it found that ev'ry effort seemed to fail;
So one day as it went gliding
Past the goods train in a siding,
It arranged affairs by running off the rail.
When two very heavy bodies rather suddenly collide,
Something happens, as you're probably aware;
And a locomotive suffers
From a bang upon the buffers,
And a subsequent explosion in the air.

Now to ev'ry man the moral's plain enough, puff! puff!
Keep your distance, or you'll meet with a rebuff, puff! puff!
And, of course, you never know, Sir,
When you get a little closer,
Why, you may be disillusioned like that puff, puff, puff!

P. G.

CIVIL SERVICE.—"G. P. O. Examination for Male Sorters." The Exam. to consist of questions of "all sorts." The result will show what sorter person the candidate is.



Bernard Partridge.

DOUBLE ENTENTE CORDIALE.

French Mathurin. "TIENS, MON AMI ' SO YOU HAVE NOW A NAVAL WAR ALSO? "

British Tar. "OH, BUT THAT'S ONLY AGAINST OURSELVES!

F. M. (politely). "AH! HOW FORTUNATE!"

B. T. (aside). "'ULLO! 'AS 'E BEEN READIN' ABOUT THE BOILERS? "

PALMISTRY TRIUMPHANT.

(Fragment from a Town Romance.)

THE enquirer was a little anxious as he placed his open hand before the earnest gaze of the soothsayer.

"You are a man of the utmost ability."

The enquirer seemed satisfied.

"You have the organising power of a KITCHENER and the dash of a BADEN-POWELL."

Again the enquirer smiled.

"You have the tact of a TALLEYRAND, the courage of a BUONAPARTE, the poetry of a SHAKESPEARE, and the sense of colour of a RUBENS, a VANDYKE and a GAINSBOROUGH."

"Quite true," murmured the enquirer.

"You could, had you wished it, have taken a Double First at Oxford or become a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge."

The enquirer bowed acquiescence.

"I can see from your garb you are not the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from my knowledge of the lineaments of the distinguished personages I am about to mention I am sure you are neither the Premier, the Lord Chancellor, nor the Commander-in-Chief."

"You are right," replied the enquirer.

"You occupy a position of greater importance, if I am not mistaken, than either of the situations I have specified."

"Again you are correct," returned the enquirer, "I have the honour to fill the post of Senior Superintendent of the Imperial Universal General Dry Goods and Provision Stores, Limited."

And with mutual expressions of respect and admiration, the soothsayer and enquirer separated.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

[In the opinion of a Frenchman who has spent a year at Oxford, the undergraduate is rude and ignorant, and the professors hardly to be regarded as distinguished men.]

Chorus of Professors and Students.

'Tis beneficial, say the wise,
When, by a neighbour's charity,
We see through other people's eyes
Our own peculiarity.

But though a tonic, you'll agree
The shock is an unpleasant one,
Should these same people's verdict be
So nasty as the present one.

Strophe of Professors.

Of course, the Frenchman's right enough
About the undergrads.,
Their manners often are the rough,
Uncultured ways of cads;
They racket round about the quad.,
They whistle, shout and sing,
They even have been seen to nod
When we are lecturing.
Their ignorance is dark as night,
Their prose is barbarous;
So far, indeed, the Frenchman's right—
It's when he speaks of us!



Lady (solemnly). "WHEN YOU SEE A BOY ALWAYS LOAFING ROUND STREET CORNERS, WHAT PLACE IN LIFE DO YOU SUPPOSE HE IS FITTING HIMSELF FOR!"
Boy. "TO BE A POLICEMAN, MUM!"

Absurd! As if the fellow knew—
He writes himself a sham
When criticising us—ne su-
tor supra crepidam!

Antistrophe of Students.

What! Not distinguished, Froggy?
Those
Whose everlasting doom
Is hearing one another prose
Each night in Common Room?
Distinguished! Not these dull old dons
Who give us lectures dry
On Euclid, *Asinorum pons*,
And functions x and y ?
Who drone by morning, noon, and night
Of HOMER, ÆSCHYLUS?—

By Jove! old Froggy, you are right—
It's when you talk of us!
Why, then you show us how a brain
Not altogether bad
May be on some points fairly sane,
On others, raving mad.

Chorus of Professors and Students.

But, after all, what matter how
A Frenchman, cross and moody, sees?
Another question rises now,
Quis judicabit judices?
The Frenchman's clearly blind, and
more—
We will not care a bit for him;
His vulgar lies we will ignore—
The only treatment fit for him.

P. P. S.

["You have permitted Cape Colony to be ravaged and my property destroyed by a set of murderers, thieves and incendiaries, when you might easily have prevented it by hanging a few of these criminal lunatics who rebelled when all chance of success was hopeless."—*Extract from the last letter signed "P. S." in the Morning Post.*]

SOME weeks ago I gave my mind
(In *Punch*) to trying hard to guess
Who writes the letters that are signed
"P. S."

I searched directories day and night,
And every Blue-book I possess,
For men whom these initials might
Express.

But though I followed every trail,
I had to own that no success
Had crowned my efforts to unveil
"P. S."

So when the other day I hit
Upon a letter to the Press
Full of the old familiar bit-
terness,

And recognised the trenchant style,
The fierce invective, I confess
I murmured, with a happy smile,
"P. S.!"

"Will this," I cried, "reveal to me
The secret of our friend's address?"
I read it through, and joyfully
Said, "Yes!"

The Cape invaders have destroyed
His house, and made a beastly mess,
And this has very much annoyed
"P. S."

In this a shadowy hint he gives
Of where to find him, more or less,
The colony where lived (or lives?)
"P. S."

But hints like this don't take one far,
And so I cry in my distress,
"Do tell me who you really are,
"P. S.!"

GLADSHAW'S HOLIDAY.

(A Suggestion to Husbands.)

"I've made all arrangements for you and the children to start to-morrow," said GLADSHAW. "The 'bus will be here, early; and you will reach Blowgate-on-Sea in time for a good midday meal."

"How thoughtful of you, dear.—TOMMY, if you do that again you shall go to bed. . . . I don't care whether it's your fault or ADA'S. . . . You shall both go to bed.—And, GEOFFREY, you'll come down at the week end—?"

"No, dear, certainly not, quite impossible," said GLADSHAW, firmly. "This holiday is for you and the children—"

"But what of you—?"

GLADSHAW rose quietly and put a bundle of journals into his wife's hands. "These are comic papers, JANE. Look through them carefully, and then ask

yourself whether you wish to see your husband filling the part of one of these wretched idiots. Ah! I see you smiling. Well, so far I have your respect. But if I come down to Blowgate with you and the children, then you will turn from me as the imbecile seaside-lodging beach-crazed husband of the confounded comic cut. No, I'll stay at home."

* * * * *
GLADSHAW kept his word, and stayed in London all through August. He might have gone out on his own account with a bachelor friend to Ostend or Boulogne, or even Paris, for a day or so. Indeed, more than once he was on the point of doing so, and then remembered in time that this would only pander to the comic paper. He recollected with disgust various "cuts" rejoicing in some such title as "Hubby enjoys himself." And so GLADSHAW remained at home.

But there was one thing which he dreaded. He did not care to be out of it when "holiday experiences" cropped up at the club. And so every evening for a week he locked himself in his study and worried *Baedeker*.

* * * * *
"What sort of holiday?" asked BROWN. "I suppose you were with the wife and kids, eh?"

"Oh, no!" said GLADSHAW, airily. "Fact is, I had a fancy for the Norwegian fjords. There's scenery for you, BROWN. Why, from," etc., etc.

"What a memory for places you have," interjected BROWN, admiringly. "Gad! wish I'd had such a holiday!" A. R.

POLITICIANS AT PLAY.

By an Enlightened Member.

["Gentlemen in the House of Commons seem to fancy that the public take them seriously. It is more true than they think that the House of Commons is losing the respect of the country."—*The Times*, July 23.]

THERE'S nothing so nice that I know of
As a day in the House free from worrying,
Amid a perpetual flow of
Grave gentlemen in and out hurrying
Where pale politicians are prattling,
'Tis very amusing to hear 'em,
In voluble verbiage battling,
And don't they flush up when you jeer 'em.

(Chorus—briskly after the first word.)

But—what does it matter—
The chaffing and chatter—
So long as the thing doesn't weary us?
It adds to our pleasure
To throw out a measure
For no one imagines we're serious.

'Tis mildly amusing, I will say—
Though carried too far it is irksome—
To toy with a Factory Bill, say,
Though many a gentleman shirks 'em;
To languidly listen to speeches,
And vent an occasional "hear! hear!"

When somebody calmly beseeches
Support on a motion for Pure Beer.

(Chorus.)

But—what does it matter?
We chaff and we chatter
On Factory Bills and the Beer-y fuss;
We cut 'em all short
By a clever retort,
For no one imagines we're serious.

We juggle with figures statistic,
But always with good-humoured jollity;
It makes life far less realistic
Does an innocent touch of frivolity,
While it adds to the charm of debating;
And we deluge with questionings
numerous
The Member who starts legislating,
For this in itself is so humorous.

(Chorus.)

And—what does it matter?
'Tis innocent chatter
And, taken all round, doesn't weary us.
For life in the lobby
Is merely a hobby,
And no one imagines it's serious.
W. H. M.

TO MEMORY DEAR.

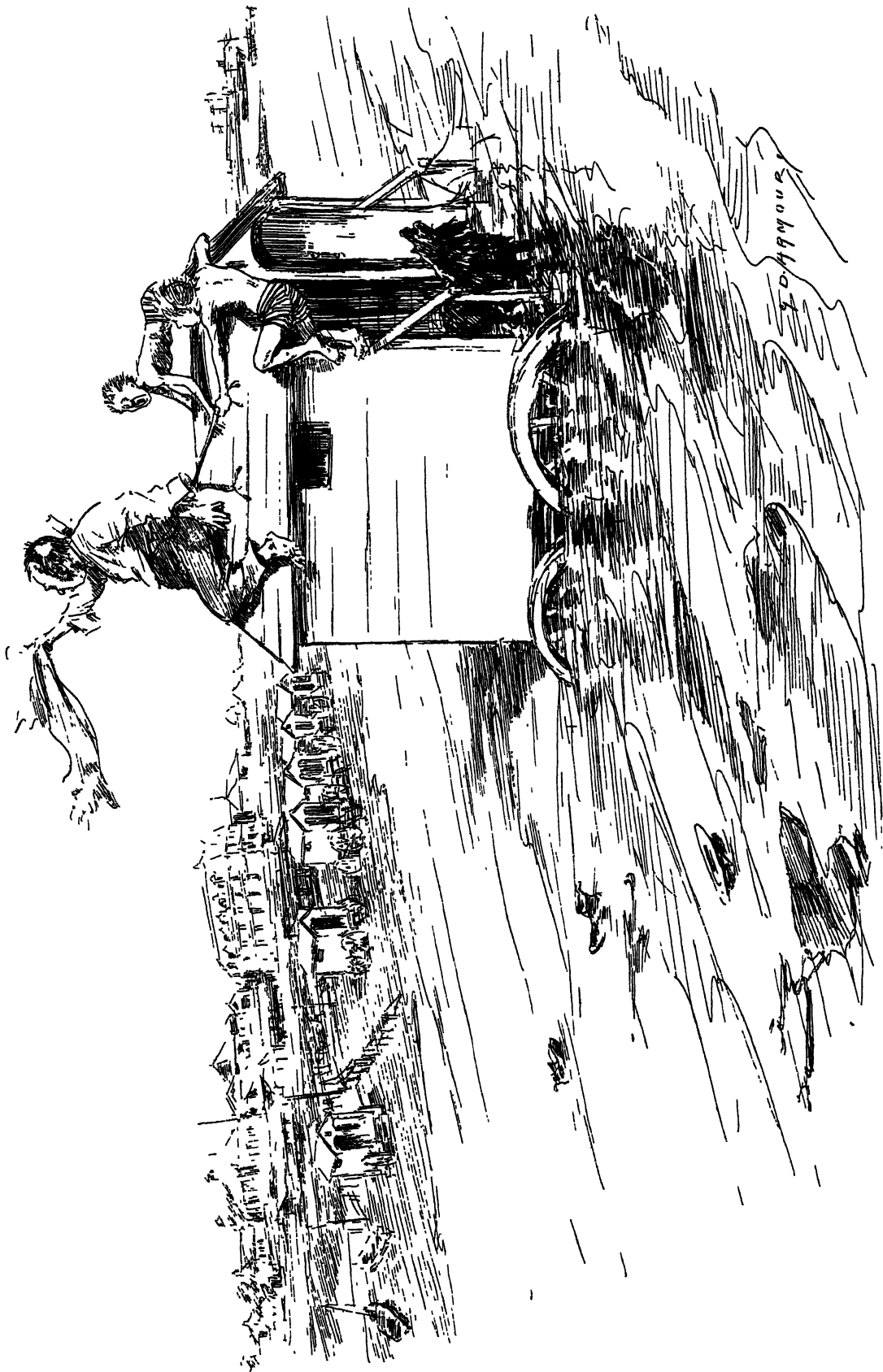
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that people are thinking of leaving London for the Coast, it may be as well to get out a hotel tariff not to be exceeded by any manager entrusted with the care of a caravanserai in any district, however fashionable it may be. If the following items are made maximum charges everywhere, a great deal of unnecessary and unpleasant correspondence to the papers concerning extortion will be avoided.

	£	s.	d.
Bedroom overlooking a dead wall	0	15	0
Attendance per person	-	0	5
Electric lights and candles per day	-	0	4
Cup of tea	-	0	1
Cup of tea with three slices of bread and butter	-	0	2
Use of the reading and smoking rooms	-	0	2
Table d'hôte breakfast (tea and eggs)	-	0	5
Table d'hôte lunch (sardines, soup and chop)	-	0	7
Table d'hôte dinner (soup and three courses)	-	0	15
Soda and brandy	-	0	2
Speaking to the hall porter	-	0	5
Other tips (not less than)	-	1	0

There, nothing could be fairer. I have left any calculation concerning laundry prices out of my estimate, because such charges vary with the locality. Still, I think it safe to say that except in ultra expensive hotels you will never be asked to pay more than half-a-crown for the washing of a pair of socks.

Yours faithfully,

A CONTENTED TOURIST.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

"A NICE TIME TO BATHE IS IN THE EARLY MORNING, BEFORE ANYONE IS UP. JUST PUSH A BOX DOWN, AND THERE YOU ARE!"

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VII.—THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME SECTION.

(Continued from July.)

(With the Author's compliments to Mr. Henry Harland, begging him, as soon as may be, to publish another novel as charming as "The Cardinal's Snuff-box.")

JULY 18TH TO 21ST.—For the garden of a *châlet*, picked up on the word of a bailiff's advertisement, with never an asterisk in BAEDERER to guarantee the *Aussicht*, it was not so bad a spot to drink beer in under a July sun, very aperitive to the pores.

At PETER's feet swept the Rhine in a swirling rush of molten lead, gathering speed, compressing its flanks, for the rapids below Lauffenburg. Across the river, beyond the feathery slopes of the castle-grounds, the forest uplands of Baden stretched, ridge above ridge of pine, oak, larch, northwards to the bastioned heights of Menzenschwand, vague, symbolic, impalpable on the horizon's verge.

A schoolboy memory of the Muse beat importunate on his brain. "Positively," he thought, "what with the river, the lawns, the pines, and a fair substitute for topmost Gargarus, the scene might be sitting for a photogravure illustration of *Œnone*. Not, of course, a perfect analogy. Thus, the Rhine at this stage is somewhat bulky for the exercise of 'falling through the clov'n ravine in cataract after cataract—'"

But he had only got as far as the second cataract, when—"You find the view a touch too chromographic?" The voice was female, but of a fine distinction, but of a full, rich, contralto resonance, to rival the roar of the intervening flood.

Involuntarily PETER rose and bowed to the opposite bank. A lovely phantom met his glance, clear-cut, crisp-edged, dazzling white against the peacock-green of her environment. For a brief minute, crowded with dim recognition, incredulity, triumphant assurance, PETER was beside himself, and neither of him could find an answer to the lady's preamble. Oh, but with good excuse, for was not this her first word with PETER? Thus far, he had only seen her in public at varying distances, had had no speech of her, had just surmised her enough to make her the heroine of his novel.

"You find it somewhat arranged, crude, obvious?" she asked in English; oh, yes, in quite good English.

"On the contrary, I had pronounced it a Tennysonian harmony." PETER spoke with an outward *aplomb*; but his heart was beating just anywhere between his boots and his Homburg hat.

"Ah, yes," she said, "you allude to *Œnone*. An admirable classic." Her manner, as if inured to dialectic, might have confessed her a Girtonian, but for a something, an I-know-not-what of banter in her left eyelid, scarce perceptible across the estranging river.

"I admit the analogy to be imperfect," replied PETER.

"By the way," she said, "I hope that the *châlet* answers fairly to the terms of my advertisement; that you don't think the photographs were cooked." Again, the slight depression of the azure-veined left lid. Then, with a valedictory bow and in the easiest possible manner—"Please let me know if the drains go wrong. Good evening."

"An adorable creature," he reflected, as the crisp-edged vision of whiteness vanished up the lawns. "What a nerve, what intuition, what femininity!"

22ND, 23RD.—"Will the High-born have yet another beer?" It was the Swiss maid, waisted like a young cedar, stolidly flamboyant in her local finery.

"GRETCHEN," answered PETER, abstractedly in English, "to cite the words of our late immortal laureate, on whom we

have already touched allusively, 'the truth, that flies the flowing can, will haunt the vacant cup.' At present I shrink from truth; I would soar on the pinions of Phaethonian presumption. You do not chance to keep any hashish on the premises?"

"Bitte, mein Herr?"

"Ja wohl, noch ein Glas Bier. And, GRETCHEN," he continued in the vernacular, "tell me who lives opposite."

"The noblest Sir does not know? It is Her Serene Widowhood, the HERZOGIN VON BASEL-BASEL."

"Her Widowhood!" murmured PETER, greatly relieved.

"Her Serene Widowhood," GRETCHEN corrected.

"Implying a superiority to the need of consolation?" asked PETER.

"Bitte?"

"Yes, yes, more beer, GRETCHEN; do not hesitate to bring me more beer."

* * * * *

24TH, 25TH.—Ten days later PETER sat in the garden trying vainly to make copy out of his despair. Behind him swept the Rhine in a swirling rush of molten lead, gathering speed, compressing its flanks, for the narrows below the village. An agitated dachshund was tracking water-vermin with plaintive whines.

"Is the dog attached to you?" The voice was female, but of a fine distinction, of a rich, ripe, contralto resonance, transilient across the roar of the river.

PETER started to his feet. His heart was still volatile; but this time he was more prepared, composed, alert. "In the absence of other diversions, he consents to be aware of my propinquity," he replied. "But for the moment he is preying upon his fellow-brute."

"An illustration of the universal law of Nature?" she asked, with an air of serious detachment. But there was a something, an I-really-hardly-know-what of badinage in her smile.

"So careful of the type, so careless of the single life," replied PETER. Loverlike, he was eager to improve the occasion, to expand himself in the profundities of dogma.

"Have you observed," he continued, "that in this incessant war of pursuer and pursued, the nobler the nature of the animal the greater the modification he undergoes by his ignoble employ. The rat himself pursues a yet inferior class of vermin, and in the process becomes but negligibly deformed. The dachshund, on the other hand, degenerates into a mere abortion, a caricature of a dog. Is not here a premonitory warning for the highest form of Nature—I refer to Humanity?"

"Oh," she said, "you are much, much too clever for me. But I am nothing if not a child of Nature; so I shall harden my heart and go on 'still achieving, still pursuing.' Some people like being pursued, is it not so?" And on the word she had withdrawn before PETER's density could compose a pertinent retort.

"What a nerve," he mused, "what intuition, what *Weiblichkeit*!"

* * * * *

28TH TO 31ST.—The first touch of autumn was on the valley, as PETER crossed the castle-lawns to take his last leave of the Herzogin. Her creed he might have contrived to adopt, but there was no getting over this eternal offence of her title and her wealth. The lady was above him and away. It was the old tale of Queen KATH of Cornaro and the page-boy, that "pined for the grace of her so far above his power of doing good to."

As for the view, its general features were practically unchanged. Beyond the feathery slopes of the castle-grounds the great forest uplands of Baden stretched, ridge above ridge of pine, larch, oak, northwards to the bastioned heights, &c. A schoolboy memory of the Muse beat importunate upon his brain. "Positively," he thought, "what with the river, the

lawns, the pines, and the best of substitutes for topmost Gargarus" (repeat, as above, down to the words, "cataract after cataract")—

But he had only got as far as the second "cataract," when—

"You find the view a touch too chromographic?"

PETER started and bowed to a gracious phantom of whiteness, crisp-cut, clean-edged, on a rustic seat. His heart was beating just anywhere between his boots and his Homburg hat. Oh, but with good excuse, for PETER was in love, but very very much in love.

"You find it somewhat arranged, crude, obvious?" she asked.

"On the contrary I had pronounced it a Tennysonian harmony."

"Ah, yes," she said, "you allude to *Ænone*. An admirable classic." Her manner, as if inured to dialectic, might have confessed her a Girtonian. But there was a something, &c.

"I admit the analogy to be imperfect," replied PETER.

"Your dog is still attached to you?" She pointed with quick spontaneity to the agitated dachshund pursuing imaginary game in the shrubbery.

"In the absence of other diversions, yes. But for the moment he preys upon his fellow-brute."

"An illustration of the universal law of Nature? No, please," she added, as PETER was in act to take up his cue; "I cannot bear any more of it. Let us try a new conversation. What are you carrying there?"

"I am restoring to the Bishop his latch-key. He dropped it," said PETER, sheepishly.

"Not again!" she said; "how unoriginal of him! By-the-by, is your new novel finished?"

"My new novel!" he cried, aghast. "Who told you that I write novels?"

"But you must have known that I knew. No author ever hid his profession under a bushel for a week together. And, being an author on a holiday, you would never think of missing such a chance of copy. What are you going to call this account of your latest experiences?"

"I am calling it *The Bishop's Latch-key*," said PETER, sheepishly. "It sounds so alluring. That's why I keep carrying the thing about. I have to drag it into the picture somehow."

"I think, out of courtesy, you might give up that title, and call the book after me. I must be more important than the latch-key. But I'm afraid the *Indiscretion of the Duchess* has been used already." There was a something in her manner—could it have been the very least little depression of the azure-veined left lid?—that suddenly emboldened PETER. For the time being she lent him her eyes, to see things by as she saw them.



Lady (who has just collided with cyclist). "GET DOWN, JOHN, QUICKLY, AND TAKE HIS NAME AND ADDRESS. I'M SURE HE HAS KNOCKED SOME PAINT OFF MY NEW CART!"

"Certainly," he replied; "I will drop my title and take your name instead, on the understanding that you, for your part—"

"That I, for my part, drop my title and take your name instead?" she asked, with a very pleasant frankness.

"Precisely," he said.

"Oh, very well," said she. O. S.

THEN AND NOW.

Time was to Scotland I would go,
When hot July to August drew;
I loved to stalk the timid roe
Upon the heights of Ben Venue.
To crawl from rock to rock, to plough
Through bog and swamp was once my wont,
I loved it then intensely. Now
I don't.

Time was I loved my fly to cast
Upon the waters of the Tay,

And, heedless of the rainy blast,
To wade waist deep the livelong day.
That now would make me chill and numb—
'Tis not that I am growing old,
'Tis that the water has become
So cold.

When o'er the land the breeze blow hot,
I loved to skim the dancing seas,
And in my little white-winged yacht
To coast the stormy Hebrides.
To watch the penny steamboats now
Upon the Thames is quite enough;
The sea has lately grown, somehow,
So rough.

Time was I tramped, with rod and gun,
Mile after mile for fish and fowl,
Rising before the sluggard sun,
And bedding with the midnight owl.
This year, methinks, another way
Of change and rest I'll try instead;
I'll take a holiday and stay
In bed.



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

Subaltern. "RE-TIRE! RE-TIRE! CONFOUND THOSE FELLOWS!"

Corporal. "'TAINT ANY USE SIGNALLING TO *THEM*, SIR. *THEY'RE* GOIN' TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE, AN' GET TOOK PRISONERS COMFORTABLE. AN' THEY HAIN'T NO BAD JUDGE NEITHER!"

THE COMPLETE AUTHOR.

If you want to be an author and to take the world by storm, Pay attention whilst I mention rules to which you must conform; First, of course, you want a heroine—it doesn't matter who—Plain or pretty, dull or witty, ignoramus or a blue, Young or middle-aged or ancient, it is really all the same, Provided you've decided that *Elizabeth*'s her name.

You must have a little garden, you must babble by the hour, Of the lilies, daffodillies, hollyhock and gilly-flower; Or when vegetables bore you, and you're anxious to relieve The monotony of botany, you may perhaps achieve A digression on the slugs and snails that eat your pet rose-trees, Or the habits of the rabbits, or the squirrels or the bees.

Next, whatever the temptation to behold your name in print, It is vital that the title-page should have no author in 't; What were JUNIUS himself if his identity were known? Who would trouble with a bubble that is burst before it's blown?

How can books without a mystery expect to make a fuss? People grovel to a novel if it is anonymous.

As for form, you must consider what the reading-world expects, And epistles are the thistles that the public ass affects; So abolish old-world chapters, and at each new section's head You had better write your "Letter Number So-and-So" instead; And you'll quite eclipse the fame of many literary men, For you're fated to be rated as a man of letters then.

Nor forget to tell creation what a genius you are; Set each daily singing gaily of the newly-risen star,

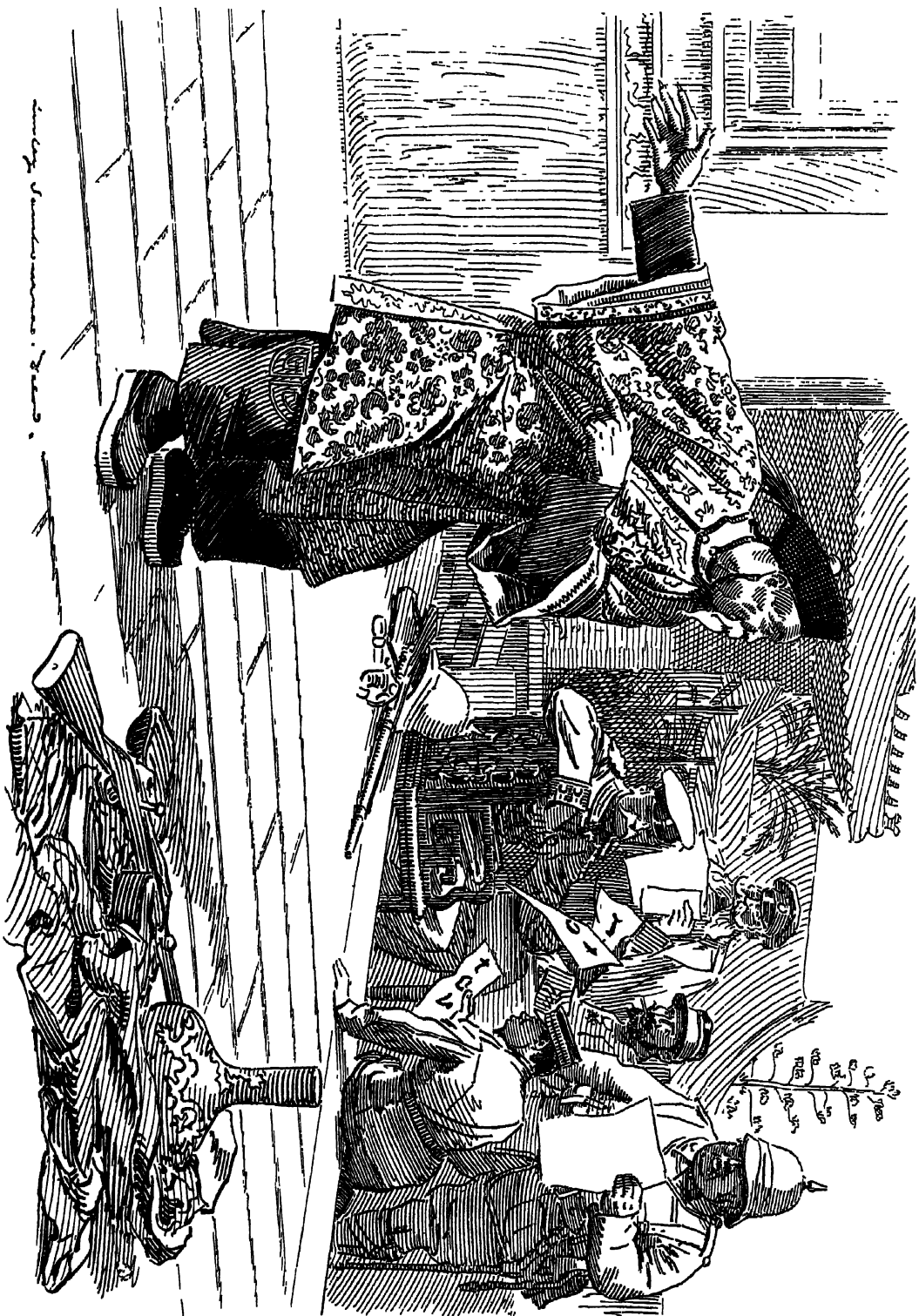
Every page of every paper where a mortal eye may look Thus adorning with, "Good-morning! Have you read *Beth's Garden Book?*"

And assure them it's essential they should have it on their shelves—

They might never be so clever as to learn the fact themselves.

OPERA AND AFTER.

THE Opera Season for 1901 is over. Notable for *JEAN DE RESZKE's* conspicuous absence. On the whole, the Opera Line has been run on the "high level." Wagnerites have not by any means had it all to themselves. *MADAME EAMES* is to be congratulated on improvement as an actress and on there being no improvement wanted in her singing. *MELBA* is as charming as ever: perhaps the riverside in this hot weather has had a refreshing effect, and so she must consider *Father Thames* as her contributory. *CALVÉ* always admirable, and far too powerful in *Messaline*, has been excellent throughout, except when appearing as the willing victim of the unhappy *Faust*, and then—well, personally, I could have wished that no Mephistophelian manager had ever tempted her to play and sing the part. *Grand Otello-Tamagno* first-rate, so Herr *VAN ROOY*: *Jupiter Pluçon* incomparable in everything, be he ascetic monk, unprincipled *roué*, or devotedly pious king. All is artistic that comes to his net. The three conductors, Signor *MANCINELLI*, Herr *LOHSE*, and Monsieur *FLON*, one down, t'other come up, have, bâton in hand, led their men to victory. Opera finished, Messrs. *FRANK RENDLE* and Manager *NEIL FORSYTH* take possession of the Opera House, and commence preparations for the annual Goose step, with plenty of caper sauce, characteristic of the Fancy Dress Ball Season. *Sic transit: si dance-it.*



PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW!

LY HING CHANG (at the Open Door). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU MUST BE GOING—MY MASTER WILL BE SO SORRY TO HAVE MISSED YOU—YOU HAVE ALL GOT YOUR I.O.U.'S!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 29.—MARKISS moves second reading of Royal Titles Bill. ROSEBERRY suggests that instead of the cumbersome clause, "Of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King," EDWARD THE SEVENTH should be hailed, King of the Britains beyond the Seas. The MARKISS thought not. Phrase he held to be strange, even uncouth.

Why uncouth the MARKISS only knows. If hypercriticism wanted to quarrel with it it might be urged that it is an echo of one of the musical lines in TENNYSON'S welcome to our present Queen when she first came over the sea.

There was, the MARKISS further urged, no precedent for the phrase. "If the noble Marquis," said ROSEBERRY, "will consult the small change in his pocket he will find on its face the words 'Britanniarum Regina.'"

Pretty to see the shrewd look that came over the MARKISS'S expressive countenance; the slightly screwed lip, the curled nostril, almost a wink. Had read somewhere about the Confidence Trick; only vaguest idea of what it is; certain that someone you meet in the street asks you to produce a coin, or a larger sum of money. You comply, and by some hocus pocus the coin is transferred to the other man's pocket, and you go your way lamenting.

ROSEBERRY has just that innocent, boyish face that would be invaluable in such an enterprise. Of late, owing doubtless to the succession of dinners eaten at distinct points of the compass by the Party he once led, he is developing the *embon-point* that marks the genial man accustomed to do good deeds. Anyone he chanced to meet in the street to whom he made proposition to produce a fiver and lay it in his outstretched hand, promising a tanner for the mark of personal confidence, would instantly produce the money—that is, of course, if he had it about him.

The MARKISS too old a bird to be caught by appearances. He stared straight ahead of him, and, heedless of ROSEBERRY'S insinuating invitation, kept his coin safe in his pocket.

Business done.—Royal Titles Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Tuesday 2 A.M.—"Begorra, the young 'un's done us!"

'Twas the voice of Mr. FLAVIN; he had good cause to complain. When, early in Session, a tyrannical Minister, backed by an unscrupulous majority, passed Standing Order authorising expulsion for remainder of Session of Members guilty of disorderly conduct, it was felt a new and deadly injustice had been wrought to Ireland. Heretofore an Irish Member might have his fling and obtain bold advertisement in



Genial Doctor (after laughing heartily at a joke of his patient's). "HA! HA! HA! THERE'S NOT MUCH THE MATTER WITH YOU! THOUGH I DO BELIEVE THAT IF YOU WERE ON YOUR DEATH-BED YOU'D MAKE A JOKE!"

Irrepressible Patient. "WHY, OF COURSE I SHOULD. IT WOULD BE MY LAST CHANCE!"

the Nationalist papers at the cost of a week's suspension. As in such circumstances WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S sordid injunction stopping wages during absence from Parliamentary duties did not apply, it meant in addition to glory a week's holiday on full pay. A very different thing to be expelled for rest of Session from House, with all its comfortable surroundings, its daily opportunity of getting your name in the newspapers. The game not worth so costly a candle.

Accordingly Irish Members, practising truculence as far as was safe, always stopped short when limit of SPEAKER'S supernal patience was reached. Their turn would come by-and-by when, end of Session practically determined, they could calculate to a nicety how much their advertisement would cost; a fortnight, ten days, or a week, according as they selected their day for bearding the SPEAKER in his chair. Will all take their turn in time. Obviously the chiefest distinction, the biggest advertisement, goes to the Member who leads off. By repetition performance palls on public taste. With four-score men, in small or

large batches, going through the same noisy antics, followed by same disciplinary procedure, thing becomes a bore. The honours are with the man who opens the ball.

Time running short now. Little more than a fortnight of Session remaining. Strange restlessness pervades Irish camp. Members look at each other suspiciously. SWIFT MACNEIL up at Question time, waving his arms in windmill fashion, regarded with especial concern. Does he mean business this time? Is he going to sneak a mean advantage? Relief when he sits down breathless. Anxiety renewed when Mr. FLAVIN lifts his tall head and like a trombone shouts. O'SHAUGHNESSY on his legs, watched with uneasiness. DUFFY'S movements of late decidedly suspicious.

To-night, the dangerous morass of Questions escaped, everything seemed safe. House proceeds to consider Agricultural Rates Act. In that galley, at least, Irishmen nothing to do. Long procession of dull speeches carried House up to half hour after midnight. WALTON rose; House shouted in despair; pre-

sumably going to state bearings of Question on course of Yang-tse River; wouldn't have him at any price. Then it was REDMOND *cadet* saw his chance; got himself suspended. PATRICK O'BRIEN, wearing in his countenance the green of envy, made a dash at his coat-tails; succeeded in getting himself carried off with him.

This happened whilst Mr. FLAVIN was walking on the Terrace communing with the stars. At sound of Division Bell, strolled upstairs to find himself locked out; to learn that, as he put it, "the young 'un had done them."

Business done.—REDMOND *cadet* and PATRICK O'BRIEN got themselves expelled. Incidentally, Agricultural Rates Act Continuance Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—Brotherly relations in Irish camp growing strained. If things go on as they now shape the Nationalists will be even as the Liberal Opposition. Ominous talk of a dinner to be given to REDMOND *cadet* at the "Shamrock" Restaurant; threats that if invitation be accepted, Mr. FLAVIN shall be banqueted at the "Harp-that-Once." The principal guests have promptly intimated their readiness to attend; which seems to have thrown a cloud over the proceedings. Anyhow, not yet gone further.

Meanwhile, Mr. O'SHEE, of all men, has managed to take the wind out of the sails of other mariners bound for the haven and the honour of expulsion. REDMOND *ainé*, who bears up pretty well under his bereavement, asked PRINCE ARTHUR to oblige Irish Members by setting aside public business in order to give them a day on which they might make personal attack on Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in his judicial capacity. PRINCE ARTHUR thought, on the whole, he would rather not. REDMOND *ainé* righteously indignant. What's the use of the House of Commons if, safe in its sanctuary from the law of libel, hon. members may not slander private foes and vilify public servants?

Above the hubbub that followed was heard the shrill voice of Mr. O'SHEE denouncing "judicial blackguardism." Time was when for peace sake, in generous hope that manners might improve, the Chair would have been discreetly deaf to this remark. The SPEAKER at length convinced it's no use playing with organised disorder which through the Session has bubbled in the Irish camp. Down on O'SHEE like a shot; insisted on withdrawal of offensive remark. O'SHEE, flustered by this unwonted firmness, hesitated; turned for counsel to friends near him. They, carried away by excitement of moment, forgetful of his personal advantage, urged him on. So O'SHEE defied the SPEAKER, was promptly suspended, and went forth to join the growing army of martyrs already on holiday leave.

Business done.—Education Bill read a third time.

MUSIC HATH —

THERE'S a lady I know
(To my grief and my woe,

For she lives in the very next flat down below,

And flats are not proof against sound, as you know)

Whose joy is to play

The piano all day,

And to lift up her pitiful voice in a way
That frightens my poor little Muse into fits,

And drives her demoted, clean out of her wits,

And me into words I'm unable to smother,
Though they'd certainly shock me if used by another.

C! C!

So hammers she

While she loudly gives voice to a very flat B

To which I reply with a very sharp D.

A! A!

Next she will play,

While her voice is at B or still further away;

And the greater the discords that come from her throat

The louder she bangs the unfortunate note,

Till my poor little Muse claps her hands to her ears

And flies from my flat in a torrent of tears.

When her throat has got sore

And can quaver no more,

She sends for the tuner, and almost before
The neat little mannikin gets to the door

I hear her complain

In a much aggrieved strain:

"That wretched piano wants tuning again!"

So the meek little tuner the key-board doth try—

He pitches it low and he pitches it high

In the vainest of efforts: it never will go

In tune with the voice of the lady below.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

CHANGE of employment, it has been said, is the truest form of recreation. In pursuance of this idea, Mr. Punch has devised a plan which has enabled his brilliant staff to enjoy a true holiday, while, at the same time, their valuable services are not lost to his columns. For instance, he despatched his cricket reporter to a concert, with the result that the notice of it runs as follows:

"Herr THUMPOFSKY'S recital undoubtedly is one of the most attractive fixtures of the season, and it was not surprising to find a large gate on Thursday night. The first two performers on the programme were easily disposed of for

a single ballad apiece, but Herr THUMPOFSKY himself was in fine form. He opened quietly, but after playing himself in, seemed completely at home for the rest of his innings. Some of his late cuts in the treble were particularly fine, and he scored a number of quick runs by doctorous wrist-play in a manner which elicited hearty applause. Towards the end of the second movement he slowed down somewhat, and two or three of his uppish strokes in the *Scherzo* appeared a trifle risky, but these were small blemishes in a highly meritorious performance. He was heartily cheered when he returned to the pavilion, but, despite the applause of the onlookers, declared his innings closed."

From our high-souled literary critic's City report.

"Brighton A's! Something of magic, surely, lingers o'er the phrase. Brighton—the place of sunny, windy memories, of the roystering Regent, of old-world scandals, loves, intrigues. And yet they fell, these Brighton A's, 1-16—or rose, perchance, 1-12? It boots not to remember; of Brighton the charm is perennial; outlasting rise or fall, mode or moment. And what, you ask, of Eldorados? They were in brisk demand—aye, and in brisk demand will be so long as aspirations vague, ineluctable, find their abode within the heart of man. I fancy, Sir, I'm dropping into verse. The name of Eldorado is the cause. Dear Eldorado! dear long-wished-for land of happiness and infinite delight! Yes, Eldorados were in brisk demand."

From our dramatic critic's remarks on a race-meeting.

"The performance was not altogether bad, but the stage-management was very far from artistic. When, for instance, the favourite won, it was allowed to lead from start to finish. Need I point out how much the effect would have been enhanced had it been made to snatch the victory by a neck? Again, the hoisting of the numbers at the winning-post should have been the cue for at least one of the spectators to shoot himself. Strange to say, this well-established piece of business was forgotten. Until these and other defects are made good, such a trite performance is not likely to attract the public."

Puddleton Market report, sent in by our Lady contributor.

"There was an unusually smart gathering in the square to-day. Among others we noticed Mrs. GILES, escorted by her husband. She was gowned in an exquisite creation of blue and yellow spotted muslin—one of the latest novelties, we believe, from the Puddleton post-office. Calico and bombazine were the foundation of some of the choicest specimens of the dressmaker's art."



C. E. Brock
1901

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Stepmother (entering village school with whip). "MY BOY TELLS ME YOU BROKE YOUR CANE ACROSS HIS BACK YESTERDAY?"
Schoolmaster (turning pale). "WELL, I—I MAY HAVE STRUCK HARDER THAN I INTENDED, BUT ——" "
Stepmother. "I THOUGHT I'D MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF THIS WHIP. YOU'LL FIND IT'LL LAST LONGER AND DO HIM MORE GOOD!"

SORROWS OF PATERFAMILIAS AT THE SEASIDE.

LONG since, I came to the conclusion that MARION—MARION is my wife—was right in everything. At all events, I say so. It saves so much argument. So when one morning at breakfast she said that the dear children wanted a change, I at once agreed with her, and went on reading my paper.

MARION poured herself out a second cup of coffee, and then said reflectively:

"I suppose Scarborough wouldn't do?"

Again I agreed with her, readily. Scarborough would not do, and once more settled down to a perusal of the money article. After a brief pause, she went on:

"What do you think of the Isle of Wight?"

I replied that I thought very highly of the Isle of Wight. As the summer home of our King—

"Don't be silly, GEORGE," she interrupted. "Do put down that paper, and try to settle where we can go to this summer."

Now, the truth is that SIMSGIDDY and I had talked over the question of taking our holiday together, *en garçon*. Talked over it, with bated breath, be it understood: for SIMSGIDDY is as much married as I am myself; his olive branches amount to seven, whilst my blessings are eight in number. Still, we thought that we should obtain more change and rest by going away *minus* our families. And whilst he had proposed this daring innovation, I had promised to seriously consider it and see if the annual visit *en famille* to the seaside could be dodged.

So I lowered the newspaper, and, peeping over the top of it, said:

"Er—an idea occurs to me, MARION. Suppose you take the darlings away, whilst I—I—er—I just run out of town for a few days—I daresay I could get that fellow SIMSGIDDY to go with me, if I asked him." Then I paused to see the effect.

MARION almost choked herself with a piece of toast.

"What! and leave me with all the children? What next, I should like to know?"

"Still, my dear, it might be more of a change if——"

But here MARION brought up her strongest battery of quick-firing arguments in order to silence my feeble guns.

"GEORGE, I am surprised at you. I couldn't have thought that you and that horrid SIMSGIDDY man could possibly have concocted such a plot to go away and leave me alone with all the children; and how I'm to manage with nurse going on as she does, and no pleasing her, I don't know—it's really too wearing for any woman, let alone me. I don't believe you care for me any longer, and that's about the truth!"

And matters went no farther that day. I thought dear MARION would sulk, so prudently remained late at the office and stayed out to dinner. It is strange how one's attention to business suddenly increases under such circumstances. But MARION triumphed in the end. I really had not the courage to repeat my suggestion—and SIMSGIDDY's scheme went to the wall. It was finally settled that we should go to Cockleton-super-Mare for our summer trip. "Which day will you go down and see about apartments?" asked MARION.

"I? Oh, I thought that perhaps you, my dear—I mean that you would be a better judge of——" but MARION's brow grew wrinkled, and I paused, irresolute.

"Nonsense, GEORGE. You will go. I have looked at Bradshaw, and find that you can manage to get there and back in the day, by catching the 6.10 train in the morning."

I shivered. "I—I think, my dear, I had better, perhaps, go a little later, and stay the night at the hotel."

"Oh, there's not the slightest need for that expense," and I thought that MARION's tone was somewhat tart.

"Then, perhaps, my dear, I had better have breakfast overnight," I murmured.

But MARION was quite impervious to covert levity. I had to go by the 6.10 a.m. train.

Arrived at Cockleton, I fortified myself with a station sandwich and a glass of soda-water (with just a little whiskey in it) before sallying forth along the "front."

I tried three or four houses, and then one with a balcony attracted my notice. It was called Shore Villa. I knocked, and was admitted by the landlady.

MARION had specially warned me against flighty-looking landladies. So I was naturally glad to find that this person's appearance would at once acquit her of any such charge. No photographer would have run the risk of pitting his camera against such a face as hers, unless he had insured the instrument first.

"Guinea a room all August." No, she couldn't take less—oh, and there was a big family, too? Ah, that made a difference—another 'arf guinea *and* hextrys, if there was a baby. Oh, yes, I could see the rooms—yes, they were beautiful rooms. Clean? She should think so, indeed! Cook? Well, if she couldn't cook by this time—well, there!

Of course, this last remark clinched the matter; I took the rooms, and arranged to bring my family down on the following Thursday.

We were not fortunate in our train on the day fixed. There appeared to be about twice as many passengers as there were seats. Under these circumstances, even MARION's equable temper showed signs of friction. She grew hot and flushed, spoke sharply to our offspring, bullied the nurse and finally called me an idiot.

At last WILLY, MOLLY, CHARLES, Nurse and baby, and I squeezed into one carriage, whilst MARION and the rest scrambled into another. Red-faced porters hurled our small paraphernalia in after us, and the much-harassed guard banged the door, shutting my coat tail in, securely. We were off.

At Boodlesby Junction, after hailing the guard to release my coat tail, I got out and went to MARION.

"GEORGE," she said, "go into the Refreshment Room and get the children some milk."

"My dear," I remonstrated, "I—I—I really don't think it's likely that they keep such a thing on a station. Now, ginger-beer, or even——"

"Don't be so absurd, GEORGE, of course they have milk. Do make haste, or I'm sure the train will be starting again. Here, give me the tickets in case you get left behind!"

I sighed, but had to go and ask the yellow-haired damsel at the refreshment buffet for three glasses of milk. The lady giggled, adjusted a sidecomb in her yellow hair, and then leisurely condescended to hand me the three tumblers of milk, already poured out. There was a fly in two out of the three.

I looked at them dubiously. Then I asked her if I might have another fly for the third tumbler? She seemed quite annoyed at this. I bought some buns, and carefully holding the three milk glasses I made my uncertain and fearful way down the over-crowded platform.

Of course I passed the carriage I was looking for, and went the whole length of the train before discovering my error; then I retraced my steps, and MARION, tarter than ever, exclaimed:

"My dear GEORGE, I thought you must have lost your way!" Then (rather spitefully, as I thought), "What could you have had to talk about to that creature at the bar?"

I said nothing. I waited patiently until the milk had been consumed; then ran back with the empty tumblers—no time left in which to get anything for myself—and finally scrambled into my carriage again, hot, breathless, and so thirsty.

After what seemed an interminable journey, we arrived. MARION thought we could get the luggage and ourselves into two cabs, and became just a little snappish when I expressed a doubt. However, after several packings and re-packings, in the course of which baby's particular trunk fell off the box-seat, smashed, we started for Shore Villa. I felt anxious to see whether MARION would approve of the rooms—for when dear

MARION disapproves, I find it more politic to curtail my holiday.

I assumed an air of mild hilarity, when, after settling two altercations with the cabmen about their fares, I approached my wife, and rubbing my hands together, said:

"This is all very jolly, isn't it, my dear?"

MARION gazed abstractedly at the carpet before replying. Then, looking up at me, she said solemnly:

"GEORGE—I smell a rat!"

"Do you, indeed, my dear? That's very unplesant," I replied, sniffing about as I spoke. "I don't smell anything, myself."

"No, no! What I mean is that I suspect the woman—the landlady—is not clean."

"You don't say so, my dear! Then perhaps it was that, and not the rat——"

"Oh, GEORGE, don't be so dense!" she cried in worried tones. "I mean that the house is not kept clean: can't you understand? Men are so stupid!"

"Yes, my dear, certainly—I quite agree. I think I'll take a little walk down to the sea, and ——"

"Very well," sighed MARION; "and WILLY and CARRIE and MOLLY and CHARLIE can go with you. Meantime, Nurse and I will unpack, though where in the world we're to put all the things with no hanging cupboards and hardly a peg to be seen, and ——" but by this time I had gently edged out of the door, and eluding the dear children, put on a Panama hat, and strolled out on to the beach.

I was just enjoying the first sniff of the ozone, when a familiar, if not altogether welcome, voice smote upon my ear. I looked round and, to my great surprise, saw my neighbour at Hampstead, little PERKSLEY.

MARION says the PERKSLEYS are dreadfully common. I sincerely trust that they are uncommon, their vulgarity is so great. I should not like to say that PERKSLEY is an awful little cad—but a man may think what he likes.

"Ullo!" he cried, thrusting a warm red paw into my hand. "Oo'd ever 'ave thought of seein' you 'ere? Come down on gar'song, or jest as the ordinary Pater-Family-Ass?"

One serious drawback of PERKSLEY'S is that he thinks himself a wit.

I infused a certain frigidity into my manner, as I replied:

"My wife and family are with me."

"Ah, that's right—you must drop in and bring 'em to see mine. And my youngsters must play with yours on the sands."

Very condescending of him. I merely inclined my head and passed on. How shall I ever have sufficient courage to tell dear MARION that I have brought her



UNCLE'S BANK HOLIDAY.

"OH, UNCLE, WE'RE SO GLAD WE'VE MET YOU. WE WANT YOU TO TAKE US ON THE ROUNDABOUT, AND STAY ON IT TILL TEA-TIME!"

to the same seaside as that at which the hated PERKSLEYS are disporting themselves? F. R.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING LIKE AN ORATION.

(An imaginary duologue—of course not founded on facts.)

Speaker of the Evening. Any further news?

Private Secretary. We don't seem to be making much headway. Convoy successfully attacked.

Speaker. Done before. Anything else?

Priv. Sec. Fresh battle, but details not yet reported.

Speaker. Quite so—in common form. What more?

Priv. Sec. Well, rumours of fresh advances in all directions.

Speaker. Ah, to be sure, but rumours are—in fact rumours. Further?

Priv. Sec. Confident judges say we are in about the same position as we were a couple of years ago.

Speaker. Experts seem to be a bit too confident. What next?

Priv. Sec. Think there's nothing more. May take it that there is a feeling of unrest everywhere.

Speaker. Thank you very much. Fits in neatly with my peroration "that everything points to the near approach of the termination of the war."

(Curtain.)

SHE began by being an heiress. Her first husband died and left her with very little remaining of her fortune, and with three fine, healthy children. To this spendthrift, she, after her second happier marriage, used to allude as, "Le premier pa' qui coûte."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

(Some fragments from a speech by an earnest citizen, much in request at election meetings.)

... "should be failing indeed in my duty did I not devote my whole attention to this all-important contest. On Monday next, Gentlemen, you are invited by our unscrupulous opponents to support the candidature of Mr. SMITH—as if you were not acquainted with that person's revolutionary theories concerning the teaching of the multiplication-table! When he goes so far as to maintain that—(Eh? What? Oh, I beg your pardon, for the moment I fancied this was a School Board election meeting.) As I was saying, Gentlemen, when Mr. SMITH, who has the effrontery to seek election as one of your municipal councillors, goes so far as to maintain that the problem of insanitary dwelling-houses can be solved by—(Well? Not Municipal Councils either? Of course, I know that. Do let me finish my sentence!)—by the application of a colonial policy, strong and yet humane, just and yet generous,—then, Gentlemen, realising this to the full, I ask, and ask with confidence, what becomes of the vile aspersions so freely made against the character of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN? . . . But, as your chairman has just whispered to me, the country's verdict upon that issue has been delivered already. Indeed, my reason for referring to it was simply to remind you that completion of the parliamentary campaign leaves you free to concentrate your attention upon an infinitely more important event. Need I say that I refer to the choice of the Puddleton Parish Council, which, on Tuesday—no, that's the District Council—on Wednesday next, will rest with you. Earnestly, indeed, do I entreat every voter to support Mr. ROBINSON on that eventful day. Need I tell you that nothing but his candidature has occupied my thoughts for weeks past? Why, just compare his views on the local drainage system with—(What's the matter now? Nothing to do with Parish Councils? All right!)—compare this, I say, with the matter which to-night we have assembled solely to consider, namely, who are the fittest persons to serve as your representatives upon the Board of Guardians. (Got it right this time, haven't I? Thank goodness!) Yes, Gentlemen, it is because I feel the paramount importance of this matter that I stand before you to-night. Dismissing all other issues, all other con-

siderations, from your mind, resolve that Friday next shall see Mr. JENKINS triumphantly returned—(What's that row about? The wrong name? Ah, yes, a slip of the tongue.)—triumphantly returned, I repeat, at the bottom of the poll. I have known Mr. JENKINS—no, I mean Mr. BILLSON—for many years, and I am fully convinced that no one could be a better representative upon your Parish Council—or rather, Board of Guardians, for it is in the latter capacity that he now seeks your suffrages. The cause of BILLSON, Gentlemen, must be dear to all those who wish to strengthen Lord SALISBURY'S hands, and to secure an equitable settlement in South—in the



"ANYHOW, I'VE GOT A BITE THIS TIME. THAT'S MORE THAN THE OTHER FELLOWS HAVE!"

south wing of the workhouse, which is, I believe, as important as any other part of it.

"Gentlemen, I have done. Pardon me if I have dwelt exclusively upon a single topic; its tremendous importance must be my excuse. If you wish for sound legislation upon—I mean, satisfactory education for—that is, reasonable rates and well-kept roads—none of which, your chairman once more interrupts me to say, have anything to do with the present contest—act on my advice to you at Tuesday's—if it is Tuesday's—poll. And that advice, once more, is simply this—remember Majuba and the multiplication-table, and return Mr. WILLIAM THOMSON to the House of Commons as your District Councillor by an overwhelming minority!"

A. C. D.

SECRETS OF THE SANDS.

(Overheard by the Sad Sea Waves.)

It wasn't worth coming all this way to Slocum-super-Mare from London to meet the east wind or the rain.

House-keeping was bad enough in town, but the waste of Seaview Place is even worse. How can the children get better from their attack of scarlatina when they meet none other than convalescents from whooping cough and the measles?

The town band would be more successful with their "Memories of Balfe" if two-thirds of their strength of six did not desert their music-stands to forage for pence.

The lending library would be more entertaining if it kept abreast—say, within ten years—of the current publishing season.

The Theatre Royal would probably have a larger and more aristocratic audience were its *répertoire* not confined to dramas such as "From Gutter to Mud," or travelling parties such as Mr. GARRICK SHAKSPERE'S "Perky Pot-boy" Musical Comedy Company No. 3.

It is certain that Slocum-super-Mare, although it may be recommended by the medical profession as the very place for "picking up," is still about the most depressing spot on the face of the earth. To sum up, it is assuredly true that visitors who come to stay at Slocum-super-Mare for six months are sure to be off by the end of a fortnight.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

(Heard in a fashionable hotel during the Volunteers' outing.)

GOOD gracious, HENRY, you are surely not going to allow me to sit in the lounge with a number of soldiers?

Noble profession, my love, and they are wearing khaki.

But I have never heard of such a thing. You ought to complain to the manager.

But I assure you, Sir, they are of the most respectable.

You hear what my wife says, and you must confess it is unusual.

Pardon, gentlemen, but I am afraid it's against the regulations to allow drinks to be supplied to wearers of uniform.

But don't you know who we are, fellow? Why, we are—!

A thousand apologies, gentlemen. We have made a profound mistake, we were under the impression you were soldiers!

THE DESERTED COCKSHY.

["An Aunt Sally man on Hampstead Heath last Bank Holiday was heard to complain bitterly . . . 'Young 'uns are too blooming lazy to shy sticks. All they cares to do nowadays is jest ter drop a penny in the slot an' pull a trigger.'"]—*Daily News.*

OH, old Aunt Sally, years ago
At whom when boys we used to throw,
Yet none the less respected,
Your stick, alas! you now must cut,
You and your prize, the cocoanut,
Being alike neglected.

Is it that nuts, once fourpence each
When they grew farther out of reach,
Or palm-tree stems were steeper,
Have fallen so in price to-day
That those whose fancies lie that way
Can buy them outright cheaper?

Or, say, do those whose aims contest
Just touch a trigger, for the rest
On others' aid relying,
And modern youths, with shameful pride,
Even in side-shows show their "side,"
And sticks fight shy of shying?

A HOLIDAY TASK.

(See "The Lesson," by Rudyard Kipling.)

As the holidays—we beg pardon, the Summer Vacation, is now beginning, it has been decided by Headmaster Punch that the following Imperial Paper shall be set to the boys—ahem! young gentlemen—of the United Kingdom; and there is no objection to candidates of riper years competing. The special subject is the elucidation of the above thirty lines written by our classic but somewhat obscure Empire-poet—which should prove "no end of a lesson" to them. Answers should be sent in by the date of the conclusion of the War. The Prize offered is the Feeling of Exhilaration consequent upon the Achievement of Well-nigh Impossibilities.

QUESTIONS ON "THE LESSON."

(N.B.—Any candidate detected in copying will be instantly sent to St. Helena.)

1. Defend (if you can) the use of Biblical expressions such as "twain," "astonied camps," "made an Army in our own image" in combination with modern slang phrases like, "jolly good," "jolly well," etc. Illustrate from any or each of this author's works.

2. Line 5. "Knocked higher than GILDEROX'S kite." Translate and comment upon this passage. Who was GILDEROX, when he was at home? Had he any home to be at? Was he a Scottish robber who was hanged in the time of Queen MARY (*vide* Dr. BREWER)? If not, suggest an alternative, and state what he was doing with a kite? Do you ordinarily "knock" kites?

3. Lines 8 and 9. Draw a map of the "Eleven degrees of a bare brown continent," marking Lambart's, Pietersburgh (*sic*) and Sutherland. Can you give any



'Arry. "GOOD MORNING, MOTHER GOOSE!"

Old Woman. "GOOD MORNING, MY SON!"

reason why the first and last are instanced? Had you ever heard of them before?

4. Line 10. "Fell the phenomenal lesson." Parse the first word; if you can't, pass it.

5. Line 12. "An island nine by seven." Explain what on earth this means. Is it 9 inches \times 7 inches? If not, hazard a guess as to the scale of the map. Is "seven" put in to rhyme with "Heaven"?

6. Line 13. Scan "who faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, equipment and mental attitude," before reading the next line.

7. Line 16. Is it "cheap at the price" to pay £100,000,000 to prove

that $2 \times 2\frac{1}{2} = 4$? Could you quote a lower figure?

8. Line 21. "All the obese, unchallenged old things." Explain this as politely as possible. Does it apply to any of the shining lights at Cambridge?

9. Line 23. "This marvellous asset which we alone command." How about the Boers? Do you consider that the Poet implies that they have not also received a Lesson?

10. Line 25. "Pivotal fact." Show, by a diagram or working model, the difference between this and a cardinal truth.

11. Line 28. Give our "forty million reasons for failure," adding any on your own account as regards this Paper. Take your time over this.

A. A. S.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER DISCOURSES.

IV.

MADAM, I understand you nurse a hope
Of compassing the highest sphere of Art,
That is to say, of going on the stage.
Bear with me, if experience bids me use
A father's candour, coldly demonstrating
What obstacles, how rude and multiform,
Await your climbing feet. I speak as one
Gifted, I grant, with genius, yet constrained,
Like great APOLLO in Pheræan halls,
Through many years to ply the menial task
Until my God-like nature stood confessed.

This goal to which your innocence aspires
Is such as may not lightly be embraced
By methods of the prompt instinctive kind
So well adapted to the lesser arts.
The heights by first-rate histrions reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden-soaring flight,
But by the more exact and arduous route
Of discipline, appointed in the rules
Of hoar tradition. No, my dear young lady,
'Tis not enough that you possess the charms,
Which from your photograph I judge are yours,
Of beauty, grace of figure, virtue, youth,
Though these are gifts which must not be despised;
They serve their purpose, as I proved myself
Before my latent genius came to light.
Nor does it yet suffice that you have filled—
With marked success, your testimonial says—
A leading rôle in drawing-room charades.
Indeed, I know no worse apprenticeship
For serious business than to play a part
In amateur theatricals without
Professional guidance. Tricks are thus acquired
Hard to unlearn by years of patient toil;
Such as the childish habit of behaving
As people do in ordinary life;
Of sitting in your chair and keeping still,
To give the author's dialogue a chance,
Instead of jumping up to take the floor
At every third remark, and crossing over,
And sitting somewhere else, and coming back;
Motions that might in social intercourse
Seem to betray a lack of that repose
Which stamps the purest caste; but on the stage
Are still among the elemental signs
Of perfect breeding.

Take another point

On which your amateurs are apt to err.
They have a prejudice for looking at
The person whom they happen, in the play,
To be addressing! They have yet to learn
That any actor, rightly trained, ignores
The presence of an audience on the stage,
Unless compelled by force of circumstance,
Such as the need to kiss, or else to fight,—
Acts that demand collusion. Otherwise
He disregards his fellow; turns on him
His back, his profile, anything except
His speaking eyes, exclusively reserved
To front the empty void which represents
The scenic chamber's complementary wall;
Through which transparent barrier he accosts
The world at large, and only looks elsewhere
When moved to punctuate his dialogue
By desultory prancings up and down.

Trust me, my dear, Dramatic Art is one
Of many noble institutions based
On pure Convention; take her prop away
And she assumes the level of vulgar Life,
Like mountebanks when they mislay their stilts.
You, on the other hand, appear to be
A child of Nature. When I look upon
Your counterfeit presentment, so unspoiled,
So immature, so wistful—I could weep!
I have been faithful to discourage you,
Because, hereafter, I would not be blamed
If, having lost your old love, you attain
Never to clasp the new. Nature and Art
(My Art, I speak of) you must choose between:
No-one, not I myself, can serve them both.

Yet, if—my admonitions duly weighed—
A stubborn overmastering consciousness
Of innate genius, not to be suppressed,
Still urges you (I know the feeling well!)
To make the sacrifice that Art commands,
I shall expect you in my private room
(Stage Entrance) Tuesday next at half-past two,
And we will try and see what can be done.

O. S.

A FOREIGN LION IN LONDON.

(A Page from a Diary kept during the past Season.)

Monday.—The usual list of invitations. Guest of the Undertakers' Company in the City, members chiefly mill-owners and stockbrokers. Brought in my peroration about "Liberty never degenerating into licence" by declaring it to be a grave subject.

Tuesday.—Cards by the bushel. Guest of the evening at the Unconventional Burglars' Club. Members chiefly artists, authors, and millionaires. Peroration, "Liberty never degenerating into licence" introduced by reference to the use of the felon of advanced ideas. A little far-fetched, but passable.

Wednesday.—Again a flood of requests for the honour of my company. Asked to speak at the Charwomen's Provident Fund Festival. Referred to the claims of the sensible man. He did not lose his "liberty when he secured his marriage licence." Remarks well received.

Thursday.—Wearied to death by Garden Parties and other *al fresco* distractions. Dined with another City Company, the Skate Makers. No one seemed to have anything to do with the industry. Master turned out to be a large cab-owner. Spoke of Holland and its skates. "That was in the land where Liberty never degenerated into licence." Peroration did not go so well as usual. Heard afterwards it was suspected of being pro-Boer.

Friday.—Again they come. Asked to unveil bust of the great BROWN. Never heard of him, but consented. At subsequent banquet referred to BROWN as that true patriot who never forgot "that liberty was not licence." Peroration right again.

Saturday.—Happy to say week at an end. Off to my native land. Reception Committee bid me good-bye. In my reply to their cheering assured them that theirs was the land where freedom abounded, and where true Liberty never was permitted to sink into licence. Same peroration for the series! Nothing like getting a happy phrase and sticking to it. And now for a quiet country life to compensate for festival banquets!

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."—Not even "Arc Lights." Of course, NOAH used them on board ship.



THE NEW PROCEDURE.

A. J. B-l-f-r. "THERE! I THINK WE'VE TINKERED IT UP ALL RIGHT FOR THE REST OF THIS RUN."

Sir H. C-mph-l-l-E-m-m-m-n. "I DARE SAY, ARTHUR; BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO OVERHAUL IT THOROUGHLY BEFORE THE NEXT TRIP."

A BALLADE OF LITERARY
ADVERTISEMENT.

[Why should not the literary advertisement be as much a recognised branch of art as the artistic poster? The following verses are an attempt to serve at once the Muses and Mammon from a literary point of view.]

BE silent, BROADWOOD; and refrain,
COLLARD, from melody; nor dare,
STEINWAY, your merits to maintain;
Your airs must vanish in thin air;
For lo! when makers you compare,
Of North or South or East or West,
The public's verdict will declare
That —'s pianos are the best.

O gay guitar of joyous Spain,
O harp, rich, resonant and rare,
O rural pipe with jocund strain,
O flute, of *timbre* thin and spare,
O trumpet tone of martial blare,
Lyre, violin, and all the rest
Of instruments, your claims forbear,
For —'s pianos are the best!

Come, pianists, a mighty train,
From P—I, rich of hair,
Down to the schoolgirl in the lane
Who practises "The Maiden's
Prayer,"
All others you'll henceforth forswear
If once you put these to the test,
And speedily become aware
That —'s pianos are the best.

Envoy.

N.B.—If dealers, all unfair,
A worthless substitute suggest,
Of their nefarious wiles beware!
For —'s pianos are the best.

LA VIE DE LUX.

(From our Special Gormandizer.)

It was the Duchess of COCAFUKO (I need scarcely say that I am diplomatist enough to disguise the real name of her Grace) who challenged me to give her a respectable dinner in London, and bet me—well, I will not say what odds the noblewoman laid, but I may record that my stake consisted of six dozen pairs of *Peau-dechien's* unrivalled twelve-buttoned *gants de suède*, at the not unreasonable price of half-a-guinea a couple.

Looking through my gastronomical notebook in the smoking-room of the Albatross Club (nicknamed the "Ancient Mariner" by certain wags of Bohemia and the *beau monde*), I decided that my choice should fall on the Pomme de Terre Restaurant, which is not a thousand miles remote from Regent Street. Her Grace, I say, arrived at the Pomme de Terre in that stylish little brougham, drawn by Andalusian mules, at eight eighteen, and as she was only half-an-hour and three minutes late I freely forgave her, with the better grace because Signor CRACABELLO, the excellent manager of the



A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"WHAT IS WATER SURROUNDED BY LAND CALLED?"

"OH, A DUCK POND, OF COURSE."

"NO. WATER AS LARGE AS THE TWO FIELDS OUTSIDE AND THE GARDEN AS WELL?"

"OH, THAT'S CALLED EXAGGERATION!"

Pomme de Terre, was waiting on the steps of the eating-house with a splendid bouquet of orchids, rich and creamy as one of his own *soufflés*, in his hand.

The Duchess was attired in a piquant *ensemble* of rose geranium, in which my eye did not err in detecting the hand of Madame SCHITZEL, the Anglo-American artiste. She was, as usual, all smiles, and when placed in receipt of Signor CRACABELLO's floral tribute, became a human sunbeam of good nature.

By the way, I cannot imagine how, unless I inadvertently gave him the hint, CRACABELLO knew that I was awaiting so distinguished a lady. I was pleased to find that he had caused the table to be lighted with electric lamps concealed by shades matching her Grace's complexion and costume. I did not forget to pay him a handsome compliment on his good taste. The repast to which we sat down did infinite credit not only to Signor CRACABELLO, but also to his *chef*, Monsieur MYRLITON, who was formerly *cordon-bleu* to the Sultan of MESOPOTAMIA.

The *menu* was arranged as follows—remember, the day was very hot, and the thermometer showed no appreciable relaxation at the time so pathetically referred to by LONGFELLOW in his noble poem, *Excelsior*:—Bisque d'écrevisses (iced), a trifle too red to suit the surroundings, but not dear at ten shillings a portion; whitebait au diable (dressed with curry powder and Nepaul pepper, after the recipe of my esteemed friend the Rajah of PILLIPORE) came next, and certainly well worth the 9s. 9d. put on the bill. Then a frozen cucumber stuffed with caviare—a luxury to be appreciated at a modest sovereign. A Surrey capon, larded with *paté de foie gras* and farced with black pudding, was economically conspicuous at three guineas. A sorbet of Mexican bananas and Tokay, some Limburger cheese straws, a dessert of custard apples and mangoes, followed by green coffee with a harmony of similarly coloured chartrouse—such was our simple repast.

LEONARD LUX.

Buckingham Palace Cottage, Peckham.

THE TALE OF A TRUNK.

["Great confusion has reigned at Euston during the last few weeks owing to a difference of opinion amongst the officials of the L. & N. W. R. as to whether the system of sending passengers' luggage in advance has been discontinued or not."—*Daily Paper*.]

A WAS an Artist that trusted to chance,
B was the Box that he sent in advance,
C was the Clerk who supposed it might go,
D was the Drayman who rather thought no.
E was the Euston he wrote on the label,
F were the Fingermarks, grimy and sable,
G was the Gee-gee that drew the big van,
H was the Hand outstretched by the man.
I was the Item the artist put in it,
J was the Joy that appeared the next minute,
K was the Kick the Bucephalus got,
L was the Last that he saw of the lot.
M was the Muddle he found at the station,
N was the Noodle who gave information,
O were the Oaths which the artist hurled fast,
P was the Porter he captured at last.
Q were the Questions he fired at the porter,
R the Replies he received from this quarter,
S the Suggestions the manager made,
T was the Train that would not be delayed.
U the Uncertainty—rushing and hurry—
V was a Vision of luggage and flurry,
W the Whistle that shrilly was blown,
X the Expletives—their number unknown.
Y a disconsolate Youngster, our hero,
And Z was the point of his spirits, viz., Zero.

ROVING AT RAMSGATE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Thus sang the South Anglian Laureate, B.A., Mus. Doc., S.E.R., L.C.D., &c., as he harped on the same string over and over again:

Oh, what heavenly weather
What a genuine treat!
As you and I together
Sail in *La Marguerite*.

As you and I together,
Crossing the ocean, wave
Our hats—we're in great feather!—
We two so bright and brave!

We wave our hats to the ladies
Of France, who are on the quay,
But what I am much afraid is
Our waving they do not see!

At this point the Bard was restrained: it was just on the stroke of one, and we summoned him, as the Ghost of the Commendatore summoned *Don Juan*, "down below,"—only this was not merely to receive his deserts but to have his lunch. Feeding good: not great, not luxurious: appetite excellent; drinkable ditto. Waiting done by stewards of the Q.C.S., which initials stand for "Quiet Civil Service." Doing the same voyage two days later, I find precisely the same *bourgeois menu*. If I meet with it on a third journey I may fairly charge the Chief Steward, or the Perveyors, with lack of imagination, or with lazily adhering to very old-fashioned notions on the subject of *restauration*. Starting from Ramsgate, where it calls after leaving Margate. By this boat, not too crowded, but quite sufficiently full to pay and leave something over, we had, on the first visit, only two complaints to make, and to whom can they be made with better effect than to you, Mr. Punch, P.C.O., i.e. "Public Complaint Officer"?

First, the boat being advertised for 10.45 at Ramsgate, we being one quarter of an hour before our time on purpose to

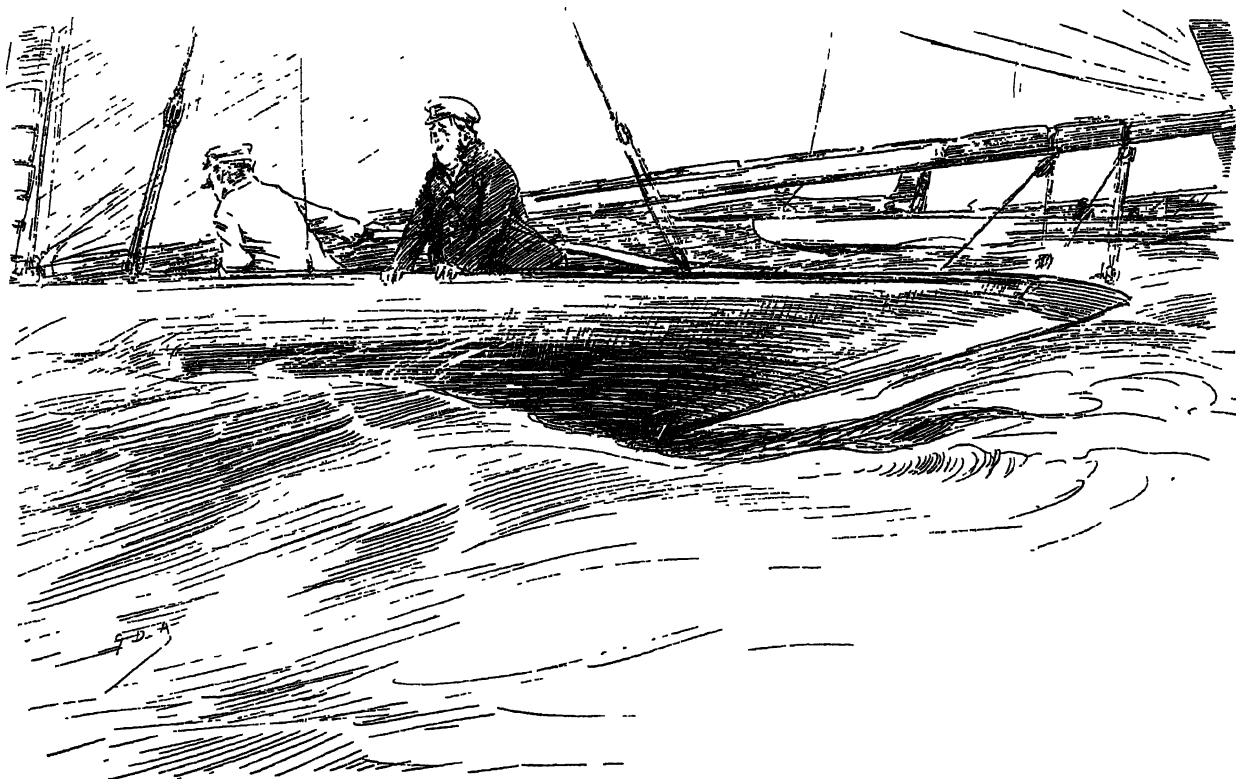
escape crowding, found the ticket-office—a kind of bathing machine in reduced circumstances on very small wheels—closed, and it was not until the crowd, which we had tried to escape, had become troublesome, that at length the pigeon-hole was opened, and there was a struggle for places, while the ticket-distributor civilly informed us that probably the *Marguerite* wouldn't arrive for another hour. Whether this was his fun, or intended for our comfort, was not evident; anyway, his remarks had the immediate effect of more or less irritating everybody, except a few giggling females who haggled over their small change in so exasperating a fashion as to make dealing with them quite a penance for the ticket man-in-the-bathing-machine box-office, who would have saved himself all this trouble and us all this crowding had he arrived a quarter of an hour earlier. Then, in a broiling July sun, refreshed only very occasionally by a whiff of S.E. wind, with no sort of shelter over us, we, miserable sinners, had to remain, most of us standing, in a sort of sheep-pen (this is the fault of the harbour authorities, not of the "*La Marguerite*" Company), being done to rags by the blazing sun, scorched, baked, but of course not on all sides, as head and shoulders got the worst of it. It was courting sunstrokes. At last, three quarters of an hour late, in came the merry and majestic *Marguerite*, we feeling towards her more like *Mephistopheles* than *Faust*. On our next visit the ticket distributor was in the bathing-machine-like office quite fifteen minutes before the time advertised for starting, and there was no crowding; but the absence of protection from the sun's rays was notable. And how utterly hopeless this unprotected situation would be in a "surprise" pelting shower!

"Once aboard the lugger and we were free!" It was delightful. It was "a little bit of all right," as a jovial tourist who had previously joined the ship at Margate, observed. But if anything could do harm to a pleasant day, it was having been compelled to wait for the unpunctual opening of the ticket-office, and being detained for three quarters of an hour in the broiling sun, where we boys stood on the burning stones, which were like hot bricks to our poor fried soles, without any awning, and only a few benches.

Mr. Punch, Sir, we wish well to the merry *Marguerite*, her crew and company, and to our noble friend *The Pier* of Ramsgate, and if you, Sir, will only give these pier officials a stir up with your *bâton*, just a playful poke in the ribs, we are certain they will recognise the justice of complaints which do not come from grumblers but from well-wishers.

Ramsgate, which ashore is capable of considerable improvement, as also, we should imagine, is its Local Board of Management or Town Council, or whatever the supreme authority may be, is now well provided with Boat Services, among others being one running to and from Folkestone, per combined forces of L. C. & D. and S. E. boats, calling at Deal and Dover *en route*, and continuing the voyage to Margate on the return. This is a service that, with a very little attention given to the times and seasons, and to the *cuisine*, which is in the hands of an experienced steward (we've come across him before now, same Service, other boats), ought, as a distinct feature of the K.C.B. ("Kent Coastling Boats"), to become highly and deservedly popular.

At Folkestone the voyager has plenty of time to mount to the big hotel, the *Métropole*, or, if he would take it very easily, he can remain *en bas* at the Imperial, where, on the occasion of our visit, there was a lunch excellent in quality but parsimonious in quantity, though no doubt we could have had all we required if, like *Oliver Twist*, we had only "asked for more." But we didn't, except as to tomatoes, and these were so frugally served (though deliciously done), being neatly divided into two slices for each person (tomatoes, you see, are so dear!), that we summoned up courage to implore one of the extremely superior waiters, who had all the chastened air of men ready at any moment to undertake an order for an expen-



NOTES FROM COWES.

"CALL TH' PLEASURE? WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, GIVE ME STAINES AND A FISHING-PUNT!"

sive funeral, to repeat the dose of "tomatoes for three." In about five minutes he returned, quietly and sorrowfully, "bringing his sheaves with him" in the shape of *two more thin slices of tomatoes!* It must have gone to the cook's heart, or the larder-maid's heart, to part with them! And there was no extra charge in the bill! Fancy that! So we were thankful for small mercies, and cheerfully paid three shillings for four lemon-squashes (two of us were thirsty souls), and two shillings for two "goes" of whisky, which at a club would have amounted to eightpence or tenpence at the most. However, "live and let live." And so for the present, until more "complaints" induce us to seek *Dr. Punch* for a cure, we beg to remain (here)

THE RAMSGATE ROVERS & Co.

TOOTHsome.—Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE, proposing the health of the Dental Association last week, observed that "the age in which we lived was one of dental debility." "The age to which some of us live" would have been more accurate, in another sense of "age." He also said that the new century "must look well to the teeth of its people." Quite so: it may not be long ere we shall be among the nations who have "to show their teeth," and prove they can bite as sharply as they can bark loudly. At the present and at any time the artist who can most painlessly and most skilfully "draw teeth" is to be reckoned among the greatest benefactors of suffering mortals.

MOTTO FOR KENT JUST NOW.—"What's the odds as long as you're happy!"

NOT AT HOME TO HONESTY.

(A Man in the Street's Adventure.)

"WANT a night's lodging?" enquired one of the officials, glancing at the intruder.

"Which will you have, this or that?" asked the other, pointing first to one gateway and then to the other.

The intruder pressed for particulars.

"Well," said Number One, "you will find the house sufficiently comfortable, good and wholesome food, warm clothing, and tobacco in moderation."

"That sounds well. And now, Sir, what can you do for me?"

"Your health is our first consideration."

"So it is with us," put in Official Number One. "Sanitary considerations take precedence of everything else."

"Both tempting," said the intruder, "and I should certainly like admission."

"Well, the qualification is simple enough," said Number One. "Are you a pauper?"

"No, not quite."

"Then are you a thief or any other kind of law breaker?" queried Number Two.

"Sorry I am neither," answered the intruder; "I am only an artizan out of work."

"Won't do for us. A stranger to the Relieving Officer," observed Number One.

"And unknown to the police," returned the other.

"Then what shall I do?"

"You must answer that question yourself," said Number One.

But Number Two was silent, feeling that it was no part of his official duty to find a solution to conundrums.

TO THE PIANO-FIENDS NEXT DOOR.

(By a victim.)

THUMP! thump! thump on the shindy-box all day,
But give me a respite from your whacks when midnight has
passed away.

I cannot enjoy your scales or your operatic airs,
I weep at your style chromatic, and the crashing that never
I pity the poor piano, with never a minute's rest, [spares.
How it quivers and shrieks and bellows like a slave who is
sore opprest, [will,

How it raves and rumbles and rages 'neath your fingers' iron
From morning till night and from darkness to dawn its key-
board is never still.

It murders with reckless fury, though well I know who's to
blame, [a name.

It murders the unknown maestro with the maestro who's got
Yet I pity the poor assassin, for I know it cannot be free
From the thralldom of fingering fiends who are slowly murdering
me.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR some time past, at brief intervals, Messrs. NEWNES have been issuing what they call *The Library of Useful Stories*. It is not a kind of *Tit-Bits* of fiction. It is, in truth, a series of erudite essays on subjects of every-day interest, written in a style understood of the people. Amongst earlier volumes are *The Story of Wild Flowers*, *The Story of Eclipses*, *The Story of a Piece of Coal*, and *The Story of the Stars*. The latest issue, *The Story of King Alfred*, comes out just in time for the millenary of England's Darling. When my Baronite adds that the little book was written by Sir WALTER BESANT it touches tautology to add that it is picturesquely written. To be sold at a shilling each this library must have a very wide circulation in order to pay. For those concerned for the spread of education it is pleasant to think of so powerful an agency at work.

The conclusion that must inevitably be arrived at by any one gifted with a true appreciation of the humorous during the perusal of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, by Messrs. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), will be that the authors have a faculty for seeing things not as others, mere ordinary persons, see them, and of narrating them in so mirth-provoking and original a fashion as to compel laughter where, as a matter of fact, our sympathy with the sufferer or our annoyance with the cause of his sufferings should have been the first sentiment aroused in the breast of a spectator, as the reader is supposed to be, of the scenes described. But not a bit of it! The ludicrous side in every situation, fraught it may be with more or less danger to life and limb, is always kept uppermost by these two laughing Irish philosophers. Dulness is banished from the opening of the book to the close thereof, though it may be said that the choicest stories are at the commencement, as the most attractive strawberries are to be found at the top of the pottle. Since CHARLES LEVER was at his best with *Harry Lorrequer*, *Charles O'Malley*, *Tom Burke of Ours*, and, may be, *The Knight of Gwynne*, no such rollicking Irish book as this has appeared, at least not within the period whereunto the memory of the Baron runneth not to the contrary. SHEEHAN'S *My New Curate* is as thoroughly Irish as this, but its admirable humour is of a sedate and gentle character. Nothing of a sedate or gentle character is to be found here: nearly every story is calculated to "set the table in a roar," and to only one of them is there anything like a serious and rather sensational finish. As a mirth-provoker this book might be placed in the same category with *Many Cargoes* and with *The Lunatic at Large*, though this latter is rather a work of extravagantly grotesque imagination, while *Some Experiences* deals with facts. Over *The Lisheen Races* the Baron wept tears of laughter, and would read no more that night, unless in the presence of

a surgeon, a nurse, and his own medical attendant, in case he should "split his sides" and require an immediate operation to be performed by the deftest hands. The Baron does not remember having laughed so heartily since he first learnt how Mr. Pickwick drove the chaise with the horse in it that "displayed various peculiarities," while Mr. Winkle bestrode an animal that went up the street, "side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other." The book is as full of good things as a *terriner de foie gras* or exquisitely made grouse-pudding.

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON has enlarged and, to a considerable extent, re-written a couple of articles that appeared in the spring in one of the monthly magazines, being a study of Mr. GLADSTONE as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. JOHN MURRAY publishes them in a convenient volume. It falls a few pages short of two hundred, but it comprises within its boards a marvellous chapter in the history of England. Between Mr. GLADSTONE'S first Budget speech, delivered in April, 1853, and his last, spoken in July, 1882, there lies accomplishment of national good unequalled by any statesman who has helped to mould the destinies of the empire. Mr. BUXTON, dealing with a congenial subject, makes his book a model of lucidity. My Baronite observes that forty years ago, as to-day, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his colleagues of the spending departments were at loggerheads. Speaking of the Budget in 1861, DIZZY, in a characteristic outburst, contrasts "a patriotic Prime Minister, appealing to the spirit of the country, with his Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose duty is to supply the ways and means by which those exertions are to be supported, proposing votes with innuendo and recommending expenditure in a whispered invective."

Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels (DENT & Co.), by Mr. E. W. ROCKETT, if not as brilliantly startling as the name of the author would suggest, is a delightful little book, exceptionally valuable to Booky Bikers, who can carry it in a side pocket, and, when resting for a while, can dip into it for mental refreshment and profitable instruction. It is prettily illustrated by J. A. SYMMINGTON. The Baron is not a Biker, but the country through which this book takes us, with its old world stories and pleasant recollections, would be an inducement to him to take to cruising on wheels had he the leisure at his disposal for perfecting himself in the Ixionic labour. With a pleasant companion, too, there could be much interchange of thought, as there is no rule of the road, as there is of the sea, against speaking "to the man at the wheel," or, as it should be here rendered, "to the man on the wheel."

The Baron can recommend *My Lady's Diamonds* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by ADELINE SARGENT, as a novel *pour passer le temps* when travelling by river, rail or road. It is an old theme, perhaps, but the treatment is somewhat new, the hero is more or less of a noodle, and the heroine is not a particularly startling character. Still, 'twill serve when on a journey.

Apropos of "journeys," is there a better pocket series for travellers than *The Temple Classics* (J. M. DENT & Co.)?—well bound, simply but strongly, the latest of which considerable collection is *The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise*, "written," as "H.M." in his preface reminds us, "in Latin about the year 1128 and first published in Paris in 1616." The present translation, or rather paraphrase, which admirably conveys the spirit of the original, was published in 1722. Immortal romance of real life that as long as the world lasts must ever enlist the sympathy of even the most austere virtuous for these bitterly punished victims of human frailty and of fiendish revenge. Let us, in a cooler season of the year, visit the tomb of ABELARD and HELOISE in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, and, like "the soldier" who "leant upon his sword and wiped away a tear," let us dry our eyes and seek the nearest café where we can moisten our sympathetic throat. "An excellent excuse for a visit to Paris," quoth, knowingly,

THE BARON DE B.-W.



The Squire. "I DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOUR FACE, MY MAN. DO YOU LIVE ABOUT HERE?"
Old Rustic. "YES, SIR. BUT, YER SEE, I AIN'T OFTEN AT THE PUBLIC-'OUSE!"



Master Bob. "I SAY, ADAM, THAT WAS A PRETTY BAD MISS!"

Keeper. "T'WASN'T EVEN THAT, MASTER BOB. 'T'WAS FIRING IN A TOTALLY WRONG DIRECTION."

IN MEMORIAM.

H. I. M. Victoria.

GERMAN EMPRESS, PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

BORN, NOV. 21, 1840.

DIED, AUG. 5, 1901.

PROVED Royal by the courage, bright, serene,
That bore through lingering pain the lonely test,
Not far behind her feet, your Mother-Queen,
You follow to your rest.

Daughter of England, gentle, brave and wise,
Who looked to play that high Imperial part
Which should have linked by Love's and Nature's ties
The lands that shared your heart;—

Ah! might you have your will, then Death's own hand,
That set upon your throne so swift a doom,
Through memory yet shall bind these two that stand
To-day above your tomb.

THE WAY THEY WILL HAVE WITH THE ARMY.

(A Rip-Van-Winklein peep into the Future.)

THE hundred years had passed rapidly. RIP, before going to sleep, had taken the latest patent remedy for preserving tissue, and came to himself as fresh as ever. Things had not changed very much during his slumber. The same old aerial navigation, wireless telegraphy, dwelling atmospheres (the substitute for board and residence), and the rest of it. He willed, and his brain-wave took him into a palace.

"Why are you here?" he asked a gentleman who was covered with silver, gold and precious stones.

"Because I prefer it," was the languid reply."

"What is your income?" queried RIP with a curiosity the outcome of transatlantic extraction.

"A couple of thousand a year or so and perquisites," was the reply, languid as before.

"Are you a Cabinet Minister?"

"No—one infinitely more important, a soldier."

"I see; so in the twenty-first century this is the manner in which a field-marshal exists?"

"No, you are wrong," said the soldier, "I am not a field-marshal, but a private. I cost a good deal—in fact, as you may imagine, many thousands. But I am told I am cheap at the price."

"Cheap at the price? Why?"

"Yes, because we really can't afford conscription."

"THE VICIOUS CIRCLE."

OH, tell me not I've lost my appetite,
This is a world of melancholy truth:

"Alas!" quoth I, "that which did once invite
Was but the stomach of Digestive Youth!"

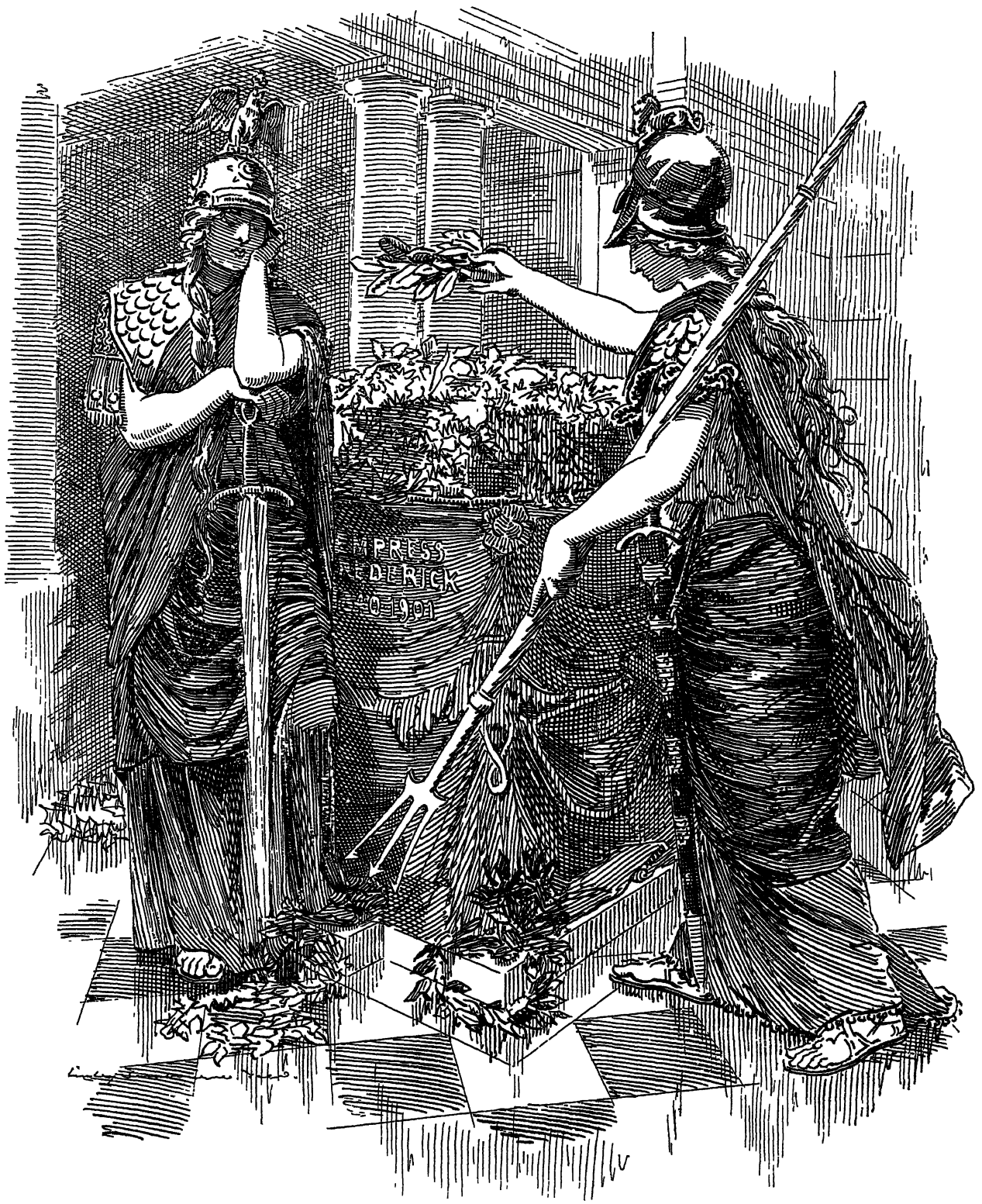
In vain I strove to eat at—well, say fifty,—
As eat I used when I was twenty-one;
Starving, I could but drink, and, mixed and thrifty,
Weep for results of chops so overdone.

In vain I murmured, "Eat and drink one hath to:"
So quoth the cat that swalloweth the bird;
The bird, arising from his morning bath, too,
Eats up the worm before it can be heard.

The worm but turns in righteous indignation,
And, to console himself as best he may,
Says, "They bad men, by order of creation,
Feed on we beasties, till we feed on They."

God makyth man; man dog unkindly beateth;
Dog chiveth cat (explain it how you can,
The circle goes full round); then cat bird eateth;
Bird swalloweth worm, and worm devourereth Man.

H. C. M.

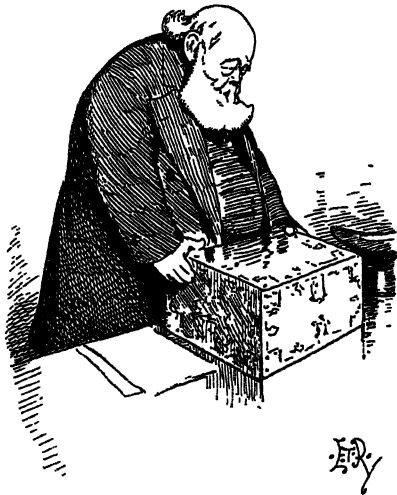


THE CHIEF MOURNERS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 5.—Efforts have been made from time to time by belated writers to picture the MARKISS's manner of speech when he stands at Table of House. BRAYE (the



The Markiss murmurs into the privacy of his waistcoat.

Baron not the Vicar), with unconscious humour to-night tumbled upon description which for graphicness and accuracy the most skilful penman could not beat. Speaking on third reading of Royal Declaration Bill, BRAYE brought startling accusation against the MARKISS. "The noble lord," he said, "when referring to the doctrine of transubstantiation lowered his voice, inclined his head, and spoke in a deeply reverential spirit."

The MARKISS jumped up and, for him, hotly denied the description. "The noble lord," he observed, "said I lowered my voice and inclined my head. He is quite mistaken. I deny it."

All the same it is literally and exactly true. Only, tone and gesture had nothing to do with transubstantiation. The trick might have happened at the moment the word was pronounced, and caught the watchful eye of Lord BRAYE. That is the more likely since it is recurrent at least once in every five minutes of the MARKISS's speech. He goes along pretty audibly for ten or a dozen sentences; then down drops his massive chin on his manly breast, and to the anguish of the laboriously listening audience the final clause of the sentence, often the most important, is murmured into the privacy of his waistcoat.

Lord BRAYE's mistake, delightful for its elaborate comicality, will have its uses if it brings home to the MARKISS the inconvenience of a mannerism that sometimes reaches the proportions of a public calamity.

Business done.—In the Commons Amurath to Amurath succeeds. We have for a

while lost SAM SMITH; we have found SPROSTON CAINE. SAMUEL, it will be remembered, used to prow about Piccadilly at midnight, or haunt the stage door of the music halls, coming down to the House, and making its flesh creep with horror at recital of things he had seen and heard. SPROSTON, according to his own account, has been lavishing his pennies in looking up naughty things hidden in the recesses of mutoscopes. Home Secretary so interested in the enterprise that, taking his tip from SPROSTON, he has spent all his pocket-money.

"The hon. Member," he ruefully said just now, "referred me to the Strand. I paraded up and down the Strand one whole afternoon and detected nothing. I have spent the best part of this Bank Holiday trying to find these pictures. I saw many picture boxes, surrounded by urchins, and spent several pennies in looking into them, but I did not see one single thing that any human being could possibly object to."

This vision of RITCHIE hovering round mutoscope with other street urchins, feeling in his pockets to see if he had got another penny, tenderly toying with it, finally making up his mind, hastily dropping it in the slot, bending his eye to level of peephole, and then being disappointed, was hailed by unsympathetic House with roars of laughter.

Tuesday night.—The Hughligans broke out to-night. JOHN O'GORST, epitome of harmless respectability, taking an afternoon walk after leaving a card on the Committee of the Council of Education, suddenly set upon; his hat beaten over his brow; his ribs punched; his whiskers pulled; his body left for dead in the lonely furrow that lies between the pavement and the roadway and is colloquially known as the gutter.

All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. What actually happened was that HUGH CECIL and his more or less merry men made up their minds to prevent the building of a new Board School at Stepney. JOHN O'GORST, as representative of the Board of Education, had arranged everything for the purchase of a site. Provisional Order confirmed in Committee; Bill came up this afternoon for consideration on Report stage. If it passed all was lost; Board School would forthwith be built. If they could get the Bill re-committed, on whatever excuse, delay would, at this period of Session, be fatal, and the evil day of erection of another Board School in London would be put off for twelve months.

Lord HUGH CECIL accordingly met his boys at midnight, by a coffee stall, in quiet street at Greenwich. All arranged. When Bill called on to-day EVANS GORDON, Major (retired), put up to make frontal attack. At the right moment, HUGH

CECIL came up on the flank, and the pounding began. Accused JOHN O'GORST of "surreptitious proceedings"; with indignant gesture of angry hand toward the Treasury Bench, on which sat Brother CRANBORNE, Cousin ARTHUR, and Cousin GERALD, declared that it was the only part of the House where honourable understandings were not kept.

Effect of scene on SQUIRE OF MALWOOD quite painful. In voice choked with emotion, he protested that never had he seen the House fallen so low as when charges of this kind brought against the King's Ministers, no reply was forthcoming. This interposition wrought magic results on Lord HUGH. Ran over and knelt by side of prostrate Vice President of the Council; helped him to his feet; smoothed his hair; brushed his clothes; promised him a new coat of red paint for his bicycle.

"If," he protested, "I have said anything that is capable of being interpreted as reflecting on Sir JOHN GORST, I withdraw it. I have the warmest sense of the fairness and honesty he always displays."

Here he tenderly removed a flake of mud from the right hon. gentleman's left whisker.

"Um," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "wish I hadn't spoken. Rather spoiled a promising little game."

Business done.—The Hughligans ruthlessly assault JOHN O'GORST.

Friday night.—I sometimes ask the MEMBER FOR SARK what has become of FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL. Twenty years ago he was, perhaps, the most brilliant of the band of Irish obstructionists who reduced obstruction to a science, and showed how a few men, some of them illiterate, all resolute, unscrupulous, could defy and answer the Mother of Parliaments. The answer comes to-day in a little book published



Gorst succumbs to the Chief of the "Hughligans"

by JOHN LONG, entitled *The Message of the Masters*. FRANK HUGH, like Mr. Silas Wegg, has dropped into poetry. The theme of the verse is the legend, dear to Irishmen, which tells how within the bosom of the Mount of Ailceach are buried the ruins of the stately summer palace of the northern kings of Ireland, who, silent amid their slumbering hosts, watch for the dawning of the day when they shall lead forth their warriors to deliver Ireland from the yoke of the Saxon.

FRANK HUGH's verse has all the finish and far more of the fire of his prose speeches. Written in the rhythm of MACAULAY's ballads, there are some verses the Master might have been proud to have penned. I gather that the former Member for Dungarvan does not think much of the present Irish Parliamentary Party. Even PARNELL did not please him. To his memory he dedicates the following lines:—

A shape of lath and plaster had late been leader there,
With puppetry and paint-work to set the folk astare.
There came a wind of judgment, and lo! its place was bare.

In a supplement of historical notes and explanations, not the least interesting portion of the little book, this is admitted to refer to CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, "a penniless Wicklow squire of English descent." But who is this?—

We marked a burst of cheering that hailed a bloated slave
The Seller of our exiles from Clyde to London's wave.
The Talkers cheered the Knaving, the throng acclaimed the knave.

And this?—

And still, and still a Talker, with Ghetto shekels paid,
Where Moy looks South on Galway, his sordid mobsmen bade
Refuse the County Honour to Ireland's New Brigade.

And who can this be?—

Still prosing and still posing! Like pedant from hedge school,
Came one, sour faced with envy, incompetent to rule,
To show no fool in motley can match a Dismal Fool.

What FRANK HUGH can't abear is the making of long speeches in the House of Commons. As he puts it—

The Chiefs are hot with hating the noisome Night of Words,
The Chiefs are wild with waiting the leaping Light of Swords.

Yet SARK remembers FRANK HUGH making a two hours' speech in his first Session. Also he remembers one night in June, 1880, when F. H., in the middle of the Question Hour, moved the adjournment, in order to attack CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, just named, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, leading to a talk which lasted till one o'clock the

next morning. Other times, other O'DONNELL'S. To-day none so fierce as he in flagellation of the Tribe of Talkers.

Business done.—Report of Supply driven through.

PIEVE DI CADORE.

TWENTY-FIVE miles from a railway station, and without electric light or gas, Pieve di Cadore, the birthplace of TITIAN, remains old-fashioned. One can sit outside the Hôtel Progresso, and watch the dusty travellers arriving in dusty carriages with the luggage tied on behind, as in the time of DICKENS's *Pictures from Italy*. A *vettura pubblica*, a degenerate descendant of the old diligence, arrives four times a day. It is only an omnibus with two seats in front, but it is inscribed *Messaggeria Postale*, it is painted bright yellow, and it does its best to look as old as possible. As for the three horses in it, they look as old as possible without any trying. They seem to date back to the time of DICKENS at least, if not of TITIAN himself.

The name of the Hôtel Progresso is possibly unique. Its progress, as regards slowness, is much the same. However, it has reached a point of tolerable comfort, and, being able to accommodate eighty people, it has just bought a second hip-bath. It boasts already of a plunge bath—a cement tank in the floor of an out-house approached through the garden. The comfort of this bath is somewhat diminished by the fact that the cold-water tap leaks and squirts a thin, but powerful, stream of water into the air. The stranger, on entering, naturally endeavours to turn off the tap, with the result that the squirt of water is diverted on to him, and gives him a pleasant shower-bath before he has taken his clothes off.

But one forgets all these trifling imperfections in the delightful climate of Pieve di Cadore, which is as nearly perfect as possible. An Italian sky and a southern sunshine are blended with the pure air of three thousand feet above the sea. It is just the happy medium between baking Belluno to the south, and cloudy Cortina or shivering Schluderbach to the north. In Cortina, with over 3,000 inhabitants, it is impossible to buy a book or a newspaper of any country whatever. The place is so benighted, so literally in the clouds, that even the clocks are permanently wrong. Marvellous to relate they are not slow, but fast—twenty minutes ahead of Vienna. It is possible that Cortina, never seeing a book or a newspaper, has never heard of Central European Time, but how it gets its clocks twenty minutes fast, unless it regulates them by the moon, is more than one can discover. At Pieve di Cadore, in poor, ignorant Italy, with only eight hundred poor, ignorant inhabitants, one can buy a Venetian paper daily, and in

the shop where pins and needles, toys, thread, matches, picture post-cards and other trifles are sold, one can even buy a book. It is not much of a book, but it is more than you could get in Cortina, unless you telegraphed to Vienna for it.

Pieve di Cadore has but one defect, shared with other Italian towns. The inhabitants seem to require no sleep. Before five in the morning they ring the church bells, terrific bells, certainly audible two miles away. This is the morning programme:

4.45 A.M.—Church bells for three minutes.

5.0.—Just as one is settling off to sleep again, clock of Municipio strikes. It is a very loud clock. Second attempt to fall asleep again.

5.2.—Clock of church strikes. Also a loud one.

5.10, or thereabouts.—Animated conversation of inhabitants just under bedroom window. They were talking outside till 11 P.M. Crowing of cocks.

5.30.—Banging of doors in corridor, and departure of first travellers leaving to-day. Much conversation in loud voices. Shouts in various languages—Italian, German, American. Crashes of heavy luggage on floors. Creaking of brakes on wheels of carriages descending hill. Also bells, cocks, dogs, swifts and others.

6.0.—Day's work well begun. Renewed movements of vehicles, of luggage, of travellers. General chorus of cocks, clocks, dogs, swifts, servants and inhabitants generally. Occasional solo by a donkey. Last hope of sleep finally abandoned. Get up.

7.0.—Bells and clocks. After this a profound peace settles down upon the Piazza Tiziano. The few people about seem to converse softly. An occasional vehicle passing is hardly noticeable. The bells are rung no more. Even the clocks appear to strike more gently. But it is too late to go to bed again when one is up and dressed.

After two such awakenings, it became evident that the only way to get some sleep was to go to bed at nine. Unfortunately I came to this conclusion on a Sunday, when the town band, with brass instruments of vast power and a mighty drum, performed a selection of music under my windows till 10.30 p.m., and so completely aroused the already wakeful inhabitants that they remained on the piazza discussing the performance till midnight. On Monday the enterprising proprietor of the Caffè Tiziano, opposite, had engaged two comic singers, who sang with immense energy, accompanied by a harmonium, from nine in the evening until some late hour, which complete exhaustion prevented me from recording. I only know that they had finished when the church bells woke me at a quarter to five on Tuesday morning.

H. D. B.



VOLUNTEER NOTES.

OUT WITH AN ARMY CORPS IN AUGUST.

SORROWS OF PATERFAMILIAS AT THE SEASIDE.

PART II.

FOUR of my offspring joined me on the sands.

WILLY and JOHNNY expressed a desire to paddle; whilst MOLLY and CHARLIE were equally determined to buy pails, spades and nets. I, personally, should have preferred remaining on the beach, but—

The contest ended in tears on one side, triumph on the other, and a forced march upon the toyshop in the High Street. It struck me that, judging by the varied assortment of smells, the High Street was aptly named. Near the toy-shop we met my eldest boy puffing at a cigarette. I frowned warningly, but ALGERNON exclaimed: "Oh, it's all right, Gov'nor; the Mater will never know if you don't tell her."

I sighed, and entered the shop. Amid a clamour of infantile cries, I fitted out the children with nets, boats, cheap bathing dresses, and canvas shoes.

Then we again repaired to the beach. The children all paddled, except ALGERNON, who turned rather green, and said he didn't care for the seaside, and that he thought the journey down had disagreed with him. We returned, at length, to what is euphemistically designated a high tea, sandy, dirty and sticky.

MARION had "put things to rights"—whatever that may mean—we retired to bed early, and awoke to a bright, sunny day. The only drawbacks to the enjoyment of our breakfast were that the eggs were hard, and the bacon uneatable. The tea had apparently been made with tepid water, too. But we had not come to Cockleton to eat but to enjoy the sight of the azure sea. It was not azure; it was of a faded pea-soup colour; but that was a detail.

Shortly after breakfast we started for the beach, laden with camp-stools, milk-buns, sponge cakes, pears, bananas, bathing-dresses, towels, pails and spades, toy boats and fishing-nets, brushes and combs. I carried most of these things—dear MARION is so flattering in the confidence she reposes in me, as evidenced by her desire that I should personally take charge of most, if not all, of our belongings. I walked a little in advance, so that MARION should be able to see if I dropped anything *en route*.

We reached the sands and spread our *impedimenta* on the ground. Selecting my wife's waterproof, I was laying it out preparatory to sitting on it, when a yell from MARION apprised me that the baby was underneath, having been temporarily deposited there by Nurse. How I could be so careless MARION could not understand. I smiled broadly, and MARION said I was a brute.

About 10 a.m. we began to think of bathing, and I was to ascertain how soon we could obtain possession of two bathing machines in close proximity. Bathing-machine man grumpy, 'Ow did 'e know when the machines was goin' to be empty! 'Ow did 'e know when the "parties" was comin' aout! Pro-pitiated him with sixpence, after which he thought that Twenty-four and Twenty-six would be ready in a 'arf-hour. Returned. For once, MARION quite pleased with me. So astonished, almost choked myself with milk-bun.

The "parties" finally emerged from Twenty-four and Twenty-six, almost at same moment. I and four boys took Twenty-four, whilst Nurse and three younger ones went into Twenty-six. Baby left in charge of our small nursemaid, under supervision of MARION, on sand.

Space extremely limited. I got in first. Water extremely cold. ALGERNON insists on diving from machine. Does so, and hits his head against the sand. MARION screams from shore to ask why I allowed him to do such a dangerous thing. Two youngest boys cling to each other and decline to come into water at all. Stand at foot of steps persuading, and getting very cold.

"C-c-c-come along, boys; it's n-n-n-not at all c-c-c-cold!" My teeth were rattling, and giving the lie direct to my assertion. WILLY at length puts toe in and rushes back. Have to carry him out screaming. Dip him, and thereby earn his undying distrust. Same process with CHARLIE. TOMMY adventurous, and gets out of his depth. Rush in, and drag him out—much the pluckiest, and quickly begins enjoying himself. All the rest follow suit, and, desperately cold, I scrambled back into bathing machine, seized rough towel and began to rub life into my perished frame again. Door suddenly opens, and Nurse—who has mistaken Twenty-four for Twenty-six—rushes in and shuts door after her. Situation too horrible for words. She gives weird shriek, and flies out again. Very trying, but suppose accidents will happen in best reg—Dear MARION hammering at door. Why don't I make ALGERNON and TOMMY come in? Really, she thought I could have no authority at all! Reply that I quite agree with her; don't think I have. Nevertheless, shout to boys:

"Your mother says you are to come in, at once!"

"No fear!" is the graceless and extremely vulgar reply.

What can I do more?

Dress and return to beach, and MARION, in cold tones, asks, "How was it that you and Nurse were in same machine?"

Explain. Regret to find dear MARION unreasoning and sceptical.

Succeed at length in explaining, but noticed, nevertheless, that Nurse received month's warning. PERKSLEY dropped in that evening—unfortunately, table was being laid for supper—and, all our efforts to dislodge him proving abortive, he stopped and shared meal with us.

Dear MARION, in stony silence, rose at nine p.m., bowed, and stalked majestically off, leaving me to entertain our guest until half-past eleven, when, having smoked two of my cigars and consumed nearly a third of whisky bottle, he rose, patted me familiarly on shoulder, asked me to excuse him for running away so early, and promised to "drop in another night, soon." If he does drop in I drop out.

Low tide in morning, and we made for the rocks. I caught a prawn, and a small green crab caught WILLY. His screams were heartrending, until I had succeeded in releasing his finger from the nipping crustacean embrace, which was immediately transferred to me. I smashed crab on rock, taking the skin off my knuckles in doing so.

Resumed operations, and made discoveries—amongst them, that sitting down on green seaweed-covered rocks, whether voluntarily or the reverse—most frequently the latter—is not improving to white flannel trousers. JOHNNY, reaching out too far over a rock, overbalanced and fell in. Wet through. Fearing dear MARION's displeasure, I told him we must go home at once. Indignant protests from children. What ought father of family to do under these embarrassing circumstances? Finally decide on taking JOHNNY home, despite struggles, and entrust rest of children to ALGERNON. ALGERNON hardly rises to situation—says something about "Blooming rot!" Look severe, but ALGERNON only laughs. Wish he wouldn't. So hurtful. Ignore laugh, and start home, leading JOHNNY by hand. He kicks and screams, until I threaten him with condign punishment. At this, he roars still more loudly, and I substitute promise of chalky looking sweetstuff, which we obtain at shop just off beach. We reach home without further trouble. Dear MARION looks reproachfully at me, and asks in despairing tones why it is that I can never be trusted out with the children alone? Was immediately sent back to find the others, whilst MARION and Nurse took JOHNNY in hand. Up to present, feel that my brief sojourn at seaside has hardly afforded me the rest I had hoped for.

When I again found boys, ALGERNON had dropped some way behind rest to smoke cigarette and make eyes at pretty nursemaid. Again ignored his fatuous conduct, but carefully took him by arm and led him on with me. Discovered

my other little ones playing with that odious creature's, PERKSLEY'S, youngsters—so embarrassing, as MARION had particularly warned me against permitting this. Wish dear MARION were here. Thought best plan was to adjourn to early dinner. Did so, in spite of vigorous protests, and got children home, exhausted—I mean that I was.

ALGERNON informed us, as we were struggling with our underdone, tepid leg of mutton, and cabbage tasting of soapsuds, that there would be a cricket match that afternoon on the sands. He and WILLY were to play.

Welcomed this, as promising quiet hour in which to read and indulge in contemplative pipe. Baby would be asleep—I hoped—and MARION lying down—I trusted. Boys and MOLLY rushed away, after meal, to sands, whilst MARION bustled upstairs to nursery, and I lit pipe and settled down to previous day's newspaper. Began to think that, after all, seaside life very restful, when WILLY rushed in and requested me to come and "make up" the needed eleven for the Visitors—match being Visitors v. Residents. Protested that as I had not played cricket for twenty years the thing was impossible. WILLY inexorable. "You must come; you'll have to! We must have one more feller to make

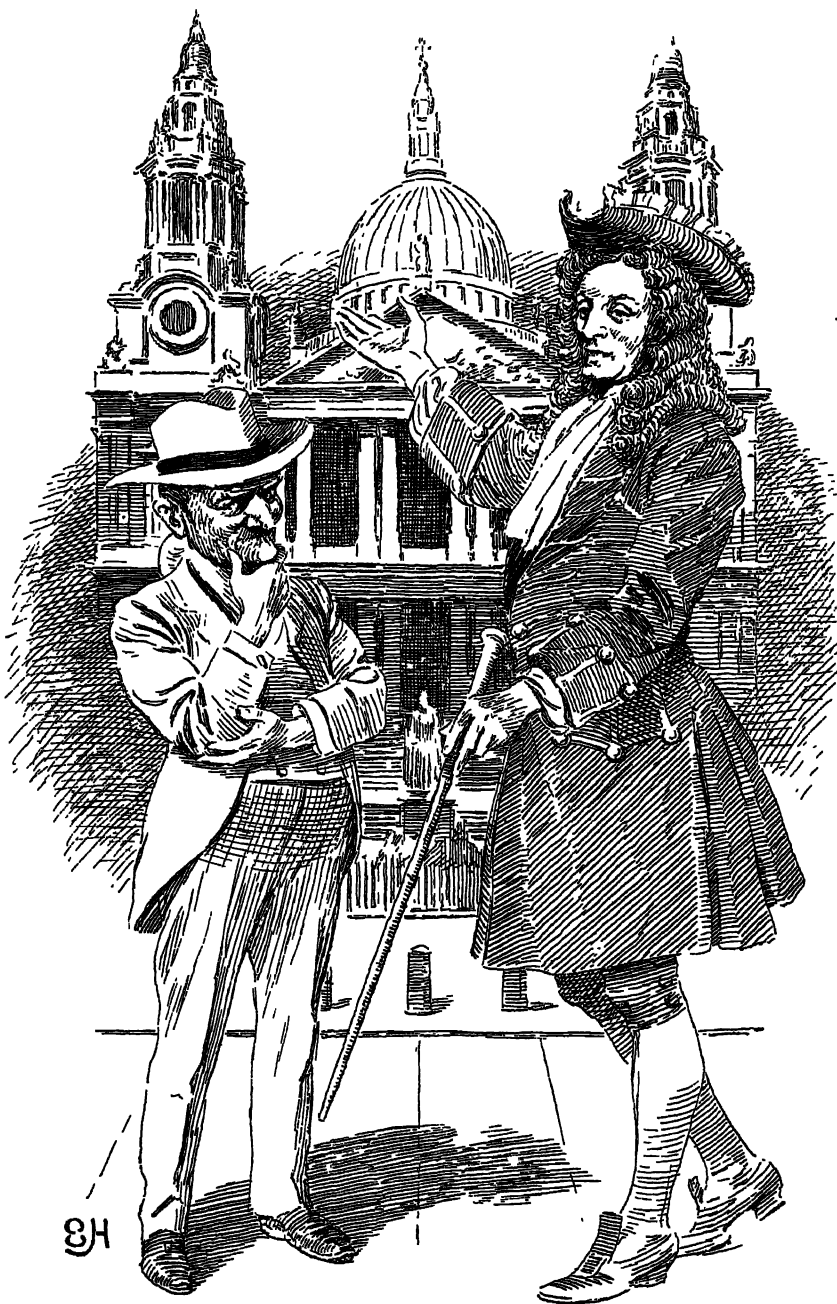
up—they told me to say that any rotter would do!" Very flattering, this. Have to give in, and repair to sands forthwith.

Visitors win toss and take first innings. Our "captain"—aspiring youth of sixteen—consults ALGERNON as to order of going in. ALGERNON replies airily, "Oh, shove the gov'nor in anywhere. He's hopeless!" Smile pleasantly, but feel both annoyed and nervous. When my turn came for action felt more nervous still.

I hit wildly at first ball, but was unaware that success had crowned my efforts, until a very Babel of shouts warned me to "Run it out, Sir!" and, like one possessed, I capered up and down the "pitch," until my mad career was prematurely cut short by the ball, dexterously hurled at my wicket, missing

it, and hitting me, with great force, on the trouser. Rubbed injured part ruefully, and again "took guard." Once more did I strike with savage force at the unseen: but this time my bat only snicked the flying missile, which went into the hands of "slip," and I was out. Thankful that nothing worse had happened, I retired from wickets, sore and bruised, but still triumphant, as I had hit a four, anyhow. Ironical cheers greeted me on my return, and our captain—the youth before alluded to—patted me patronisingly on back, and said that "for an old buffer, I really wasn't so bad, after all." I may here remark that this young gentleman himself had been bowled first ball.

Fielding somewhat tiresome, and lasted throughout afternoon. I missed three catches, was openly execrated by rest of Visitors' team—consisting, mostly, of small boys—was struck on nose in attempting to field lofty hit; declined to go into sea in pursuit of ball, and, in one way or another,



Mr. Punch. "MAKE YOUR MIND EASY, SIR CHRISTOPHER, I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON IT."

["WHEN never dreamt of the desperate attacks the sandy substratum would have to sustain." *Daily Paper.*]

became distinctly unpopular. Very glad when it was all over, and we returned to our evening meal.

Everything again spoiled in cooking and tasted of soot. Annoying, this.

Was in act of lighting pipe when awful crash from without made me spring to my feet. Dear MARION rushed frantically into room and sank fainting on sofa. TOMMY had fallen through the balcony!

F. R.

(To be continued.)



His Fair Companion (drowsily). "I THINK A CANADIAN IS THE BEST RIVER CRAFT, AFTER ALL, AS IT'S LESS LIKE WORK THAN THE OTHERS!"

CRICKET PROSPECTS FOR 1902.

[*"First-class cricket, properly organised and run as an attractive variety-show, would be a fine paying concern."*—*An American financier to an Interviewer.*]

THE Anglo-American "Willow-and-Leather" Syndicate (President: Mr. PIERPOINT MORGAN; capital, ten million dollars) beg to intimate that their season will open at Lord's on the first of April. They have obtained an exclusive lease of this well-known ground, and their list of star artists fairly licks creation.

Turnstiles open at 7 A.M. No free passes. One continuous round of amusement from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Program for each day of the opening week:—

9 A.M.—Prince RANJI and Lord HAWKE will take center. These aristocratic willow-wielders will then demonstrate on slow half-volleys, putting on 200 runs in the hour. Positively no disappointment. However often they are bowled or caught, they will continue to whack the sphere until the hour be expired. The Prince and the Peer every morning from nine to ten!

10—11.—Grand exhibition of bowling and fielding by the united Yorkshire troupe. (Specially and exclusively engaged.) RHODES, HAIGH and HIRST will

perform the celebrated Hat Trick. There are no spots on the Yorkshire bowlers!

11—11.30.—Comic interlude, entitled "No-Ball; or, The Doubtful Deliverer and the Umbraged Umpire." Messrs. MOLD and JAMES PHILIPS have been booked at fabulous cost to give this screamingly-funny performance each day of the opening week.

11.30—12.30.—CHARLES B. FRY will lecture on "The Use and Abuse of the Leg-glance." The glory of C. B. as the champion crickoting word-spinner needs no polish to increase its glitter. Wise words from a brave batsman daily at 11.30! (Schools admitted to this turn at reduced fees.)

12.30—2.0.—The Champion Midgets! Splendid show by Messrs. ABEL and QUAIFF. Skill *versus* size. The little wonders will smack the pilule to the boundary every time. Followed by ABEL's celebrated turn: "How I walk back to the Pavilion." Howls of delighted applause!

From 2 to 3.—The entire troupe will be fed in the Pavilion, and the public will be admitted to view the fascinating scene. But the practice of offering the performers buns and lumps of sugar is very dangerous and cannot be permitted.

At 3 precisely.—Dr. W. G. GRACE will lead the way into the field, and will give

his world-renowned performance, including the Deep-Square-Leg Trick, the Scratching-the-ground-with-a-Bail Trick, etc., etc. At the conclusion of his turn he will be umpired out "l.b.w." to a leg-break, and will then speak a stirring monologue. (Copyright strictly reserved.)

4—5.—The Oxford and Cambridge elevens will play tip-and-run. The scene on the ground will be a careful reproduction of the famous 'Varsity match. Beauty and brightness will be seated on real drags; Peers (warranted hall-marked), Cabinet Ministers and Judges will watch the proceedings from the pavilion. Real triple-distilled essence of British Aristocracy will pervade this turn. Huge attraction for visitors from the States.

5—6.—America *versus* England. Magnificent International Match. America will be represented by (among others) FRY, HAYWARD, JESSOP, PALAIRET, HEARNE, etc. (all of whom conclusively can show American descent. Their pedigrees have been made specially for the Syndicate, and are unquestionably genuine.) England will number among its foremost champions Messrs. TIMSON, SNOOKS, STUBBS, etc., of the Lower Pottlebury Cricket Club. America will win! The Supremacy of the Eagle over the Decrepit Lion will be established daily! Unique scene!

The whole of the troupe will join in singing "*The Star-Spangled Banner*" (solo verses by S. M. J. WOODS, G. J. V. WEIGALL and S. M. CROSFIELD), at the conclusion of which stumps will be drawn for the day. A. C. D.

A MATTER FOR RE-DRESS.

SAID the Person in gorgeous apparel, "Be good enough to serve me with a glass of sherry and a sandwich."

"Very sorry," replied the waiter, "but it's against the rules of the house."

"What do you mean, sirrah?" exclaimed the Person.

"From your dress," continued the waiter, "I take you to be a drum-major of artillery, and we cannot serve N.C.O.'s except when they appear in mufti."

"A drum-major of artillery!" indignantly echoed the wearer of much embroidery. "Why, I am a Cabinet Minister!"

"Very sorry indeed, Sir," returned the waiter more respectfully, "but I'm much afraid I can't serve you. You see our orders are strict, not to serve anyone out of mufti. No discourtesy intended to you personally, Sir, I am sure, Sir, but—"

"Merely an insult to His Majesty's uniform?"

"Well, Sir, that *does* seem about the size of it."

And the man made the admission because he was only a waiter and not a proprietor.



Farmer James. "IT WUR STRANGE THAT MY SON AND SQUIRE SHOULD HA' BEEN WOUNDED AT THE SAME TIME; THEY DO SAY THAT THEY WILL BOTH HAVE THE V.C."

Old Joe (who has heard of "D.T."). "DEAR, DEAR! I 'OPE IT WON'T BE SERIOUS!"

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

["Prof. GAUTIER, of the Institut de France, has isolated the bacteria of physical fatigue, which he finds is a poison strongly resembling ptomaine in nature. From this he deduces that fatigue can, by the use of disinfectants, be avoided like any other poison, and consequently man, no longer suffering from wear and tear, need not weaken or age."—*Evening Press Agency.*]

WHEN streaks of silver I descry
Mid locks that once were raven called,
When candid mirrors tell me I
Am bald;
When furrows on my wrinkled phiz
I massage daily, but in vain,
I think, "It is not age—it is
Ptomaine."

Then let me not, like some great dunce,
Bewail my hapless lot because
I am not quite so young as once
I was;
But let me rather—if I can—
Entrap the germs, and down their throats
Gently but firmly force the an-
tidotes.

Then shall my limbs again be lithe,
My figure grow a thought less stout,
My swollen feet no longer writhe
With gout;
Smooth, smooth shall be this wrinkled
brow,
And oh, it will be passing sweet
To don my youthful hose that now
Won't meet.

Once more the Rigi peaks sublime
I shall surmount withchamois skill,
Instead of panting as I climb
Herne Hill;
And famous victories I'll win
Once more among my brother-Blues,
Nor be content to read them in
My News.

And when my grandsons, growing white,
The sports of youth no more enjoy,
I still shall love my football, quite
A boy.
Perpetual youth! To eat, to sleep,
Digest, as one was wont to do—
I think it sounds a trifle steep—
Don't you?

A FOLKESTONE PROPHECY.

Sketch descriptive of the Races of the 21st August in common form.

NEVER was there such a * day. Mr. * was well in evidence. The dresses of the ladies were appropriately *. Thanks to the * weather, the drags were * and the road was *. According to statistics, the numbers were * than usual. Every one knows that if * is the case, * must naturally follow. So all was * and the day passed away with all the * of a *.

The horses taking part in the Folkestone contest were *. * was the favourite, but the * felt that if * could only * the result must be *. This being so, there was little more to be *.

At * the principal race came off. In spite of the * the excitement was intense. It was noticed that * was leading at * and * came within measurable distance of * at *. A few seconds of keen excitement, shouts and yells, and the race was won by *.

* Fill in blank with the appropriate word at the proper time.

AT GORING.

WHERE is the sweetest river reach,
With nooks well worth exploring,
Wild woods of bramble, thorn and beech
Their fragrant breath outpouring?
Where does our dear secluded stream
Most gaily gleam?
At Goring.

Where sings the thrush amid the fern?
Where trills the lark upsoaring?
Where build the timid coot and hern,
The foot of man ignoring?
Where sits secure the water vole
Beside her hole?
At Goring.

Where do the stars dramatic shine
'Mid satellites adoring?
And where does fashion lunch and dine
Al fresco, bored and boring?
Where do we meet confections sweet
And toilets neat?
At Goring.

Where are regattas? Where are trains
Their noisy crowds outpouring?
And bands discoursing hackneyed strains,
And rockets skyward soaring?
Where is this *urbs in rure*?—where
This Cockney Fair?
At Goring.

"VENICE, LIMITED."

DOWN by road from Pieve di Cadore, along the valley of the Piave to Belluno, where it is raining. Pieve, Piave, plove. However, this is nothing unusual at Belluno, where it rains every afternoon, according to account. It is admitted even by the waiter, who tries to speak three languages in one breath, and startles one with rapid exclamations such as "Vino-du-vin-some-wine?" He admits it sorrowfully and breathlessly. "Si-oui-yass," says he. If it were not so rainy Belluno would be a very pleasant place, but one is not tempted to linger, and the truthful waiter, with "Buon-viaggio-signore-bon-jour-monsieur-good-bye," sees me start for Venice.

Venice in August. Friendly fellow-travellers, aghast, have warned me solemnly of fearful heat, of terrible odours, of maddening mosquitos. They were all wrong. I saw one mosquito, and counted him carefully. As for the heat, it was nothing like London or Paris. Summer is the time for Venice, rather than the autumn, when one shivers in a gondola.

But there will not be much left of Venice after a short time, for it is gradually becoming one large show, run by English companies. A little extension, a final amalgamation, and "Venice, Limited," would offer its shares to the public. Then the poor, shabby, old-fashioned parts of the city, where no tourists, no picture post-cards, no hideous,

gimcrack souvenirs are to be seen, could all be swept away. The dingy little canals could be filled in, and used for electric tramways. Every *campo* could have its switchback railway or its music-hall. Then Venice would be perfect. The English and Americans would stay in hotels, on Italian territory, where no Italian dish would ever be seen. They would live on grilled chops, Irish stew, roast beef, plum puddings, and pancakes, exactly as they do at home. The Germans would stay in similar hotels and live on *Kaltes Aufschnitt, Kartoffelsalat, Wiener Schnitzel, Compot, Bier, und so weiter*. The name of *polenta* would be forgotten, and everyone in the city would speak English or German.

"Venice, Limited!" It is a fascinating prospect. That absurd, undulating old floor in St. Mark's would be up in no time, and the Company's Mosaic Department would lay an elegant, modern floor, tested with spirit levels. The climb to the top of the Campanile is preposterous; the Company's Lift Department would soon alter that. The trip to the Lido by water is tedious; a girder bridge and an electric tram from the Piazzetta would be an evident improvement. One institution would remain unaltered. The pigeons of St. Mark's, those charming little birds, exactly the same as the pigeons of the British Museum, would still afford amusement to simple-minded tourists, who never look at a pigeon, much less feed one, in New York, or London, or Berlin. The Company's Grain Department would supply the wherewithal to feed them, obtained from penny-in-slot machines. And when the tourist became, at last, a little weary of feeding the pretty birds, the Company's gondola would take him to one of the Company's shops, and the Company's Souvenir Department, or its Antiquities Department, would sell him all that he might wish to buy. And the Company's Forwarding Department would send it to his home in any part of the world.

Meanwhile, some trifling improvements might be made. A few seats, not of stone, might be provided; some chairs, at a penny or twopence, on the Piazza. There cannot be a city anywhere with less seats than Venice. Unless one sits outside a café—and one does not require drinks or ices at all hours of the day—one must sit on the pavement. One very hot evening I perceived a number of quiet, well-dressed Italians sitting on the wide plinth of St. Mark's, that plinth so solid that it remains uninjured after, perhaps, a thousand years of tumultuous history. I joined them, and we sat peacefully, without kicking the plinth or doing any damage whatever. But soon there strolled along one of those ridiculous little policemen of Venice—caricatures of the London policeman, in the same clothes, except

that a sword is carried, but short and thin and stooping, exactly like a super, dressed as a policeman, in a pantomime—and gently told us to go. We yielded, with protests, and the inoffensive super strolled peacefully away. Of course, we all had to adjourn to the cafés, in whose interest this regulation is evidently made. As for me, I sought such vengeance as was possible. I went at once to the Caffè Florian, ordered a glass of beer, the cheapest drink obtainable, and sat stolidly in front of it for two mortal hours. It was rather wearisome, but I had my revenge.

H. D. B.

"TRANSFORMATIONS."

I.

ONE night the streets are fair and smooth,
The asphalte surface splendid,
The telephone has gone to rest, the navy's
work is ended;
The 'bus, the hansom, and the bike
Can journey just where'er they like,
For now the roadway's mended.
But with the dawn there comes a
change;
From Charing Cross to Royal Exchange,
As far and wide as eye can range,
There's one vast excavation.
'Tis sewers, water, or the gas—
Result of ignorance most crass.
And some contractor who's an ass
Has wrought this transformation.

II.

One recollects the wayside inn, its snowy
floor well sanded,
Where good refreshment was dispensed
by PHYLIS sweet, neat-handed.
With mirrors, parquet and paint,
A stained-glass BACCHUS—patron saint,
The place has been expanded.
Nous avons changé tout cela.
'Tis HEBE now behind the bar,
Who, pert as Comic Opera star,
Expects her adoration.
To make the change was rather rash,
For all is done with borrowed cash;
Then comes a big distiller's smash—
Another transformation.

III.

Not long ago the sunny Squares, by lime
trees screened and hidden,
A rendezvous exclusive were, to wanderers
forbidden.
And little kids who trod the street
In tattered clothes and shoeless feet,
From Paradise were driven.
But nowadays our hearts decide
Humanity shall conquer pride,
So Eden's gates are opened wide
In welcome invitation.
No longer from the waifs forlorn
We bar the pleasures of the lawn;
They live, and no one dares to scorn
This glorious transformation.

HUAN MEE.



Bernard Partridge

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Mr. Punch. "NOW, MR. BULL, WAKE UP! YOU'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT CHAP. HE'S ALWAYS AT IT, SPEAKS THEIR LANGUAGES, AND KNOWS THEIR MONEY."

John Bull. "POOH! MY GOODS ARE BETTER THAN HIS!"

Mr. Punch. "I DARESAY—BUT YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND IT!"

THE MILLIONAIRE'S LAMENT;

OR, THE IMPOTENCE OF RICHES.

THERE are philosophers who state
That wealth, if not an actual bubble,
Is bound to prove, at any rate,
A source of almost endless trouble;
Well, I was once content to bear
These trials of a millionaire.

In town a bijou-palace, and
Six country seats, all castellated,
A yacht or two, a four-in-hand,
A cuisine justly celebrated;—
With these for solace I could find
Courage enough to be resigned.

I freely mixed with social stars,
And Noblemen would grace my table;
They had the run of my cigars,
My wines, my motors and my stable;
They were not difficult to please,
And always made me feel at ease.

But now I recognise the view,
To which the poets give expression
(Speaking as men belonging to
A sadly underpaid profession),
That there are joys too deep, or high,
For even billionaires to buy.

I quite admit the power of wealth
At any ordinary juncture;
But when you sigh for youth or health,
Or for a conscience free from puncture,
Not all the mines on Afric's map
Would serve to fill the aching gap.

With these elusive joys to seek,
Pray how, I ask, would it console us,
Though we were offered, so to speak,
The private right to tap Pactolus?
The gifts of Nature, as of Art,
Are seldom quoted on the mart.

The other day I bought a moor,
And on its summit I erected
A massive structure where a score
Of sporting Peers might be collected;
I know its size unnerved the grouse,
It was so like the Mansion House.

And then I purchased, as became
A lord of fifty thousand acres,
Along with tools for killing game
(By all the most expensive makers),
Some dozen suits of Harris tweed,
And twenty setters, guaranteed.

Now see how little wealth can do!
Despite the most superb of shootings,
Despite my weapons brave and new,
Despite the smartest Highland suit-
ings,
As yet (I know it sounds absurd)
I haven't hit a single bird!

O. S.

A HOLIDAY QUESTION.—"En route!"
cries worn-out Paterfamilias; but then,
how about the branches?



OBLIGING.

Lady (to village jobber, who for days has been "working" in the house). "CAN YOU TELL ME WHEN YOU ARE LIKELY TO HAVE FINISHED THIS JOB?"
Village Jobber. "IF YOU CAN TELL ME, MUM, WHERE I'M LIKELY TO GET ANOTHER."

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

SCENE—A studio. TIME—After the painting of "The Presentation Portrait."

Enter the BROWN Party.

Pater Brown (to Artist). I thought I must look you up. Splendid likeness!

Artist (modestly). Yes, I think I have caught the Field-Marshal's expression. So glad you are pleased with it.

Mater Brown. Yes; and the medals are simply lovely! I can read the lettering on all of them distinctly.

Artist. I like to be accurate. I think I have been fortunate with the flesh tints.

Misses Brown (together). Yes; and the chair looks quite real.

Junior Brown (languidly). Don't think you've got the Field-Marshal's sabre

right. Now, I know a Johnnie in the militia who never—

Artist (interrupting). The Field-Marshal gave me several sittings, and I think I have got the accessories fairly right.

Pater Brown. And what do you think of asking for it? (Artist mentions a modest sum.) Oh, come; you don't mean that! Why, my dear Sir, it's more than some R.A.'s are asking. Ruination! And how about the frame?

Artist. Oh, that would go with it.

Pater Brown. Oh, would it. That makes a wide difference. Why, the frame is worth a lot of money. (Imbibing refreshment.) Here's luck!

Artist. You are very kind.

Pater Brown. Don't mention it!

Curtain.

OUR PROFESSOR.

(From the Provinces.)

THE poet's eye, the poet says, is apt to roll in frenzy:
But how describe the yellow orb of WILLIAM FORBES MACKENZIE?
How hint its convolutions as it scans the growing shelf
Where rest those works of genius—the offspring of himself?
“The number’s still increasing, as you see. More proofs?

Oh, yes,

I’ve half-a-dozen volumes at this moment in the press:
Some Aspects of Our Laureate, The Priest as an Ascetic,
A monograph on SOUTHEY, and The Ethic of *Æsthetic*—
And here’s a mere *parergon* of a literary pen—
It’s called *My Reminiscences of Celebrated Men*:
I find it most refreshing idle moments to beguile
With TENNYSON, MAT. ARNOLD, BOBBIE BROWNING or CARLYLE.
Why, yes, I’m over head and ears in literary labours
In esse and in posse; and I envy much my neighbours
Whose business gives them leisure for a little wholesome air,
And, say, a round of golf a day—but as for me, *que faire*?
When publishers bombard one every day with some suggestion,
However much one needs it, rest is quite beyond the question.
My lectures? Oh, I do not spend much time on them: you know
I said the last on ARISTOTLE thirty years ago;
Besides, my students have their notes *verbatim*, which, I hear,
Are treasured up and handed down by them from year to year.
Last year my doctors ordered me to travel. “You must go
For six months’ rest. If possible, remain *incognito*?”
I smiled. They sent me to the States. The PRESIDENT, sly dog,
Got wind of my arrival, and good-bye to my *incog*.
I had to lecture every day—the pace was killing, quite—
Hold levees, go to dinners, shake five thousand hands a night.
My arm was almost paralysed. Upon my word, ’twere charity
Would people only let one be; but such is popularity.
You are not going? Can’t you wait, and have a cup of tea?
The Japanese Ambassador is staying here with me.
You’d like to meet him—striking head—a really charming man,
He’s giving me some matter for my *Ethics of Japan*:
A fascinating subject—you must really leave so soon?
I’m charmed to hear so much of you. Good-bye! Good
afternoon!”

PEOPLE WHO PALL ON ME.

VI.—THE FRIEND WHO KNOWS OF AN “IDEAL HOLIDAY SPOT.”

I OBJECT to ideal holiday spots—at any rate, to those so designated by friends. I don’t care to be told where I ought to go, any more than I like being told what I ought to read. But some persons carry about the categorical imperative with them as if it were a kind of walking-stick or umbrella.

One man tells me of a charming little place in Blankshire “away from everything, you know—quite idyllic.”

Well, I know something of those charming, idyllic little places, and I do not desire their further acquaintance.

Besides, why on earth shouldn’t I find out idyllic spots for myself? Have I not as much imagination and enterprise as my friends? Or, even if I haven’t (an absurdly unlikely hypothesis, but assumed), is it tactful of them to thrust the fact under my nose?

No; I must decline to accept the stale, second-hand idylls of my friends. Fancy going with a man and having this as a running commentary if you showed the smallest sign of enjoying yourself: “Didn’t I tell you! Fancy a man like you never having found out . . . now you will know what a holiday can be, eh?” Yes, I probably should.

Why, therefore, should I bother myself with these prescribed ideal holiday spots? Some will run them like a patent medicine in the near future, and we shall see monster advertisements something like this:—

“Try BOREMAN’S Ideal Holiday Retreat. Five hundred miles

from everywhere. Invaluable for all nervous people. Will induce melancholia in two days. Complete imbecility guaranteed in a week!” Or this:—“Try RAZZLETON’S Ideal Holiday Spot. A perfect round of amusements from morning to night. Margate is a fool to it. Niggers will collect under your sitting-room window every evening. Music hall songs of ten years’ vintage alone on tap. Are you free from *headache*? Then go to RAZZLETON’S Ideal Holiday Spot. Nervous wrecks turned out at the end of each holiday with the greatest regularity,” and so on.

Now why have any plans for a holiday? Isn’t there something degrading about piecing out your time, one day here, and two days there? Just pack up a few indispensables and go—out of town. Where? Well, you can decide in the cab on your first stopping place.

After that let sweet inclination guide you, and eschew all Ideal Holiday Spots “as recommended.”

The essence of holiday-making lies in a whole-hearted aimless meander, and in the cultivation of mooning as one of the fine arts.

A. R.

THE SANDAL BOOM;

OR, WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

Needy Bootblack at London Bridge Station breaks out into latter-day Sapphics:

MAWNIN’, Sir! shoine, Sir? ’Ere you are—w’y, lumme!
Blest if the bloke yn’t got a pair o’ Sandows!
Stroike me! a toff, too, goin’ to the City!
’E’s a fair knock-out!

Well, I’ll be jiggered—if there yn’t another,
Ten of ’em, twenty, ’ere’s a blanky tryne-full,
Clurks and tip-toppers, streamin’ from the sububs—
Yn’t ne’er a boot on!

Lydies, too; well, I never see such Trilbies,
Airin’ their dysies, not to mention hankles—
Blanked if they yn’t jus’ like a lot o’ kiddies
Horf to the sea-side!

S’elp me, the blighters must be goin’ dotty—
Stryte! such a crahd of perishers a-paddlin’,
Fyked up wiv toe-straps, showin’ up their bunions,—
Give me the fair ’ump!

’Ere, BILL, I hask yer, ’oo are they a-kiddin’?
Har the ’ole barnshoot barmy on the crumpet,
Plyin’ ol’ Rummuns, or are they a-trynin’
For the Lord Mare’s Show?

Where do Hi come in, wi’ this ’anky-panky
Dossin’ up fancy Coving Gorden fashion,
Lookin’ ridiclous?—I am stony-broke and
Dahn on my uppers!

Shoine, Sir? Lorbleshyer! never moind yer corns, Sir!
Hi’ll give yer toes a hextra bit o’ polish!
Yn’t earned a d. this bloomin’ mawnin’—well, there!
Do ’em fer ’arf-proice!

Follower of Fashion, loq.

I give you tuppence? I will see you—moved on!
You are not wanted; but a public nuisance!
There’s not a boot now left for you in London,
Save to be kicked with!

[Exit in a rage; the Bootblack lies low till the winter.

A. A. S.

A KITCHEN QUESTION.—A Philadelphia millionaire named ASHBURY is about to spend £300,000 on his subterranean culinary establishment. We are not certain whether this gourmet should prefix an “H” or a “C” to his surname.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. I.

PIZARRO POLO CORTEZ JONES

Was in his youth a bag of bones,
A skinny, sallow, grubby child,
Whose sandy, touzled hair grew wild,
Who wore (to see with, I suppose)
A pair of gig-lamps on his nose.
"Knobs" he was called—his joints were
knotty—

His other playful name was "Spotty,"
From which, I fear, we must conclude
That he was plain, his fellows rude.
He never had a tie tied straight;
He always came to lessons late.
His shirt displeased his friends because
It should be washed, but never was.
His exercises, verse or prose
(And how he did them goodness knows),
Were always what they should not be,
And so got marked with "pessime."
He did not know, and could not tell,
Who were the Kings of Israel,
And always showed he had imbued a
Pronounced distaste for those of Judah,
Refusing, though the cane impended,
To start their list or even end it.
In sober truth you could not want
To meet a boy more ignorant.
Kindness to boys like that? Oh, stow it!
You must be firm with them and show it.
The place below his ragged jacket
Simply invited one to whack it.
His ears projecting seemed to say,
"Come, box me, box me every day."
And so his ears were boxed, and he
Was caned all over properly.

"I do not flog," his master said,

"To occupy my leisure.

PIZARRO, if I smack your head

It does not give me pleasure.

Flogging and smacking are to me

No things of joy or beauty:

I do them sadly, not with glee,

And from a sense of duty."

PIZARRO deemed it idle chatter;
To him it didn't seem to matter.

"A whack's a whack, howe'er you strike
it,"

He said, and didn't seem to like it,

Showing—a painful exhibition—

A hardened, sullen disposition,

Which doomed him (here I quote his
master)

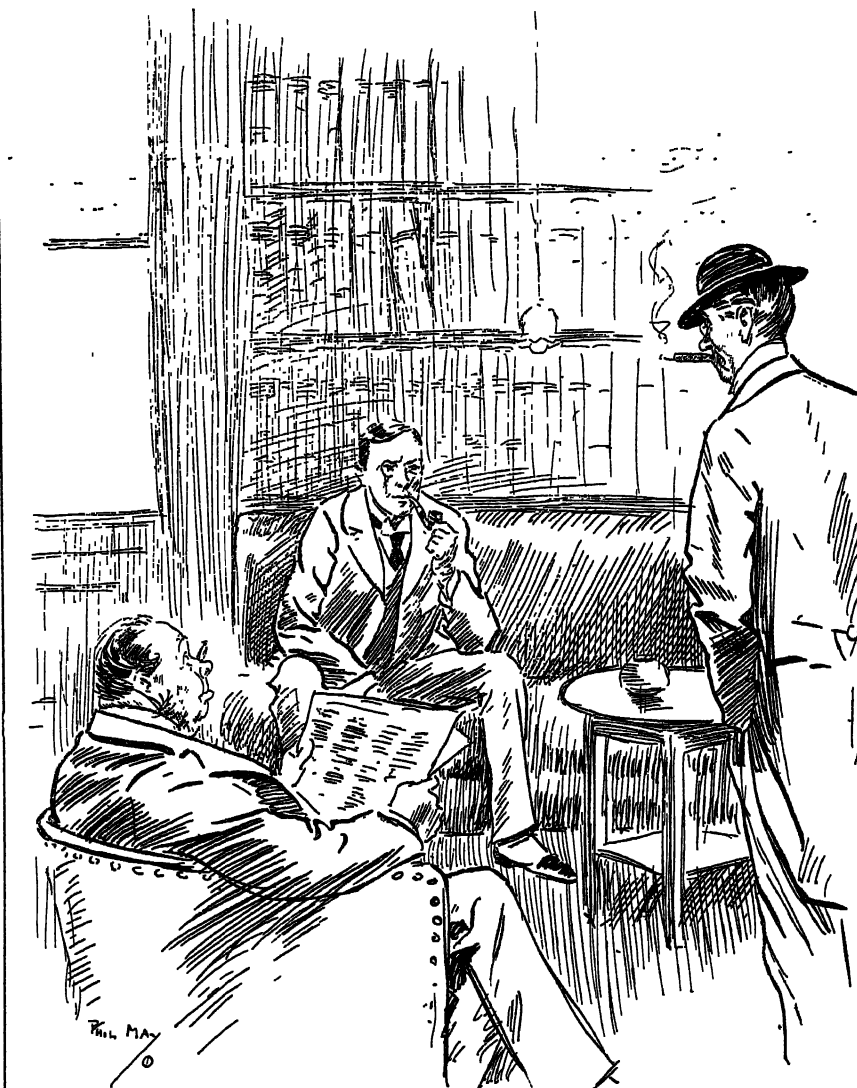
To future failure and disaster.

(To be continued.)

THE GAME OF FAMILY TYPES.

(A Sure Cure for Insomnia.)

I, PERCIVAL PARKINS, am confined to my bed by a severe attack, a disorder in consequence of which I am denied, in a darkened room, the pleasures of reading, writing, smoking, drinking (save milk and soda), and eating (save soft biscuits and rice pudding). I am provided with a delightful amanuensis, who



First Chappie. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, I'M GOING UP TO A BIG SHOOT. WHAT SORT OF TIP SHOULD I GIVE THE KEEPER?"

Second Chappie. "IT DEPENDS WHERE YOU HIT HIM!"

also reads the newspaper. Till now I never discovered how exactly the war telegrams were alike to each other. Left to my own mental resources, I have hit upon a pastime which is quite original and thoroughly engrossing. I have called it "Family Types." It is a very simple game to play. You select, in the first place, a family circle with which you were intimately acquainted some three decades back. I choose, therefore, the family of BRONNSON.

There were Mr. and Mrs. BRONNSON and seven children, three boys and four girls. Now the game begins. I have to determine correctly all the attributes of the BRONNSON family. Mr. BRONNSON is easily got rid of. He was a banker and his Christian name THOMPSON. Mrs. B. was the third, no the fourth, daughter of Lord CLINKERTOWN; her Christian name

was—now what on earth was her Christian name? This is the first check. I can't for the life of me remember it, and so score one mark against myself.

I now come to the children. The eldest lad was RICHARD. He went into the 16th Lancers, no, now I come to think of it, must have been the 21st Hussars, who nowadays have become Lancers. Very provoking I can't remember the right regiment! However, I'll on to ROBERT the second son; he I know was in the Navy, and was drowned in the Red Sea. Stop, was it the Red or the Yellow or the White Sea? Anyway, he was drowned. WILLIAM was number three, he went out to the Cape—I am sure it was the Cape, and some demon keeps whispering Texas.

[Here Mr. PARKINS abruptly broke off, and five minutes after was snoring loudly.

ANNE MUTTON, Amanuensis.

TO A FAMILY PORTRAIT ALBUM.

VOLUME strange and rather weird,
By my ancestors revered,
Pray accept my greetings.
Well I know your form so fat,
Much in requisition at
Small and social meetings.

For, when other topics pall
And 'tis settled, once for all,
If it's cold or warm out;
When the conversation flags,
Then some daring mortal drags
Your familiar form out.

Sacred are your pages old,
Woe to him whose finger bold
Very slightly stains them.
On my knee I take one end
While some well-intentioned friend
Carefully explains them.

Here we see a countless host—
Friends, relations—all in most
Foolish looking poses.
Backs to artificial skies,
Touched up underneath the eyes
And along the noses.

Time-worn tales your leaves provoke
From the quiet elder folk—
Oft some aged tongue stirs—
When they see, with sudden start,
On a cabinet or carte,
What they were as youngsters.

Though I love you none too well,
Yet I have, the truth to tell,
Frequent cause to bless you.
Much your presence would be missed;
Can the family exist
That does not possess you? P. G.

LEAVES FROM A DETECTIVE'S NOTE-BOOK.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF PILBURY'S GRANDMOTHER.

Thursday, Five o'clock.—Most extraordinary case ever dealt with. Telegram from Pilbury:—"Come at once; grandmother absolutely disappeared." Hastily put up bag. Include all books dealing with disappearing grandmothers. Also pocket vol., *Language of Vegetables*. Catch night express to Slogton.

Note.—Distance fifty miles. Five hours' journey. If only our ancestors could see the rate we travel nowadays.

PILBURY meets me at station. Intensely cut up. Strange look in his eye. Very sprucely got up. Patent boots.

Query.—Is it customary to go arrayed in patent boots on disappearance of grandmother?

Footnote.—PILBURY's patents. (Possible clue.)

SIGNIFICANT POINTS OF PILBURY'S STATEMENT.

Dwells in detached cottage on outskirts of Slogton. Household consists of PIL-

BURY, grandmother (before she disappeared), and superior housekeeper, Mrs. BURCHER. Mrs. B. distinctly good-looking. Observed same to PILBURY, who supposed she was.

Note.—Suspect PILBURY. Suspect Mrs. B. Would suspect grandmother if I knew where she was. Grandmother went for walk Tuesday, 12.30. Now Friday morning and no trace of her. Simply disappeared into space. Woman of sixty-four years. Stoutish. Regular habits.

Note.—Has never disappeared before. Pity. Always so much easier to have precedent. Country scoured. Nobody seen her. Everybody completely mystified. Self included.

Pilbury's Theory.—None.

Mrs. Burcher's Theory.—None.

My Theory.—None.

Assure myself grandmother did not go north, south, or east.

Note.—Gone west? (Possible clue.)

Follow it up in afternoon. Discover footprints edge of lake.

Query.—PILBURY's grandmother?

Measure breadth of lake, 300 yards. Enquire of PILBURY how far his grandmother could swim. Not 100 feet. Good. She could not have crossed the lake. PILBURY ventures to think if she had swum lake, clothes would have been at hand. Ask him has he never heard of native dodge of carrying clothes on head? Has not. Opines that elderly, church-going lady would hardly divest herself of —. Confess I think it unlikely. But explain it is the unexpected that always happens—to those who don't expect it. Seems convinced. Asks me if I have any faith in the theory. Smile.

Note.—Usual practice when completely stumped.

My Statement.—If your grandmother could only swim 100 feet, she must have drowned before reaching opposite bank. Suggest dragging lake. PILBURY demurs. Cost. Insist. Lake dragged accordingly.

Result.—Two cwt. miscellaneous debris. No grandmother. (Theory abandoned.)

Saturday morning.—PILBURY losing confidence in me. Must suggest something.

Query.—What?

Visit lake again. Examine footprints. Ask PILBURY why they suddenly cease? Doesn't know. More do I. Don't tell him so; but suggest grandmother carried off in a balloon. PILBURY thinks it most unlikely. Lady of advanced age suddenly go ballooning? Reply, "not voluntarily," and smile.

Note.—Think it best to keep on smiling.

Asks me if I think she has been forced. Confess no great faith in theory. Still, anchor dangling from ear. Catch in plaquet-hole. (Theory abandoned.)

Afternoon.—PILBURY doubts my capacity. Must do something. Search back of house. Discover grandmother's broken specs. in

dust-hole. Completely mystified. Show to PILBURY with smile. Amazed.

Important Note.—Mrs. BURCHER knew they were there. Quite useless. (Possible clue.)

Monday.—Search front of house. Find hairpin of disappeared. More and more fogged. Show to PILBURY (with smile).

Tuesday.—Search sides of house. Come across tattered cap-strings. PILBURY wants to know whether I am going to restore grandmother in fragments. Why can't I make a practical job of it and restore her in bulk? At present rate of progress says he can't hope to see her in the entirety before Christmas.

At Lunch.—PILBURY sulky. Doesn't believe I am a bit wiser than when I first arrived.

Mrs. B. waiting table. Note.—Certainly a handsome woman.

She brings potatoes. Note.—Three waxy, two over-boiled, black eyes, one deliciously floury. Waits till PILBURY has helped himself, then hands potatoes. Floury one towards him. He takes it. (Clue). Note.—Three reasons why in the ordinary course of events I should have had the best potato. (1) a handsomer man than P; (2) a guest; (3) subtler taste. Action of Mrs. B. sinister. Consult *Language of Vegetables*. Read: Handing of floury potatoes to gentleman means "I want to marry you!" (Clue.)

Recall PILBURY's spruce appearance and decide he is in love. No agitating symptoms. Reciprocated. Query.—Why should Mrs. BURCHER love PILBURY? Ans.—He will inherit £500 a year from his grandmother. Note.—As long as she is alive Mrs. B. has no prospect of marrying PILBURY. (Phew! Wipe perspiration from brow and continue.) Mrs. BURCHER has made away with PILBURY's grandmother. Awful discovery! PILBURY notices my agitation. Asks cause. Reply "hot on scent"—and fix Mrs. B. with eye. Note.—Rather pleasant job. Distinctly handsome woman. But mercenary. Tentatively ask if I may visit cellar. Mrs. B. hurriedly says, "door locked: key lost." Important Note.—Has reasons for keeping me from cellar. Put it to PILBURY quietly whether it isn't probable that his grandmother, for sinister purpose, is in wine cellar?

Replies most improbable, as grandmother is staunch teetotaler. Note.—PILBURY's train of reasoning absolutely idiotic. Important IF TRUE. Mrs. BURCHER states positively key of cellar in grandmother's pocket. Very puzzling. This ready evasion characteristic of criminal at bay. Her guilt apparent. Determine to denounce her. Call her to dining-room with PILBURY and boldly accuse her of being directly concerned in disappearance of grandmother. PILBURY amazed. Mrs. B., hardened in crime, denies all knowledge. Explain all evasion useless. Possess

proof. Slap chest significantly. PILBURY about to interfere. Wave him aside and cry, "Pilbury, your grandmother is at this moment in the house!" Impressive silence. PILBURY says, "Stuff!" Mrs. B. cries, "Nonsense!" A voice is heard in hall. Terror. The door opens. A woman enters. It is PILBURY's grandmother! Lose consciousness, overcome with fear.

Statement of Pilbury's Grandmother.—When she went for a walk met friends at lake who were driving. Picked her up and drove to Little Slogton. [Note.—Accounts for sudden disappearance of footprints. Pity I didn't notice wheel-marks.] Got laid up with severe cold at friends. Sent letter to Pilbury in delirium. Had it returned "not known," yesterday. Hurried back quickly as possible.

Note.—Lucky speech of mine, "Grandmother in house." Convinced PILBURY I knew something.

Advice to Pilbury.—Teach your grandmother to stay at home.

THE CURSE OF THE CUSTOMER.

(How the Beer Bill would have acted—a
Recollection of the Session.)

"MIND, the beer must be partly malt—no pure malt for me."

The innkeeper listened with amazement. In his part of the country the weaker liquid was preferred.

"You are quite sure, Sir?" he asked his guest. "You know the doctors say that pure malt is——"

"I will not have pure malt," interrupted the guest, in a tone that brooked no further contradiction. "Give me partly malt or I leave your hostelry for ever."

The innkeeper trembled. Times were hard, and to lose a customer might spell disaster.

"As you will, Sir," said he. "I will get you the required refreshment."

While he was away the arbitrary visitor lighted his pipe and waited impatiently for the promised liquor. When it came he looked at the bottle.

"Yes," he murmured, "it seems all right. 'Partly malt' is certainly distinctly visible."

With a trembling hand the innkeeper poured out a glass of beer. The guest drank it, and asked for more; at the end of the second glass he repeated his application.

"Sirrah!" thundered the drinker, when he had completed the bottle, "you have betrayed me. This is not partly malt beer! This is beer composed entirely of malt."

The innkeeper silently pointed to the label.

"A cheat, a fraud! You have deceived me!"

"What is your proof? How do you know that this is not partly malt beer?"



Our Artist. "I DO WISH THAT I WAS A LITTLE BOULDER!"

Then came the crushing and convincing rejoinder.

"Because, if it had been partly malt I should by this time have been drunk, and, look at me, I am quite sober."

HISTORY AND MYTH.

[*"The famous tale of ALFRED's burning the cakes . . . seemed to belong to a genuine tradition. There were other stories of legendary type, such as that in which ALFRED was said to have visited the Danish camp disguised as a harper."*—*Sir Frederick Pollock to the Extension Students at Oxford.*]

GREAT King, to you our thoughts we throw
Back for a thousand years or so,

Till legend we are lost in;
Of you still England owns the fame,
Her poets, too, have borne your name—
BUNN, TENNYSON, and AUSTIN!

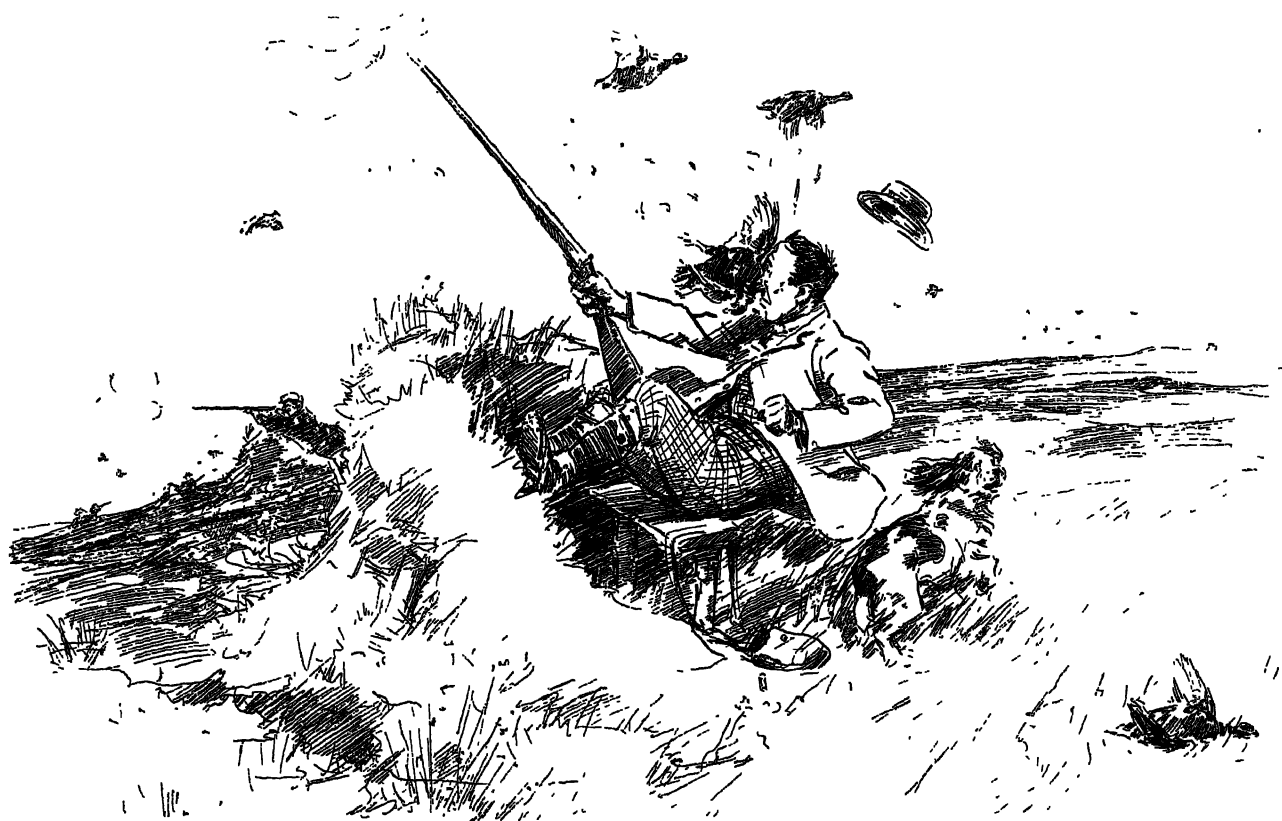
Since Science bold, that none may shun,
Our ancient legends, one by one,

Compels us to abandon,
Even your well-loved stories she,
With wanton incredulity,
Now lays her ruthless hand on.

Your period now prim students scan,
And straightway they pronounce it all
Unprincipled invention
To say that you, when schools were few,
Were the progenitor of U-
niversity extension.

And children's faith is now upset;
We bid them carefully forget
The lessons once we told them:
How with your harp's melodious strains,
Instead of buying off the Danes,
As minstrel boy you sold them.

Yet, while the rest are overthrown,
The "story of the cakes" alone
Grim Science has respected.
Till, by a curious irony,
Your claim to future fame must be
The task which you neglected.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS. GROUSE DRIVING.

BIRDS COMING STRAIGHT TOWARDS YOU SOMETIMES OFFER A VERY UNSATISFACTORY SHOT.

THE NEW MOSQUITO CURE.

AN American lady, who is a Christian Scientist, is quoted in the *St. James's Gazette* as saying that "it is outrageous to kill the little harmless insects. If a mosquito is troubling you, just speak to him kindly and say, 'Look here, my friend, you leave me alone and I'll leave you alone.' Then believe he won't bite you. Even if he does, his sting won't hurt. I have done this for years, and now enjoy having the pretty little things around and listening to their musical buzz." Whence it appears that the abled-bodied "skeeter" is amenable to reason after all, if you only address "him" politely, and not in the customary way. All you have to do is to catch his ear (metaphorically), and hail him as "my friend" in the American language. He will then submit the question of dinner to arbitration, or enter upon a very offensive and defensive alliance with you against some third party who may happen to hold "outrageous" views as to the sanctity of his own and the mosquito's person. There are some who hold that the "musical buzz" of the "little harmless insect" is even more demoralising in the night-watches than his bite;

but, believing that you are immune, you will be more lulled to sleep. In the morning, you will wake up with your forehead, and features generally, raised in high relief, and any further relief will thus be rendered unnecessary.

We wonder if this principle of parley can be extended to the case of other "harmless" but too familiar insects. Some, we fear, will refuse to be charmed by the voice of transatlantic logic, and will continue deaf to the tenets of the Hague Convention. Will any one sacrifice himself to the cause during the holidays, and practise caressing a wasp or smooth the ruffled feelings of a hornet? Will a word in season and a soft answer, with or without a white flag, avail us in our next encounter with a mad bull, a rabid dog, or an elephant that has turned "Turk"? What "kind" conversational gambit should we adopt with a poor little scorpion that may have ensconced itself in the boot we are putting on, or with the pretty, playful crab that nips our big toe as we are bathing? Will the American lady please oblige with the correct formula to employ on these respective occasions? Or, can it be that such very decided opinions have rendered her integument so tough that no mosquito is able to pierce

it, whereas less strong-minded individuals like ourselves are still condemned to suffer unlimited puncture? A. A. S.

A LITTLE LATE.

I DON'T know what I wrote to you
Since you assert I was untrue,
And made an old indictment new
(But surely I was teasing?).
It always seems so strange to me
That "give and take" should never be
A pastime gay, a fancy free,
A sport of petty pleasing.
You know I only talked of JACK,
Because you spoke of JILL—alack!
The reel, indeed, is running back
When you recall this folly.
What can I say this Summer-tide
Except recall the world is wide?—
I send the photo of my bride,
She is so nice and jolly,
More mistletoe than holly.
So sends a kiss—won't be denied,
I really wish that you were tied.
Here's news for melancholy,
Her name is also DOLLY!

NOTE BY OUR CRICKETING PHILOSOPHER.
—The no-ball controversy gives plenty of fillips to the game.

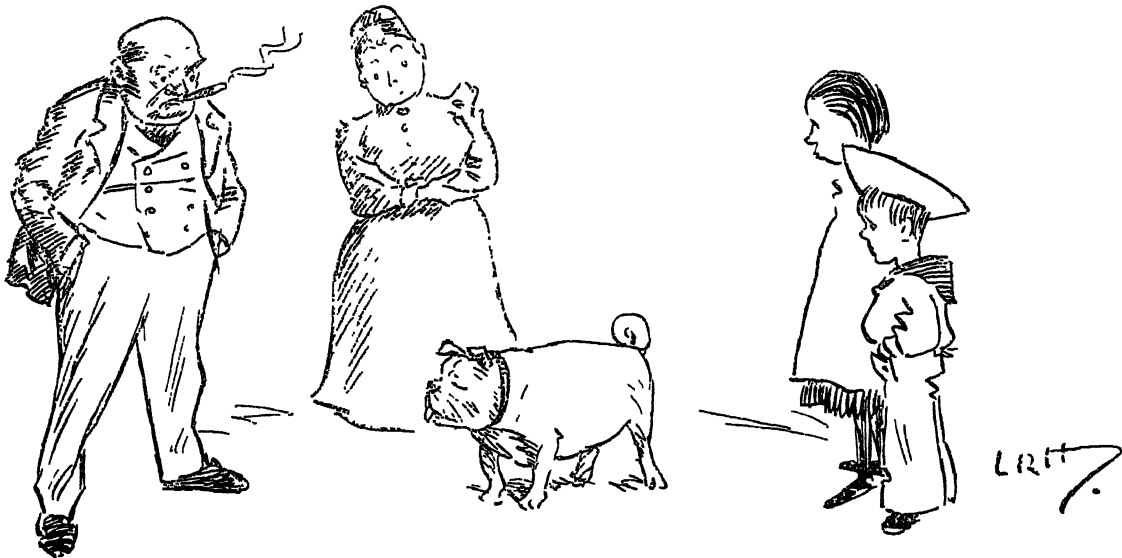


HOPE DEFERRED.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF S. A., LORD K-TCH-N-R (reading latest news from England). "HOUSE UP! GROUSE PLENTIFUL! YACHT-RACING IN FULL SWING! I WONDER WHEN WE SHALL GET OUR HOLIDAY?"

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception)



"UPON WHAT MEAT DOTH THIS OUR CÆSAR FEED,
THAT HE IS GROWN SO GREAT?"—Shakspeare (*Julius Cæsar*).

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 12.

—"Whenever you see an Irish Member on his legs talking with much fluency and excessive bitterness on a topic not directly relating to Ireland, *cherche JOE*."

This pearl of wisdom fell from lips of MEMBER FOR SARK when, entering House just now, he found Mr. DALY on his legs (he 's that Nightly) discoursing on Pacific Cable Bill. Evidently knew nothing about it. That no reason why he should not talk upon it at length. Did so. Presently the head of DON JOSÉ appeared in his Memorial, just as that of CHARLES THE FIRST was wont to do in another. The enterprise is, Mr. DALY declares, devised for sole purpose of gratifying vanity of DON JOSÉ and extending his "shoddy Imperialism." Later, JOHN DILLON, not having delivered speech for two hours, prepared to average matters. Talked for half an hour; remarks chiefly directed at happily absent DON JOSÉ. Might have gone on for two hours. Himself ready and willing; only one reason why he shouldn't. This was the closure, abhorred shears that cut the thin-spun thread of JOHN'S verbosity.

At least had consolation of knowing that he had enjoyed earlier opportunity. Was up at five o'clock on Royal Titles Bill. This being undoubtedly the work of DON JOSÉ, was inevitably iniquitous. JOHN DILLON discovered in it a fresh crime against Ireland: "stamps upon her the barsinister." This sounds well; meaning a little obscure. SAUNDERSON protests he really doesn't know what JOHN means.

What of that? An hour has been wasted and DON JOSÉ beaten afresh about his unoffending head.

Business done.—In Committee on Factory and Workshops Bill, Government defeated by 163 votes against 141. "It's of no consequence," said Mr. TOOTS RITCHIE, echoing the remark of his prototype when he inadvertently sat down on *Florence Dombey's* Sunday bonnet. "Resign! resign!" shouted the Opposition. TIM HEALY, always ready to oblige, moved the adjournment in order to give His Majesty's Government opportunity of considering what course they should take in the sudden crisis.

"Not the slightest consequence," insisted the Right Hon. Mr. Toots on the Treasury Bench. "The House has decisively intimated its opinion on the subject. Resigned unto its heavenly will, the Government carry on their business still."

Tuesday night.—Have always felt that to know the House of Commons is a liberal education. It is the most perfect realisation of microcosm. The men composing it, of varied station and diverse experience, know something of everything. A little incident that befell to-night illustrates the point. JOHN BURNS discussing Laundry Clause of Factories and Workshops Act. In proof of the necessity of supervision of so-called charitable institutions, he cited the case of a pseudo-religious adventurer in Essex who organised a Home for Children and starved them in it.

"I hope," said JOHN, "that that man is now climbing up the golden stairs of the treadmill."

The Committee manifesting interest in

this way of looking at the exercise, reminiscent, save in the matter of level, of going round and round the division lobbies, JOHN became confidential. He knew all about the treadmill; had trodden its endless steps when he sojourned in Pentonville.

"If I may give hon. Members a tip," he said, lowering his voice to confidential note, "I would advise them always to take the stairs by the wall side."

The Committee laughed. Seated immediately behind Treasury Bench, JOHN G. TALBOT, constitutionally free from that infirmity, regarded the back of RITCHIE'S head with fresh interest. Felt it borne in upon him that if the Home Secretary went on in the way he was now treading, he, J. G. T., would some day, on his round of duty as a visiting magistrate, catch a back view of the right hon. gentleman curiously foreshortened, apparently walking upstairs and never getting any nearer the top.

All about this laundry business. Irish Members object to certain laundries under conventual direction being subject to visits of inspection. TALBOT doesn't know more about laundries than the ordinary head of a household; but here he catches glimpse of the skirt of the Searlet Woman.

"This will be known in history as the Great Surrender," he sobbed, tears ploughing the lonely furrows of his cheek just as if they were ex-Premiers retired from business.

A little cheered by the peep into RITCHIE'S future personal history suggested by JOHN BURNS'S tip. Nevertheless, sad at heart to find himself

dragged at the heels of the Irish Nationalists because the masters of a mighty majority shrank from the fight.

Business done.—Government capitulate on Laundry Clause of Factories and Workshops Bill.

Friday.—Royal Assent given to Royal Titles Bill. Nobody likes the title which, *faute de mieux*, the Government have adopted. "EDWARD THE SEVENTH, by the Grace of God of Great Britain and Ireland and of all the British Dominions beyond the seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India." Happily the title is not cited within the four corners of Act. It is left to the KING to determine the style. This being so, I presume to call HIS MAJESTY'S attention to a precedent that, through the long controversy, has escaped attention. In the *Anglo Saxon Chronicle* there is recorded a marvellous vision that came to King ALFRED.

"The KING lay awake and thought of all that had come to pass by day, and presently he saw a great light, like the brightness of the sun, and he saw an old man with black hair, clothed in priest's garments, and with a mitre on his head, and holding in his right hand a book of the Gospels, adorned with gold and gems."

This was ST. CUTHBERT, who comforted and encouraged ALFRED on the eve of the battle that delivered Wessex from the dominion of the Dane. CUTHBERT hails the Saxon royal soldier as "KING OF ALL BRITAIN." What better, more precise, yet equally comprehensive title could be adopted by the twentieth century King, descended in unbroken line from ALFRED? The title would then run, "EDWARD THE SEVENTH, by the Grace of God King of all Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India."

Objection was taken to Lord ROSEBURY'S suggestion to substitute "King of Britains beyond the seas," on the ground, amongst others, that the Canadians and inhabitants of Mauritius are not Britons. That does not apply to adoption of King ALFRED'S magnificently simple title, since Canada and Mauritius are, for imperial purposes, as much parts of Britain as are Australasia or Cape Colony.

Business done.—Preparing for prorogation.

Saturday.—Parliament prorogued.

VEHICULAR PROGRESSION.

Mr. Ikey Motor (to Customer). Want a machine, Sir? Certainly. We've all sorts to suit your build.

Customer. It isn't for me, but for my mother-in-law.

Mr. Ikey Motor. For your mother-in-law! How would a steam-roller suit her?

[*Mr. I. M. is immediately made aware that the lady in question has overheard his ill-timed jest, while the Customer vanishes in blue fire.*

RIVERSIDE SUNDAY.

UNNUMBERED are the trees that fling
O'er Pangbourne Reach their shade,
Unnumbered there the birds that sing
Melodious serenade;

But as the leaves upon the boughs
Or feathers on the birds,
So are the trippers who carouse
Along the banks in herds.

Punt, centre-board, launch, skiff, canoe,
Lunch-laden hither hie,
Each bearing her expectant crew
To veal and chicken-pie;
And from the woods around HART'S Lock
Reports ring loud and clear,
As trippers draw the festive hock
Or democratic beer.

From one to three, below, above,
Is heard the crisp, clear crunch
Of salad, as gay Damons love
To linger over lunch.

From three to six a kettle sings
'Neath every sheltering tree
As afternoon to PHYLLIS brings
The magic hour of tea.

Well may the Cockney fly the Strand
For this remoter nest,
Where buses cease from rumbling and
The motors are at rest.

But would you shun your fellows—if
To quiet you incline—
Oh, rather scull your shilling skiff
Upon the Serpentine.

THE JOKE THAT CAME OFF.

It was a splendid joke: quite the funniest thing that he had ever lighted on. Now a really good joke is not to be found every day, so SIMPSON must not be blamed for making a great deal of to-do about this joke.

We were anxious, of course, to hear the joke, and suggested to SIMPSON that he should organise a select little supper-party and then acquaint us with the humorous masterpiece. We assured him that we were prepared to laugh and applaud *ad lib.*, provided that on his side he should see the supper was a credit to the chef at the Savoy.

But SIMPSON was not impressed, and declined to part with his joke. This was decidedly mean and unworthy of an Englishman.

What Englishman worth his salt ever neglected to tell his friends "the funniest thing in the world"? Was it not done always as a matter of course without the least pressure being applied? Nay, was it not done even after friends had omitted to show any wish to hear of the "funniest thing"?

And we had entreated SIMPSON—in vain. Oh, it was preposterous! SIMPSON locked up this joke in his brain, so he told us, and intended keeping the poor thing there till a fitting season.

Nor was he to be moved from his purpose by humanitarian protests on our part. We impressed upon him that the joke would die for want of room, but he laughed scornfully, and said we were jealous.

And then a celebrated wit joined us all at the Club one day, till SIMPSON, goaded beyond endurance at the rapturous way in which we received the mildest *mots*, cleared his throat and prepared to unlock his imprisoned joke. But at the critical moment the joke wouldn't come. The lock must have turned rusty, or else the joke had perished—melted away, perhaps, with the extreme heat.

It was a ghastly moment for SIMPSON: a moment before he had looked so confident, and then came his look of horror—his gasp—his white and red complexion. We all screamed with laughter. No joke could have been as funny as was SIMPSON'S face.

The celebrated wit soon left us, but he had not been gone for a quarter of an hour before SIMPSON rose to his feet excitedly.

"I remember it," he said. Then with a cry of relief he dashed after the celebrated wit.

Unhappily, the wit had just caught the boat-train and was speeding away to Paris.

SIMPSON, not to be daunted, pursued him. He arrived in Paris and rushed to his rooms. But, alas, he had just left again for Switzerland.

Then began a frantic pursuit. Whether the wit knew that a joke was tracking him down none can tell, but anyway, he eluded the Sherlock-like sagacity of SIMPSON for a long while. And then, one day, the man with a joke hunted him down—or rather up—on the high Alps. SIMPSON was divided from the celebrated wit by a yawning abyss, but undeterred by this he screamed across the snowy gulf—the joke.

The celebrated wit caught the full import of the joke, and his laughter rolled round the mountain sides.

"Funny, isn't it?" shouted SIMPSON.

"Simply killing!" yelled the wit; then fell, still laughing, into the abyss. The mountain itself was so tickled by the joke that it broke into appreciative avalanches. Upon one of these SIMPSON, chuckling with triumph, was carried to join the celebrated wit.

And so the joke came off after all among the high Alps.

It is regrettable that SIMPSON came off as well; but the moral is so obvious that we ought not to lament his death. He died nobly in the cause of humour, and as none but the celebrated wit heard the joke, we can all believe that this joke was the funniest and most delightfully humorous sally ever perpetrated by man. "Such tricks hath strong imagination." A. R.

Mr. Tubbing 'Now my boy this beats walking - Oh yes, the man
I had him from said he has been very perfectly trained'

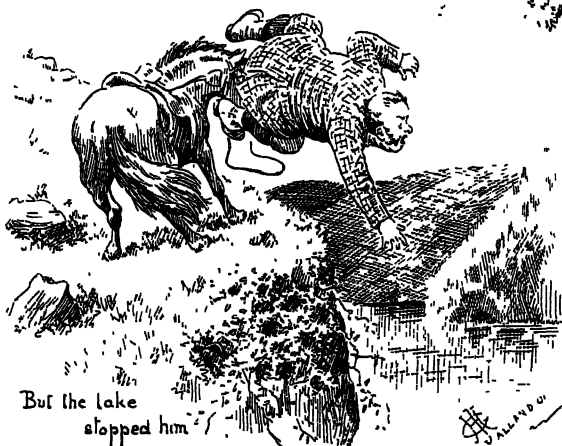


But, alas for the veracity of horse dealers -

at the first shot -
he bolted uncontrollably



Mr. Tubbing's yells
for help only made matters worse



But the lake
stopped him



'Throw him down, throw the
little brute down and I'll drown him'

MR. TUBBING'S SHOOTING PONY.

SORROWS OF PATERFAMILIAS AT THE SEASIDE.

PART III.

EARLY next morning dear MARION told me she had just seen MARY JANE, our Nurse, walking with a soldier. Replied reassuringly, "Yes, my dear, well, why not? I am sure we all owe a debt of gratitude to our noble——"

"Oh, don't be so foolish, GEORGE!" breaks in MARION, despairingly. "You know what soldiers are."

"Certainly, my dear. There is surely nothing mysterious that I am aware of in their composition."

MARION looks baffled and then says, in cutting tones, "Some men are such fools." Agree with this in abstract, but refuse to see any personal application in remark.

After bathing with the children, sat on beach, trying to read paper. Should have succeeded, but for being importuned by itinerant vendors to buy flowers, cakes, fruit, toffee and brandyballs; and also by divers others to have my photograph taken, patronize four piano organs and a German band, and witness the performance of an Italian with a monkey. Hid behind rock, some distance from crowd. Peace at last! I threw myself at full length upon the beach, spread out my paper and—"Want a boat, Sir? Nice day for a sail." Replied distantly that there was no wind. Thought I rather scored there, but the man was shameless. "Well, no, there ain't, Sir, not in a way o' speakin', as you might say, but it'd be a rare day for gom' out to the Ledge, a-fishin'."

Rather good idea, this—sounded reposeful to lie at anchor and fish.

"How much?" I asked.

"'Arf-a-crown a hour, Sir, includin' everythink, bait, lines and all."

"I will go," I said. "At 2.30 this afternoon."

Gave up attempt to read paper, and strolled home. Dear MARION suggested I should take ALGERNON and WILLY. Felt rather damped at this, as I had secretly hugged myself with idea of quiet afternoon, free from the dear children. It ended, of course, in taking them.

Ancient Mariner not ready when we arrived on beach. Had not enough bait. When bait brought down by small boy, A. M. further discovered supply of lines insufficient. Just as we were ready to shove off, A. M. said he must run up the beach "to see a man." Watched carefully, and distinctly saw A. M. emerge from the "Pilot and Periwinkle," wiping mouth with back of hand.

At length we got away, and A. M. pulled us out towards the Ledge. He rowed without any undue haste, this man. Talking seemed more in his line than pulling. He "minded" of the time when he had been mate of the *Sudden Jerk*, and a gale had carried away her main top-gallant spritsail halliards, and he alone had been saved by floating ashore on a hen-coop. He was also in one of England's famous sea battles, of which I happened to recollect the date. A casual enquiry as to Mariner's age elicited that he must have either played this gallant part at the somewhat early age of three, or else that he was a stately liar. Personally I inclined to latter opinion, but boys listened open-mouthed in admiring wonderment.

At length we reached Ledge, and A. M. dropped anchor and got out and baited lines with singularly revolting lob-worms. Commenced fishing: WILLY's success immediate, as he quickly hauled out small dog-fish. A. M. breaks its neck and throws it back into water. WILLY dissolves into silent tears at loss of his prize. Encourage him with threepenny-piece. A. M. catches bigger dog-fish, and repeats process. I feel tug, haul up rapidly and land battered sou'-wester. A. M. regards it critically, and then says, "Ah, some pore chap 'as gorn overboard 'ere, you may depend on 't. Well, there's sure to be fish, any'ow where 'e is."

Feel myself turning shade paler: inference so obvious: recover, however, on reflecting that A. M. probably lying. More dog-fish reward us. At last, however, WILLY hooks whiting pout, longer than my forefinger. Another and yet another come to hand: then two sea-perch, and a small dab. After an hour of this, I noticed that ALGERNON had ceased talking, whilst I myself felt that, though the sea was calm, there was more ground swell than one liked. We went on fishing for half-hour longer, when, without warning, ALGY let his line slip overboard, and gently collapsed into bottom of boat. I attempted to rally him, but felt within the thrall of a gloomy reserve, and disinclined for speech. At last, after languidly catching two more whiting, I raised my heavy eyes to Ancient Mariner's, and murmured the one word "Home."

With diabolical tardiness, A. M. set about getting up our anchor; this accomplished, he deliberately loaded and lit his evil-smelling pipe. WILLY alone remained firm; and with the unthinking levity of youth, gave imitations of our sufferings. Was too feeble to even chide him, but never came nearer disliking my own flesh and blood than at that moment. Rest of row to the shore full of a weird calm.

Never heard any sound so grateful as that made by boat's keel when it grated on beach.

ALGY and I stumbled weakly out, whilst A. M. hauled boat up, and WILLY collected our catch. We had been out nearly two hours, and I silently tendered five shillings to A. M. A. M. looked dubiously at money and observed:

"Wot's this?"

"Is it not right?" I asked. The ground I stood on seemed to wave and rock beneath me, and I was indisposed for argument.

"We was jest hover two hours and 'n'arf," he replied indignantly.

"Then you charge for not being ready with the bait, and for going to the 'Pilot and Periwinkle'?" I replied severely.

"Well, s'elp me, I thought you was a gentleman, I did! Wantin' to knock off a minute or two from a pore man's time. Give us the two 'arf crowns then. Pretty afternoon's work this 'as bin for me, I don't think."

We got back for tea, bearing our fish with us. Great rejoicings on part of younger offspring at prospect of eating spoil.

"I do wish I'd been with you!" exclaimed JOHNNY, earnestly. ALGERNON and I exchanged a fleeting glance, but said nothing. WILLY burst into rude guffaw, and ALGERNON (dear MARION not being present) promptly smacked his head. Felt it my duty to frown, though secretly delighted to see WILLY's unfeeling conduct so suitably rewarded.

The whiting were duly fried for supper. With gruesome memories of A. M.'s suggestion anent the sou'-wester, I declined to partake of the fish; and when, later on, dear MARION remarked that whiting was a fish with a lot of "body" in it, I left the table and strolled into the garden for air. MARION supposed we should "soon be going out fishing again"; but I looked at ALGERNON, who smiled in a far-off way, and thought not.

I was exhorted by MARION, next day, to take the dear children out for donkey-ride on sands. Five of them accompanied me, and waited whilst I bargained with extortionate donkey men. Arranged terms and then found that children expected me to also ride donkey. Tried to escape, but in vain. Had to mount long-eared steed, and submit to its monotonous joltings. Very undignified for City man. Consoled myself by thinking that PERKSLEY was the only person who knew me in the whole of Cockleton, and he, certainly, did not count. Alas, for the futility of earthly hopes! Before we had proceeded two hundred yards along sands, PERKSLEY himself met us, and (unasked) joined our party. And two minutes later we met the wife of our vicar, Lady CHASUBLE, with whom dear MARION particularly wishes to stand well. Had no idea the CHASUBLES were down here. She raised her *lorgnettes* languidly, and

focussed me, bestriding a small donkey, and listening, perforce, to the loud laughter and vulgar jokes of PERKSLEY. As she turned away in lofty disgust—for she has openly said that nothing will induce her to know the PERKSLEYS—I felt my cup of bitterness to be full indeed. A moment later, however, and it was fuller still: for my girth broke, the saddle came round, and I rolled ignominiously on the sand, amid a hideous din of giggles, screeches and loud laughter, led by that arch-villain, PERKSLEY. On returning to house, bruised and humiliated, MARION (rather unreasonably, as I thought) said that really men were so ridiculous she had no patience with them. Afraid sea air too strong for dear MARION; I suggested a sedative; she suggested that I was an idiot; and the incident closed.

Baby very ill all that night. JOHNNY ditto. About 3 a.m. dear MARION thought I had better go for doctor. Did so, in costume consisting of frock-coat buttoned over pyjamas, and bed-room slippers. Could not find doctor. Wasted nearly an hour looking for his house; then met coast guard, who showed me the way. Rang night-bell eleven times; then doctor appeared in costume lighter than my own. He accompanied me home. On enquiry, found that JOHNNY had been feeding Baby and himself freely on the chalky-looking sweets. Doctor annoyed, and grumbled at being "called up for nothing." Apologised and handed him guinea. To bed again at 4.30 a.m.

Collector called and I had to subscribe to Town Band, Athletic Sports Committee, Cricket Club and Regatta Funds. Collector said he had been told to ask me to sit on Regatta Committee. Felt that I should very much like to "sit on" collector. Regattas always a nuisance. Dear MARION insisted upon my accepting proffered honour, and I was thereupon told to attend meeting that night at parish room.

Next two days, all Regatta Committee—no time for anything else—I was to order fireworks, arrange battle of confetti at night, engage town band, and, finally, present myself on board committee boat, by 10.0 a.m. on the eventful day.

Eventful day disgusting, from weather point of view. Went on committee boat and was invested with huge blue favour. Squalls of wind alternated with pelting showers throughout. Boatmen's sailing race interesting, as it produced three protests, an objection to winner for having gone wrong course, a double claim against committee, with threats of County Court actions for stakes, and a row royal, eventuating in a fight between two beery mariners on beach, our boat rocking so disagreeably that I soon make excuse for being put ashore—thankful I reached there just in time. Retreated to our lodgings, but messenger came up directly afterwards to say there was some dispute as to band's terms—would I just step down and settle it? And he added that the fireworks had not arrived from London—would I kindly wire at once? Went

down to band first. Bandmaster already very drunk and unpleasant. Demanded just twice sum agreed upon. Feebly tried to temporise. Bandmaster aggressive. I looked around helplessly, and saw telegraph messenger approaching. Took telegram and read—"Please return. POGSON ill."

POGSON is my junior parter. I jumped at the chance. Slipping away from drunken bandmaster, I rushed back to Shore Villa, flung a few things into Gladstone bag, wrote explaining matters to dear MARION, and on to PERKSLEY—this was my revenge—asking him to take my place on Regatta Committee, and settle with bandmaster. I flattered myself this last move absolutely Machiavellian—and fled to station.

For two days in town I was peaceful and happy. Then came [this letter from PERKSLEY:

"DEAR OLD COVE" [vulgar brute!—"I soon settled your little dispute with old Blowhard. Told him you were a generous sort of bloke, and that as there seemed to have been some mistake about terms, you'd give them a fiver out of your own pocket above what the committee paid. That's a bit of all right, ain't it? Met Lady CHASUBLE yesterday, and introduced myself by telling her you and me were such pals; more like brothers, in fact." [The outrageous villain!] "She didn't quite seem to cotton to me, but we shall get on first-rate in time. So long. Your pal—WM. J. PERKSLEY.

"P.S. Your share of the deficit of Regatta Committee amounts to seven pounds four and a penny, which please remit to them at once."

And this was the end of it all. It was for this I sacrificed what might have been a pleasant holiday.

I need scarcely say that I have done with Cockleton. It is a place I have no farther use for.

FOX RUSSELL.



"IRISH."

Polite Young Man. "PERHAPS YOU FEEL A DRAUGHT, MADAM?"
Old Lady. "NO, SIR, NOT THIS SIDE. I'M ALWAYS CAREFUL TO SIT WITH MY BACK FACING THE ENGINE!"

DIMPLE DELL.

DRUSILLA, dear DRUSILLA,

There's a kingdom in your smiles,
A rounded world hangs on your cheek of countless fairy miles.

A dimpled dell, a hollow
In which moody Grief would drown,
For it only lives with laughing and it melts before a frown.

DRUSILLA, dear DRUSILLA,

In its velvet deeps I'd dwell,
And bear my loves before me for the Queen of Dimple Dell.

In a nest of lovely roses,
'Neath the light of laughing eyes
And a gentle spirit breathing through this tiny Paradise.

DRUSILLA, dear DRUSILLA,

If within this joy-born dell
I lingered and you once forgot your laughter's magic spell,

If you prisoned me with smiling,
And effaced me with a sigh,
Then Dimple Dell would quickly prove a hollow mockery!

A HOUSE OF REST FOR HUMAN BEINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So much has been written by appreciative men and women of the Home of Rest for Horses at Acton, a most deserving institution, that, perhaps, a short personal experience of a bipped at a Human House of Rest in the Northern Highlands of London may not be wholly unacceptable. In the first place, let it be clearly understood that "perfect repose" was the recipe given by the talented physician who prescribed for the relief of my nerves, shattered by a fear-

some and dangerous operation. In the second, that the air of the Northern Highlands was recommended as peculiarly prone to give bracing influences by day and refreshing sleep by night. The House of Rest selected had much to recommend it in appearance. It stood on the slope of a tolerably steep hill, and the road being barred at one end by an entrance to the public park, the intrusion of the raucous costermonger, the insidious "rag and bone" man, and the peripatetic coal merchant seemed as strictly prohibited as would be betting at the street corner. But I, the man who needed rest, soon found that appearances were as deceptive as those supplied by the proverbial chameleon.

The ground-floor of the House of Rest was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. BOUNDERBY—a vigorous young couple, who spent their time in warbling comic songs, playing at spelling bee with their friends, and settling domestic disputes at all hours with miniature representations of the sieges of Ladysmith and Mafeking. The BOUNDERBYS, moreover, like the heroes of South Africa, always kept their spirits up. As duettists, they were not easily to be matched; the high soprano of Mrs. BOUNDERBY contrasting finely with the rich bass of her stalwart spouse.

In the "Drawing-rooms" was to be found Miss LAVINA LAVENDER, an invalid spinster, suffering from trembling of the tonsils—a malady which caused the unfortunate possessor of the inflexion to explode, from time to time, like a badly corked ginger-beer bottle. Her medical advisers, I believe, ascribed the symptoms to nervous degeneration of the uvula. It must have been unpleasant, but though obstreperous, neither dangerous nor catching.

Possibly the distress of Miss LAVENDER was increased by the conduct of the

gentleman who lived immediately above her.

This personage, a Prussian or Saxon by birth, was a perfect backwoodsman in his methods. Disregarding the simplest rules of the Tonic Sol-fa Society, he would wrestle with Wagnerian harmonies of the most difficult composition, accompanying his minstrelsy with violent thumps upon the nearest piece of furniture. The hour mattered not, the Teutonic music-fire was kindled whenever the Niebelungen-fiend seized upon the Fatherlander. In the light of day, in the gloaming, in the dead of night, or when the dawn began to



Mother. "HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON, NEDDY? HAVE YOU HAD ANY SPORT?"

Boy. "WELL, MA, WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT ANY FISH, BUT WE'VE DROWNED SEVERAL WORMS!"

blush, 'twas all the same to the enthusiast of the Bayreuth School. But even his diabolic discords were drowned by the "Sabbat-din" of his bosom friend, who, not content with reviewing imaginary regiments during lawful hours, made night surprises with his boots and attacks with his water-jug upon the unsuspecting cats who serenaded the House of Rest with the fidelity of feline Blondels. Day after day the programme was repeated.

For a month I have endured these tortures. A sadder and a wiser man I have returned to the peace of London. I write this as a warning to the afflicted, and sign myself.

Your slowly recuperating servant,

HANNIBAL HICKS.

Bloomsbury, W.C.

GETTING BELOW THE SURFACE.

["The French Government are arranging a series of races for their submarine vessels."—*Daily Paper.*]

Cowes, 1902.

THE great sub-aquatic festival of the year is about to take place, and your special correspondent is comfortably lodged in the house-boat *Octopus*, ten fathoms below the surface. The atmosphere, so far from being in the slightest degree oppressive, is delightfully invigorating, for my host has filled the vessel with best Highland air (very dry) imported in cylinders direct from the north of Scotland. The arrival of letters (by bottle post) is a trifle irregular, but I am able to send this despatch by marine telegraph. The first race has just concluded, but the result is a matter of dispute. As the *Cormorant* was first seen from the *Umpire's* vessel, having completed the half-mile course in less than two hours, she was adjudged the winner. But the *Dolphin* claims to have won by some minutes, though, owing to her sailing some fathoms deeper, she was unobserved till she rose some time afterwards. Unfortunately, she tried to come to the surface when immediately underneath the house-boat *Wagtail*, with the result that the latter was knocked into very small pieces.

The *Spread Eagle*, of New York, was expected here to take part in the Regatta, but she has not arrived. When last seen, she was twenty fathoms down in the North Atlantic Ocean, and it is conjectured that she may have run into a whale.

The *Flying Fish*, which left for Norway last week, on rising to the surface, unaccountably found herself in the Bay of Naples. Trifling errors of navigation are still common in submarine voyages.

In a few minutes' time the race for the KING'S Cup is about to be started, and I am preparing to write a full account of it. The course . . . (At this moment, owing to some defect in the machinery, the *Octopus* rose to the surface and destroyed a fishing-boat. But the inconvenience was only momentary. We are now down again at fifteen fathoms.) As I was saying, the course . . . My host has appeared hurriedly to say that the air-contractor has swindled him, the reservoir is empty, and the elevating-machinery won't act . . . (At this point the message ends abruptly.)

A. C. D.



Mr. Horatio Horakle (who, on the previous evening, has given a reading of "Eugene Aram" at the Churchwardens' entertainment): "AND HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE PARISH HALL LAST NIGHT, MARY?"
Mary. "OH, LOVELY, SIR! THE DUMB-BELL RINGERS WAS BEAUTIFUL!"

THE HOLIDAYS.

Sir H. C.-B. sings—(after Wordsworth).

It is the first day of Recess:

Each minute stuffer than before;
 At last we're rid of all the mess,
 And greet the "open door."

My H-RC-T! ('tis a wish of mine)

Now that the Session's tasks are done,
 Make haste, your usual work resign;
 Come forth, and feel the sun.

M-RL-Y will come with you;—and, pray,
 Put on with speed your woodland dress;
 Bring no Blue Book—three months, to-day,
 We'll give to idleness.

No horrid Closure Forms shall balk,
 Nor Midnight Rules prohibit;
 We from to-day, my friend, will talk
 Pro-Boer stuff *ad libit*.

Rot, now a universal birth,
 O'er all the land 's in motion;—
 Big gooseb'ries of enormous girth,
 And serpents of the ocean!

Our jests and gibes we now may poke,
 Devoid of sense or reason;
 Our friends will cheer at every joke—
 It is the "silly season"!

Some consolation we may take,
 Suited to our condition;
 And for the year to come may make
 Some sort of coalition.

As for those wandering sheep who roam
 About, below, above,
 We'll gently try to bring them home—
 They shall be tamed to love.

Then come, my H-RC-T! Come, I pray,
 With speed put on your woodland dress;
 Bring no Blue Book—three months, to-day,
 We'll give to idleness.

HOW TO REMAIN A MILLIONAIRE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the representative of everyone, from the richest to the poorest, I venture to address you. I see that in one of the magazines there is an article showing the expenses of the wealthy. I am convinced that the estimate is misleading because it is founded in some respects on too liberal a scale. Now let me consider the items of my actual expenditure.

First comes house rent, rates and taxes. It would be ridiculous to imagine that this would cost a penny less than £100 or

even £150. Of course, if one went to Brixton, or even West Kensington, it might be a trifle less. But in a central position it would be certainly that.

Now as to wines. Say you entertain once or twice a week. Well, here again it is safe to put down a substantial sum. You will find £25 a year the very least. One's friends will not drink shilling claret, and are liable to turn up their noses at a really effervescing champagne at two and twopence. Next, board and lodging for yourself, say 10s. a day, or, in the aggregate, £180 a year, or thereabouts. Servants' wages quite £20 a year, and board to match, £25. With the assistance of the secondhand clothes provider your wearing apparel might be kept within £4 10s., but it would be safer to say £5. Then, for extras, say £1000. And there you are, don't you see.

But stay, I have left out of my calculations the heaviest item of the lot, and the most important—advertisements. Say £1200 for advertisements. It may be asked—by the simple and inexperienced—what are advertisements? To which I reply, contributions to charities.

Yours truly, CERGUS, JUNIOR.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VIII.—THE MRS. HUMPHRY WARD SECTION.

AUGUST 1ST.—Out there on the terrace of the Villa Prighi the last of the sunset had ceased to illumine the intellectual brow of HELLSMERE BANNISTY. "Modelled by PRAXITELES, tinted by BOTTICELLI"; so his head had been described by an artist. Through the well-preserved growth that clustered round this noble organ he ran his long nervous fingers as he pored, with critical rapture, over the final proofs of his great *opus*:—*Italian Liberty: its Cause and Cure*.

2ND, 3RD.—Immersed in the splendour of one of those scenic descriptions which reflect a conscientious observation *in situ*—had he not rented the Villa Prighi largely for the very uses of local colour?—he could still appreciate the humorous exhalations that stole up from the old-world soil of the Campagna through the sentinel lines of prophylactic eucalyptus. Yet in a general way it was not consonant with his detached personality to be affected by anything of a strictly humorous character.

4TH, 5TH.—Nor would a nature less absorbed in its own identity have put so severe a strain on the devotion of its audience. But to a type like HELLSMERE'S it did not occur that ROSAMOND was laying more surely every minute the foundation of an incurable catarrh. It only seemed natural that she should want to sit shivering in this deadly air for mere joy of hearing the following passage for the twenty-third time:—

6TH.—"Above me, as I write, stretches the midsummer cobalt of an Italian sky in the full sense of that expression. Below, beneath, before, behind, to right, to left, lies the vast sweep of the Campagna. To have seen Rome apart from the Campagna—rich though the Eternal City undoubtedly is in classical and ecclesiastical traditions, continuously maintained from the era of ROMULUS and RHEA SILVIA down to that of MARIE CORELLI and HALL CAINE, not excluding the Pontiffs—is to have missed the intrinsic force of Italy's association with her own soil.

7TH, 8TH.—"Here from the terrace of the Villa Prighi I look out over avenues of ilex and stone-pine, over a wide largesse of rose and lilac and cyclamen, and other growths whether perennial or appropriate to the season, to where, like a phantom balloon, rises the airy dome of PETER, and, beyond, on the faint horizon, Soracte stands up and drinks the noontide. And everywhere, and always, always, always, the Campagna. Hour by hour, day by day, week by week, under varying conditions of light and weather, I have remarked the view from my terrace at Villa Prighi; and I can recall no occasion, however apparently trivial, when the Campagna in some form or other has not met my astonished eyes.

9TH—11TH.—"But when the dying splendour falls on vineyard and ploughland, on broom and cytisus and aromatic bean; when waves of pellucid amethyst and purple come tumbling out of the wild west, and throw a reflected glory on the dazzling gleam of stucco antiques and sombre lichen-crustured travertine; and the love-lorn nightingale prepares to grow eloquent in cypress-bowers; then the Campagna is her truest self; then from her ghostly soil, a teeming hot-bed of forgotten effigies, uprise those effluvia of the shadowy past which intoxicate the lizard and other native fauna, and to an impressionist, like myself, are a most lively source of literary inspiration."

12TH.—[Grouse shooting begins.] From the Campagna to the moors of Balliemet; what a change of milieu! And it was characteristic of HELLSMERE that his spiritual condition always took on something of the colour of his physical environment.

He was cognisant of a recrudescence of feeling in favour of the strait tenets of his childhood's orthodoxy. The very air, wafting warm scents of moorland, seemed heavy with Presbyterian conviction.

13TH.—Almost involuntarily he found himself reviewing the processes, now logical, now arbitrary, by which he had arrived at his present tolerance of the principles of Christian Science, qualified by an obscurantist Panatheism. His early unreasoning acceptance of U. P. dogma; his tentative excursions in KANT, followed by a sudden and glorious emancipation from the school of Peebles; his reaction from the strain of the larger Secularism under the Pagan teaching of Barbizon and *La Bohème*; then, at first sight of the Eternal City, his *volte-face* from the doctrines of the Latin Quarter to those of the Latin Fathers; the yearning, out of a confused memory of CROCKETT, JOHN STUART MILL, and the *Contes Drolatiques*, to find in traditional Authority a sure euthanasia of speculative thought; and, finally, the attraction towards the new Occidental creed of Faith-healing, culminating in an attitude of reservation and eclectic detachment.

16TH.—Yet the chains of heredity were not to be so lightly thrown off. He had been reminded of their force as he swallowed his bowl of porridge at breakfast. And now, what the Scots oatmeal had begun, the heather and the gillies and the whining of the Gordon setters seemed likely to confirm. For a while he almost trembled to think that he was on the eve of an atavism.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLLY GIRL AND HER GALOOT.

(A West Country Ditty.)

[The "Golly Girl" is the maiden who works her trade of fish-selling on the shore. The "Galoot," evidently a name borrowed from over the seas, is the lover who braves the ocean wave. This explanation is necessary because "Golly Girl" and "Galoot" have not yet been put into any English Dictionary.]

In the old West port by the rolling of the sea

Part the Golly Girl and her Galoot.

It's the story of the past, of what might but couldn't be

For the Golly Girl and her Galoot.

The Golly Girl is slender, and her head is red with gold,

And her eyes are like the amethysts that violets unfold

When the dew is waxing weaker and the sun is growing bold,

So the Golly Girl to her Galoot.

O sweet Golly Girl

With red-gold curl,

Never listen to the white owl's hoot.

For the dawn will surely rise

With the splendour of your eyes

When you welcome back your own Galoot!

In the old West port by the roaring of the gale

Waits the Golly Girl for her Galoot.

And her locks are very lank and her lips are very pale,

She is longing for her lost Galoot.

The Golly Girl is weary with the waiting of the years,

With the never-ended watching 'mid the storm of constant tears

But she's clinging like a limpet to the man she knows, who steers

To the Golly Girl—her own Galoot.

O sweet Golly Girl,

In the tempest's whirl,

Can't you see where that ship must shoot?

Between the rock and pier

He is there, but he can steer,

At the wheel is standing your Galoot.

And, glory be, she's free, he is safe as safe can be,

And harboured is your own Galoot!



THE GREAT TRUSSED; OR, THE AMERICAN GULLIVER.

THE EXCUSE-MAKER.

I REALISED at once that I had mistaken the number of the chambers: the middle-aged gentleman in a frock-coat obviously was not the manager of *The Rushlight*, whom I was anxious to interview concerning an *honorarium* somewhat overdue.

"Excuse me"—I began.

"Certainly, certainly," he said, opening a large note-book. "Delighted to do so—on the usual terms. If you will give me the details of your case—"

"You misunderstand me, Sir," I said, considerably surprised, "I was about to explain—"

"Just what I asked you to do. I gathered that you want an excuse, and my profession is to supply them—for strict cash."

"You are a solicitor, then?" I asked.

"Not at all. I am an Excuse-maker. I supply excuses to the nobility, clergy, landed gentry, and others. If you haven't come to consult me professionally, what are you doing here?"

"It was a mistake," I explained. "If an excuse is needed—"

"You have come to the right person," he concluded. "Those I supply are sound, superfatted, and defy competition. Perhaps you suffer from a tender conscience? Precisely. Most of my clients are victims to that ailment, but, thanks to me, its evil consequences are entirely avoided. My time is precious, however. May I ask you once more to be good enough to state what brand of excuse you need?"

"What sorts do you supply?" I asked.

"Every possible kind. Here, for instance,"—he picked up a letter—"is a typical case—that of a Cambridge undergraduate who wishes to attend a dance in town on Thursday. He has no imagination; his own excuses—if he was foolish enough to make them for himself—would be contemptible. Probably he'd say that he wanted to see a dentist, and his tutor would laugh in his face at that ancient fable. But he has had the sense to ask my assistance, and on the right day he'll get a letter saying: 'Sir, many years ago your grandfather did me an inestimable service. Now I am a millionaire, and as a slight mark of gratitude, I wish to offer your college a small benefaction of a few hundred thousands or so. Please meet me at the Hotel Cecil on Thursday night to arrange details.' This letter he'll show to his tutor, who, of course, will give him his *exeat* like a shot. Then here's another case—that of an M.P. who promised some time back to address his constituents next week. Unfortunately, he's offended them since by some of his votes, and he would be heckled in a very disagreeable way if he appeared. Tomorrow, therefore, he'll receive a letter, signed with the name of an eminent doctor, absolutely forbidding him to take part in any political meeting for the next



G. L. STAMPA.

She. "IT'S NO USE BOTHERING ME, JACK. I SHALL MARRY WHOM I PLEASE"

He. "THAT'S ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO, MY DEAR. YOU PLEASE ME WELL ENOUGH!"

six months, and with this he'll be able to pacify his committee."

"Quite so," I remarked, "but as I am neither an undergraduate nor an M.P.—"

"Oh, but I provide excuses for every class—those two are only samples. Possibly you are about to stay at a country-house of which you know very little. Perhaps it will be dull, perhaps not. Well, two days after your arrival you'll have a wire from me saying, 'Return to London at once. Most important business. Your presence absolutely necessary.' If you're having a good time, you'll merely tear this up. But if you're bored, you'll show it to your host and leave by the next train."

"In fact," I said, rather coldly, "your system is one of organised falsehood."

"On the contrary," he returned, "it's

the very opposite. But for my services as an excuse maker many persons would be compelled to resort to falsehood—a painful thing to people with tender consciences. They employ me, and then there's no necessity for them to tell untruths."

"And yet," I suggested, "there's that old saying, '*qui s'excuse s'accuse*.'"

"Precisely," he said, triumphantly, "precisely. The man who makes his own excuses in so doing accuses himself of idiocy. He's like the man who tries to be his own doctor or solicitor. His conscience suffers, and his home-made excuses are crude, inartistic, unconvincing. The wise man comes to me, and I do the business for him for a most moderate fee. But I've got seventeen more excuses to provide to-day, and really cannot waste my time in talk. Good-morning!"

FORTHCOMING DRAMAS.

I.—THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is writing a play in blank verse, for Mr. TREE, on *The Return of Ulysses*. But why in Blank Verse? A prose drama on realistic lines, dealing with the hero's return after his twenty years of absence and with his subsequent departure (see TENNYSON) would be far more in keeping with the modern spirit. Let Mr. PHILLIPS break away from the old-fashioned poetic treatment of the subject (as exemplified in HOMER), and approach it frankly and fearlessly from the realistic standpoint. He would then turn out a play of thrilling human interest, more or less as follows:—

SCENE I.—The courtyard before the Palace of ULYSSES at Ithaca.

The house is greatly out of repair. ARGUS, a watch-dog, very old and blind, dozes on the mat before the front door, which is open. ULYSSES, in an extremely ragged suit of armour, and with nothing on his legs, enters R and goes up to the door. He seems annoyed at the neglected condition of the house.

Ulysses. H'm! Don't think much of the way things have been looked after during my absence. They'll have the rain through the roof if those tiles aren't seen to. But that's the worst of being away so long. Everything goes to rack and ruin. (Notices ARGUS on the mat.) Hullo, ARGUS, is that you? You must be precious old by now. Come and speak to your master. (Stoops down to pat him.)

Argus (without even looking at him). Urrgh!

Ulysses (stepping back hastily). I believe the idiot doesn't recognise me. Here, ARGUS, good dog! (ARGUS does not stir.) I wish I had a stick or something. (Sycophantically.) Good old dog then.

Argus (slowly turning his head and facing the intruder). Urrrrrrgghh!

Ulysses (retreating hurriedly). Dash it, this is very awkward. The old fool will bite me if I don't take care. (Advancing cautiously.) If I could only manage to reach that bell. (Does so, by a great effort, and pulls violently. It does not ring.) Broken, by Jove! (With vexation.) I do think PENELOPE might have kept the front door bell in order. It's really very careless of her. (ARGUS lowers his head once more upon his paws and closes his eyes.) I believe he's going to sleep again. I wonder if I can step over him without his waking. (Creeps up on tiptoe and endeavours to do so. ARGUS opens his eyes and snaps viciously.) Ah, would you!

Argus (rising and glaring short-sightedly at the visitor. Wow, wow, wow, wow, WOW!

Ulysses (backing nervously). Good dog! Good doggie! I wish to goodness I had something on my legs. Hang it, he's coming after me. (ARGUS advances slowly upon him. He retreats before him across the court-yard.) Good dog then! Nasty, vicious brute, he'll nip me before I know where I am. If he'd only look the other way for a moment I might make a dash for the door and get in before he caught me. (With a sudden inspiration.) Hi, ARGUS! Rats! (ARGUS looks round for a moment. ULYSSES makes a rush for the door, but the dog is too quick for him, and grips him firmly by the leg.) Hi! Help! Let go, you brute!

There is a short scuffle, and then a howl from ARGUS as ULYSSES wrenches himself free, and gives him a kick which lands him in the middle of the court-yard. ULYSSES rushes to the hat-stand, and searches feverishly for a walking-stick with which to defend himself. At this inopportune moment the inevitable Old Servant of Greek tragedy appears.

Old Servant. Now, then, what are you doing there?

Ulysses (angrily). What am I doing? What are you doing, you mean. Why didn't you come before? Didn't you hear me

calling? That confounded dog has bitten me, and I'm looking for a stick to break his ribs with.

Old Servant (with great scorn). Looking for a stick, indeed! Trying to steal the umbrellas, that's what you're doing! Be off with you, or I'll call the dog again. Herc, ARGUS, at him!

Ulysses (alarmed). Don't do that, you fool. Don't you know me? I'm ULYSSES.

Old Servant. Gracious, it's master! Whatever will mistress say! (Runs in excitedly.)

Ulysses. Here, come back! What's come to the man, running off like that. (ARGUS rises from the ground and limps painfully towards the house, growling in an undertone.) And here's that dashed dog coming after me again. Confound it! I can't stay here. (Bolts after aged servant as the curtain falls.)

SCENE II. The dining hall and general living room of the Palace.

The table is laid for a large number of diners, but the only occupant of the room at present is PENELOPE, a dear old lady, very amiable and very deaf, who sits in a great chair by the hearth.

Old Servant (shuffling into the room and running all his words together in his excitement.) The-master's-come-back-and-he's-in-the-hall-now-and—

Penelope (peering at him over her spectacles). Eh?

Old Servant (raising his voice). The master's come back—

Penelope. I can't hear you. You must speak louder.

Old Servant (shouting). The MASTER'S—

Penelope. No, I didn't say you were to speak faster. I said you were to speak louder.

Old Servant (goes up and bellows angrily in her ear). I didn't say "FASTER." I said "MASTER."

Penelope. Well, well; there's nothing to be cross about. "Faster" and "pasture" are very much alike, and you know I'm a little hard of hearing. What's happened to the pasture?

[Enter ULYSSES. The Old Servant, giving up all attempt to make the old lady hear, points mutely at him.]

Penelope. ULYSSES! (Jumps up, toddles to him and throws her arms round his neck.) Is it really you, safe and sound?

Ulysses (grumbling). Safe enough, but I should have been sounder if that cursed dog hadn't just taken a piece out of my leg. Why don't you keep your front door bell in order?

Penelope. I don't hear so well as I did, dear. You must speak a little louder.

Ulysses (raising his voice). I said that brute of a dog had bitten me.

Penelope. Written? Of course I've written. But we haven't known your address for some time. Even the Delphic Oracle didn't know it, for I sent TELEMACHUS to ask them.

Ulysses (shouting). What message did they send back?

Penelope. Not bend your back? Poor dear; you're stiff after your journey. Sit down by me.

Ulysses (sitting by her and roaring into her ear). I didn't say "BEND." I said "SEND."

Penelope (quite unruffled). Well, well, "bend" and "send" are very much alike. And I don't hear so well as I did. Where's my trumpet? (Puts it to her ear.) Now I can hear you. Tell me all your adventures. Where have you been all this time?

Ulysses (evasively). Paying visits. I stayed some time with ALKINOUS, and payed a call on the CYCLOPS, and put in a year or two with CALYPSO, and some time with CIRCE.

Penelope. I thought CIRCE always turned men into pigs.

Ulysses. So she does. So would you, my dear, if you cooked as well as she does.

Penelope. How horrible!

Ulysses. On the contrary. Most agreeable. And how have you been?

Penelope. Pretty well—if it weren't for the suitors.

Ulysses. The what?



FINISHING TOUCHES.

Factional Tourist. "I WONDER HOW MUCH WHISKEY IT TOOK TO PAINT THAT NOSE OF YOURS, PAT?"

Pat. "SHURE, YER HONOUR, AND IT'S JUST THAT LITTLE DROP THAT'S WANTIN' TO VARNISH IT!"

Penelope. The suitors, dear. My suitors. They want to marry me.

Ulysses. But they can't do that while I'm alive.

Penelope. So I told them. But they said they'd see to that!

Ulysses. The deuce they did. That sounds rather ominous. How many are there of them?

Penelope. About a hundred.

Ulysses (jumping up and dropping trumpet in his hurry). About a hundred! Where's my hat? I must go at once. They'll cut my throat if they find me here. I'm not so young as I was, and my nerve's rather shaken.

Penelope. I can't hear a word you're saying, dear.

Ulysses. Confound it! where's that trumpet? (*Speaking into it.*) I was saying, I thought I'd be off before your admirers turned up, as they sound rather dangerous.

Penelope (beaming on him). That's right, dear. Go down to your ship and bring up your crew, and when the suitors are all sitting comfortably at their dinner you can rush in and butcher them.

Ulysses (peevishly). But I haven't got a ship. It was wrecked years ago.

Penelope. Were all the crew drowned?

Ulysses. All of them. I was the last to leave the ship.

Penelope. My brave husband!

Ulysses. Not at all. She was bottom upwards. The others held on as long as they could.

Penelope. Then what are you going to do?

Ulysses (irritably). Do? Be off as fast as my legs can carry me, of course. What do you suppose?

Penelope. And leave me altogether?

Ulysses. Can't help it, my love. A wife with a hundred suitors all clamouring for her husband's blood isn't the most comfortable person in the world to live with.

Penelope. I'm so sorry.

Ulysses (grimly). Not half so sorry as I am, my own. If you'd travelled as much as I have during the past ten years, you'd be pretty sick at having to leave home before you'd been in it half an hour. What time do you expect these ruffians?

Penelope. They may be here any minute now.

Ulysses. Then there's no time to be lost. I believe I hear footsteps already. Goodbye! My love to TELEMACHUS.

Penelope (embracing him tearfully). Oh, it's dreadful to have to lose you directly you have got back, in this way.

Ulysses (torn between desire to comfort his wife and longing to get away). Of course it is, dear. And I'm dreadfully sorry to leave you. Hark! isn't that somebody coming? No, it's no one. Yes, as I was saying, I'd dearly like to stay and — Eh? Yes, I'll write directly I have an address. Dash it, here they are. For Heaven's sake leave go of my neck. There, there, don't cry. I really must be off now.

[*Exit stealthily R, as Suitors troop in boisterously L.*
(*Curtain.*)

ST. J. H.

A HOUSE-HUNTING SONG.

SOME people hunt the local fox and some the polar bear,
And some chase after bargains with extraordinary care;
Some try to sweep celebrities within their social net,
But I go hunting houses and I haven't found one yet.

There's a close time for whatever game that sportsmen may
pursue,

And after-season remnants aren't continually on view;
While Mrs. LEO HUNTER finds sometimes her quarry flee,
But from an endless house-hunt there's no holiday for me!

I want to live in Surbiton, Pall Mall, and Cheyne Walk,
The baby'd vote for Hampstead Heath if he could only talk;
His parent on the mother's side likes frequent change of air,
And varies like a weather-hen—from Richmond to Mayfair.

There always is a room too few, or else a room too much,
The neighbourhood's too low—if not, the rent's too high to
touch;

It seems as if I might as well chase BOTH A or DE WET,
The fact is, that I can't decide what kind of house to get!

"BUONA NOTTE."

(Or not, eh?)

NORTH Italy is delightful in summer, and existence would be perfect if sleep were possible. Even Dr. WATTS could not have condemned the voice of the sluggish complaining that he had been waked too soon, if the awakening had been at five in the morning, or earlier. Venice itself, though the traffic is noiseless, has means of arousing one. People argue and walk, and sometimes sing, under the windows till 2 or 3 A.M., and before 5 the neighbouring church bells are in full swing. In winter, when one could shut the windows, one might hear less, but in summer one does not lose a word of the discussion or a note of the song. The afternoon siesta is some compensation, for at that time no one talks because everyone is dozing. Sometimes one is willing to keep awake, when, for instance, there is a *Sevénata* on the Grand Canal, an excellent concert in a decorated barge moving slowly along, surrounded by gondolas with gondoliers all in white, looking by moonlight like coffins rowed by ghosts.

To return towards England avoid Milan, hotter and noisier, and go across by Brescia and the Lakes. Arrive at Brescia in the evening, the only time a train is supportable. Waiter ushers me into elegant bedroom almost entirely covered with red velvet. Appears warm. Hope it is quiet. Look out of the window and perceive wide thoroughfare paved with cobblestones. There may not be much early traffic. Waiter assures me there is no noise. Perhaps on the first floor a little, but on the second, ah, no! Retire to rest. Suddenly awakened by sounds as of an earthquake and a thunderstorm combined. It is the first waggon over the cobblestones, and the time is 4.15 a.m. Then follows a moment's peace and then another waggon. Get up and rush out on to the staircase. Discover sleepy porter in hall. Explain my position. He remarks that it is nearly five, as though everyone were anxious to get up at five. Explain that I am not, and follow sleepy porter with candle along various passages to distant apartment of vast size, remote from chief street. Porter points out regretfully that there are no sheets. Excursion back to previous room, procession along passages with armful of sheets and pillows, and peaceful sleep for at least an hour. Then become aware that there is a peal of bells not many yards away. Leave Brescia without regret.

Arrive at Lecco also late in the evening. Crowd sitting outside hotel. Proprietor opens door of omnibus. Every room full. "*Non c'è una camera.*" There is a regatta to-morrow.

Impossible to leave Lecco as there is no train. Lengthy discussion between proprietor and his wife. Finally put me in the large reading room, made as comfortable as possible. But feel compelled to rise early, to make way for the readers, if there are any.

Across the Swiss frontier to Bellinzona. Amongst the placid Swiss may sleep more peacefully. Hotel recommended by the infallible Baedeker. Find that it is clean and fairly well-managed, but in the most undesirable position imaginable, squeezed in between a high rock, four feet away, and a stone-paved street. Far from being *entre cour et jardin*, an ideal situation, it is *entre rue et rocher*. Not only that. The architect has further ideas of comfort. Between the rock and the street stands the *campanile* of the church. Ecco! The site is perfect. He puts his building against the tower, and every time the clock strikes the hotel quivers. Less than a quarter of a mile away there are open fields, and charming views of woods and mountains. At most places with Italian names sleep is difficult. But at Bellinzona, in the hotel recommended by the infallible BAEDEKER, himself sleepless, ever on the watch for information, it is impossible. H. D. B.

FOLLOWING UP THE TRAIL.

(A fragment from a Sartorial Romance.)

"BUT surely you will be reasonable," said the Professor, "you know that your trailing skirt may mean death to tens, to hundreds, to thousands!"

The Lady without Mercy merely smiled and pointed to a highly-coloured plate in which a female was depicted strutting proudly across a marble terrace side by side with a peacock.

"Yes, I know many wear them," continued the Professor, earnestly. "But you should remember the responsibilities of your station. Did you not hear at the recent conference that the trailing skirt carries the germs of sickness, aye, and death, into the house and the home?"

But the Lady without Mercy continued smiling and pointing.

"Can nothing move you?" implored the Professor. "Listen. Like most scientists, I am a millionaire; like most scientists, I have received a peerage for my services to the world. I lay my cash, my rank at your feet. I ask only one concession, and I ask it in the name of civilisation and my own self-respect. Give up the trailing skirt and become my wife!"

For a moment the Lady without Mercy wavered, then she smiled—this time a little sadly—pointed to the picture, and left him.

A week passed and they met once more. To his delight she wore the short skirt of common sense. He rushed towards her.

"Oh, my darling, you have made the concession I demanded! Oh, my angel, you have listened to the dictates of your conscience! My own, my soon-to-be wife!"

"Yes, ERASMUS DIONYSIUS," she responded softly, "I am willing to share your rank and cash. And, dearest, as there should be no secrets between the recently-engaged, let me confess to you that I gave up my trailing skirt because I read in the *Times* it was no longer fashionable."

SOME LITTLE SUGGESTIONS OF NOMENCLATURE.—For a car on the "Tube" railway—a Tubiclo. For a coffee-stall—a Mocha-car. For a railway porter—a Tip-staff. For a barrister's clerk—a Brief-snatcher. For a costermonger—a Barrow-knight. For a Duke (among some graces)—a Strawberry-gardenia. For a tippler—a Boo-hoozer. For a teetotaler—a Liptonian. For a bookmaker—the Dardanelles. (N.B.—This is a straight affair.) For a *débutante*—a Beginning for an End. For a millionaire—Cave Carnem-gie—(purely Scottish.) For a Briton—the Pride of the Feat. For a pro-Boer—the Pride of the Soul. For the KING—Selkirk (Monarch of all I survey.) For the KAISER—The Swiss Family Robinson (Monarch of all I haven't surveyed.) For the Duke of CORNWALL—H.R.H. PHILEAS FOGG.

PLACE FOR THE PRESS.

[The Annual Conference of the Institute of Journalists commenced at Leeds on August 24.]

In olden time, in Portsmouth town,
When GEORGE the something wore the crown,
When wars with France seemed always near
And of invasion we 'd a fear ;
A gang went round—the Press.
And men who by this gang were caught,
When blood was hot, like tigers fought ;
Thus oft was England's freedom bought,
Through power of the Press.

In present time in every town
The Fourth Estate achieves renown.
Our freedom, still our proudest boast,
Wins recognition in the toast
Of "Gentlemen—The Press !"
Search where you will on sea or land,
From Pekin to Witwatersrand,
The best of fellows form the band
Which represents the Press.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. I.—(Continued.)

SUCH was PIZARRO'S life at school,
Not formed or planned on any rule,
Save this :—if at a given minute
There comes a scrape, be sure you're in it.
If Justice chanced to want a victim,
She never paused, but promptly picked
him :

Not that his crimes were great or many—
He rarely perpetrated any—
But rather that his looks bewrayed him ;
He blushed with ease, a fact that made
him,

When red beyond all recognition,
Obnoxious to extreme suspicion.
The booby-trap that spilt its water
On Dr. CUFFLAD'S matron's daughter ;
That worthy matron's bed—oh, fie !—
Converted to an apple-pie ;
The broken pane, the tattered syntax,
The master's highlows filled with tinctacks ;
The dart impelled by secret force
Upon its swift and peccant course—
These crimes, and more as fine and large,
Were always laid to JONES'S charge.
Not his the deeds, but his the rueing.
To blush when charged is worse than
doing.

Well, well, the years passed on, and he
Passed his matriculation :
In ancient days it used to be
No hard examination.
His Greek and his arithmetic
He was not very pat in ;
He knew no French ; he used to stick
In Euclid and in Latin.
Yet he became—the feat was great—
An Oxford undergraduate !

I shall not follow his career
From week to week, from year to year ;



"WELL, THERE'S YOUR TREACLE. NOW, WHERE'S YOUR TWOPENCE ?"
"MOTHER PUT IT IN TH' JUG !"

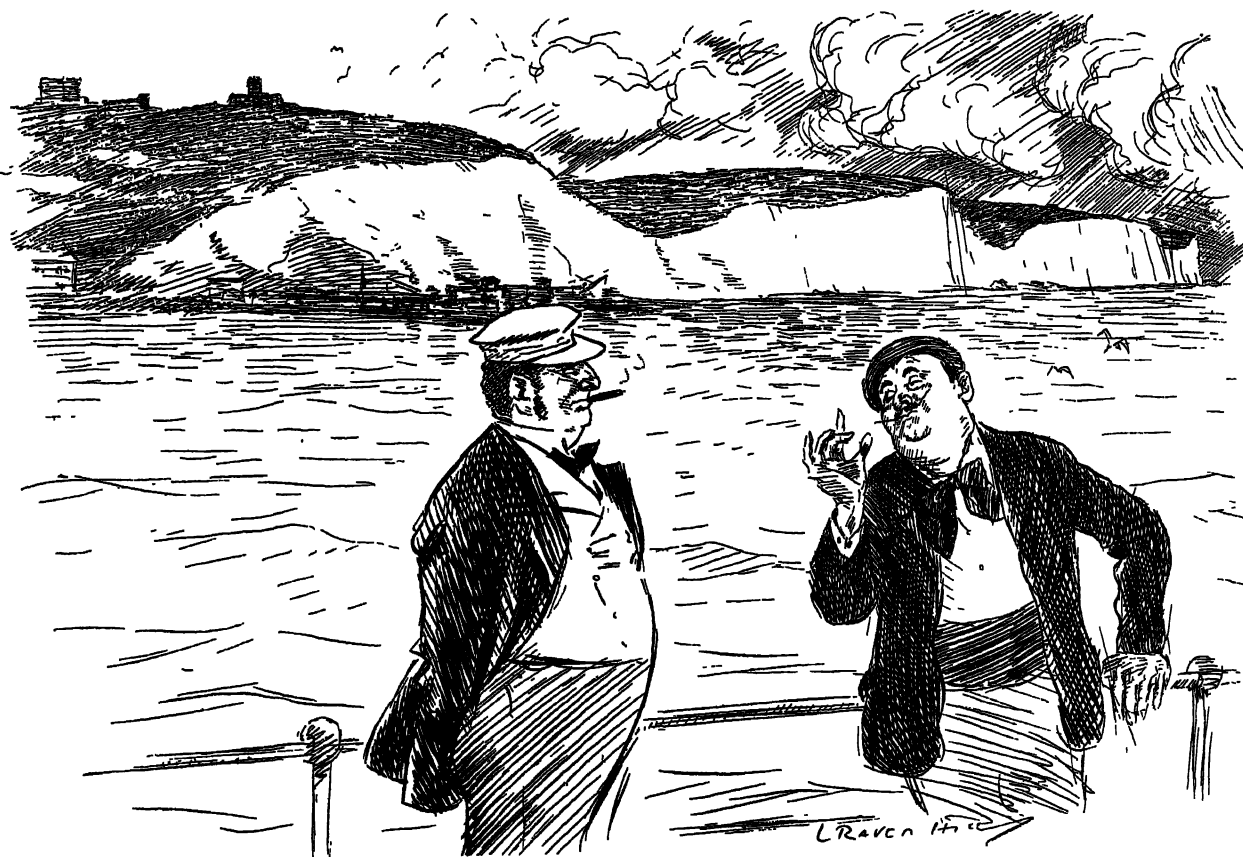
The task would bore you.
I can describe PIZARRO'S acts
By laying certain salient facts
Coldly before you :—
He did not run, he would not row,
His private reading was no go ;
He knew no cricket.
He did not seem to be aware
That when a pig-skin's full of air,
You catch or kick it.
In this dead list of negatives
One positive stands out and lives :
Upon his face he wore a fur-suit—
His cheeks and chin were very hirsute.
In short, although his comrades jeered
He was a smug and grew a beard !
The years went on, and finally
Our hero took a pass degree,
Fading from Oxford life away
As P. P. CORTEZ JONES, B.A.

I pass the intervening years,
With all their hopes and joys and fears.

Let this poor fact suffice for fame,
That JONES took Orders and became,
His life progressing at a due rate,
A Church of England country curate.
Would that my humble pen were equal
To telling all the glorious sequel ;
Would that my skill could paint the glory
Of our PIZARRO'S splendid story !
Enough. I'll take one blazing scene
To show my readers what I mean :—
That fate unkindly tests and searches
Our early lives with canes and birches ;
Or takes and dooms us to perdition
With keepings-in or imposition ;
Makes us uncouth and void of sense,
And far too apt to give offence,
Merely in order to devote us
To later splendour, and promote us
On our dead selves, as stepping-stones,
To higher things—'twas thus with JONES.

R. C. L.

(To be concluded.)



Intelligent Foreigner. "I AM AFRAID ZEY ARE NOT MUCH USE, ZEZE GRAND WORKS OF YOURS AT DOVAIRE. VOT CAN ZEY DO AGAINST OUR SUBMARINES?—OUR LEEETLE GUSTAVE ZÈDE? AH, ZE SUBMARINE E' IS MON TERRIBLE, AN' ZE CREW'N ALSO—ZE MATELOTS—ZEY ARE 'EROES! VY, EVERY TIME ZEY GO ON BOARD OF HIM ZEY SAY GOODBYE TO ZER VIVES AN' FAMILIES!"

RAILWAY COMPANIONS.

(By a Disagreeable Traveller.)

I.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that the railway train exercises a sinister influence upon the human race. Persons who are tolerable—or even welcome—in ordinary daily life, become peculiarly obnoxious so soon as they enter the compartment of a train. No fairy prince ever stepped into a railway train—assuming he favoured that means of locomotion—without being transformed straightway into a Beast, and even Beauty herself could not be distinguished from her disagreeable sisters—in a train.

Speaking for myself, railway travelling invariably brings to the surface all my worst qualities.

My neighbour opposite hazards some remark. I feel immediately a fit of taciturnity coming over me, and an overpowering inclination to retreat behind a fortification of journals and magazines. On the other hand, say that I have exhausted my stock of railway literature—or, no remote possibility, that the literature has exhausted me—then I make a casual remark about the weather. The

weather is not usually considered a controversial topic: in railway trains, however, it becomes so.

"Rain! not a bit," says a passenger in the far corner, evidently meditating a walking tour, and he views me suspiciously as if I were a rain-producer.

"And a good thing too," remarks the man opposite. "It's wanted badly, I tell you, Sir—very badly. It's all very well for you holiday folk," &c., &c.

And all this bad feeling because of my harmless well-intentioned remark.

The window is up. "Phew! . . . stuff," says the man opposite. "You don't mind, I hope, the window—eh?" "Not in the least," I say, and conceive a deadly hatred for him. I know from experience that directly that window is down all the winds of heaven will conspire to rush through, bearing upon them a smoky pall. I resign myself, therefore, to possible bronchitis and inflammation of the eye. Schoolboys, I may remark by the way, are the worst window offenders, owing to their diabolical practice of looking out of window in a tunnel—and, of course, *nothing* ever happens to them. What's the use of expostulating after the compartment is full of yellow, choking vapour. These

boys should be leashed together like dogs and conveyed in the luggage-van.

The window is down. "W-h-oop" coughs an elderly man. "Do you mind, Sir, that window being closed?" Polite mendacity and inward bitterness on my part towards the individual who has converted the compartment into an oven.

But there are worse companions even than these, of whom I must speak another time.

A. R.

THE SONG OF THE SEEDY BACHELOR.

THE world is like a wedding-cake
That once was prodigal of plums;
But fruitless now the search I make,—
Alas! my way no currant comes!
O'er devastated plains of crumbs
A crusty Bachelor I roam;
In vain I saccharine my thumbs,
Sultanaless I wander home!

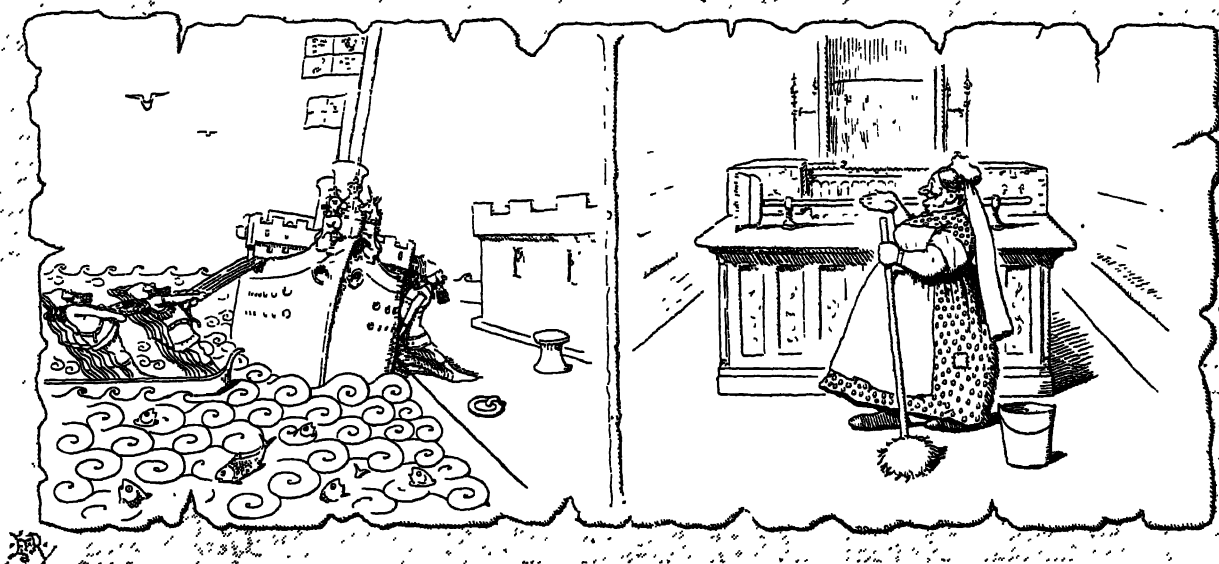
In vain I probe life's almond paste
To find some raisin gone astray;
No almond eyes illumine the waste
Where once a baker's dozen lay.
Alas! no currant comes my way,
Now one would satisfy my greed;
I must, to chase dull carraway,
Inevitably run to seed! R. E. L.



A HAPPY RETURN.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "AH, NICHOLAS, MON BIEN-AIMÉ, I KNEW YOU 'D COME AT LAST, IF I ONLY KEPT ON ASKING YOU!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWELFTH FRAGMENT.

1. IN the eighth month of the first year

2. of Ed-wād the King,
3. Lord of all of the Britains
4. (—as they say at Dhalmēni
5. and also the Dhērdunz,)
6. who skimmed along highways
7. in *cl-ektrikl teuf-teufs*,
8. who transferred all his horses,
9. and even the *yāht* of this Ruler of
Occans,
10. the Vikht-oriyaān-albhat,
11. refused to *keep stable*
12. and took some persuasion
13. to stop a bit upright,
14. but she got *pherlikh-nirft* when they
took

15. all her masts out and planted some
16. new ones that weighed next to
nothing and looked *dhūs-ed-phlinsāli*,
17. with rudimentary funnels,
18. when the crew crawled on
óiphoriz after having their hair cut,
19. (all the guests, even royal, were
always requested to

20. sit *télukh-fúshūn* on very low foot-
stools,
21. somewhere near the centre
22. when the helm was hard over). . . .
23. I'm sorry for Lāmt-un!
24. he was no doubt selected as being
25. clean-shaven,—a *bhird* or *mhustāsh*,
26. even *rhaut-ikal-uiskaz*,
27. at that height above water
28. might lead to disaster.
29. —There's an interesting *róumuh* his
kokhtat

30. was cancelled, or shorn of its bullion,
31. his epaulets trimmed to more
humble
32. *diménshans*—and his boots filled
with lead

33. —(one of many precautions!)
34. must have breathed much
more freely

35. when he got into port, flying nice
little standards

36. —the big ones were discarded as
being

37. excessive,—when he got alongside,
38. with the county of Hamshūr

39. or *something* substantial
40. to lean on.

41. At *lunshanz* and *píkh-níkhiz* (I may as
well mention)

42. they proceeded at once to reduce
the top—hamper—from sheer force of
habit.

43. When passing through war-ships
44. He always arranged that the cheer-
ing

45. was equal from port and from star-
board,

46. as the least indiscretion, an extra
loud *bhāsun*, vociferously loyal,

47. on a neighbouring *krūsah*
48. for instance,

49. might have made them turn *tértul*.
(This is all introduction! that's the
worst of these Tablets, they are so *el-
astikh*; they would stretch out till
Dhumsdeli if the Edhit-al-ettum!)

50. Then did the Lorgivvaz
51. the Jābraz, and Chātraz who would
talk the hind-leg off

52. A *khástayūn-donkih*

53. concluding their labours by
sitting till

54. breakfast, till the daylight streamed
in on their crumpled-up shirtfronts,

55. on their fevered endeavours to un-
ravel the tangle [give

56. of things they'd neglected and to
57. an appearance of having done

58. *something* in *ékhstennu-éshūn*

59. continued existence;

60. half-killing

61. the pressmen (who had always to
help

62. them to finish a sentence; give an
air

63. of coherence to somewhat chaotic

64. abuse of their neighbours)

65. . . . who fell forward exhausted
and came to a stop, or, perhaps, semi-
coma at four

66. or four-thirty, with their noses in
inkpots,

67. and awoke with

68. the modern improvements

69. on Pitman

70. tattooed on their features

71. while the *retschidp-ul-Ismen*, re-
duced to

72. a shadow,

73. sank down on the pavement out-
side in

74. the *kortyād* at the foot of the clock-
tower and wished the whole

75. business (by the way, a misnomer)

76. at *bléiz* . . . or elsewhere.

77. Then forth from the portals

78. did stream the Lorgivvaz, discard-
ing the *toppat*

79. of *sivvilaih-zéshun*, into *tuūlz* did
they hasten,

80. Arthab-ál-Phur and Lekkiah

81. and Kamm-el-Banraman;

82. also Shuv-menébar with his

83. *pháidus-ak-étiz*,

84. *mistah* Pikh-uikh-thaperkih,

85. who wrote such . . . nons

86. going over in detail his efforts at
humour in the *Séshun* just closing,

87. and the Bakkaz-av-Prémpeh,

88. who wield the Shilélih,

89. who sternly repress all attempts at disorder

90. and howl in extousio their muzzled condition.

91. . . . They manage to get a good deal through the wires though!

92. and into the hands of *Bhar-dolfyan char-lediz*

93. the place is made over. E. T. R.

BELGIUM AND THE B.P.

(By our Quite-a-Little-Holiday-making Impressionist.)

WHAT B.P.? Not the British Public? Well, yes, the best representative of the British Public—the British Press. (*Cheers.*) But this is not a speech, but at this point there would have been left a blank in the reporter's notebook for applause, and I am speaking of reporters. And the British Press, how was it represented? Well, nowadays, the reporter carries out the general impression conveyed by the words, "Gentlemen of the Press." Always did, but does it now more than ever. Take the representatives of British journalists who went to Ostend and Bruges a week or so since and sample them. Take a third, say half a dozen. Item, a pressman who had held a commission R.N., item, a pressman who had appeared in the Army List, the rest, members of the Bar. Nothing incongruous in Burgomasters, general managers, and such like gentlemen doing honour to the British Press when so represented.

Picture a pleasant journey from London to Dover. On the way down, the relation of marvellous adventures concerning foreign lands from the salt with the pencil. And all true, every one of them. And yet the rest of the company talk of ever-interesting Fleet Street with an occasional dash into the Common Rooms of the Cam and the Isis, and the last anecdotes from the Robing Room in Carey Street, now closed for the long vacation. "The boys" who could wear helmets and horsehair wigs in camp and Court, but who were now exchanging straw hats for caps, were ushered on board one of the splendid vessels of the State Administration of Railways and Steamboats in Belgium, and carried across the ocean to the shore opposite the chalky cliffs of Albion. The clerk of the weather was on his best behaviour—did not risk a practical joke at the expense of the R.B.P. So the *Rapide* was worthy of her name, and the blithesome party were landed punctual to the moment.

Ostend was hospitable. The R.B.P. dined with the revered Minister of Railways, or rather, his admirable representative. Eloquence was all the better because it was not reported—save in the local Ostend papers. At a moment's notice (possibly accepting a little help) a respected R.B.P. explained the system of

the State Railways of Belgium, the luxury of saloon cars, the delight of a season ticket, carrying one over the whole system, with stoppages, like bread, à discrétion. Then the P.I.J. spoke from his heart and said the nicest things (to him) imaginable. Congratulations and an adjournment to the ball held at the largest acreage of hotel in the world. Did the R.B.P. dance? Certainly. Every one of them—save those whose dancing days were over.

And the next day? The visit to Bruges. What could have been more luxurious than the saloon of luxury? What could have been more impressive than the reception of the R.B.P. by the Municipality of Bruges? In a chamber suggestive of centuries ago the Chief of the Municipal State welcomed the interesting strangers. Was French spoken? Wasn't it! First one Pressman returned thanks in the French language—over which the great THACKERAY had so complete a mastery—to the admiration of all beholders. Then the P.I.J. proposed prosperity to Bruges in a speech with an accent which was more Parisian than that of the Parisians. "*Nous sommes frères!*" Splendid sentiment—binding Briton and Belgian in a bond of union which, &c., &c., &c.

Then to see the monuments. Old churches, old pictures, restored town halls, the most ancient archery club in the world (of whom the late Queen VICTORIA was President), a room with the chair of REUBENS in it, a gateway with apartments overhead, said to have been once occupied—a long while ago—by a renowned Archbishop of Canterbury. Then, after hearing that Bruges was to be a seaport, thanks to a coming canal, away to Ostend for dinner and a concert at the Kursaal.

Was the dinner a success? Quite. Ostend was so crowded that the banquet had to be held in a room partly occupied by other guests. But what mattered that? Could not the Burgomaster tell his guests how the Belgians loved the British? Could not the ever-eloquent P.I.J. return the compliment, and speak of the fêtes of 1867, when the Volunteers and the Liège Rifemen were brothers, as, indeed, they were in Waterloo year, when they stood shoulder to shoulder not so many miles from Brussels? And then away to the excellent music of the Kursaal and the glorious moonlight of the beautiful promenade on the sea front.

Oh, what a week's end! The last morning was passed with a visit to the Exhibition, which was interesting, and to a museum of exhibits from the huge collection, gathered together by the State *traiteur*, of the late Duke ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG GOTHA. Then, by the good ship *Clementine*, home to Dover. *Clementine* the swift, *Clementine* the scientific—was there not a wireless telegraphic

conversation between Belgium and England conducted from the deck of the State packet?—*Clementine* the luxuriously furnished and punctually up-to-time. From Dover to London by S.E. and C.R. also satisfactory.

And so the dream of swords, pens, barristers' wigs, reporters' pencils, seas, sands, hotels, balls, *vins d'honneur*, capital yarns, delightful talk, excellent speeches in admirable English and more than admirable French came to an end. Thanks to the ever-courteous manager, to whom the State Administration owes so much, thanks to the standard-bearer who carried the flag of Britain ten years ago to Belgium, thanks to the worthy representative of the B.P., who maintained the best traditions of English journalism. Thanks all round.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

(By Our City Laureate.)

THE COMING BOOM.

Banish care and dull foreboding,
Banish every thought of gloom,
Soon we'll all commence unloading,
Soon will come the time of boom.
Shout Hurrah! the public nibble,
Soon there'll be an awful fight,
For the Kaffirs we've been keeping
They'll be pleading, begging, weeping,
Everything will then be right.
Just observe the closing prices—
Steady tone, and not too high:
We are waiting your advices,
Take a friendly tip and buy.

THE LOST BOOMLET.

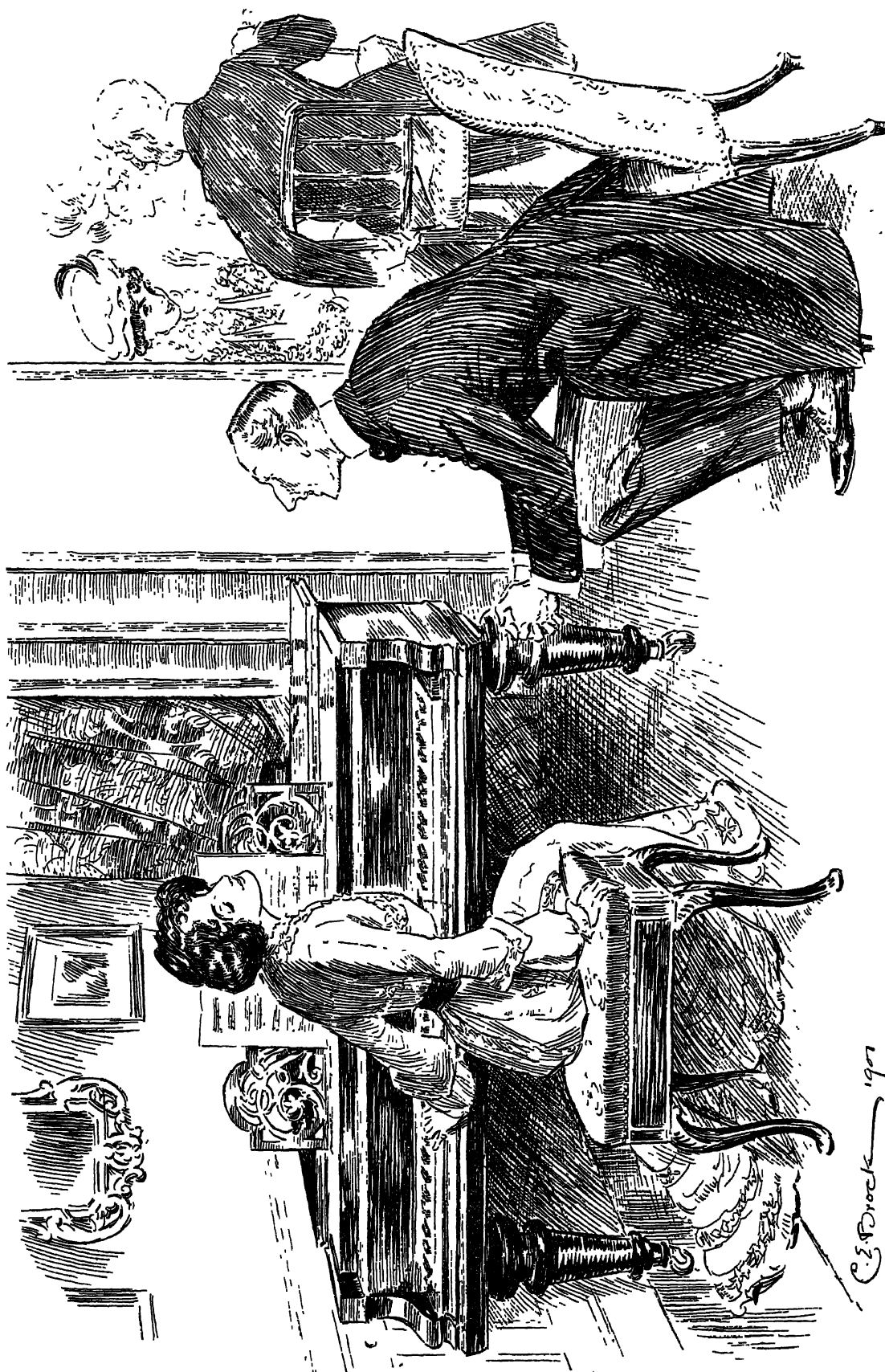
I.

We have lost our little Boomlet,
He has left this world of sin;
And our hearts are really breaking,
We've no soul for market faking:
Don't care if we lose or win.
He was born about two-twenty
On a light contango day,
We thought he was heaven-sent, he
Now, alas! has passed away.
Little Boomlet, precious Boomlet,
Only really lived a day;
Close the House at every week-end
Little Boomlet's gone away.

II.

We have lost our little Boomlet,
Tho' he looked so strong and fit;
We did all we could to strengthen—
All we could his hours to lengthen,
But he didn't care a bit.
When before our fires we're kneeling,
Fires of Kaffir scrip so gay,
Back will come that choking feeling,
Little Boomlet's gone away.

Little Boomlet, precious Boomlet,
Only really lived a day;
Now we're waiting for another
Boomlet just to come our way.



She (having played a little thing for Bertram). "I HOPE YOU DIDN'T HEAR THE WRONG NOTE !
Bertram (thinking to be complimentary). "WHICH ONE ?"

C. E. Brock 1901

MRS. MEDWIN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I.

"WELL, we *are* a pair!" the poor lady's visitor broke out to her, at the end of her explanation, in a manner disconcerting enough. The poor lady was Miss CUTTER, who lived in South Audley Street, where she had an "upper half" so compact that it might have passed for convenient; and her visitor was her half-brother, whom she had not seen for three years. She was remarkable for a maturity of which every symptom might have been observed to be admirably controlled, had not a tendency to stoutness just affirmed its independence. Her present, no doubt, insisted too much on her past, but with the excuse, sufficiently valid, that she must certainly once have been prettier. She was clearly not contented with once—she wished to be prettier again. She neglected nothing that could produce that illusion, and, being both fair and fat, dressed almost wholly in black. When she added a little colour it was not, at any rate, to her drapery. Her small rooms had the peculiarity that everything they contained appeared to testify with vividness to her position in society, quite as if they had been furnished by the bounty of admiring friends. They were adorned indeed almost exclusively with objects that nobody buys, as had more than once been remarked by spectators of her own sex, for herself, and would have been luxurious if luxury consisted mainly in photographic portraits slashed across with signatures, in baskets of flowers be-ribboned with the cards of passing compatriots, and in a neat collection of red volumes, blue volumes, alphabetical volumes, aids to London lucidity, of every sort, devoted to addresses and engagements. To be in Miss CUTTER's tiny drawing-room, in short, even with Miss CUTTER alone—should you by any chance have found her so—was somehow to be in the world and in a crowd.

This was what the tall, lean, loose gentleman lounging there before her might have appeared to read in the suggestive scene, over which, while she talked to him, his eyes moved without haste and without rest. "Oh, come, MAMIE!" he occasionally threw off; and the words were evidently connected with the impression thus absorbed. His comparative youth spoke of waste even as her positive—her too-positive—spoke of economy. There was only one thing, that is, to make up in him for everything he had lost—though it was distinct enough indeed that this thing might sometimes serve. It consisted in the perfection of an indifference, an indifference at the present moment directed to the plea—a plea of inability, of pure destitution—with which his sister had met him. Yet it had even now a wider embrace; took in quite sufficiently all consequences of queerness, confessed in advance to the false note that, in such a setting, he almost excruciatingly constituted. He cared as little that he looked at moments all his impudence as that he looked all his shabbiness, all his cleverness, all his history. These different things were written in him, in his premature baldness, his scamed, strained face, the lapse from bravery of his long tawny moustache, above all in his easy, friendly, universally acquainted eye, so much too sociable for mere conversation. What possible relation with him could be natural enough to meet it? He wore a scant, rough Inverness cape and a pair of black trousers, wanting in substance and marked with the sheen of time, that had presumably once served for evening use. He spoke with the slowness helplessly permitted to Americans—as something too slow to be stopped; and he repeated that he found himself associated with Miss CUTTER in a harmony worthy of wonder. She had been telling him not only that she couldn't possibly give him ten pounds, but that his unexpected arrival, should he insist on being much in view, might seriously interfere with arrangements necessary to her own maintenance; on which he had begun by replying that he of course knew she had long ago spent her money, but that he

looked to her now exactly because she had without the aid of that convenience mastered the art of life.

"I'd really go away with a fiver, my dear, if you'd only tell me how you do it. It's no use saying only, as you've always said, that 'people are very kind to you.' What the devil are they kind to you for?"

"Well, one reason is precisely that no particular inconvenience has hitherto been supposed to attach to me. I'm just what I am," said MAMIE CUTTER; "nothing less and nothing more. It's awkward to have to explain to you—which, moreover, I really needn't in the least. I'm clever and amusing and charming." She was uneasy and even frightened; but she kept her temper and met him with a grace of her own. "I don't think you ought to ask me more questions than I ask you."

"Ah, my dear," said the odd young man, "I've no mysteries. Why in the world, since it was what you came out for and have devoted so much of your time to, haven't you pulled it off? Why haven't you married?"

"Why haven't you?" she retorted. "Do you think that if I had, it would have been better for you?—that my husband would for a moment have put up with you? Do you mind my asking you if you'll kindly go *now*?" she went on after a glance at the clock. "I'm expecting a friend, whom I must see alone, on a matter of great importance—"

"And my being seen with you may compromise your respectability or undermine your nerve?" He sprawled, imperturbably, in his place, crossing again, in another sense, his long black legs and showing, above his low shoes, an absurd reach of particoloured sock. "I take your point well enough, but mayn't you be, after all, quite wrong? If you can't do anything for me, couldn't you at least do something *with* me? If it comes to that, I'm clever and amusing and charming too! I've been such an ass that you don't appreciate me. But people like me—I assure you they do. They usually don't know what an ass I've been; they only see the surface; which"—and he stretched himself afresh as she looked him up and down—"you can imagine them, can't you, rather taken with? I'm 'what I am' too; nothing less and nothing more. That's true of us as a family, you see. We *are* a crew!" He delivered himself serenely; his voice was soft and flat; his pleasant eyes, his simple tones, tending to the solemn, achieved at moments that effect of quaintness which is, in certain connections, socially so known and enjoyed. "English people have quite a weakness for me—more than any others. I get on with them beautifully. I've always been with them abroad. They think me," the young man explained, "diabolically American."

"You!" Such stupidity drew from her a sigh of compassion.

Her companion apparently quite understood it. "Are you homesick, MAMIE?" he asked with wondering irrelevance.

The manner of the question made her for some reason, in spite of her preoccupations, break into a laugh. A shade of indulgence, a sense of other things, came back to her. "You *are* funny, SCOTT!"

"Well," remarked SCOTT, "that's just what I claim. But are you so homesick?" he spaziously inquired; not as if to a practical end, but from an easy play of intelligence.

"I'm just dying of it!" said MAMIE CUTTER.

"Why, so am I!" Her visitor had a sweetness of concurrence.

"We're the only decent people," Miss CUTTER declared. "And I know. You don't—you can't; and I can't explain. Come in," she continued with a return of her impatience and an increase of her decision, "at seven sharp."

She had quitted her seat some time before, and now, to get him into motion, hovered before him while, still motionless, he looked up at her. Something intimate, in the silence, appeared to pass between them—a community of fatigue and failure and, after all, of intelligence. There was a final, cynical humour in it. It determined him, at any rate, at last, and he slowly

rose, taking in again, as he stood there, the testimony of the room. He might have been counting the photographs, but he looked at the flowers with detachment. "Who's coming?"

"Mrs. MEDWIN."

"American?"

"Dear, no!"

"Then what are you doing for her?"

"I work for everyone," she promptly returned.

"For everyone who pays? So I suppose. Yet isn't it only we who do pay?"

There was a drolery, not lost on her, in the way his queer presence lent itself to his emphasized plural. "Do you consider that you do?"

At this, with his deliberation, he came back to his charming idea. "Only try me, and see if I can't be made to. Work me in." On her sharply presenting her back he stared a little at the clock. "If I come at seven, may I stay to dinner?"

It brought her round again. "Impossible. I'm dining out."

"With whom?"

She had to think.

"With Lord CONSIDINE."

"Oh, my eye!"

SCOTT exclaimed.

She looked at him gloomily. "Is that sort of tone what makes you pay? I think you might understand," she went on, "that if you're to sponge on me successfully you mustn't ruin me. I must have some remote resemblance to a lady."

"Yes? But why must I?" Her exasperated silence was full of answers; of which, however, his inimitable manner took no account. "You don't understand my real strength—I doubt if you even understand your own. You're clever, MAMIE; but you're not so clever as I supposed. However," he pursued, "it's out of Mrs. MEDWIN that you'll get it?"

"Get what?"

"Why, the cheque that will enable you to assist me."

On this, for a moment, she met his eyes. "If you'll come back at seven sharp—not a minute before, and not a minute after—I'll give you two five-pound notes."

He thought it over. "Whom are you expecting a minute after?"

It sent her to the window with a groan almost of anguish, and she answered nothing till she had looked at the street. "If you injure me, you know, SCOTT, you'll be sorry."

"I wouldn't injure you for the world. What I want to do, in fact, is really to help you, and I promise you that I won't leave you—by which I mean won't leave London—till I've effected something

really pleasant for you. I like you, MAMIE — because I like pluck; I like you much more than you like me. I like you very, very much." He had at last, with this, reached the door and opened it, but he remained with his hand on the latch. "What does Mrs. MEDWIN want of you?" he thus brought out.

She had come round, to see him disappear, and in the relief of this prospect she again just indulged him. "The impossible."

He waited another minute. "And you're going to do it?"

"I'm going to do it," said MAMIE CUTTER.

"Well then, that ought to be a haul. Call it three fivers!" he laughed. "At seven sharp." And at last he left her alone.

(To be continued.)



TO THE RESCUE!

SNOWDON, DERWENTWATER, AND THE GREEN PARK ARE ALL THREATENED BY THE DEMON OF DESTRUCTION!

the boars in Windsor Park except four, and sent DE WET to the Zoo.

Grandma. Boers in Windsor Park! Well I never! To think of their coming there! And sent DE WET to the Zoo! It's a pity they 'aven't got KRUGER too. There's plenty of room in the monkey-house.

[Boy does not deceive the good lady, but pockets tip without contrition.]

A CHAMPION Cricketer evidently closely associated with the Clerk of the Weather—C. B. FRY.

WAR NEWS AT HOME.

Boy (reading from newspaper). I say, grandma, here's good news! They've shot all

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Devastators* (METHUEN), no one is happy though married. ADA CAMBRIDGE—(Mrs. or Miss? From her frank confidences on the married state and what it involves, my Baronite suspects the latter. Those who have suffered are more reticent)—is almost monotonous in the misery in which she envelopes her households. It is a game of cross purposes all through. If Dr. Dallas, or Keith Macdonald, had married Peggy, all would have been well, and if Harry Bedingfield had married Mimi Carter it would have served him right. But they don't. On the contrary, each marries the wrong one (Mimi does it four times, of course in succession), and complications and disasters duly follow. These Miss CAMBRIDGE manages with considerable skill, succeeding in holding the attention of the reader to the end, where he is rewarded by coming upon quite a little novel by itself. This is the story of Gordon le Marchand and his wife. Here ADA revels in the wealth of her ideas of the usual sort of thing in the average British household. Gordon marries Eleanor when both were ordinarily young and extraordinarily handsome. They quarrel; she goes home to her mother; he makes love elsewhere; she gets a divorce and marries again; he remains single and rails against beauty in woman; her second husband dies; on what might have been their silver wedding day Gordon and Eleanor meet on the very spot where a quarter of a century earlier they started on their honeymoon; they make it up, marry again, and live happy ever afterwards. My Baronite's Advice to those About to Marry is, "Read *The Devastators*."

In *The Skirts of Happy Chance* (METHUEN), Mr. MARRIOTT WATSON relates the adventures of FRANCIS, second son of the late Marquess of AURIOL. They are delightful, and are told with a literary art and skill that add much to the enjoyment of the reader. It is quite possible they might not have been written had there been no *Lunatic at Large*. But my Baronite does not suggest that as a reproach or a drawback. In a weary world he is too grateful for a hearty laugh to quarrel with the benefactor.

"There is, as it seems to me," quoth the Baron reflectively, "a considerable difficulty in 'placing' Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's latest romance, *Tristram of Blent* (JOHN MURRAY). The plot is simple to a fault: and the story, as worked out by the marked individuality of the characters through a series of well-pointed dialogues, striking scenes, and dramatic situations, is, if not absorbing, enticingly interesting. Whether the family idiosyncrasies of the *Tristrams of Blent* are likely to recommend themselves to the reader as among the probabilities of life which are not of the merely ordinary type, is a question the Baron would not undertake to answer in the affirmative. Neither hero nor heroine of this romance is in any sort of way a lovable character, nor is there anyone among them whose better

acquaintance the Baron would be desirous of cultivating. Such a criticism, however, may be a tribute to the truth of the author's portraiture. Not a single opportunity is afforded to the 'skipper' for exercising his mental agility over so many pages at a time, or even over any part of a page. Dialogue or description, it is all good reading; although the author's fondness for dropping into parentheses is amusingly irritating. The title is not a good one, as to many readers besides the Baron the suggestion will occur that to have styled the novel *Josiah Cholderton's Journal* would have been far better. And, while on the subject of titles, it is in fancy nomenclature that the inventive faculty of Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS is at its weakest. He attempts, after the manner of THACKERAY and TROLLOPE,

to create titles that will be suggestive not only of existing ones, but of the distinguished individuals who bear, or have borne, them. What can be more misleading than the name of *Disney* as that of the Prime Minister (with the Christian name of Robert), coupled with such a description of the personal appearance of its owner as might possibly identify the character with Lord RIFON? Then *Viscount Broadstairs* (*Disney's* private secretary), 'eldest son of the Earl of Ramsgate' (and, he might have added, 'first cousin to the Marquis of Margate'), is simply the sort of burlesque title that THACKERAY might have used in *James's Diary*, or in the *Yellowplush Papers*. In another line he writes, 'BIRCH & Co., the famous furnishes,' evidently wishing his readers to note how silly humorous he can be when he wishes to indicate, without plainly mentioning, 'Messrs. MAPLE & Co.' [or 'SONS,' the Baron forgets which it is]. Presumably, the *Tristrams of Blent*, being a very ancient family, were Catholics up to the Reformation, and then saved their

estate by conforming to the new order. This circumstance must be taken for granted in the story, otherwise Mr. ANTHONY HOPE would have been confronted by a difficulty which not only would have given full scope for the play of his inventive powers, but would have intensified the interest in an exceptional manner. It is not," says the Baron, "for me to give away this idea, which may have occurred to Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, and in which he may have foreseen difficulties which he refused to tackle. However, as it is, the interest is sufficient to carry the reader from a pleasant start to a satisfactory finish, without causing him the smallest pang of regret at parting with any one of the characters. The story has served its purpose, *voilà tout*."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

POLITICAL UPHOLSTERY. — Lord ROSEBERY has subscribed £50 towards the refurnishing of the National Liberal Club. If this refers to the introduction of new Members, out of compliment to the Noble Earl, the work should be conducted on the higher or Upper House system.



First Young Wife. "DO YOU FIND IT MORE ECONOMICAL, DEAR, TO DO YOUR OWN COOKING?"

Second Young Wife. "OH, CERTAINLY. MY HUSBAND DOESN'T EAT HALF SO MUCH AS HE DID!"

THE RIVALS.

["It is when she has passed the fourth decade that a woman is now said to be most dangerous to the susceptible of the other sex. In carriage, in interests, in thought, the woman of forty at the present day is as young as her daughter less than half her years, but her mind is better balanced, her judgments are clearer."—*Extract from a Lady's Paper.*]

TAKE, oh, take mamma away,
Who for ever is forsworn,
That her beauties may not weigh
'Gainst the charms that thee adorn.

Let her not my heart enthrall
With her dangerous dignity:
Thou wert to me all in all
Till mamma came sweeping by.

In her thoughts, her ways, her dress,
Such alluring grace I find;
Nor can I my love repress
Of her equal balanced mind.

Roving go my lover's eyes
Every time mamma appears
With a splendour that defies
All her two times twenty years.

Take, then, take mamma away,
Let her not infatuate me,
Or lead my poor heart astray,
Till I have proposed to thee.

VERBAL ENDINGS.

A YEAR ago, to wit, before
The General Election,
This everlasting campaign wore
The rosiest complexion:
The Boers were beaten out and out,
Our men were simply splendid;
In short, the war, beyond a doubt,
Was practically ended.

But though the Boers—benighted crew—
Were obviously routed,
Like WELLINGTON at Waterloo,
The notion still they scouted;
And so, that we might not be blamed
If war was not suspended,
We called it murder and proclaimed
It technically ended.

And yet, despite assurance clear,
Despite our best endeavour,
The casualty lists appear
About as long as ever.
When these I see, it seems to me
Quite time that things were mended,
And that this weary war should be,
Say, genuinely ended.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LOVE-LETTER.

An Open Offer.

LADY, tell me may I love thee?
I've a heart can beat for two;
I will vow there's none above thee,
If thou wilt but let me woo.
Let me prove my heart's devotion
With what grace I may and can,



C. L. STIMP.

Fond Parents. "ISN'T HE A FINE LITTLE CHAP?"

Prize Idiot. "RUMMY LITTLE SHRIMP, I CALL IT. HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD IT?"

Humour the fantastic notion
Of a literary man!

I'll not ask that thou be rather
Under than above three score,
Or that thou shouldst have a father
With a million pounds or more.
Some would ask a queen exquisite
To reign o'er their heart's domi-
nion.

I don't. Loveliness, what is it
But a matter of opinion?

Lady, only let me love thee
In a literary way,
With my fervour I will move thee
If thou wilt but say I may.
Thou mayst be as fair as Venus,
Or a lamentable fright,
Only let there be between us
An arrangement definite.

Lady, I don't ask to wed thee,
Or to take thee by the hand.

If, unconsciously, I've fed thee
With vain hopes, pray understand—
Decorous will be such passion
As I venture to propose,
Ruled by the prevailing fashion,
And susceptible to prose.

I shall pour out my affection
In a letter day by day.
Thou wilt have a nice collection
By the end of—April, say.
Letters couched in phrase erotic
(Suitable for calf or leather),
I shall touch on every topic
From hysteria to the weather.

And when, in a dainty cover,
My effusions thou shalt see,
Titled: *Spasms of a Lover*,
I believe thou wilt agree,
Though we never met nor mated,
If the sales we can maintain
Of the volume herewith stated,
We shall not have loved in vain.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

[It is stated that a Museum of Local Antiquities is about to be founded at Fulham. Other districts of the Metropolis will doubtless follow suit, with curious and obsolete exhibits.]

WEST END COLLECTION.

EXHIBIT No. 1. "*Sandwich-man* (temp. 1900)." Preserved in spirits of wine. This quaint antique was one of the last survivors of a somewhat eccentric method of advertising, adopted by our ancestors at the end of the nineteenth century. Of exceedingly dejected and miserable appearance in life-time owing to the difficulty of obtaining a sufficiency of strong drink on a pittance of one shilling *per diem*, he has now acquired a cheerful and even jaunty demeanour through the superabundance of alcohol now permeating his system.

No. 37. "*Part of a London Bus*." Early Edwardian (VII., not VI.). These strange vehicles came to be known as Penny, or Twopenny, Ovens, from the singular reluctance of their proprietors to provide the passengers with adequate ventilation in hot weather, even so late as the beginning of the twentieth century. No complete specimen is known to exist, as during the Great Heat Wave of 1902, they were one and all reduced to fragments by their exasperated occupants.

No. 686. "*Hide of a Shouting News-vendor*." These offensive creatures were at one time quite common in the streets of London. They were remarkable for their throat and lungs, which were made of leather; also for their thick skins, impervious to the attentions of passers-by or police. They were gradually tanned out of existence.

No. 667. "*Coat-tail of the last Hyde Park Orator*." A venerable relic which represents all that could be secured by the constables who chased its owner over the railings. This sub-order is now happily extinct, unlike some of its congeners of the Obstructive Party in Parliament.

No. 668. "*Grinding-organ*." Period, late Victorian; complete with monkey (stuffed), and working models of attendant Italian family. N.B.—Any person handling this particular exhibit will be condemned to penal servitude for life. It was only with the greatest difficulty that these noxious pests were extirpated from London life, as they long defied all by-laws and street regulations. The instrument is charged with the deadly air of the "*Absent-minded Beggar*," which used to incite its hearers to battle, murder and sudden death, and therefore must on no account be resuscitated.

No. 669. "*Music-score and Obsolete Brass Implements*." Supposed to belong to a German band before these were sup-

pressed. The peculiarity of this very primitive composition is that it makes no difference whether the score is played right side up, upside down, forwards or backwards. It was the only tune the performers knew, and variations were obtained by each taking his own time and key simultaneously. The brass-ware appears to have undergone severe treatment and shows marks of kicks, probably aimed at the operators, who doubtless used these exhibits as means of defence as well as offence in some *émeute*.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. I. (Concluded.)

SOME twenty years went by. The school Where JONES was deemed a graceless fool

Whom nothing was excused to,
Still stood upon a hill-top high,
Its turrets pointing to the sky
Precisely as they used to.

The shouts, the tramp of boyish feet,
The masters' houses in the street,
Rented at quite a stiff rent;
The games, the tasks, the furtive Bohn—
All were the same; the boys alone
Were, though they seemed not, different.

Oh, day of days, oh, joy that I
Should be this day's recorder!
The sun came out, the hours went by
In their appointed order.

The Prefects looked like little kings,
And every impish urchin
Wore all the tasteful Sunday things
He mostly went to Church in.
The masters, if some fault was done,
Showed a benignant blindness:
They smiled as though their life was one
Unbroken round of kindness.

The fathers came, an eager crowd,
And with them came the mothers;
Sisters were bashfully allowed
To walk and talk with brothers.
This was, in short—permit the phrase—
No day of blame, no teach-day,
But just our day for prize and praise—
In fact it was our Speech-Day.

A boy came on the dais dressed
(A tall and comely fellow)
In swallow-tails and low-cut vest
To represent *Othello*.

Another, garbed the same as he,
Whose pride it was to own a
Bass voice, expired in agony
As *Lady Desdemona*.

Tell, *Harpagon*, and *Œdipus*,
We lumped them all together:
In evening clothes they spoke to us,
And pumps of patent leather.
And though (in Greek) they feigned
despair,

And then (in French) grew skittish,
The accents that they talked in were
Imperially British.

The speeches ended, the Headmaster rose;
He hemmed, he hawed, and then he blew
his nose,

Spoke of his pride at being there and
greeting

So many friends at this their annual
meeting.

Glanced, as he spoke, at Harrow and at
Eton,

But held that Rodwell's record was un-
beaten:

In every point, in scholarship, in tone,
In sports, in numbers Rodwell held its own.
Its grounds were large, its buildings were
extensive,

Its air was good, its fees were inexpensive:
All things, in fact, combined—as all things
should—

To make it better while they kept it good.
"Amongst our old Rodwellians one," he
said,

"Is here to-day whose fame is widely
spread;

A man of genius, tempered by sobriety,
Of learning made sublimely great by piety.
I was his friend at school; I knew him
well;

No words of mine are adequate to tell
The story of his boyish deeds—I mean
The Bishop"—here he glowed—"of Peck-
ham Green.

He, as each one of you, of course, sur-
mises,—

You know his goodness,—will present the
prizes."

Of Bishops many have I seen,
But none so nobly meek or
So mildly large as Peckham Green,
Whose signature was "*Pecor*."

Fate had not done the thing by halves,
Nor had she meanly catered
For one with such a pair of calves
So admirably gaitered.

On all the best of boiled and roast
His being he had grounded:
What came beneath his chest was most
Episcopally rounded.

He rose, a gorgeous presence, and
He laid his views before us;
His voice was dignified but bland,
His attitude decorous.

"In all you do, in all you try,
Strive for the perfect tense, boys;
If," he went on, "your aim is high,
You won't hit low: that's sense, boys.

When I was but a little boy
I tried to guide each action
To give my worthy parents joy,
My masters satisfaction.

And now—"he paused; we gave a shout;
We understood his thesis;
Our wild applausive yells filled out
The aposiopesis.

But while the cheers still rent the sky,
And while the air was humming,
Dim memories of days gone by
Kept obstinately coming.

Somehow, I felt, I knew those tones—
Great Zeuss! how shall I tell it?—
I recognised the idiot JONES
In Peckham's portly prelate!



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

British Paterfamilias. "WELL, IF IT DOESN'T RUN TO A FOREIGN TRIP THIS YEAR, WE SEEM PRETTY HAPPY AT HOME!"

["In most parts of the Continent British tourists are said to be very scarce."—*Daily Paper.*]

"MANŒUVRES."

WELL-KEPT lawns, and marquees long,
Of Unionists a mighty throng;
See, they come in thousands strong
In the season of Manœuvres.
In "country dress" they're all arrayed,
The staunchest ones, and those who've
strayed;
For demonstrating is simply grand,
With lunch thrown in and a vintage
brand
As part of the mad Manœuvres.
They would sooner leave for Moors and
grouse,
But they deem it wise outside the House
To explain what they propose to do
To settle the fractious Irish crew;
So forty odd of the rowdy boys
They seek to rob of St. Stephen's joys.
If the forty left make double noise,
Well, what of these new Manœuvres?

Yeoman back from veldt and fray,
Yeoman waiting his promised pay,
Haunts Pall Mall from day to day
Because of its mad Manœuvres.
"The pay-sheet's lost," someone com-
plains.
(The same remark applies to brains.)
He's paid one score, but he's got to wait
Before his own 's wiped off the slate,
With these muddled up Manœuvres.
But what's the odds? He's only fought;
Just been where the "jolly lesson's"
taught
(For "jolly" it's called in poet's song).
But he's "jolly" sure it's "jolly" wrong,
Though cash is due, he should have to
stay
Waiting till Government sees its way
To follow the Jingo cry and "pay,"
And stop these mean Manœuvres.

HUAN MEE.

FAIR'S FAIR (?).

[MR. HAVELOCK ELLIS, in an article on the
Comparative Abilities of the Fair and the Dark in
the last *Monthly Review*, proves by statistics that
men of action are generally fair, while men of
thought are dark. Those who have the highest
"index of pigmentation," and are therefore
fairest, are political reformers, sailors and soldiers;
at the dark end of the scale are actresses and
professional beauties.]

POETS, since the days of HOMER
Down to ONIONS, all have erred,
Cherishing a sad misnomer
Making all their odes absurd.

Briefly, what I have to tell is
From a current magazine,
Where ungallant MR. ELLIS
Says that "fair" not fair should
mean.

Paradoxical is his thesis—
Beauty's dark, and dark is fair,
Fair is ugly; so to pieces
Idylls fall beyond repair.



WELL BROUGHT UP.

"NOW THEN, MY LITTLE MEN, DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT BOARD ON THAT TREE?"
"YES."
"WELL, THEN, CAN'T YOU READ?"
"YES; BUT WE NEVER LOOK AT ANYTHING MARKED 'PRIVATE.'"

Neither flaxen-haired nor florid
Is the veritable belle;
Figures with percentage horrid
Thus our pained assent compel!
This iconoclast unruly
Dares the dreadful fact to hint:—
"Fair ones" should be darkies truly,
Or, at least, a swarthy tint.
In his scale of pigmentation
First come socialists and tars;
They're the fairest of the nation,
Followed next by sons of Mars.

Last upon the list he places
Those with colour-index low;
Darkest are the brightest Graces
Whom as actresses we know.
Spite of powder and peroxide,
Dark is light and gay and bright;

Ladies will their auburn locks hide
Now with wigs as black as night!

So the bard will sing, when jilted,
"If she be not dark to me"
(Though the phrase is fairly stilted),
"What care I how dark she be?"

Farewell, author greatly daring—
Lest the fair think you unfair,
And, when next you forth are faring,
Hold Judge LYNCH's fair, beware!
A. A. S.

QUERY BY OLD WESTMINSTER WAG.—It
is to be noted that Whitehall and
Parliament Street are now being relaid
with blocks of red gum. Is this in any
way connected with the healthy state of
the mouth of the Nation at St. Stephens?

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

VIII.—THE MRS. HUMPHRY WARD SECTION.

(Continued from August.)

AUGUST 17TH.—The path up to the moor lay through hanging woods lush with dew, alive with the stir of nature. HELLSMERE'S eyes, lifted from the page of HUME'S *Essays*, fell on a great fir-trunk with its russet-red that seemed, under a cloudy sky, to retain the fire of departed suns. How was that for an image of the survival of religious emotions still aglow with the colour of discarded creeds?

18TH, 19TH.—The train of thought to which this figure gave an impulse was disturbed by a flash of gold plumage. A cock-pheasant went whirring through the brake. A squirrel, beady-eyed and tawny-brushed, peered from a pine and pursued his spiral ascent. Here and there went the bobbing of rabbits' tails speeding to shelter. Over the broad leaves of water-lilies lying flat on the surface of a dusky pool, a moor-hen hurried, dryfoot, like Israel's host, to the further bank. HELLSMERE became subconsciously aware that all these furred and feathered creatures were actuated by a common passion for self-preservation, expressing itself in various manifestations according to their respective shapes and habits. What more natural! What else, indeed, was the human cry for immortality but this same instinct in a form perhaps more spiritual, certainly more sanguine? Could it be possible, he asked himself, that the analogy went further? That the Powers above, in the careless calm attributed to them by the Lucretian philosophy, had no deeper designs on our existence than he, HELLSMERE, had at that moment on these denizens of the woods?

20TH.—And yet with them it was not mere untutored instinct that warned them to seek safety. There had been rude and bitter experience. Pheasants had been killed; though not, he hoped, in August. As for rabbits, they were a perpetual prey. What, indeed, was his objective at that moment? Was it not the destruction of certain forms of life? primarily the grouse, incidentally the hare, and, conceivably, the snipe? A divine shame smote his heart as he felt in the game-pocket of his coat and brought out a copy of the *Canticle of the Creatures*.

21ST, 22ND.—And now the moor stretched before him, sweeping up the long low braes of Athol, chequered with purple patches, here flaunting the conscious symmetry of a draught-board, there counterfeiting the dappled shadows of the milch-kine of Apollo. The guns spread out into line. The dogs, unleashed, bounded forward with drooped necks and sentient nostrils lifted up the wind. Not even then could HELLSMERE escape from his attitude of mental absorption. Though an early predilection for rattling had remained among the most poignant memories of his childhood, his subsequent trend had been towards metaphysics rather than pure animalism. Of a disposition too analytical for the comparative directness and simplicity of vision required in a perfect sportsman, he had sometimes, on occasions like the present, been tempted to follow up a line of abstract reasoning—associated, perhaps, with the identity of his *ego*—even when a crisis, such as the opportunity for a right and left, had seemed to demand instantaneous action. This tendency had from time to time been detrimental in its effects upon the bag.

23RD.—And to-day he could not throw off a certain obsession of mind caused by his reflections upon the *Canticle* of St. FRANCIS. On reaching the commencement of the beat he had handed this work, along with HUME'S *Essays*, Bishop BERKELEY'S *Sermons*, and *Sesame and Lilies* to the man who was carrying his cartridges; but the words, "Praise Heaven for our sister the grouse," kept ringing in his ears.

24TH.—The question, too, of intuition in dogs arrested his

fancy. He derived an appreciable ecstasy from differentiating between the instinct of a pointer for the scent of the living, and that of a retriever for the scent of the dead or dying. How far were these qualities inherent in their natures, and how far were they a matter of training? And why, in whatever proportions inherited and acquired, were they more permanent in animals than in men? Why, for instance, had he outgrown his taste for Presbyterianism? and was it possible for him to revert to it by the mere process of reproducing the geographical conditions which evolved it?

25TH.—Fascinated by the field of argument opened up by these enigmas, he was dimly conscious of the subdued voice of the head-keeper inviting him to "take a point." Mechanically he walked towards the dog, that stood poised like a rigid *simulacrum* of itself; mechanically he advanced beyond it, moving as in a dream; faintly murmuring, "For our sister the grouse."

26TH.—A sudden nausea seized him, to the partial obliteration of the landscape. Was it to be tolerated that humanity, not content with the use of lethal weapons diabolically precise, must needs employ the instincts of one of the lower orders of creation for the annihilation of a sister existence? Surely the whole question of our moral responsibility to these lower forms, whether we label ourselves Positivist, Deist, or Orthodox, was here involved. If we hypothesize the existence of higher powers, can we count it consistent with their Divine nature to play off humanity against humanity for their own better sport? A Pagan doctrine, only excusable in the makers of Trojan and collateral myths.

27TH TO 29TH.—And yet—but it was at this point of his internal argument that the birds got up and went away unscathed. Nor was this all; for the lamentable accident which ensued was a further tribute to the complexity of HELLSMERE'S organism. The desperate character of his reflections had reduced him to a state of acute scepticism, in which he even permitted himself to doubt the actuality of all phenomena. A wave of subjectivity passed over him. Meanwhile he had, as if automatically, raised his gun in the direction of one of the rising birds and placed his finger on the trigger of the right barrel. The natural completion of this action was arrested by an inanition of will-power consequent upon the absence of his mind. The arrest was, however, only temporary. Before he could disengage his mind from the conclusion that all phenomena were alike in the quality of non-existence, he had performed a kind of reflex movement—the result of associated ideas—and pressed the trigger home. This happened—in even less time than has been required for the narration of events—at the moment when his gillie, after remarking, "Hoot! mon; they're awa'," and advancing without further comment, had reached the position vacated by the bird at which HELLSMERE had pointed his gun.

30TH.—By great good fortune, the major and more crowded portion of the discharge was intercepted by Bishop BERKELEY'S *Sermons*, which the man was carrying in an empty game-bag slung across his back. Only the outlying shot lodged in his actual body. To the inconvenience caused by these pellets HELLSMERE alluded coldly in the language of Christian Science, urging that the injury was apparent rather than real; but when representations were made to him subsequently in the gun-room, he cancelled his obligations in conformity with the usual tariff arranged for these regrettable incidents, the scale of charges being regulated according to the part of the person affected.

31ST.—The account of this *contretemps*, appearing in the North British papers on the very day of the publication of his work on Italian Liberty, created a great sensation in the literary world, and established the success of the volume. It was natural, therefore, that his immediate accession to the ranks of the Broader Vegetarianism should have been a painful shock to the friends who had prophesied for him a political

career. Later, his assumption of friar's orders in the Brotherhood of Assisi caused little surprise. The transition was regarded as the logical issue of his previous departure. O. S.

TO ONE I LOVE NOT.

You came unsought, unseen,
When summer skies grew clouded,
And blasts blew chill and keen,
And fields in mist were shrouded.

You found me, as some guest
Unwelcome, unexpected,
Who claims from one his best,
Who may not be neglected.

And at your sojourn though
Tended and nursed and petted,
Yet, when at length you go,
You leave me unregretted.

I loved you not? ah, true,
Yet was my hate no treason;
For cold I, too, found you—
My first bad cold this season.

SEASIDE SOLITUDE.

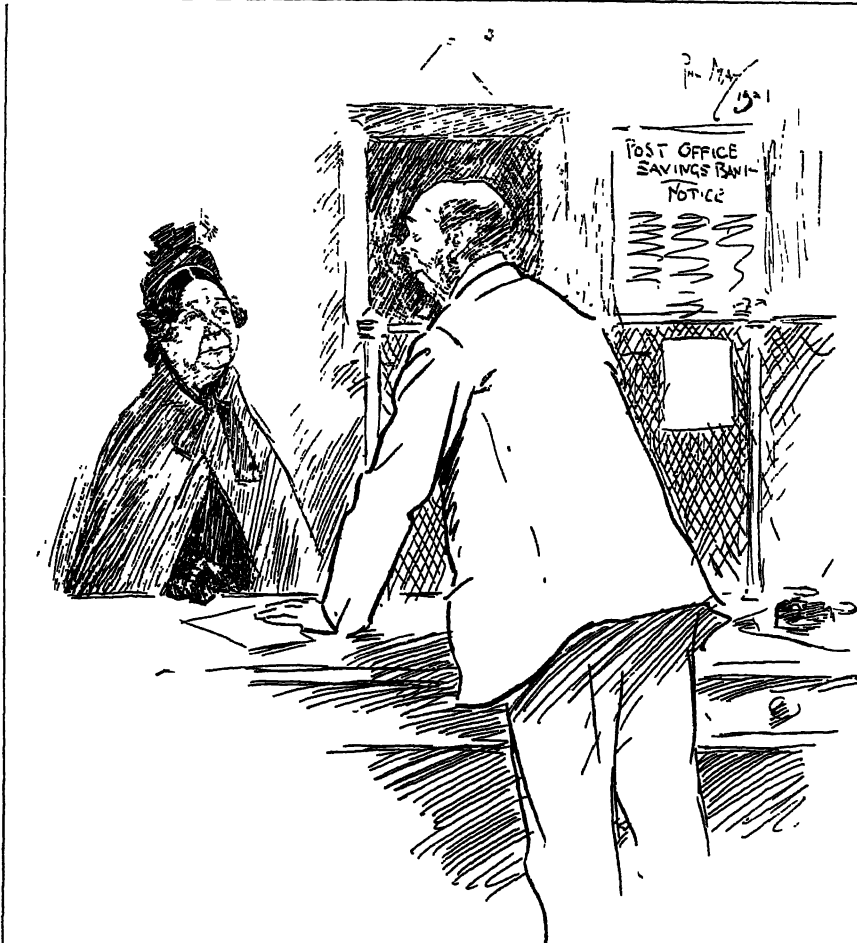
HIGHBURYBARN-ON-SEA.

(From our Special Commissioner.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is a spot, which, according to your instructions, I reached last evening. In these same instructions you described it as "a growing place." I fancy it must be of the asparagus order, that vegetable, as you are well aware, taking three years in which to develop itself to perfection. Highburybarn-on-Sea is, I regret to say, in the first stage—judged from an asparagus point of view. I cannot entertain the enthusiastic description of the candid correspondent. (I refer to the cutting forwarded by you from an eminent daily paper under the heading, "By the Golden Ocean.") He describes it as "an oasis on the desert coast of Great Britain." Far be it from me to deny the desert—all I object to is the oasis.

I ask you, Sir, if you ever, in the course of the travels in which you have out-rivalled STANLEY, CAMERON, LIVINGSTONE, HARRY DE WINDT, and, may I add, DE ROUGEMONT, ever came across an oasis consisting of two score villas, built with scarcely baked bricks, reposing on an arid waste amid a number of tumbled-down cottages, and surmounted by a mighty workhouse-like hotel looking down on a pre-Adamite beershop?

The sky was blue, the air was fresh, the waves had retreated to sea when I arrived in a jolting omnibus at Highburybarn-on-Sea, and deposited myself and luggage at the Metropolitan Hotel. A page-boy was playing airs on a Jew's-harp when I alighted on the sand-driven steps of the hostelry. He seemed surprised at my arrival, but in most respectful fashion



Mrs. O'Brady. "SHURE OI WANT TO BANK TWINTY POUNDS. CAN I DRAW IT OUT QUICK IF I WANT IT?"

Postmaster. "INDADE, MRS. O'BRADY, YOU CAN DRAW IT OUT TO-MORROW IF YOU GIVE ME A WAKE'S NOTICE!"

placed his organ of minstrelsy in his jacket pocket, the while he conveyed my Gladstone bag to my apartment, secured by an interview with an elderly dame, who gave an intelligent but very wan smile when I suggested dinner. She referred me to the head waiter. This functionary pointed in grandiose fashion to the coffee-room, wherein some artistic wall-papery had committed atrocious atrocities on which it would be libel to comment.

There was only one occupant, a short clean-shaven gentleman with white hair and a red nose, who was apparently chasing space. This turned out to be a militant blue-bottle. Meantime, the head-waiter produced his bill of fare, or rather the remains of it. Nearly every dish had apparently been consumed, for the most tempting plats were removed from the menu by a liberal application of red pencil. Finally, I decided on a fried sole and a steak. The white-haired man still pursued the blue-bottle.

I went up to my room, and after washing with no soap I returned to the coffee-room. The blue-bottle still had

the best of it. The head-waiter, after the lapse of an hour, informed me that the sole would not be long. When it arrived, I found that he spoke the truth. If you have any recollection of the repast which *Porthos* endured when entertained by *Madame Coquenard*, you will have some notion of my feast. The head-waiter told me that some bare-legged persons who had waded into the water were shrimp-catchers. I only wished that I were one of them, for at least they found food.

Later on I retired to rest. I was visited in the hours of darkness, to which I had consigned myself, by a horde of mosquitoes, imported, so I was informed in the morning, by American travellers, who never tipped the waiters. I fulfilled their obligations, still gazing on the auburn sand-drift, still looking on the sea, still feeling hungry and murmuring to myself, "Highburybarn-on-Sea would be a capital place for children, if I could only see any cows." A melancholy cocoa-nut shy by the station appeared to afford all the milk in the place.

Yours despondently,

NIBBLETHORPE NOBBS.

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

For "all the good it might do me" (and it has done a lot) I was recommended by an eminent medical authority to go to Norway and back—ten days' trip. "Where do I start from?" I asked. "Oh," he replied somewhat brusquely, as, having many patients waiting, he showed me out, "go to Hull." I thanked him and withdrew. I decided on further inquiry, not to go to Hull, but to take boat to Christiania from Tilbury. In this way I should have more sea, more air, less train, less trouble. The next thing was to secure berths aboard the gallant ship, the Wilson-liner *Orlando*, in plenty of time, as during the summer holidays the cabins are "bespoke" quite a month in advance. Being a mere raw, that is, un-Cook'd English traveller, ignorant of the Norwegian language, and doubtful as to generally received opinion that "English and French will take you anywhere" they *won't*, as a matter of fact; or, if they do, they leave you where they've taken you and refuse to bring you back again, I sent a mercurial boy to purchase me an inexpensive, handy and pocketable *Cook's Tourist's Handbook for Norway*. Primarily intended for a "personally conducted" Cookian tourist, this book doubtless fulfils its purpose. But a tourist, unattached and unbound, like myself (and Prometheus), by any vows or solemn obligations to the Chief Cooks, will do better for himself if he procure some other guide-book whose line is, to adapt technically theatrical language, the "general utility business."

First, in this Cook-ery Book I fail to find the Norwegian for "bath." There is "*Vant Vand*" for "warm water;" but the words for "hot" and "cold" do not reward my search. The Boots, who, according to the printed instructions on the card in the bedroom, is summoned per three tinkles of electric bell, shakes despairing head, as also does the Chambermaid, whom two tinkles "*à la carte*" have added to our conclave; we all three pantomime to each other and shake our heads hopelessly. Suddenly a happy thought strikes the Chambermaid, and she rushes off frantically, returning with a captive waiter, slim and light-haired, who not only speaks but understands English. He appears as the *Deus ex machina*, translates and explains. "Ah!" exclaim the Chambermaid and Boots, throwing up their hands and smiling brightly, as if the cloud that had threatened to obscure the sunshine in their lives had been for once and ever removed.

Then, "Happy thought,"—after my next difficulty, not worth dwelling upon here, is over,—I write down my orders for the two following days, and confide these instructions to the polyglottic porter of the Hotel Victoria, who, being a first-rate specimen of "porter with a head on," is worth any number of Victorian chambermaids and booties, however ready and willing, with a fair sprinkling of nimble waiters thrown in.

Then, in this Cook-ery Book, where are the Norwegian names for the days of the week? Where the word for "to-morrow"? That the non-arrival of "to-morrow" is proverbial may serve as an excuse for its absence from this vocabulary. Messrs. COOK might with advantage add a page or two to their "vocabulary and useful phrases" without overburdening either book or tourist.

For example, this eighteenpenny handbook gives me, among other items of comparatively useless or, at least, superfluous knowledge, "*the Legal Boating Tariff*." Now, how does this affect the mere ordinary tourist, myself for example? Am I going to remain in Norway to learn the language and the intricacies of the law simply to bring an action against some boatman for extortion? It sounds improbable. This, and certain other pieces of gratuitous information, I should class under the head of "luxurious"; and putting these aside, let us see how this "guide, philosopher and friend" deals with "necessities." At haphazard I take an example. There is no form of words to be addressed to the chambermaid asking her to "make the room while I am out." COOK's tourists employ-

ing this vocabulary in Norway can ask for "meat," "bacon," "fish" (generically), "supper and breakfast" (neither in detail): but they would find themselves at fault should they desire "soup," "potatoes," "cutlets," or "wine." However, the last can be ordered by selection from the "*carte*."

Cook's Guide obliges us with "numerals" up to a thousand, which, of course, is uncommonly useful. "Please," "thanks," and "how much?" are all there, "all right" and "take my things." The regulations as to "Close time for game" are most useful to "the sportsman," but are waste paper to the ordinary *voyageur*.

As for coinage in "Kronin" and "Ohre," I learnt more in five minutes from the intelligent hall-porter at the Hotel Victoria than I did from a prolonged study of the "tables" in this Norwegian Cook-ery Book.

Mem.—For "Wilson Line" tickets apply to Messrs. BOTT. Name easily remembered "*à propos de Bott*." At their office you will be treated with the most polite attention to all the details of your requirements, and you will have only yourself to blame if there is one single detail of the tour left unexplained.

The one drawback at the commencement is the starting from Fenchurch Street Station. Such an inconvenient place! So narrow, cribbed, confined! Such a crowd of people coming out and going in! Porters at their wits' end! Cabs, trucks, carts, vehicles of all sorts, rammed and jammed up together, apparently in a kind of back yard. Desperate struggles through crowd after bidding "*au revoir*" to the porter who has our bags and baggage on his truck. Will we ever see him again in this world? I say "we" not "editorially," but as two of us travelling. Then we are hustled and hustled on to the platform. (Summer, mind you, and about 95° in the shade.) "Oh where and oh where is my little Porter? Oh where on earth can he be?"—Old song adapted to occasion—"Oh where and oh where has my (anything) Porter gone?" Train crammed. Carriages nearly full: mostly quite full. *Enfin!* At the latest moment, porter with truck and all luggage! Nay, I will not use strong language—so—Bless thee, my porter!

Now then, all in to begin the journey, and away we go along the most depressing line of country, wet or shine, ever devised by mortal engineer, until we reach Tilbury. Melting day: exeunt collars; wristbands limp. More porters; more trucks: on to quay. New porters, a trifle more nautical by this time, as being in keeping with our approach to river and sea, and reminding me of some of the characters so graphically described by Mr. JACOBS in *Many Cargoes*. At last our "cargo" is on board the good ship *Orlando*; and we are speedily shown to our cabins, which seem all "trim and tant," as becomes a well-trying passenger ship that does the Viking business between England and Norway, belonging to the "Wilson liner fleet."

I am glad to come aboard: I anticipate a first-rate cruise: I look forward to a restoration to perfect health, and, with a kind of amateur emigrant's feeling, to seeing a new life in a world entirely fresh to me within the next few days; though, as I bid farewell to Tilbury, it occurs to me that I might as well be going away "for a year and a day," as for only a brief holiday. Quite up to time the bell rings; "any more for shore" return by the tender—there are many "tender farewells," waving of handkerchiefs, shoutings, injunctions to messengers and telegraph boys, and then—we are away!

Suddenly an old song and old tune, not sung or heard of for years, occurs to me,—it is "*When I beheld the anchor weighed*,"—which takes me back . . . However, I don't want to be taken back, but am glad to recognise that we are gliding onwards, dodging vessels to the right of us, vessels to the left of us, barges, P. & O. steamers, and any amount of shipping, opening out to us a zigzag course as the *Orlando* steadily steams seawards.

The next point on the horizon is luncheon at 1.30 punctually. All hands to the *menu*.

One of the *Wagstaff* family is on board, and takes the first opportunity of making himself known to me. "Good ship, *Orlando*," he says; "only why that name?" I don't know: why not? "Well, my dear Sir," he returns, with an emphasis on the "dear," "because, why call the ship *Orlando*, when it goes 'O'er Sea O'?"

I groan in spirit. *WAGSTAFF* must be repressed. Mentally I utter a hope that he may not be a good sailor. Fortunately, he is placed at a distant table, where his old jokes are appreciated by an entirely new company, and where he can be amusing without being vulgar, as long, at all events, as we remain in the river.

THE COMING NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

(A yarn—for consumption by the Marines
—of Fleet Street and the sea.)

"It is very serious," said the senior editor, as he read the document handed to him by one of his colleagues. "So the Admiralty will permit no correspondents to attend the operations?"

"It is indeed the case," returned the other. "Although the fact was published in the columns of—," and the name of a well-known journal was murmured, "it is undeniably true."

"There is only one thing to be done," cried the senior editor, striking with his fist the reading-desk in front of him. "We must charter a vessel of our own, and start on a voyage of discovery."

"Agreed!" cried the other editors.

"It will be only what we shall have to do in the next land war if the censorship retains the mastery."

"Just so," cried the other editors.

And thus came it to pass that *The Lively Sally*—immediately re-christened *The Fourth Estate*—was purchased for the benefit of the Press.

* * * * *

"Now who shall command her?" asked the reporter with the longest service.

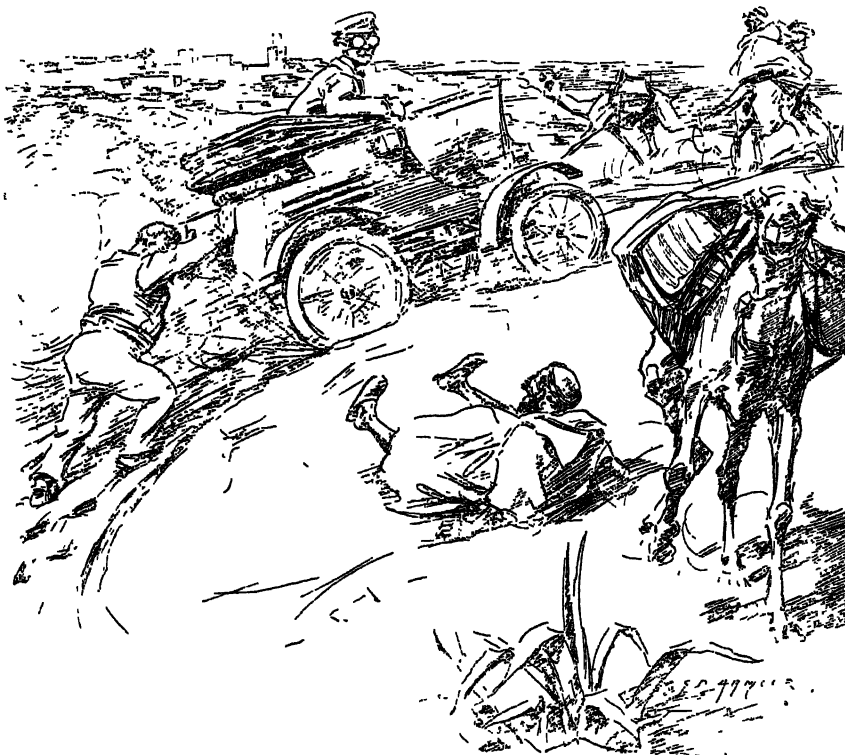
"Why not you?" suggested a youngster who had just come from the completion of his education on the banks of the Isis, and was fond of sport.

"Always willing to oblige, but the fact is, I am not quite sure whether I know the difference between a marline-spike and a pair of main braces."

"Next, please!" put in a colleague who had given up the Civil Service for journalism. "What do you know about navigation?"

"Well, not much, except when I am getting up an Admiralty case. Fact is, too, that my briefs belonged more to Probate and Divorce than to the other business of the division—I mean to say, when I was in practice."

Then of a sudden there was a cry for "the Admiral."



DIARY OF AN AUTOMOBILIST ABROAD.

TANGIER, FRIDAY.—"OUR CAR MAKES A DEEP IMPRESSION IN MOROCCO. ALFONSO, MY MECHANIC, WHO ACCOMPANIES ME, THINKS IT IS NOT A GOOD COUNTRY FOR MOTORING. HE SEEMS TO FEEL THE HEAT MORE THAN I DO."

"Well, yes," he admitted, "I have been a naval officer. But then, you see, I have been everything else. When I commanded the North Pole Fusiliers, I recollect—"

But there was no time for a yarn. *The Fourth Estate*, née *The Lively Sally*, steamed gallantly away, and was soon miles distant from shore.

"With your permission," said the newly appointed C.O., "I will open our sealed orders. As I expected. Short and sweet. They say, 'Find out what you can, and transmit same by wireless telegraphy.' All right, we will."

The Press boat went here, the Press boat went there, the Press boat went everywhere.

"Ahoy!" hailed one of the specials, under the rightful impression that he was nautical to the tips of his fingers. "I think I can see the remains of a destroyer fathoms deep under water."

Field-glasses and search-lights were brought to bear.

"Right you are," answered the C.O. "Make it so."

And the incident was entered in the log and passed round for general information.

Farther discoveries were made. A derelict cruiser was met and avoided; four battleships were seen to be resting gracefully on some submarine rocks; and other interesting details of a kindred character were noticeable.

At last *The Fourth Estate*, née *The Lively Sally*, entered a fog, and gently collided with and all but sank an enormous man-o'-war.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted an officer from H.M.S.

"Ship ahoy!" was the reply of the Press Admiral. "We are *The Fourth Estate*, née *The Lively Sally*, from Fleet Street, bound for information."

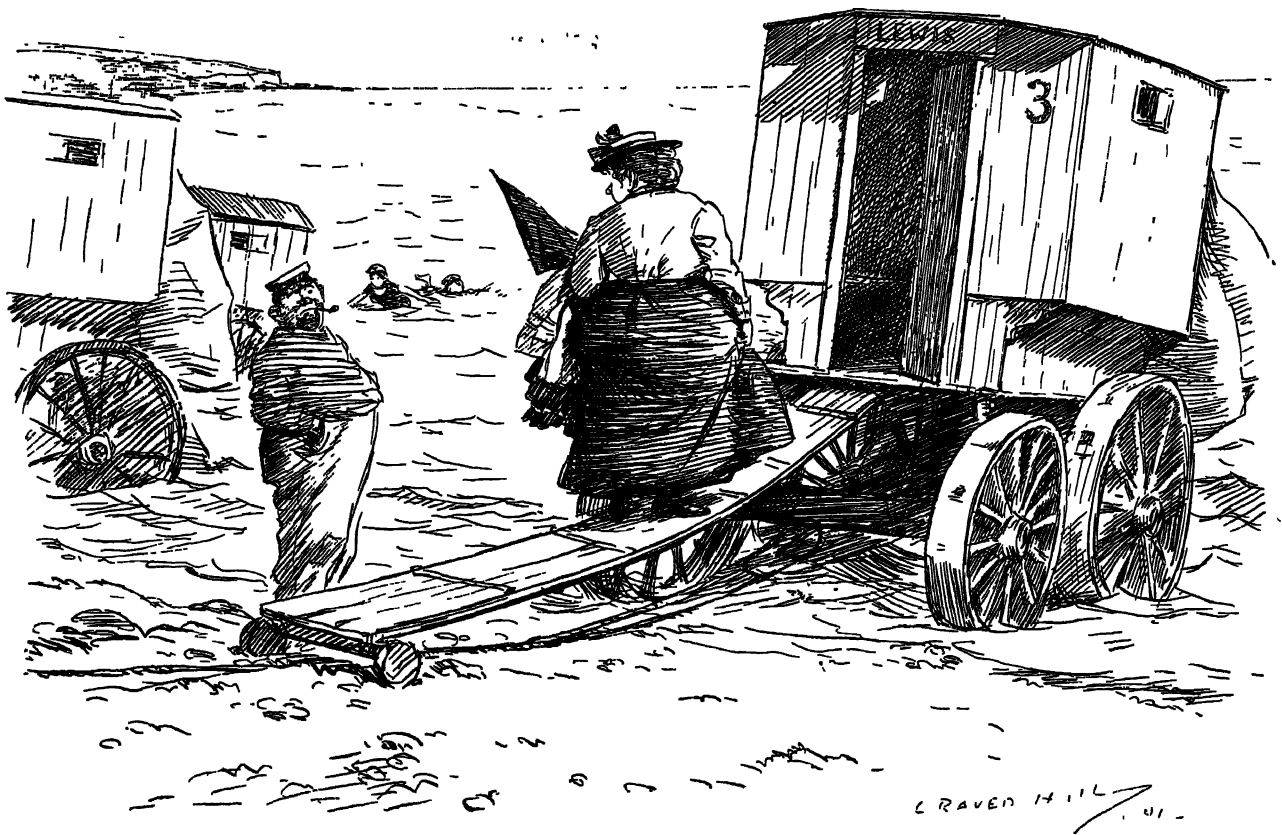
"And I am Commander-in-chief of all that remains of the British Navy."

"What's the matter?" asked the Press Admiral.

"Lost my way. Can you assist me to get back to head-quarters?"

"Certainly," was the cheery response. "Always pleased to oblige the defenders of our country in the hour of their distress. Follow us."

And the Press boat piloted the battleship back to England, and very properly received the thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty.



"NOW, MIND, IF ANY OF THOSE NASTY PEOPLE WITH CAMERAS COME NEAR, YOU'RE TO SEND THEM AWAY!"

CÆLUM NON ANIMUM.

Romæ Tibur.

AH, for the fields of yellow corn,
Ah, for the trees that quiver
Beneath the gentle breeze of morn
Beside the brimming river,
Ah, for the silver wavelets gay
With golden water-lily
That gleam a hundred miles away
From hateful Piccadilly.

To hear the birds outpour their joys
In carolling melodious,
Instead of listening to the noise
Of barrel-organs odious;
To lie beneath some spreading oak
No more a slave to work 'll
Be rapture after smuts and smoke
Upon the Inner Circle.

And then to sleep! Each night at ten
To sink in easy slumber;
No more to listen while Big Ben
Some "wee sma' hour" shall number;
To court sweet Morpheus to the strains
Of nightingales—oh, that 'll
Be better than these whistling trains
And early milk-carts' rattle.

Tibure Romam.

All night the sleepless ducks quack,
quack,
All night the cock'rels, growing
To cock's estate, their voices crack
While practising their crowing;
The owlets hoot, the nightjar cries
In weary iterations,
While from the orphaned lambkins rise
Heart-rending lamentations.

All night the keepers rend the air
With tootling most unpleasant,
As Reynard they attempt to scare
From midnight feasts of pheasant;
Anon the geese with piercing cries
Upraise a fearful riot,
As Reynard, sick of rabbit, tricks
To get a change of diet.

All night I, sleepless, toss and ban
The everlasting Babel
Of senseless bird and beast and man
In wood and coop and stable;
All night upon my mattress hard
I curse the fancy silly
That lured my steps a single yard
From peaceful Piccadilly.

NO MORE.

THE memory of those bygone days
Brings thoughts too sacred for
Expression in a studied phrase:
I can suggest—no more.

She whom I wildly idolized
Of years knew but a score.
I must confess I was surprised
To hear it was no more.

My love was far from idle sport,
Yet when I fiercely swore
To love but her—she cut me short,
And begged I'd say no more.

Saddest of hours I chose, I fear,
Out of the twenty-four.
I told her what I made per year,
Her glances said, "no more?"

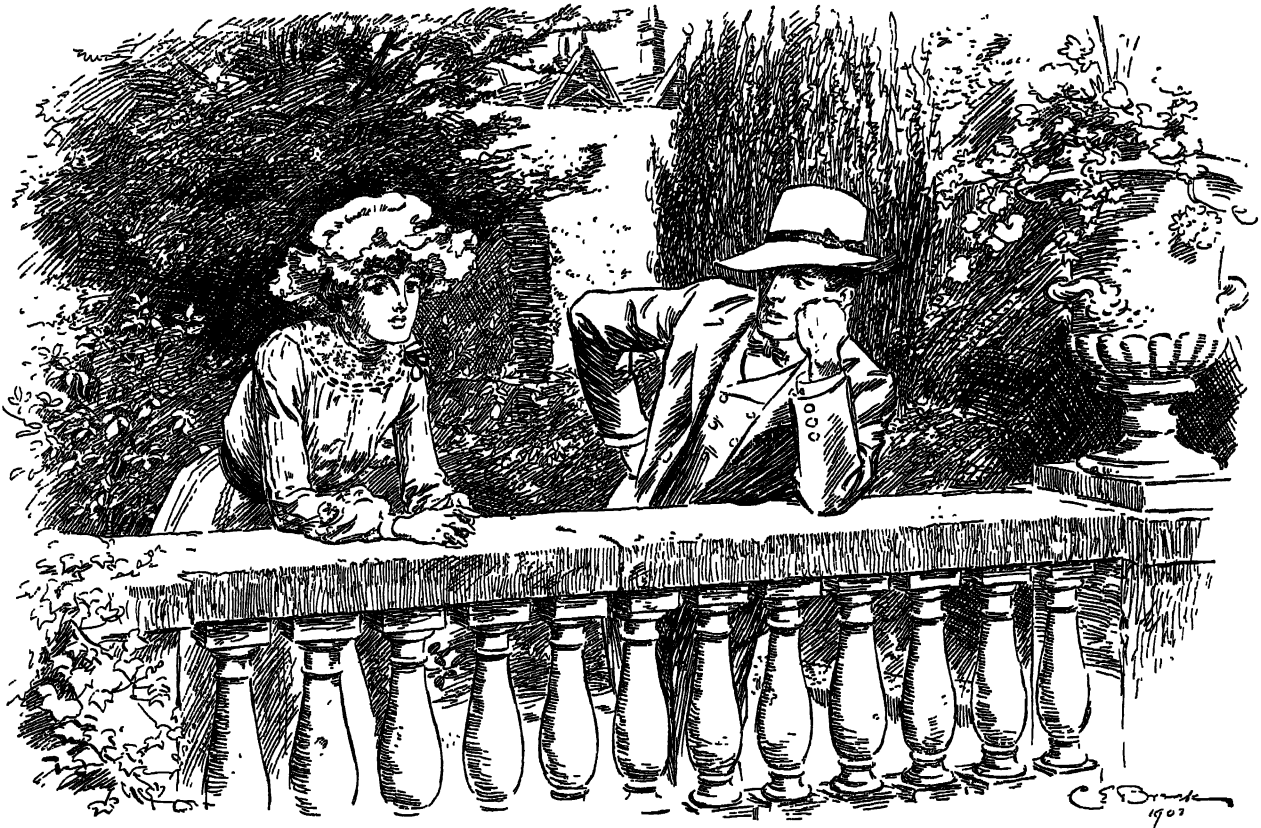
I vowed to take my wretched life—
To drown in grief and gore;
I made my will, I bought a knife—
And then could do no more.

She gave her hand—her shapely hand—
To one she'd loved before,
Whom she soon taught, I understand,
To wish he were no more.



—TINOPLE!

PADISHAH. "WELL, THEY DIDN'T DO MUCH TO CHINA WHEN THEY WERE ALL TOGETHER: SO I DON'T THINK I NEED WORRY MYSELF ABOUT ONE OF THEM!"



DIFFERENT ASPECTS.

She. "ISN'T IT A PRETTY VIEW?"

Susceptible Youth. "AWFULLY PRETTY, BY JOVE!"

A FAREWELL.

OH, let my tongue your ancient merits tell!

When others left me, did you not remain,
Performing duty for a time so well,

And rarely causing me or grief or pain?

And yet! to think that free from serious taint

You might have lived with me, nor white, nor coaly;
In fact, so near the character of saint,

That when I saw you I pronounced you "holey."

You were so good at first, so strong, so polished!

To think one day you'd play the very doose! .
That you, restrictions all around demolished,
Should first be fast, and then—alas!—so loose!

One night I formed a project in my head,

That to my tend' rest feelings I'd do violence;
And so, at midnight hour, prepared for bed,
I held my jaw . . . and then—the rest was silence!

But in my thoughts I said, "I'll not complain,
Though you have gone from bad to worse since youth.
Your hour has come!" I steeped you in cocain,

Grasped you, and tugged . . . then out you came, old tooth!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LOUIS BROCKE is the prose-poet of the South Sea Islands. Across a waste of sadder sea he scents their perfume, beholds the breakers foaming over the coral reefs, recalls stirring episodes through which their light-hearted populations dance and drink, make love and fight. Happily for *nous autres*, islanders also but of more sombre type, he has the gift of communicating his impressions and recollections. His latest book, *By Rock and Pool* (FISHER UNWIN), is full of brightly-drawn pictures of far-off folk and scenery. They seem to drink pretty freely in Samoa and places adjacent, and they catch very large fish. MR. BROCKE's narrative of a day out with the fisher folk of Nukufetan will cause to water the mouth of a commonplace angler by Deeside. MR. RITCHIE's Undersized Fish Bill would require radical alteration in its schedules before it were applicable to the South Sea Islands. My Baronite gathers that at Nukufetan they would contemptuously throw back into the abashed Pacific anything that measured less than three feet from tail to mouth, or weighed under twenty pounds.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PETIT POIDS AU ROI.—A contemporary has been giving details as to the KING's weight. Of course it was gauged *avoir-du-roi*. Meantime, the greatest wait to which our Sovereign can attain will be that between now and his Coronation.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)

"IN THIS THE NOBLE MOOR . . ."—*Othello*, Act IV., Scene 1.

THE CRUISE OF THE SABRINA.

I.—"SEA CALM."

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Haverfordwest, Tuesday.—Remote, not unfriendly, but solitary, slow, Haverfordwest sleeps at the head of a beautiful estuary. Steamed up it to-day in the yacht's launch. At many points where the woods stoop down to cool their overhanging branches in the stream it recalls Clieveden in its prime. How many English folk, who at great expense and much inconvenience rush off to spend their holiday abroad, have seen the beautiful view of Haverfordwest presented when you look up stream from the old Bridge? I confess I have seen Agra, Salt Lake City, and eke Tokio. Never till to-day did I look upon this old Welsh town.

Tenby another restful place in Pembrokeshire. None of the bustle and towniness of watering-places nearer London. Magnificent sea view from Castle Hill. On the light purple silken surface of the harbour float fishing boats with broad sails of delicate red, terra-cotta, and tan. Wonder whether the boatmen, when buying sails for their craft, give a moment's thought to what shade of colour will best suit the sea on summer days. Fancy not. Mind concentrated at moment on getting the best stuff at the lowest price. All the same the effect most happy; grateful to eyes dimmed in the bustle of London life.

Rather a lively voyage from Falmouth to Milford Haven. After rounding Land's End the sea brisked up in determined fashion. SARK tells me there was in the '74 Parliament an Irish Member who lived at Kilkee. SARK's imagination, kindled by thought of the grandeur of the scenery on the rock-girdled coast; the sea in its many moods; sometimes a boundless expanse of blue, sometimes, in days of wrath, incessantly beating against

and over the rocks. And the solemn sunsets, and the stately ships going on to their haven under the hill.

"You must live among some splendid scenery," mused SARK.

"Scenery!" almost screamed the Irish member. "Bedad! there's nothing but wather between us and Ameriky."

Through a long day there was nothing but water between us and Ameriky. The *Sabrina* greatly enjoyed the prospect. As good a sea-boat as she is a comfortable home, she took to it like a duck. Dipped her head in the sparkling blue water, and, throwing it back, streamed the foredeck with the wave. Some vacant seats at the luncheon table.

"Don't let us forget to look in the *Times* to-morrow and see how the sea in these parts is described," said the COMMODORE, Bart., dexterously catching a claret bottle taking a header off the table towards his capacious bosom. Looked up paper on arriving at Milford. Turned to map illustrating meteorological report of day before. Across the fathomless water over which we had danced, our heels in the air as often as not, was printed the legend:—SEA CALM.

New Milford, Wednesday.—ICHABOD is written on the walls of this town. Created in BRUNEL's time as the port of connection with Ireland, the Great Western Railway is about to abandon its offspring. Passengers and goods now bound for Ireland steam from Milford to Waterford, a voyage of 114 miles. From Fishguard to Rosslare, the passage is only sixty-two miles, little more than one half. So a new harbour is being built at Fishguard; a link of rail will connect Clarbeston Road on the main line with Letterston on the way to Fishguard, cutting off some miles. In three years the service will be commenced, and a new route opened to Ireland, bringing southern parts of the distressful country nearer to London by two hours and a half as compared with the

North Western route which now takes the cake and the traffic. New Milford will be forsaken, and Fishguard will be even as the green bay tree.

BRUNEL, who needs some compensation for the monument erected to him on the Thames Embankment, will, in his retirement, find consolation in the thought that, after the lapse of half a century, a bit of line he surveyed and commenced will be completed by his successors at Paddington. The navvies at work upon the new line, shortening (by straightening) the road to Fishguard, have come upon a few furlongs of railway cuttings and embankments laid down by the great engineer. The company was not so rich then as it is to-day, and the project was abandoned, to be carried out in the opening years of the twentieth century.

"Cast your rails upon the land and they will return to you after many days," says the COMMODORE, under the impression that he is quoting his prototype, King SOLOMON.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

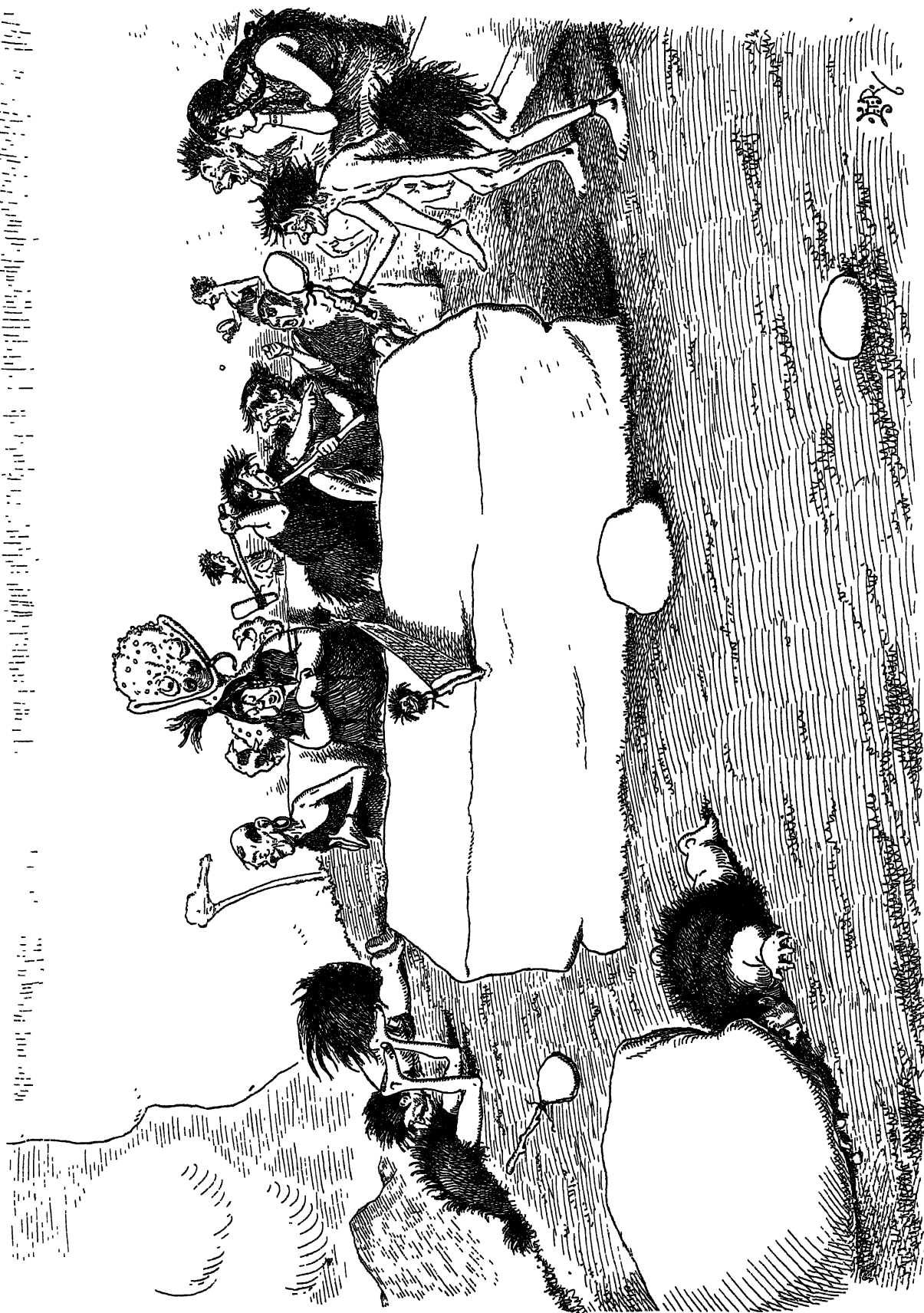
(By Our City Laureate, dejected.)

THE House is very dull to-day,
Its ladies fair neglected,
And SARAHs, DORAs, they
Are seriously affected.

From time to time our favourite stocks
Lead us some frightful dances,
'Tis time they wore their Autumn frocks
And made a few advances.

So, SARAH sweet and NORA neat,
Just throw off your depression,
And though you don't feel up to par,
Pray do remember who you are,
And make a good impression.

Oh, CORA coy, and BERTHA shy,
Pray don't be antiquated,
Tho' by expenses you've been hit,
Just get your figure up a bit,
And you'll be reinstated.



PING-PONG IN THE STONE AGE.

MRS. MEDWIN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

II.

MISS CUTTER waited till she heard the house-door close; after which, in a sightless, mechanical way, she moved about the room, readjusting various objects that he had not touched. It was as if his mere voice and accent had spoiled her form. But she was not left too long to reckon with these things, for Mrs. MEDWIN was promptly announced. This lady was not, more than her hostess, in the first flush of her youth; her appearance—the scattered remains of beauty manipulated by taste—resembled one of the light repasts in which the fragments of yesterday's dinner figure with a conscious ease that makes up for the want of presence. She was perhaps of an effect still too immediate to be called interesting; but she was candid, gentle and surprised—not fatiguingly surprised, only just in the right degree; and her white face—it was too white—with the fixed eyes, the somewhat tousled hair and the Louis Seize hat, might, at the end of the very long neck, have suggested the head of a princess carried, in a revolution, on a pike. She immediately took up the business that had brought her—with the air, however, of drawing from the omens then discernible less confidence than she had hoped. The complication lay in the fact that if it was MAMIE's part to present the omens, that lady yet had so to colour them as to make her own service large. She perhaps over-coloured, for her friend gave way to momentary despair.

"What you mean is, then, that it's simply impossible?"

"Oh, no," said MAMIE, with a qualified emphasis. "It's possible."

"But disgustingly difficult?"

"As difficult as you like."

"Then what can I do that I haven't done?"

"You can only wait a little longer."

"But that's just what I have done. I've done nothing else. I'm *always* waiting a little longer!"

Miss CUTTER retained, in spite of this pathos, her grasp of the subject. "The thing, as I've told you, is for you first to be seen."

"But if people won't look at me?"

"They will."

"They *will*?"—Mrs. MEDWIN was eager.

"They shall," her hostess went on. "It's their only having heard—without having seen."

"But if they stare straight the other way?" Mrs. MEDWIN continued to object. "You can't simply go up to them and twist their heads about!"

"It's just what I can!" said MAMIE CUTTER.

But her charming visitor, heedless, for the moment, of this attenuation, had found the way to put it. "It's the old story. You can't go into the water till you swim; and you can't swim till you go into the water. I can't be spoken to till I'm seen; but I can't be seen till I'm spoken to."

She met this lucidity, Miss CUTTER, with but an instant's lapse. "You say I can't twist their heads about. But I *have* twisted them."

It had been quietly produced, but it gave her companion a jerk. "They say 'Yes'?"

She summed it up. "All but one. She says 'No.'"

Mrs. MEDWIN thought—then jumped. "Lady WANTRIDGE?"

Miss CUTTER—as more delicate—only bowed admission. "I shall see her either this afternoon or late to-morrow. But she has written."

Her visitor wondered again. "May I see her letter?"

"No." She spoke with decision. "But I shall square her."

"Then how?"

"Well,"—and Miss CUTTER, as if looking upward for inspiration, fixed her eyes awhile on the ceiling—"well, it will come to me."

Mrs. MEDWIN watched her—it was impressive. "And will they come to you—the others?" This question drew out the fact that they would—so far, at least, as they consisted of Lady EDWARD, Lady BELLHOUSE and Mrs. POUNCER; who had engaged to muster, at the signal of tea, on the 14th—prepared, as it were, for the worst. There was, of course, always the chance that Lady WANTRIDGE might take the field in such force as to paralyse them—though that danger, at the same time, seemed inconsistent with her being squared. It didn't perhaps all quite ideally hang together; but what it sufficiently came to was that if she was the one who could do most for a person in Mrs. MEDWIN's position she was also the one who could do most against. It would therefore be distinctly what our friend familiarly spoke of as "collar-work." The effect of these mixed considerations was, at any rate, that MAMIE eventually acquiesced in the idea, handsomely thrown out by her client, that she should have an "advance" to go on with. Miss CUTTER confessed that it seemed at times as if one scarce *could* go on; but the advance was, in spite of this delicacy, still more delicately made—made in the form of a banknote, several sovereigns, some loose silver and two coppers, the whole contents of her purse, neatly disposed by Mrs. MEDWIN on one of the tiny tables. It seemed to clear the air for deeper intimacies, the fruit of which was that MAMIE, lonely, after all, in her crowd, and always more helpful than helped, eventually brought out that the way SCOTT had been going on was what seemed momentarily to overshadow her own power to do so.

"I've had a descent from him." But she had to explain.

"My half-brother—SCOTT HOMER. A wretch."

"What kind of a wretch?"

"Every kind. I lose sight of him at times—he disappears abroad. But he always turns up again, worse than ever."

"Violent?"

"No."

"Maudlin?"

"No."

"Only unpleasant?"

"No. Rather pleasant. Awfully clever—awfully travelled and easy."

"Then what's the matter with him?"

MAMIE mused, hesitated—seemed to see a wide past. "I don't know."

"Something in the background?" Then, as her friend was silent, "Something queer about cards?" Mrs. MEDWIN threw off.

"I don't know—and I don't want to!"

"Ah, well, I'm sure I don't," Mrs. MEDWIN returned with spirit. The note of sharpness was perhaps also a little in the observation she made as she gathered herself to go. "Do you mind my saying something?"

MAMIE took her eyes quickly from the money on the little stand. "You may say what you like."

"I only mean that anything awkward you may have to keep out of the way does seem to make, more wonderful, doesn't it, that you should have got just where you are? I allude, you know, to your position."

"I see." Miss CUTTER somewhat coldly smiled. "To my power."

"So awfully remarkable in an American!"

"Ah, you like us so."

Mrs. MEDWIN candidly considered. "But we don't, dearest." Her companion's smile brightened. "Then why do you come to me?"

"Oh, I like *you*!" Mrs. MEDWIN made out.

"Then that's it. There are no 'Americans.' It's always 'you.'"

"Me?" Mrs. MEDWIN looked lovely, but a little muddled.

"Me!" MAMIE CUTTER laughed. "But if you like me, you dear thing, you can judge if I like *you*." She gave her a kiss to dismiss her. "I'll see you again when I've seen her."

"Lady WANTRIDGE? I hope so, indeed. I'll turn up late to-morrow, if you don't catch me first. Has it come to you yet?" the visitor, now at the door, went on.

"No—but it will. There's time."

"Oh—a little less every day!"

Miss CUTTER had approached the table, and glanced again at the gold and silver and the note—not, indeed, absolutely overlooked the two coppers. "The balance," she put it, "the day after?"

"That very night if you like."

"Then count on me."

"Oh, if I didn't—!" But the door closed on the dark idea. Yearningly then, and only when it had done so, Miss CUTTER took up the money.

She went out with it ten minutes later, and, the calls on her time being many, remained out so long that at half-past six she had not come back. At that hour, on the other hand, SCOTT HOMER knocked at her door, where her maid, who opened it with a weak pretence of holding it firm, ventured to announce to him, as a lesson well learnt, that he had not been expected till seven. No lesson, none the less, could prevail against his native art; he pleaded fatigue, her—the maid's—dreadful depressing London and the need to curl up somewhere. If she would just leave him quiet half-an-hour that old sofa up-stairs would do for it; of which he took, quickly, such effectual possession that when five minutes later she peeped, nervous for her broken vow, into the drawing-room, the faithless young woman found him extended at his length and peacefully asleep.

(To be continued.)

RAILWAY COMPANIONS.

(By a Disagreeable Traveller.)

II.

I HAVE known people thoughtlessly speak well of the luncheon-basket. In my opinion, the luncheon-basket arouses the worst passions of human nature, and is a direct incentive to deeds of violence. To say this is to cast an aspersion upon the refreshment contractor, who is evidently a man of touchingly simple faith and high imagination. Simple faith assuredly, for does he not provide on the principle that our insides are hardy and vigorous and unspoilt by the art of cooking? High imagination most certainly, otherwise he would never call that red fluid by the name of claret.

No, it is to the social rather than to the gastronomic influence of the luncheon-basket that I wish to advert.

Once I procured a luncheon-basket and with it came the demon of discontent and suspicion, converting three neutral people into deadly enemies.

One was a pale young man who had been scowling over BROWNING and making frantic notes on the margin of the book.



ON THE LINE.

Old Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME, IF YOU PLEASE, WHERE I'LL GET THE BLACKROCK TRAM?"

Dublin Car-driver. "BEGORR, MA'M, IF YOU DON'T WATCH YOURSELF, YOU'LL GET IT IN THE SMALL OF YOUR BACK IN ABOUT HALF A MINUTE."

Personally, I don't think it quite decent for pale young men to improve their minds in a public conveyance—but at any rate he had seemed harmless. Now he raised his eyes and viewed me with undisguised contempt. "Wretched glutton," he said in effect, and when accidentally I burned my mouth with mustard (which a sudden swerve had sent meandering in a yellow stream across the chicken and ham), he gave a sneering, callous smile, which reminded me that a man may smile and smile and be a—railway companion.

I verily believe that youth to be capable of any crime, even Extension lecturing.

Then there was a young lady reading a sixpenny BRADDON, who viewed me as if I were some monster; when I shut my eyes and gulped off some—er—claret, she

brought biscuits and lemonade from a small bag and refreshed herself with ostentatious simplicity, as if to say, "Look upon *this* picture and on the wine-bibbing epicurean in the corner." An old lady with her was more amply provided for (old ladies usually take more care of their insides than anyone else in creation), but although she munched sandwiches, and washed them down with sherry (probably sweet, ugh!) luxuriously, she looked with pious horror at my plates and dishes spread out. I *might* have said, "Madam, I eat frankly and openly; my resources may be viewed by all. Your secret and delusive bags have limitless resources that you are ashamed to show."

I didn't say so; but the restraint placed on myself quite spoilt the lunch. No more baskets.

"COURT AND CAMP."

(To be read without prejudice to ditto and ditto under proper management.)

As an earnest, hard-working curate (three Bazaars and a Jumble Sale during the last six weeks!) I took charge of a detachment of our local Lads' Brigade, at their sea-side camp this year. How the boys would glory in the hitherto unknown ocean, and all the beauties of Nature! And it should be my pleasing task to cultivate their minds withal—to which end I packed a small volume of poems, published anonymously, but—ah, I suppose I may as well confess it—they were mine.

The Lads mustered in force, wearing smart round caps and belts, and looking like a cross between a District Messenger and one of the Army Service Corps—I, as Commanding Officer, also wore a belt, buckled round my black, long-skirted coat, white sand-shoes, and a Glangarry cap, which gave me quite a military appearance. Our baggage was very limited; my own effects being contained in a large biscuit tin and a cigar-box.

Directly we entrained, the dear lads' spirits and love of music began to assert themselves. Nearly all had brought mouth-organs, and soon we went along merrily to the lilt of at least twenty different tunes, varied by hoorayings *ad lib*. It was all so unaffectedly hearty.

Arrived at Prawntown, our Fife and Drum band was quickly formed up, and with me at their head, our drums banged and our fifes shrieked through the peaceful little village. I afterwards heard that most of the inhabitants fled fearfully out into the surrounding country, but noticed nothing at the time, being too nearly stunned by the big drum.

We reached the camp and soon settled down. After our frugal meal—my own consisting of two currant buns and a bottle of ginger-beer—I approached an intelligent youth to ask what had been his impression of the vast, illimitable sea, which had now gladdened his eyes for the first time?

"Fust time be blowed!" (So unconventional.) "I bin daown 'ere hevery year since the bloomin' camp's bin opened. Wot do I think o' the sea? Hoh, well, that's a bit of all right, s' long as yer don't fall inter it."

"I trust you take in the beauties of Nature?" I continued.

"Yus, I do that! You see me wen I gits a chawne at ole fatty JONES's apples!"

"'is orchid's a-bustin' over with 'em. But 'e keeps a dorg, that's the wurst of it. Larst year, wen I was shaikin' the tree, 'e nearly tore orl the close orf of me!"

Next morning the *réveille* sounded, and I marched the lads down to bathe, standing well up to windward of their clothing, deposited in little heaps upon the shore. What with yelling, horse-play, chiveying a wretched terrier, and two fights, we had not a dull moment.

After breakfast, they played cricket, whilst I read one of my poems to a sick lad. I am sorry to say that he was much sicker after the reading than he had been before. Then I betook myself for a ramble in the country lanes.

did not. Indeed, a more brutal person than the Chairman of the Bench I never met.

I appeared wearing my belt and Glangarry cap, and was at once made to take off the latter by the Gaoler. The Chairman stared at me and asked, "What is this?"

I blushing explained, and he went on: "Are you the head of this camp?"

I proudly replied that I commanded these lads.

"Or they command you? Which is it?" he asked sarcastically.

Wretched man!

Then, the case being proved, this unsympathetic creature gave his decision.

"Fined five shillings each and costs. And I take this opportunity of saying that the worthy young gentleman"—(myself)—"who thinks he 'commands' this camp, is about as fitted for the task as an ostrich is to climb trees. Since the arrival of these boys, a reign of terror has existed. They break into orchards, steal fruit, destroy fences, bathe in prohibited places, bawl in the streets, fight with each other, and now five of them stand convicted of wanton destruction. The inhabitants of this once peaceful spot will feel that it is no place for them any longer. Most of them have already fled in despair, lodging-house keepers see ruin staring them in the face, whilst the residents have barred and shuttered their doors and windows. And all because this amiable gentleman entirely fails to keep his charges in order. His conduct should be at once investigated by his Bishop—or his Mamma."

I left the Court—and later in the day, the Camp.

CRICKETIANA.

The best judge of stumps in the world—a dentist.

The haughtiest individual—a good cutter.

A splendid whip—the man who can make a long drive.

A stayer—long stop.

Not a cinderella dance—a long hop.

Quite other than a jockey—the cricketer who "pulls."

Usually more than twenty—a score.

The crusher of a joke—cover point.

Police Court worthies—bails.

Definition of C. B. FRY—the acrobat.

Why? *Amphib* on the top, and *Salveto* to go.

—You can't beat that.

No, but ABEL might.

How?

By using cane as a handle.



"THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE AS LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

TIMPKINS, AFTER MANY YEARS OF WANDERING THE WORLD O'ER, GRATIFIES A LONG-FELT DESIRE TO RETURN TO THE HALLOWED SPOT WHERE HE WAS REFUSED BY HIS FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

All went well until the fourth day. The lads, with their mouth-organs and their yellings, were rapidly emptying an overcrowded locality and getting the place almost entirely to themselves. But the catastrophe was at hand.

That day, some of the boys playfully raided the peach-house and destroyed the grape-vines of Sir HAUGHTYBIRD HUMPLEBY, and the latter, instead of treating the matter as a harmless joke, promptly called a constable and "ran in" the offenders.

I had to bail them out and produce them in Court next morning.

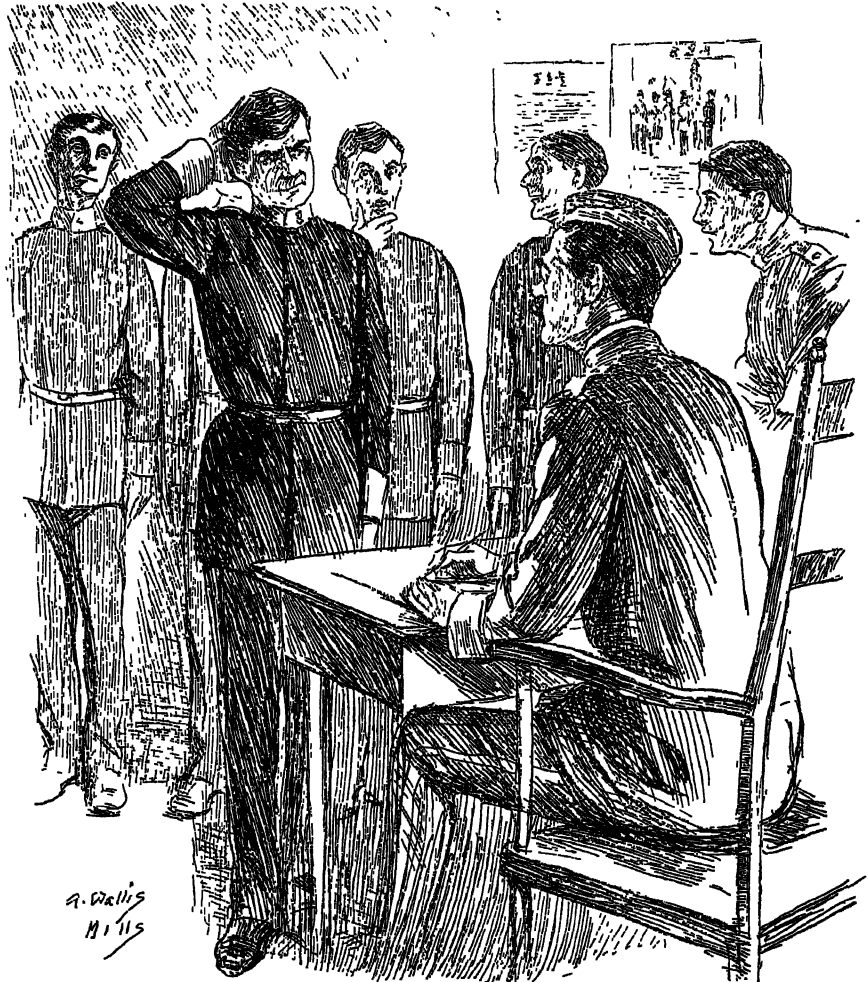
I thought my explanation would at once settle this disagreeable business; but it

IN TWO PLAY-HOUSES.

A Page from our Impressionist's Note-Book.

Becky Sharp! At the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Yes, a part of her and the pleasanter part. The wit, the fun, the good nature. But the darker side absent. Scarcely a suggestion of the heartless, thoroughly and entirely wicked woman. "I am innocent!" justified. Not quite THACKERAY, but very good play acting. Miss MARIE TEMPEST to be congratulated. *Rawdon Crawley*, Mr. LEONARD BOYNE, excellent. Everyone has his own ideal, and perhaps the *Rawdon Crawley* of Mr. LEONARD BOYNE is not the ideal of everyone. But it would be difficult for anyone to suggest an improvement. Heavy cavalry man, gambler, but, to use the slang of the day, "good sort." Magnificent in the supper scene. Mr. GILBERT HARE not quite the *Marquis of Steyne*. Very near, but not quite. A trifle too old. A little angular, and THACKERAY's *Marquis* was rounded. Difficult again to suggest improvement. A fine performance, worthy of his father's son. Version? Well, not bad. On the whole a good play. Rather absurd the Earl's courtship. Meets *Becky* in Act II., and then a number of years pass. Under the circumstances the incidents of the last scene a little late. But taken all round—considering that scenery and dresses are first-rate—good play, well worth seeing. Final objection, interior of sponging-house a little too gorgeous. Less of the second-rate palace and more of the fifth-rate coffee-house would have been better. But on the whole, I repeat, good play, well worth seeing.

A Man of his Word. At Mrs. LANGTRY'S truly beautiful Imperial Theatre. Rather forced idea of honour. Officer and gentleman, believing himself to be dying, confesses that he did not perform an act usually rewarded with the Victoria Cross. Induces his dearest friend to promise never to tell. Dearest friend doesn't tell, and gets into a scrape in consequence. Believed to have missed the Victoria Cross himself. Senior Failure for the Victoria Cross recovers, and is ordered to take command of the Army somewhere in the North-West Provinces, because (to put it in mess-room form) "he's about the only JOHNNIE who knows how to win the battle, don't you know." Matter, remotely connected with the Victoria Cross, hushed up in consequence of national importance of the programme. *Exit* Senior Failure for the Victoria Cross, promising—in a vague kind of way—that after he has won the battle he will disappear for ever. Probably change his name, shave off his moustache and become a millionaire or something of that sort. Still, amusing piece. Mr. HERBERT WARING, admirable as dearest friend of the Senior Failure for the Victoria Cross.



Officer. "WELL, MY MAN, WHAT IS YOUR RELIGION?"

Man. "I DUNNO, SIR."

Officer. "COME, COME! WHAT CHURCH DO YOU ATTEND—CHURCH OF ENGLAND, ROMAN CATHOLIC OR NONCONFORMIST?"

Man. "PLEASE, SIR, I FOLLERS THE BAND!"

Mr. H. B. IRVING, as Senior Failure, also capital. Mrs. CECIL RALEIGH, as a lady who seems anxious to act as a guide to a personally-conducted party to the High Court of Justice, Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, also most pleasing. Character rather curious specimen of society at Simla.

Play judiciously stage-managed, but rather a pity that some one from H. Q. S. was not asked to look in to inspect military details. In the absence of that individual, and acting as his unwilling substitute, I venture to hint that some of the officers should not have been passed their drill until they had learned how to close their fingers in saluting. Divided opinion, too, about the wearing of sword knots. Fancy that C.R.A. in the last act would have had sufficient service to have known that his sword knot was wrong—think it would have attracted unfavourable attention at an official inspection. And why levee dress for dinner or five

o'clock tea? Of course, the entire garrison may have been lunching in state with the Viceroy, but, in spite of this suggestion, the levee dress—although distinctly effective, was scarcely convincing. Yet these are very minor details. *A Man of his Word*, a very good play very well acted. Seems to be a success. Success deserved.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Telegraph*, the French Police, in view of the Czar's visit, "are actively looking for Anarchists at Dunkirk," and in the same column a quotation from the *Français*, dated from the port which CHARLES THE SECOND sold, announces that "well-known Nihilists and persons reported to be dangerous Anarchists have for several days been missing from their usual places of residence." Mr. Punch, without pretending to be a SHERLOCK HOLMES, would respectfully suggest that "the well-known &c." may have crossed the Channel.

OVER

TAKE off the bails and put the timbers by,
And stand the willow in his upright bed,
Yea, doff the prophylactic pad and cry,
Cry "Over!" for the cricket year is dead!

Now let the white-robed umpire be at peace
From that eternal doubt of leg-before;
Now from his trundling let the bowler cease,
And let the weary lobster lob no more.

Lo! on the bounds of Space and Time, set loose,
That *fin de siecles* promised by the seers,
Foreshadowed in a temporary truce
Of centuries and a silence of the spheres!

Henceforth the Amateur, through winter-days
Obscurely eking out his summer's fame,
Consumes the hour in idleness or plays
Upon a rougher pitch a sterner game.

The Pro., descending from his high estate,
Now veils his godhead like a setting star;
And County Heroes deign to hibernate
Disguised as publicans behind a bar.

No more the placard at the closing hour
Shall thrill the breast of London's homeward throng
With tales of "SAMMY'S CIDER TURNING SOUR,"
Or "BOBBY AT THE OVAL GOING STRONG."

Now may the statistician's brain desist,
Soon as the ultimate account is cast,
From wondering whether FRY will head the list
Or RANJIT'S record-aggregate be passed.

Conundrums which were wont to rack the Town
Are either answered or they leave us cold;
For instance, "Are the Champions breaking down?"
Or, *Is there any further use for MOLD?*

No longer shall we spoil our bacon's fat,
Scanning the morning news with fevered eye,
To see if TROTT secured another "hat,"
Or ARCHIE had the courage to "declare."

To half-forgotten themes we turn again,
To politics, to books, to social modes,
From ABEL we adjourn to thoughts of CAINE,
And from the greater to the lesser RHODES.

Imagination with reluctant wings
On European monarchs' tracks shall go,
And find in Denmark's company of kings
Poor substitutes for Leicester's KING and COE.

And we shall read about the Royal Cruise,
And marvel how the Duke of CORNWALL likes
To wear a third-class County's name and lose
The lonely lustre streaming from the Tykes.

We may admire the Daedalean nerve
Of French mechanics steering round the sky,
But can their clumsy methods match the swerve
Of HIRST'S deliveries swooping as they fly?

And all this fuss of ALFRED, called The Great!
What was his average? Did he play to win?
Can he compare (allowing for the date)
With England's other ALFRED—meaning MYNN?

So must we read of War and Trade and Art,
Dull chronicles, for half the winter through,
Till something happens fit to fire the heart,
Then when the Lion meets the Kangaroo!

O. S.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

(A Holiday Fancy.)

It began with the rainbow. Stretched on brown turf I had watched the slate-coloured sky illuminated on a sudden by a wealth of colouring which suggested that the clerk of the weather was—with all his shortcomings—a man of true artistic feeling. The ground on which I was lolling was scarcely touched by the recent shower, for a friendly old elm spread his protecting arms above me. Evidently the rainbow had exercised an exhilarating effect upon him, for a handful of dry leaves pattered on to my upturned face. I captured one of these, and was idly pulling it to pieces when a tiny voice at my elbow said:

"You needn't destroy fairy correspondence."

"I beg your pardon," I said, turning round.

A tiny elf was perched upon a tuft of cornflowers a few paces from me.

"You know very well," continued a voice like the purling of a brook, "that we send messages to one another on the leaves. At least you used to know it *once* when you tried to read our marks and symbols in that old Surrey garden."

"That was such a long time ago," I observed lamely. "You see I was very small then, and so much has happened since. But how is it you are here, of all places. Surely those quaint old gardens and woods—"

The blue eyes gleamed till the cornflowers paled with envy. "There are plenty of children who want us. Perhaps you thought we ceased to exist when you forgot to look for us."

"Not at all," I said, with the uncomfortable feeling that my thoughts had been read. "These children, however," I added hastily, in order to turn the conversation from a personal channel, "will scarcely appreciate your kind attentions."

"You're far, far more stupid than you used to be," said the fairy, reflectively; "like all grown-up people—especially men!" She looked wistfully at the scattered bands of grubby, yelling, Cockney children playing about.

"When you were a sensible little boy," she resumed, "you found us because you wanted us. These children want us far more than you did—although they may not know how to express it. Every child is not brought up luxuriously on HANS ANDERSEN." (She looked severely at me.) "But we can read in their eyes and their wistful mouths that they want us. Why, every London park is full of fairies now."

The journalistic instinct rose within me. I had visions of an article, "Interview with a Fairy: an Elf's Opinion of the London School Board," etc. At that moment a small girl of six created a diversion by rushing across the grass close by and climbing over prohibitive railings into a sacred, ringed-off portion of ground. She was hunting after a ball she had lost. A severe-looking park-keeper came up from the opposite direction. Instantly the fairy swung off her perch, and just as the keeper passed she threw two stray sunbeams into his eyes. This so dazzled him that he didn't note the trespasser who had paused in terror. Then another sunbeam was flung in the direction of the ball, and the next minute the child was racing away with the recovered treasure.

"Capital," I said—

"Eh?" said the park-keeper, looking down.

"I wasn't speaking to you," I explained, then looked around me. The fairy had gone. But I realised that there were more things in a London park than are dreamt of in a park-keeper's—or, for the matter of that, a journalist's—philosophy.

THE PAINTER'S FAVOURITE BALLAD.—The song which touched my art—"The Veiled Picture."

THE LATEST FRENCH TOAST.—*L'eau de vie pour le Czar!*



A SHORT MEMORY.

Shade of Bismarck (to German Pressman). 'YOU WRITE OF BRITISH 'BRUTALITIES,' MY FRIEND. HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR BISMARCK SO SOON?'

["For almost every repressive measure taken by our military authorities in South Africa, and others which may yet be taken, a precedent can be found in the measures taken by the German military authorities in France during the war of 1870-71."—*Letter to the "Times," Sept. 3, 1901.*]

THE CRUISE OF THE SABBINA.

II.—A CIRCULAR TOUR.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Milford Haven, Tuesday.—Wasn't there someone who wrote a treatise on *The Hunting of the Staff*? Or was it *The Tracking of the Snark*? Fancy it was the former. Anyhow, we've spent a fair summer day in hunting for the Staff. Game peculiar to single line railways worked on the block system. Idea—very reasonable—is that if you have only one train at a time on a particular section of the line, you can't possibly have a collision. Argal, the guard of a train passing through station A is handed something like a policeman's truncheon which he delivers up on passing station B. Till the Staff comes back to station A no train may follow on track of train number one.

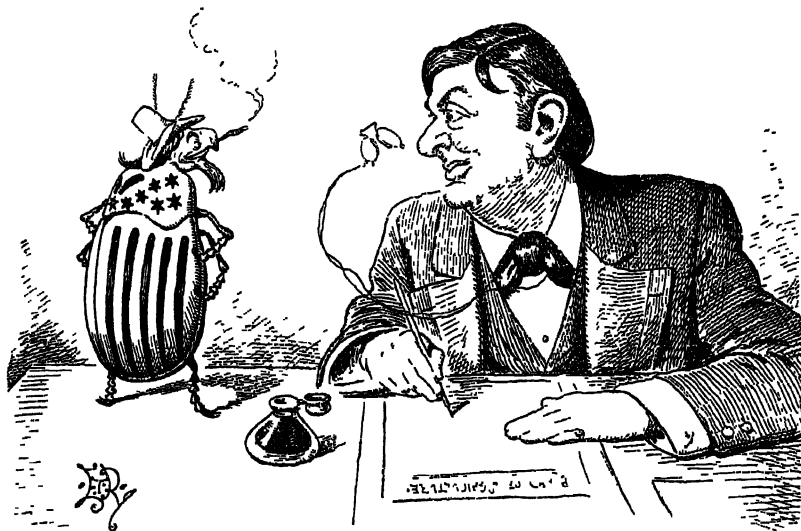
"Very well," as WILLIAM ALLAN says when explaining to the House the fearsome potentialities of the Belleville Boiler.

Our intent was to make our way from Milford Haven to Fishguard on the northern coast of the peninsula that flanks the entrance to the Bristol Channel. If we had taken the ordinary train all would have been well. But none of your ordinary trains for the COMMODORE, Bart. Like *Todgers*, he "can do it when he likes," and he always likes. Must have a special train, and such a specialer! Only a saloon carriage; but the floor was carpeted with rugs from far-off Ind; the cushions on the seats were of faint sea-green morocco; the silken curtains looped across the windows were of the same tint. A silver lamp swung over a table at which eight could comfortably sit at luncheon. From a corner peeped a lordly hamper.

"Something iced," said the COMMODORE in reply to the MEMBER FOR SARK's mute enquiring glance.

Capital start this. Run across from coast to coast in hour and a half. High noon now. Lunch at 1.30. Meal at hotel ordered by telegraph. "And lobsters," the COMMODORE, with his own hand, added to the simple suggestions of SARK, who drafted the telegram. Trundled merrily out of the station; passed in triumph through Tenby; reached Saundersfoot, and the discovery that life is not all silk curtains, silver lamps and Eastern rugs. As at a critical point in his career, GRANDOLPH "forgot GOSCHEN" so we had forgotten the Staff, and all it implies. The Staff had gone on with the ordinary train to Whitland, and till it was brought back by down train we couldn't stir a foot—"not a Saundersfoot" as the COMMODORE gloomily said.

Half-an-hour sped. In some circumstances Saundersfoot may have its attractions for the intelligent wayfarer. Under



AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE FROM COLORADO.

Colorado P. Bugg (from the States). "SECKERTURRY HANBERRY, I RECK'N? GUESS YOU'RE KINDER SKEERED TER SEE ME AROUND HERE! COME AFTER THEM PERTATERS O' YOUR'N." President of Board of Agriculture. "NO YOU DON'T, DEAR BOY! NOT THIS TIME!"

the midday sun, with luncheon already postponed, they were not apparent through the plate-glass windows of our luxuriant carriage. Ten minutes later down train arrived. Our guard seized the magic Staff; put on steam for Clynderwen; not so bad after all; a cold lunch was ordered; in this weather couldn't get much colder for half-an-hour's wait.

Clynderwen the junction with the main line and the single line going on to Fishguard. Do the rest of the run in half-an-hour.

"Very sorry, Sir, indeed, but the Staff just gone on. Back in fifty minutes."

'Twas the voice of the station-master. Blank silence fell on the company. Began to regard the COMMODORE with estranging glance. What did he mean by taking us out to Barmecide feasts in luxurious equipages? "And lobsters," forsooth! If he had been content with the ordinary train (return tickets at considerable reduction in price) all would have been well. Instead of which, as the judge said, he goes about the country in purple and fine linen, pulling up for fifty minutes at every other roadside station.

This last block, if nothing worse happened, would bring us to Fishguard at three o'clock, a little late for lobsters. Besides, who knows where the confounded Staff would be when we arrived at the next boundary of a section?

"I really think," said the COMMODORE, in a meek voice quite unfamiliar, what time his gaiters twinkled on his own quarter-deck, "we'd better not go on. Mightn't reach Fishguard till four o'clock, that would be—don't you think—eh? We're on the main line now, where the Staff doesn't count. If we keep on we shall got

to Milford Haven by three o'clock, and can have a snack on the yacht."

"Milford Haven, Sir!" exclaimed SARK, with irritating access of politeness. "Isn't that the place we started from at noon?"

"Well, yes," said the BARONITE, apologetically. "But, you know, we must start from somewhere; everybody does."

So we steered W.S.W. by south, reaching Milford Haven at 3.15, hot and hungry.

"*Je n'ai pas vu Carcasonne*," wails the dying man in the plaintive Gascon ballad. We did not see Fishguard.

This melancholy and true story should be illustrated by a map after the manner of *Treasure Island*. Failing that, look up the map in the railway guide of the Great Western Co. and you'll find our circular tour appropriately marked in blood-red-line.

A DIALOGUE OF DEGREES.

Little Daughter (to poor Vicar). Daddy, a gentleman in gaiters has called.

Vicar. A gentleman in gaiters! Was he anything like Dean SIMPKIN?

Little Daughter. Oh, no, daddy! Besides, he told me that he thought a pair of braces would do you good.

Vicar. A pair of braces! It surely couldn't have been the Bishop.

Little Daughter. No, daddy; he said he was Lord MONCHESTER's gamekeeper, and here are the braces.

[Produces a brace of partridges.

Vicar (relieved). Very kind, I'm sure; but he did wear gaiters, didn't he, dear?

Little Daughter. Yes, daddy; but they were so dirty that I thought at first he was a grateful poacher.

[Vicar comes to the conclusion that his daughter has hit the mark.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. II.—THE DUKE OF DONNYBROOK AND BOW.

THE fifteenth Duke of Donnybrook and Bow—

It is a splendid and an ancient title—

Felt that life's lamp was sinking very low,

Leaving but little of the spark called vital.

His sins—nay, let us speak of them as errors—

Were few; for such a Duke death has no terrors.

He was a good old man; not otherwise,

But Dukes require no ample store of wisdom;

Dulness had no disfavour in his eyes,

And dull men loved him, for he never quizzed 'em.

He was no wit—in fact, I don't know whether

It's right to mention Dukes and wit together.

Yet he was great: he won the Derby race

First with a chestnut, next time with a bay gee.

In every Cabinet he had a place,

And so they made him G.C.B. and K.G.

In every English county he had got land;

He owned a river and a moor in Scotland.

All other things he had his rank to suit:

Cedars and oaks his spacious gardens grew in;

Much glass he owned for orchids and for fruit—

Possessed five castles and a hoary ruin.

Pictures and prints—I scarce know how to tell 'em—

And busts and arms and folios bound in vellum.

That death should take this man appears to me

A most un-English and pro-Boer proceeding.

To cut the flowers and let the coarse stuff be

Is, you'll agree with me, unskilful weeding.

It needs a lot of pretty hard forgiving

To take a Duke and leave a pauper living.

Such pleas availed not, as the hour drew nigh,

To check the purpose of the grizzly spectre.

The Duke, good soul, resigned himself to die,

Sustained, consoled, encouraged by the Rector,

Who held a Ducal living and was trying

To do his best to help the Ducal dying.

So the Duke died, and all men praised him well

(Some praised too much, but nobody rebuked 'em);

But, which was strange, no man of them could tell

Who should succeed the dead Duke in the Dukedom.

Much to the British public's consternation,

The Duke, it seemed, had left no male relation.

Three brothers he had had, but one

In infancy departed.

His breath was short, his race was run

Almost before he started.

The second might have travelled far,

And might have died in bed, Sir.

One day he bought a motor-car;

The next day he was dead, Sir.

The third one (of a City man

He seemed to have the makings)

In manhood's prime set out to plan

Commercial undertakings.

The City was his hunting ground:

In many a bright prospectus

On which his Lordship's name was found

He offered to direct us.

Withal, the man was never rash,

For, ere the wise foreboded

Or even hinted at a crash,

He skilfully unloaded.

He floated out his companies,

But when there came a gale, or

When clouds were black, finance's seas

Knew no more careful sailor.

If storms arose he judged it best,

Unless they could be weathered,

To make for home; he had a nest

Most comfortably feathered.

But how shall man foretell his end?

His companies outgrew him,

And one declared a dividend—

The shock was such it slew him.

(To be continued.)

R. C. L.

TORTURE-CHAMBER MUSIC.

["The French Académie de Médecine has been much excited over a new dental apparatus which combines the administration of gas with phonographic musical selections. While you are inhaling the one, you are likewise drinking in the other, and the result is said to be 'a most agreeable sensation.'"—*Lady's Pictorial*.]

SCENE—A Modern Torture-Chamber, i.e., the Operating-room of a Dentist. In a prominent position before the window stands a "roomy" chair fitted with mechanism for adjusting same. Overhanging it is a movable case of implements of the most dis- and ex-tracting kind. Near by is a formidable apparatus exhaling a gaseous odour for administering an anæsthesia, to it is attached a phonograph, contiguous to which latter is an enormous array of boxes filled with wax cylinders containing "tunes." A shadowy assistant flits to and fro, appearing and disappearing with alarming frequency and mystery, rising and falling in clouds of odour. The Dentist is wiping a particularly aggressive-looking instrument when a stout and elderly lady enters. Her face is so swollen she cannot speak.

Dentist. Good morning! (Referring to visiting-book as he waves elderly sufferer to the chair.) Ah! (Apparently satisfied that the lady is not there under false pretences, proceeds to gaze upon her disfigurement with a cheerful smile.) An abscess, ma'am. I'm afraid we shall have to dispense with the services of that gentleman (forcing Elderly Lady's mouth open and playfully tapping offending "gentleman" with forceps. Elderly Lady winces and throws up a pair of remonstrating hands). Please, don't be alarmed. We will take it out, I think, under gas. Painless. Absolutely, I assure you, and not unpleasant. (Elderly Lady's face, if capable of expression, would facially "beg to differ." Dentist signals violently to Shadowy Assistant, who is energetically engaged in looking the other way; having at length made him appreciate the fact that the Elderly Lady is about to have "gas," he proceeds to make the necessary preparations.) It is usual, Madam—with great confidence and professional aplomb—to make these operations as agreeable as possible. I propose to lull you into a rapturous repose. (Sweeps his hands slowly before Elderly Lady's face, suggesting, in a general way, the enchantment of the process.) You will fall asleep on "a dying air." (Elderly Lady attempts to rise. Adjusting the chair to an almost horizontal position.) Pray be calm, Madam. A quotation merely, SHAKESPEARE. I mean a musical air, as you shall see—or hear. (Laying a hand affectionately on phonograph.) Attached to the apparatus is this phonograph, which will be set in motion at the same time as the gas is administered. You will float away—metaphorically—to the sound of soft music. (Elderly Lady is much impressed.) Now, I should be so obliged if you could give me some idea of the kind of music you would like to go off to. (Happily.) Shall it be a spirited mazurka, reminiscent of happy girlhood's days? (Elderly Lady signifies disapproval by gurgle.) Then a dreamy waltz? We have all the latest, and I must say the delirium of some of our modern waltzes has a most spirit-wafting effect. Lift you [out of] yourself. (Elderly Lady shows



Dealer. "IS HE QUIET? BLESS YER 'FART, THAT 'ORSE 'E'S A CONFIDENTIAL 'ORSE, THAT'S WOT 'E IS!"

Customer. "AH, I SEE—CONFIDENTIAL. THEN I SUPPOSE YOUR LAD'S WHISPERING SOMETHING IN HIS EAR NOW!"

great aversion to waltz-music.) No? Then a patriotic song or a soft solo from one of our comic operas? (Elderly Lady suggests by muffled interjections that it would be most inappropriate. It is anything but a comic opera-tion.) True. Well, shall we say a nocturne? Something from the divine CHOPIN? (Elderly Lady frantically signals to dentist to extract tooth, and becomes exhausted.) Then, Madam, I'm sure WAGNER is to your taste. Quite a run on *Tannhäuser* for back teeth, while the "Wedding March" from *Lohengrin* is a safe "molar" accompaniment. (Elderly Lady stares blankly at Dentist, who takes silence for consent and proceeds with operation to the tune of:

"You may wriggle, you may struggle, but I've got him in my eye,
And I'll have him, yes, I'll have him, I will have him by-and-by!"

an air from "Faust-up-to-Date" which the Shadowy Assistant slips in by mistake.)

SAME SCENE. (Two hours later.)

A slim, clean-shaven young man, with glasses and what is termed an "artistic" get-up, rises in an excited state from the chair. Gas having been just administered and a tooth drawn, to the tune of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

S. Y. M. (as furiously as the exhausted state in which the gas has left him will allow, to Dentist, who smiles in amiable discomfort). You more than fool! You Philistine! To rob me of a sound tooth. I particularly pointed out the tooth I wanted extracted. (Dentist suggests choice was prompted by decay). Nonsense! Rot! It was the other one, two teeth off. But that's a small matter. It's not the tooth I grudge. But I'm a musician, and to be forced to experience one of the most deliciously languishing sensations to that execrable tune! It's atrocious, it's degrading! An insult to my artistic instinct, an outrage against my delicately constituted organisation. It has left me with impressions that it will take weeks to obliterate. If you had only let me go off to TSCHAIKOWSKY'S *Last Symphony*! I would have forgiven a trifling mistake. Even MENDELSSOHN, or a Ritournelle by Madame CHAMINADE. I could have borne the loss of a few teeth under such circumstances. But the "Absent——"

[Completely collapses at the idea, and is gently removed by the shadowy Assistant, who is responsible for the mistake and the dreadfully tragic situation.]

THE CALENDAR OF LOVE.

I KNEW a little maid in January,
She was so sweet and wary,
But not the little maid I knew
In February;
I knew that little maid in March,
All frills and furbelows and starch,
But when in April storm and shine
(A different sort of weather)
I thought the little maid was mine,
And we together!
I knew that little maid in May,
When blossoms were a-showing,
She grew more proud from day to day
When June with life was flowing.
Then came July, and she and I
Had quite a tender tether:
What mattered storm or cloudy sky?—
We were together!
Then August brought the bloom to come,
With fruit both rich and mellow;
September made the Harvest Home,
With fields of cornstalks yellow;
October—then she showed her pride,
November made her slither,
December showed I was denied—
We are no more together.
But still I love her, time or tide,
And hope for better weather!

SEPTEMBER SONG.

'Tis the season of unreason; it were treason
To write sense.
In September, pray remember, silly songs are
No offence.
If you're clever now you never will endeavour
To be wise,
But be frivolously jolly, catching folly
As it flies.
Now we weary with our dreary, silly query
Every print;
Not forgetting to be setting social problems
Without stint.
Now the scaly serpent daily do we gaily
Renovate,
On his visit in a solemn open column
We dilate.
Lass and lad, see, ma and dad, see, from the sad sea
Come at last,
For the summer has become a happy mem'ry
Of the past.
Now we tumble with a grumble to our humble
Business ways.
As we dream in manner hazy of our lazy
Holidays.
Maids alluring are enduring now the curing
Homburg yields.
Now the partridge with a cartridge seeks the sportsman
O'er the fields.
Now the clubby, fresh and chubby (trifle tubby)
City he
Deth in triumph romp and royster with the oyster
From the sea!

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

Aboard the "*Orlando*." 1.30. Already quite a nautical appetite. Steward places us. My next neighbour and boon companion is CHARLIE WORTLER, an old friend and distinguished actor (though WORTLER is not his *nom de théâtre*), whom I have not seen for years. Delighted, both of us; and, in a second, we are, as it were, Siamese twins; at all events, we are together bound for the same port, on the same voyage—but not, of course, in a twin-ship.

Captain also delighted at our knowing each other. But was there ever such a captain? Why, on his personal introduction as host and master of the ceremonies aboard ship, we all, every man Jack of us, and every woman Jill of us, become intimately acquainted, nay, on the very best possible terms with one another within the first twenty minutes of dinner-time. This fraternal sentiment commences at our table which, temporarily, is the Captain's, and communicates itself rapidly to the entire party occupying the several tables in the dining saloon, for the Wilson Liner is choke-full and not a cabin to spare. With most courteous diplomacy, our Captain does not stick to one table and isolate a small party, as if by favouritism, but he takes the chair, as it were, at various meetings—now at one mess, now at another—of his constituents, who, to a man or woman, will at the end of the voyage all plump for Captain COWLRICK, and would vote solid for making him Admiral of the Fleet, but for the fact that thereby they would lose, not only his cheery companionship, but his tried and experienced seamanship on this Tilbury to Norway voyage.

If it be fine weather, our Captain points out the pleasures of the trip, and expatiates on all the manifest advantages of travelling by sea. He is the first to set the passengers amusing themselves with "deck quoits," with "deck croquet" (a

most ingenious game), and with "deck" anything else that offers opportunities for exercise or that affords diversion. If there be a "nasty sea on" and ladies are collapsing, is not our Captain at hand to see them well and comfortably bestowed, and to restore courage to the most nervous by pointing out, clearly and sensibly, how there could not possibly be any danger, as, if there were, could he, as Captain, be attending to them? Would he not have to be "above," like the sweet little cherub in the old nautical song "perched" (as a cherub might be, being in a general way physically incapacitated for either sitting or standing—but not so our Captain) "up aloft, keeping watch for the life of poor JACK," that is (in the Captain's case), for the safety of the ship and those committed to his charge? Certainly he would; and that common-sense reasoning is the most efficacious remedy for the nerves at sea.

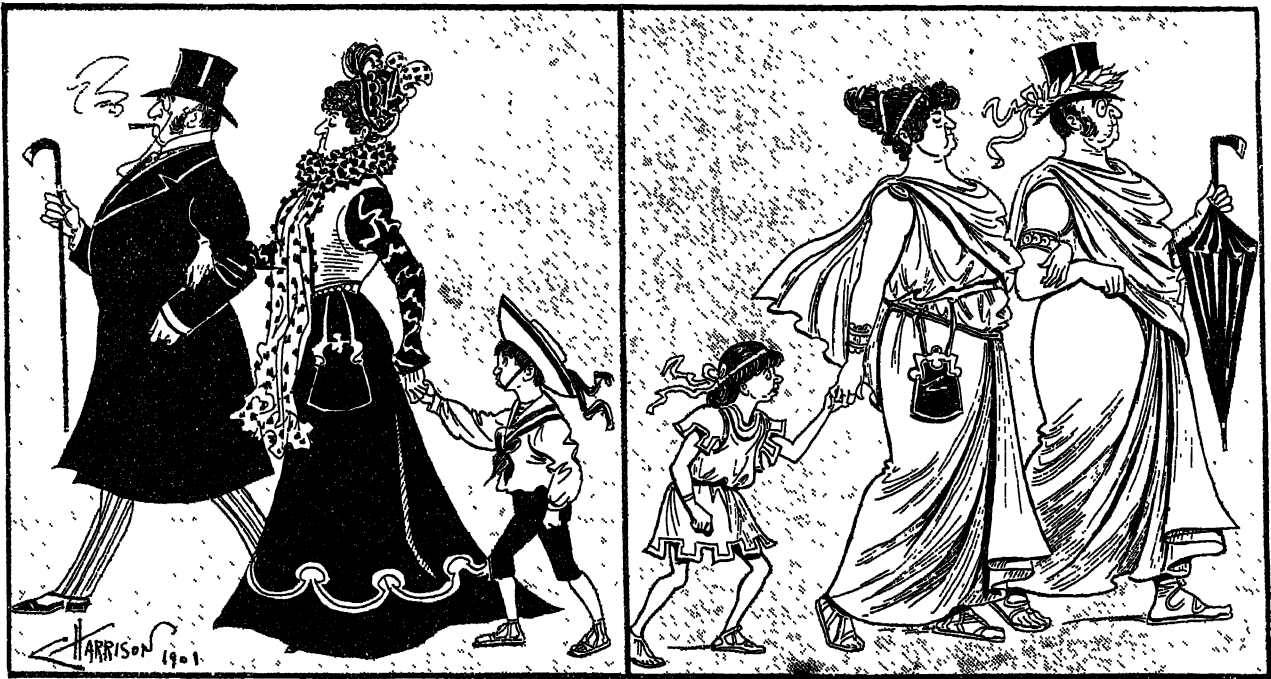
So the Captain is a capital doctor for *mal-de-mer*, and those who imagine themselves at their worst would be simply hopeless but for his considerate and tactful treatment. Bravo, Captain COWLRICK, who, when we are "all at sea," makes every one of us feel "quite at home." Let us all chorus, as years ago they did in *Black Eye'd Susan* Burlesque, only substituting *Cowrick* for *Crosstree*, to the once familiar air of "*Champagne Charlie*." "Captain COWLRICK is my name (bis), Good for any game to-night, my boys (bis), Then, bravo, boys, off again to sea!"

Very hot August day, but comparatively cool, with gentle breeze, as, post-prandially, we sit about on deck, reading, chatting and idling generally, with occasional doze. Universal opinion nautically expressed, that, in lovely weather, on a perfectly calm sea, and with land still clearly in view, there is nothing like a sea trip, absolutely nothing to compare with it for real enjoyment!

Also there is nothing like companionship aboard, on a sea voyage, to bring out the real genuine man or woman, no matter what his or her profession or business may be when on shore. Here is WORTLER, a melodramatic actor of either the brightest or the deepest dye, according to the part for which he may have been cast. Rarely have I seen him on the boards otherwise than as a gallant rescuer of heroines, a champion of virtue, a man who redeems a vicious past by one act of heroic self renunciation, uniting the lovers' hands over his breast and dying to slow music as the final curtain descends, or, occasionally, as a polite villain of the modern school, with a self-possessed manner and a handy pistol in his trousers pocket, and once as such an awful type of humanity degraded by drunkenness that the representation brought tears to the eyes of all and caused such dryness of throats (through emotion) as could only be relieved by the longest, deepest, and most cooling draughts immediately that exceptionally thrilling performance was over,—and here he is, *in propria persona*, "merry and free" (as that atrocious gay scoundrel, JACK SHEPPARD, used to describe himself in his old song) and about as jolly as the jolliest of sandboys, whatever a "sandboy" may be—as long as he remains the accepted nautical type of joviality.

Be the *voyageur* a barrister, statesman, actor, author, clergyman, doctor, no matter what, there is such a briny breeziness about a sea-voyage that it takes off every particle of professional veneer, blows away all conventional cobwebbiness, and men and women *en voyage* appear, perhaps for the first time in their lives, as what they really are, as what Nature originally intended them to be, and shows them all, with very, very few exceptions, to be just about "as good as they make 'em"—that is, generally, honest specimens of kindly humanity. Ay! and even in their suffering! For suffering is "the badge of" nearly "all the tribe" that go down to the sea in ships and attempt to take their pleasure in the decidedly "deep," not to say treacherous, waters.

Here is WORTLER, on the very first evening, delighting us with some recitations, having been pressed thereto by others



MR., MRS., AND MASTER JONES AS THEY APPEAR NOW.

MR., MRS. AND MASTER JONES AS THEY MAY APPEAR IN THE
NEAR FUTURE.

[The Sandal craze may be the beginning of a great change in the matter of dress.]

who, captain included and taking the lead, have all been doing their level best to make the time pass pleasantly. And the next evening where is WORTLER, "where is he?" Wrapped up, bedless, supperless, drinkless, swathed in rugs, lying in a sort of gutter on the upper deck, refusing to be comforted, and only murmuring polite but almost inarticulate regrets as to the impossibility of his accepting any invitation to take light refreshment "down below," being at that particular moment otherwise engaged. But that was an evening and a night when, with a few fortunate exceptions (not including WAGSTAFF, who, after being ultra-marine and affecting to play the sailor, has every old joke and every possibility of a joke taken out of him), all landsmen and landswomen on board were either quite overcome by *mal-de-mer*, or nervously over-cautious, deciding upon not "going down to avoid" [as the pugilists have it] the probable unpleasant consequences of what a composer might describe as "a movement in C." Yet once the storm over, all are alive again! Then, as evening advances, and calm sea and rest and dinner restore us, the guests, like the blackbirds in the opened pie, "began to sing," and long before our arrival at Christiansand we are, one and all of us, "a pretty dish to set before a" Viking.

Gradually (I am referring to the first night and not to that of the storm), the music being over and the National Anthem chorussed by the entire company (upon the principle of each one for himself, and God save the King for us all), we retire, one by one, to our cabins in order to give ourselves, individually, plenty of time for so arranging our compartments (some eight or ten feet high, and five or six broad) as to resemble, as nearly as may be, our own spacious bed and dressing rooms at home. The door of my cabin is partially open, and the port-hole open also: a delightful current of air. Curling myself round somewhat after the manner of a tired dog making himself comfortable on a hearthrug before the fire, I, so to speak, worm myself into the "bunk" (why "bunk"?) and cautiously stretch out my legs as I mentally measure the

space at command, and accommodate the coverlet, sheets, and blanket to my straitened circumstances.

After taking a half turn, so to put it nautically, to star-board and remaining there on trial. I execute another equally cautious, and, as it would be called in music, "slow movement" to larboard side. ("Larboard it is"—or, if isn't, let me be corrected by those who know better.) Having decided on the advantages of this position I begin to pay attention to my going to sleep, and now for the first time I become aware of the wonderful power of the screw. It is like the heart of the ship, pulsating quickly, unceasingly, loudly, but with a decidedly healthy action. Its healthiness is encouraging. But will it not, like *Macbeth's* crime, "murder sleep"? I begin to read in order to distract my attention from the screw and to induce sleep. I will not mention the name of the book, as to do so, under the circumstances, might be deemed complimentary to the author. However, whether I became deeply interested and began to meditate, or whether the monotony of the thudding exercised a soothing effect on my nerves, I suddenly found myself dozing, when, seizing the opportunity, and always preternaturally cautious as to making any sudden movement which should hopelessly muddle the bunk-coverings for the night, I stretch my hand towards the electric button, turn it, "put out the light, and then"—slowly and very gingerly withdraw myself into my little lair, as if I were some fugitive hiding from the minions of a cruel tyrant, and, once more neatly and quietly folding myself up and laying myself out, like a suit of flannels, on a shelf in a store cupboard, I am very soon sound asleep. Not absolutely without rocking, but the rocking is of the gentlest possible "hushabye-baby" description, so that this child of nature feels quite at "home on the rolling deep, where the scattered waters" do something or other, I forgot what it was in the old song, "and the winds their revels keep." Revels or no revels, the winds do not disturb me, and I do not open my eyes again until 5 A.M. on a glorious Sunday morning.



A BLANK DAY.

First Friend. "THE BIRDS ARE TERRIBLY WILD TO-DAY."

Second Friend. "NOT HALF SO WILD AS OUR HOST WILL BE, IF IT KEEPS ON LIKE THIS."

CLOUD-FLASHES.

[As most modern "lyrics," however obscure, seem to conceal some sort of meaning, which to that extent detracts from their artistic perfection, the following verses are intended as an attempt at avoiding this blemish.]

SOUL of soft silence, while the shadowed lawns

Hold lambent laughters, subtle joys
(Ere yet the morrow's saffron dawns)
In equipoise,

Let languor-stirring shafts, more fleet than fawns,

Bask in the beam that cloys.

Ah me! pale pulse of heartsick soul and wan,

Pant in wild roseate pain, and pine
(One moment more and it is gone),
Oh, heart of mine!

Anon it fevers and it sinks anon,
While sinuous folds entwine.

Runnels of wine! Boy Bacchus's lush kind!

What time a May-day insect flits its span—

(Air chains to hold, and ropes of sand to bind!)

Rankle, and scan

Hot, seething verses, passion-charged, and find

A meaning if you can.

A BALLADE OF UNPROFITABLE SPECULATION.

OH, you on philosophy's page
The oracles skilled to explain,
Who obsolete tendencies gauge,
And reconstruct periods again,
Come, weigh us this loss with that gain,
Compare with the pessimist's curse
The optimist's jubilant strain,—
Is the world growing better or worse?

In progress of age after age,
The stage coach must yield to the train,
Now croquet, now golf is the rage,
Now rises Democracy's reign;
Now SHAKESPEARE gives place to H—L
C—E,

Fine prose is now turgid, now terse,
One's meat is another man's bane,—
Is the world growing better or worse?

Still strife on the world's mighty stage
The villain and hero maintain;
Still problems it offers the sage,
Still dreamers build castles in Spain:
The moon that now waxes will wane,
And pros and cons, when we rehearse
The question, bewilder the brain,—
Is the world growing better or worse?

Envy.

Nay, strive from the world but one pain,
One evil, at least, to disperse,
And let who will argue in vain—
Is the world growing better or worse?



A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

THE CZAR. "WELL, GOODBYE, MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE GOT SOME ONE WAITING TO SEE ME."
KAISER WILHELM. "NOT A MONEYLENDER, I HOPE?"
THE CZAR. "H.M! I'M AFRAID NOT."

THE PLAYS OF SHAWKSPEARE.

No I.—MCBETH.

READERS of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* may remember that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is at some pains to justify himself in a proface for writing a drama dealing with characters already used by SHAKSPEARE. He maintains that the intelligent play-goer, however much he may admire SHAKSPEARE, may reasonably desire, as time goes on, to see his plots and characters rehandled in the light of modern ideas. Sated with SHAKSPEARE, in fact, he clamours for SHAWKSPEARE. The tragedy of *Macbeth* is a crucial instance of the need for such revision. The deplorable lack of any trace of Scots idiom must entirely prevent it from being accepted as a realistic picture of the events it purports to recall. In the Shawkspearian version this defect has, it is hoped, been successfully overcome, while the five acts have been successfully compressed into two.

ACT I.—SCENE—Glamis Castle. MCBETH, who, it will be remembered, was Thane of Glamis, is discovered sitting by the fire in the great hall with a glass of whisky and water at his elbow. It is nearly midnight. Enter Lady MCBETH.

McB. Hoots, wife, are ye noe abed yet?

Lady M. 'Tis noe likely wi' DOONCAN an a' ben the house.

McB. Eh, woman, ye're jist puffit up wi' pride to hae the King o' Scotlan' to stop wi' ye.

Lady M. Aweel, 'tis a great honour.

McB. Ay, an' verra expeensive. Will he gang the morrow, d'ye ken?

Lady M. (dairly). I hope noe to see that morrow, guidmon.

McB. (taking some more whisky). Eh, wife, yer face is as a buke whaur mon may read strange matters.

Lady M. 'Tis verra like.

McB. At the same time I dinna ken why ye should noe wish to see him gane. 'Tis aye wastefu' to hae veesitors.

Lady M. (impatiently). Mon, mon, ye're nae better than a fule. What did the Weird Seesters say to ye when ye met them?

McB. They askit me for twa shillin'.

Lady M. And when ye gied it to them?

McB. They said I wad be Thane o' Cawdor an' King o' Scotlan'.

Lady M. Aweel, are ye noe Thane o' Cawdor?

McB. Ay, syn that puir body, CAWDOR, lost his head through takin' the wrang side in the war wi' Narroway.

Lady M. And wad ye nee like to be King o' Scotlan'?

McB. (waverin'). 'Tis a gran' poseetion.

Lady M. Ye shall hae it, guidmon! Ye shall hae it!

McB. (shaking his head). Woman, woman, I'm thinkin' ye're too ambeetious.



Visitor (to Model) "AND IS THIS ALL YOU DO FOR A LIVING, MR. BLOPHY?"
Model. "OH, NO, SIR, I COLLECT. WHAT MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF PUTTING YOU DOWN FOR?"

Lady M. (contemptuously). Are ye afeard?

McB. Nae, nae, I'm noe afeard. But I'm noe sae rash either.

Lady M. (still unappeased). Eh, mon, ye're a gey speeritless body. Ye'll be lettin' "I daur na" wait upon "I wad," like the puir bit pussie in the story-buke.

McB. (sulkily). I've as muckle courage as my neighbours.

Lady M. Then ye've a gran' gift for concealin' it.

McB. What wad ye hae me do? I canna murder DOONCAN. 'Twad be maist inhospitable.

Lady M. 'Twill noe be necessary. (Solemnly.) Do ye ken whaur DOONCAN sleeps the nicht?

McB. Nae.

Lady M. (triumphantly). In the haunted chamber.

McB. (alarmed). The haunted chamber? Hecht, woman, His Meejesty will noe like that.

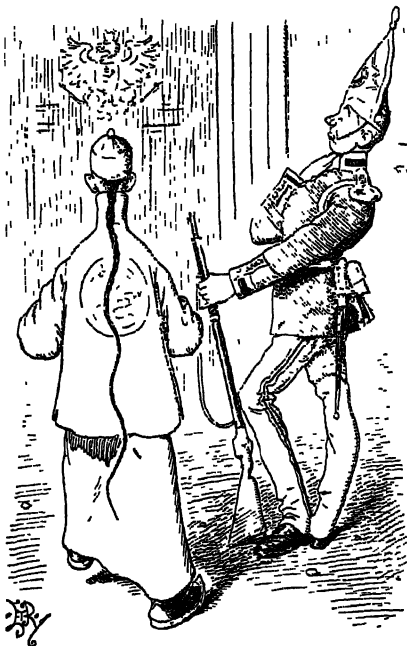
Lady M. Mon, mon, whaur hae ye left yer intelligence? If the Glamis Ghaist sees DOONCAN he'll shak' the life oot of him. An' then ye may tak' the crown for yersell.

McB. (struck with admiration at his wife's superior cunning). Eh, wife, but ye're a gran' woman.

Lady M. (complacently). I winna say nae to that. But whaur wad be the guid of havin' a bonnie braw ghaistie on the preemises if I couldna mak' use of him when we waur entertainin' strangers?

McB. (nervously). And ye noe think the King will be alive the morn and

A STUDY IN MILITARY DEMEANOUR TO ORDER.



BEFORE ALIGNMENT.



AND AFTER.

speirin' why he waur set to pass the night wi' a bogle?

Lady M. It's verra improbable.

McB. (doubtfully). The Thane o' Fife will hae somethin' to say aboot it a', I reckon. And if we fail—

Lady M. (interrupting this gloomy train of reflection). What talks o' failin'? Serever yer courage to the steeekin' place, mon, and we'll noe fail.

McB. 'Tis a gey awsom' thoct to set the family ghaist on yer lawfa' sovereign.

Lady M. (cheerfully). Ay, DOONCAN will hae a terrible time wi' oor Kelpie.

McB. (thoughtfully). BANQUO will be noe sac sorry to hawe me King o' Scotlan'.

Lady M. Are ye sure o' that?

McB. (nodding his head). The Weir Seesters were verra encouragin' to BANQUO. After the auld gaberlunzies had had twa guid shillin' fra me and had said I wad be King, mon BANQUO interruptit them verra unceevilly, speirin' if he wadna be King too. They said he wad noe be King, but his bairns wad be Kings after him.

Lady M. (philosophically). Awcel, ye maun just slit his weasend for him.

McB. Nae doot. But I dinna like the luke of it a'. (Shaking his head mournfully.) 'Twill be a dirty beesiness, I'm thinkin', a verra dirty beesiness. (Draws whiskey towards him absently.)

Lady M. (taking it from him). Ye've had enough, guidmon. If ye hae ony mair, ye'll be seein' daggers in the air and sic onwholesom' fulishness.

McB. Maybe I will. I've but a puir, sickly stomach. But eh, wife, 'tis a grimly thing to think of oor Kelpie gettin'

his teeth in the guid DOONCAN. He will hae noe muckle sleep the night, I reckon.

Lady M. (grimly). He will hae muckle sleep the morrow. But will ye noe gang to the haunted chamber and spy hoo frien' DOONCAN is speedin'?

McB. Hoots, wife, I canna spy through a brick wall, an' the door will noe be open.

Lady M. Ye might lcesten in the corridor.

McB. Eh, woman, ye're altogither too inqueositive. But I maun humour ye.

[Exit on tiptoe to investigate.]

Lady M. (calling after him in an ironical undertone). Wak DOONCAN wi' thy knockin'! Ye'll noe do that! Whisht, mon, can ye noe keep yer boots frae creakin'? (A pause. Then a scream is heard.) I'm thinkin' that will be the last o' frien' DOONCAN! (Re-enter McB., pale with terror.) Mon, mon, 'tis a gran' nicht for Glamis. DOONCAN skirled fine.

McB. (sinking into a chair). 'Twas noe DOONCAN that skirled. 'Twas I.

Lady M. (contemptuously). 'Twas a verra fulish proceedin'.

McB. (overcome with terror). Eh, woman, wadna ye hae skirled yersell if ye saw mon DOONCAN and oor Kelpie sittin' on the bed and havin' a frieky crack thegither? (Wailing.) Ohon, 'tis an awfu' sell for baith of us.

Lady M. 'Tis noe possible. How could ye see if the door waur noe open?

McB. I puttit my ce ahint the keyhole and there waur DOONCAN girning at oor Kelpie and oor Kelpie girning at DOON-

CAN like twa brithers. And then I rinnoed awa' skirlin'.

Lady M. (shaking him fiercely). Gang back, mon, and put yer knife in his innards.

McB. I daurna.

Lady M. Hoots, mon, hae ye nae proper pride?

McB. I hae as muckle pride as is reasonable. But I daur na face oor Kelpie!

(Curtain.)

AN IRREGULAR VERB;

Or, *More Liberties with the King's English.*

[“Where shall we week-end?”]

PRESENT.

I weekend.

Thou cheaptrippest.

He excurs (or, excurses).

We sharabang.

Ye start strong.

They end weak.

PAST (IMPERFECT).

I was southonding.

Thou wast blowing the expense.

He was handing a bottle round.

We were changing hats.

Ye were travelling back under the seat.

They were interviewing the beak.

PERFECT.

(*Not this journey.*)

PLUPERFECT.

(*No more this season.*)

SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may ostend.

Thou mayest marguerite.

He (or she) may show off on the Digue.

We may punt in the *Cercle Privé*.

Ye may propose to break the bank.

They may have to swim home.

IMPERATIVE.

Steward!

Let him wait!

Let's land somewhere, for goodness' sake!

Tickets, please!

All ashore!

INFINITIVE.

To beano.

PARTICIPLES.

Present: “Nothing to declare!”

Past: Fined £40 in the Custom House.

A. A. S.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

RATIONAL NATIONAL TELEPHONE.

It seems there is a chance at last

Of seeing something National.

The G.P.O.—tho' none too fast—

Shows inclinations rational.

And soon, perchance, the telephone

May cease to be contention's bone,

And in the future we may own

A service—International!



PUTTING THE OTHER FOOT IN IT.

Mother "ETHEL IS THE VERY IMAGE OF WHAT I WAS AT HER AGE."
 He "REALLY! I SHOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE!"
 He (seeing his error, and striving to rectify it). "OH—ER—I WAS FORGETTING WHAT A LONG TIME AGO THAT MUST HAVE BEEN!"

Mother (coldly). "MAY I ASK WHY?"

C. E. Brock. 1901.

MRS. MEDWIN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

III.

THE situation, before Miss CUTTER's return, developed in other directions still, and when that event took place, at a few minutes past seven, these circumstances were, by the foot of the stair, between mistress and maid, the subject of some interrogative gasps and scared admissions. Lady WANTRIDGE had arrived shortly after the interloper, and wishing, as she said, to wait, had gone straight up in spite of being told he was lying down.

"She distinctly understood he was there?"

"Oh yes, ma'am—I thought it right to mention."

"And what did you call him?"

"Well, ma'am, I thought it unfair to you to call him anything but a gentleman."

MAMIE took it all in, though there might well be more of it than one could quickly embrace. "But if she has had time," she flashed, "to find out he isn't one?"

"Oh ma'am, she had a quarter of an hour."

"Then she isn't with him still?"

"No, ma'am—she came down again at last. She rang, and I saw her here, and she said she wouldn't wait longer."

Miss CUTTER darkly mused. "Yet had already waited——?"

"Quite a quarter."

"Mercy on us!" She began to mount. Before reaching the top, however, she had reflected that quite a quarter was long if Lady WANTRIDGE had only been shocked. On the other hand it was short if she had only been pleased. But how could she have been pleased? The very essence of their actual crisis was just that there was no pleasing her! MAMIE had but to open the drawing-room door indeed to perceive that this was not true at least of SCOTT HOMER, who was horribly cheerful.

Miss CUTTER expressed to her brother without reserve her sense of the constitutional, the brutal selfishness that had determined his mistimed return. It had taken place, in violation of their agreement, exactly at the moment when it was most cruel to her that he should be there, and if she must now completely wash her hands of him he had only himself to thank. She had come in flushed with resentment, and for a moment had been voluble; but it would have been striking that, though the way he received her might have seemed but to aggravate, it presently justified him by causing their relation really to take a stride. He had the art of confounding those who would quarrel with him by reducing them to the humiliation of an irritated curiosity.

"What could she have made of you?" MAMIE demanded.

"My dear girl, she's not a woman who's eager to make too much of anything—anything, I mean, that will prevent her from doing as she likes, what she takes into her head. Of course," he continued to explain, "if it's something she doesn't want to do, she'll make as much as MOSES!"

MAMIE wondered if that was the way he talked to her visitor, but felt obliged to own to his acuteness. It was an exact description of Lady WANTRIDGE, and she was conscious of tucking it away, for future use, in a corner of her miscellaneous little mind. She withheld, however, all present acknowledgment, only addressing him another question. "Did you really get on with her?"

"Have you still to learn, darling—I can't help again putting it to you—that I get on with everybody? That's just what I don't seem able to drive into you! Only see how I get on with you."

She almost stood corrected. "What I mean is, of course, whether——"

"Whether she made love to me? Shyly, yet—or because—shamefully. She would have liked awfully to stay."

"Then why didn't she?"

"Because, on account of some other matter—and I could see it was true—she hadn't time. Twenty minutes—she was here less—were all she came to give you. So don't be afraid I frightened her away. She'll come back."

MAMIE thought it over. "Yet you didn't go with her to the door?"

"She wouldn't let me, and I know when to do what I'm told—quite as much as what I'm not told. She wanted to find out about me. I mean from your little creature; a pearl of fidelity, by the way."

"But what on earth did she come up for?" MAMIE again found herself appealing and, just by that fact, showing her need of help.

"Because she always goes up." Then, as, in the presence of this rapid generalization, to say nothing of that of such a relative altogether, Miss CUTTER could only show as comparatively blank: "I mean she knows when to go up and when to come down. She has instincts. She didn't know whom you might have up here. It's a kind of compliment to you anyway. Why, MAMIE," SCOTT pursued, "you don't know the curiosity we many of us inspire. You wouldn't believe what I've seen. The bigger bugs they are the more they're on the look-out."

MAMIE still followed but at a distance. "The look-out for what?"

"Why, for anything that will help them to live. You've been here all this time without making out, then, about them, what I've had to pick out as I can? They're dead, don't you see? And we're alive."

"You? Oh!"—MAMIE almost laughed about it.

"Well, they're a worn-out old lot, anyhow. They've used up their resources. They do look out. And I'll do them the justice to say they're not afraid. Not even of me!" he continued as his sister again showed something of the same irony. "Lady WANTRIDGE, at any rate, wasn't; that's what I mean by her having made love to me. She does what she likes. Mind it, you know." He was by this time fairly teaching her to know one of her best friends, and when, after it, he had come back to the great point of his lesson—that of her failure, through feminine inferiority, practically to grasp the truth that their being just as they were, he and she, was the real card for them to play—when he had renewed that reminder he left her absolutely in a state of dependence. Her impulse to press him on the subject of Lady WANTRIDGE dropped; it was as if she had felt that, whatever had taken place, something would somehow come of it. She was to be in a manner disappointed, but the impression helped to keep her over to the next morning, when, as SCOTT had foretold, his new acquaintance did reappear; explaining to Miss CUTTER that she had acted the day before to gain time and that she even now sought to gain it by not waiting longer. What, she promptly intimated she had asked herself, could that friend be thinking of? She must show where she stood before things had gone too far. If she had brought her answer without more delay she wished to make it sharp. Mrs. MEDWIN? Never! "No, my dear—not I. There I stop!"

MAMIE had known it would be "collar-work," but somehow, now, at the beginning, she felt her heart sink. It was not that she had expected to carry the position with a rush, but that, as always after an interval, her visitor's defences really loomed—and quite, as it were, to the material vision—too large. She was always planted with them, voluminous, in the very centre of the passage; was like a person accommodated with a chair in some unlawful place at the theatre. She wouldn't move, and you couldn't get round. MAMIE'S calculation indeed had not been on getting round; she was obliged to recognise that, too foolishly and fondly, she had dreamed of producing a surrender. Her dream had been the fruit of her need; but, conscious that she was even yet unequipped for pressure, she felt, almost for the first time in her life, superficial and crude. She was to be paid—but with what was she,

to that end, to pay? She had engaged to find an answer to this question; but the answer had not, according to her promise, "come." And Lady WANTRIDGE meanwhile massed herself, and there was no view of her that didn't show her as verily, by some process too obscure to be traced, the hard depository of the social law. She was no younger, no fresher, no stronger, really, than any of them; she was only, with a kind of haggard fineness, a sharpened taste for life, and with all sorts of things behind and beneath her, more abysmal and more immoral, more secure and more impertinent. The points she made were two in number. One was that she absolutely declined. The other was that she quite doubted if MAMIE herself had measured the job. The thing couldn't be done. But say it could be: was MAMIE quite the person to do it? To this Miss CUTTER, with a sweet smile, replied that she quite understood how little she might seem so. "I'm only one of the persons to whom it has appeared that you are."

"Then who are the others?"

"Well, to begin with—Lady EDWARD, Lady BELLHOUSE and Mrs. POUNCER."

"Do you mean that they'll come to meet her?"

"I've seen them, and they've promised."

"To come, of course," Lady WANTRIDGE said, "if I come."

Her hostess hesitated. "Oh, of course you could prevent them. But I should take it as awfully kind of you not to. Won't you do this for me?" MAMIE pleaded.

Her friend looked about the room very much as SCOTT had done. "Do they really understand what it's for?"

"Perfectly. So that she may call."

"And what good will that do her?"

Miss CUTTER faltered, but she presently brought it out.

"Of course, what one hopes is that you'll ask her."

"Ask her to call?"

"Ask her to dine. Ask her—if you'd be so truly sweet—for a Sunday, or something of that sort, and even if only in one of your most mixed parties, to Catchmore."

Miss CUTTER felt the less hopeful after this effort in that her companion only showed a strange good-nature. And it was not the amiability of irony. Yet it was amusement. "Take Mrs. MEDWIN into my family?"

"Some day when you're taking forty others!"

"Ah, but what I don't see is what it does for you. You're already so welcome among us that you can scarcely improve your position even by forming for us the most delightful relation."

"Well, I know how dear you are," MAMIE CUTTER replied; "but one has, after all, more than one side and more than one sympathy. I like her, you know." And even at this Lady WANTRIDGE was not shocked; she showed that ease and blandness which were her way, unfortunately, of being most impossible. She remarked that she might listen to such things, because she was clever enough for them not to matter; only MAMIE should take care how she went about saying them at large. When she became definite, however, in a minute, on the subject of the public facts, Miss CUTTER soon found herself ready to make her own concession. Of course, she didn't dispute them: there they were; they were unfortunately on record, and nothing was to be done about them but to—MAMIE found it, in truth, at this point, a little difficult!

"Well, what? Pretend already to have forgotten them?"

"Why not—when you've done it in so many other cases?"

"There are no other cases so bad. One meets them, at any rate, as they come. Some you can manage. Others you can't. It's no use—you must give them up. They're past patching—there's nothing to be done with them. There's nothing, accordingly, to be done with Mrs. MEDWIN but to put her off." And Lady WANTRIDGE rose to her height.

"Well, you know, I do do things!" MAMIE quavered with a smile so strained that it partook of exaltation.

"You help people? Oh, yes, I've known you to do wonders.

But stick," said Lady WANTRIDGE with strong and cheerful emphasis, "to your Americans!"

Miss CUTTER, gazing, got up. "You don't do justice, Lady WANTRIDGE, to your own compatriots. Some of them are really charming. Besides," said MAMIE, "working for mine often strikes me, so far as the interest—the inspiration and excitement, don't you know?—go, as rather too easy. You all, as I constantly have occasion to say, like us so!"

Her companion frankly weighed it. "Yes—it takes that to account for your position. I've always thought of you, nevertheless, as keeping, for their benefit, a regular working agency. They come to you, and you place them. There remains, I confess," her ladyship went on in the same free spirit, "the great wonder——"

"Of how I first placed my poor little self? Yes," MAMIE bravely conceded, "when I began there was no agency! I just worked my passage. I didn't even come to you, did I? You never noticed me till, as Mrs. SHORT STOKES says, 'I was 'way, 'way up!' Mrs. MEDWIN," she threw in, "can't get over it." Then, as her friend looked vague: "Over my social situation."

"Well, it's no great flattery to you to say," Lady WANTRIDGE good humouredly returned, "that she certainly can't hope for one resembling it." Yet it really seemed to spread there before them. "You simply made Mrs. SHORT STOKES."

"In spite of her name!" MAMIE smiled.

"Oh, your names—! In spite of everything."

"Ah, I'm something of an artist!" With which, and a relapse, marked by her wistful eyes, into the gravity of the matter, she supremely fixed her friend. She felt how little she minded betraying at last the extremity of her need, and it was out of this extremity that her appeal proceeded. "Have I really had your last word? It means so much to me."

Lady WANTRIDGE came straight to the point. "You mean you depend on it?"

"Awfully!"

"Is it all you have?"

"All. Now."

"But Mrs. SHORT STOKES and the others—'rolling,' aren't they?—don't they pay up?"

"Ah," sighed MAMIE, "if it wasn't for them——!"

Lady WANTRIDGE perceived. "You've had so much?"

"I couldn't have gone on."

"Then what do you do with it all?"

"Oh, most of it goes back to them! There are all sorts, and it's all help. Some of them have nothing."

"Oh, if you feed the hungry," Lady WANTRIDGE laughed, "you're indeed in a great way of business. Is Mrs. MEDWIN"—her transition was immediate—"really rich?"

"Really. He left her everything."

"So that if I do say Yes——"

"It will quite set me up!"

"I see—and how much more responsible it makes one. But I'd rather myself give you the money."

"Oh!" MAMIE coldly murmured.

"You mean I mayn't suspect your prices? Well, I dare say I don't! But I'd rather give you ten pounds."

"Oh!" MAMIE repeated in a tone that sufficiently covered her prices. The question was in every way larger. "Do you never forgive?" she reproachfully inquired. The door opened, however, at the moment she spoke, and SCOTT HOMER presented himself.

(To be continued.)

NOTE BY A HOUSEHOLDER.—"Oh, Mr. Coal, you are a funny man! You have gone up a shilling a ton, and yet the official statement is that while the cellars are being filled for the winter at the increased rate, the buyers need be under no apprehension. What price the other sellers?"

THAT FELLER'S DICTIONARY.

"Traduttori, traditori."

IN most countries and in most European languages there may be obtained pocket dictionaries by a German feller called FELLER. In form they are perfect, in type they are good, in the contents alone can any fault be discovered. The words—a not unimportant feature of a dictionary—are at times less useful than could be wished. This defect, however, is to be found in most dictionaries. Careful research reveals the method of this German feller in his English-Italian volume. The Highwellborn Mister Doctor Professor—apparently unacquainted with either language—has obtained the dictionary of JOHNSON and that of some Italian contemporary of the Great Lexicographer, and, selecting those words most impressive by their length or their rarity, has triumphantly produced, according to the title page, his "Third Stereotype Edition."

If GOLDSMITH, when he was wandering in Italy, had met GOLDONI, he might have appreciated the dictionary of the Herr Doktor. It must be admitted that there are a few anachronisms which clash with the words of the eighteenth century or earlier. "Railroad" for instance. Yet here the editor has done his best to be old-fashioned by choosing the word commonly used in England fifty years ago.

The captious tourist of to-day may grumble at a dictionary which entirely omits such words as cab, omnibus, cigar, cigarette, postage-stamp and telegram, and gives train, tunnel, porter, ticket and platform in a sense which no one requires. When he asks where the train is and finds that he has enquired the whereabouts of his retinue, or when he wishes for a railway ticket and is offered a receipt, he will grumble yet more at this odd FELLER: As for clothes, overcoat is overlooked altogether, but he will find "trossers" as a plural garment and "trouse" as a singular one—a decidedly singular one.

Of course, in a day or two any tourist learns the simplest substantives, but when he first looks for cigar or cigarette and finds neither, he may be annoyed to discover in their place such words as, churme, cicuration, ciliary and cineritious. "Churme, *rumore confuso*," is charming. Perhaps this odd FELLER, who

also gives gybe and gyre, had ideas of attempting a translation of *Jabberwocky*.

However, the tourist may not always grumble. Whenever he wishes to refer to them, and in ordinary conversation some tourists may do this often, he will always be able to find the Italian equivalents of xerocollyrium, xerophthalmia, xerotes, xiphias, xylobalsamum, xylographer and xyster. Though five of those seven words are medical terms, it must not be supposed that a feller-feeling has prompted Dr. FELLER—most probably not doctor of

and xerophthalmia, could ask for xerocollyrium and xylobalsamum anywhere.

Of course, one can get on very well in the larger Italian towns without even the few useful words provided by this remarkable dictionary. Usually chambermaids speak only the language of the country. But if at the Hôtel Danielli, in Venice, you ask for hot water or a cold bath in the purest Tuscan, or as near to it as you can manage, the chambermaid, being Swiss, will reply "I do not spik Italian; I spik English."

If the German feller contemplates yet another "stereotype edition," he might with advantage have it revised by the chambermaids at Danielli's. They know, perhaps, as much "English" as he. In remote places, as, for instance, Pieve di Cadore in the Dolomites, such linguistic attainments are rarer. The very obliging landlord and landlady of the hotel at Pieve di Cadore do not attempt one foreign word. The elderly cashier, Signor GASPARE VECELLIO, a descendant of TITIAN himself, is satisfied with the language of his immortal ancestor. Of the active and obliging staff, one waiter speaks some German, and one maid believes that she can speak French, and even English. The present writer heard her once conversing rapidly with an American lady, who believed that she also could speak French, and even English. Around them stood the proprietors, the staff, and casual loungers, lost in admiration at this linguistic display. Unfortunately the phrases known to the one were not apparently those known to the other. So, while French and English words flew about wildly, the Italian and American languages formed the backbone of the conversation. It is in such a town that one can use a pocket dictionary—but not the pharmaceutical philology of the

philosophic FELLER.

H. D. B.



Gentleman. "THAT LOOKS A WELL-BRED DOG."
Owner. "I SHOULD THINK HE WAS WELL-BRED. WHY, HE WON'T HAVE A BIT OF DINNER TILL HE'S GOT HIS COLLAR ON!"

medicine, but of philosophy, or possibly even of philology—to arrange his Wordsbook for dialogues with a surgeon or a chemist. Should the unhappy tourist catch a cold, he might as well lose his voice also, for he could never find words to explain his condition. If he went to an Italian chemist to buy some quinine, or a little vaseline, or a cake of carbolie soap, he must remain speechless for all the German feller would do to help him.

Only one sufferer—a case which is probably rare—could describe his complaints and obtain remedies. A xylographer, afflicted with a complication of xerotes

WHERE the French Ambassador has been put by the Sultan of Turkey—*à la porte*. Where the Sultan of Turkey has been placed by the French Ambassador—*à la Russe*.

SPORTING NOTE.—Early in September the British Government began Krausepotting.

A MOTTO NOT ALWAYS POPULAR AT THE WAR OFFICE.—"Tender and true."

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

"ECONOMY," said I, "is the art of saving five shillings at the expense of ten."

"I wish you would talk sense instead of trying to make epigrams," replied my wife. "But I suppose that is hardly to be expected of a minor poet."

The writing of occasional verses being among the various ways in which I pick up a somewhat precarious livelihood, GWENDOLEN is able, when put out, to apply to me this most opprobrious of epithets. I was silent.

"As I said before, when you were rude enough to interrupt me," GWENDOLEN continued, "it's quite time we began to study economy. Last year we made two hundred and fifty pounds, and spent—"

"Oh, that was Switzerland, darling."

"And the year before—"

"That was our honeymoon."

"This year, so far—" went on GWENDOLEN, doggedly, taking up the account book.

"My dear, I am sure you are quite right. Let us economise by all means. How do you propose to begin?"

"At the beginning, of course."

"And that is—?"

"Food. We must give up our butcher."

"But, darling—"

"In any case, VEAL says if you don't send him a cheque—"

"How irrational! When I've nothing in the bank!"

"Well, he says he won't leave another outlet—"

"Then you'd better say you'll withdraw your custom."

"But suppose I had to carry out the threat, would anyone else supply us?"

I had to admit that it was doubtful.

"Well," concluded my wife illogically, and abruptly returning to the point from which we had both unconsciously strayed, "you needn't talk about sticking to VEAL—"

"My dear, I suggested leaving him."

"Until you can find some editor to accept your masterpieces."

"Sarcasm," said I, "one expects from enemies; one puts up with it from friends; but from a wife—"

"Darling, I was horrid."

Intellectually I am to GWENDOLEN as a giant to a dwarf. She is a woman—I, a man. She scribbles the fashion column in the *Woman's World*, and sentimental stories for inferior magazines. I, on the other hand, in addition to verses, write Meredithian Novels and learned articles for—I do not say in—the great Reviews. Still, when GWENDOLEN comes and sits upon my knee and, putting her soft arm round my neck, gently pats my cheek with her plump little hand, I confess I am ready to concede any point she may ask me to agree to.



PHIL M.A. 1901

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.

Amateur Bowler (to Umpire). "HERE, I SAY! I CAN'T SEE THE WICKET. HOW CAN I BOWL HIM?"

Umpire. "FIRE AWAY! IF YOU 'IT 'IM IN FRONT, IT'S 'LEG BEFORE.' IF YOU 'IT 'IM BEHIND, IT'S A 'WIDE'!"

Having smoothed my ruffled susceptibilities by the familiar means, GWENDOLEN proceeded to disclose her plans.

"Instead of dealing any longer with VEAL and extortionate tradesmen, I mean to shop in the King's Road on Saturday night. Yes," continued GWENDOLEN, ignoring my lifted eyebrows, "I'm told you can get things for next to nothing. AUGUSTA says,"—AUGUSTA is our general—"that you can get exactly the same meat for twopence that VEAL charges a shilling a pound for. It's so much cheaper!"

"Is it?"

"A shilling is tenpence more than twopence."

"Nothing is twopence less than twopence."

"I've calculated," said GWENDOLEN, paying no attention to my frivolous suggestion, "that if we do our week's shopping on Saturday night, we'll save seven and sixpence. I have made up my mind—"

"My dear, that settles it. Run and put on your hat, and I'll come with you to carry home the Sunday dinner."

* * * *

(To be continued.)

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. II.—THE DUKE OF DONNYBROOK AND BOW.

(Continued.)

THE Duke, I should have said before,
 Although he liked the fair much,
 Lived all his life a bachelor,
 And didn't seem to care much.
 Though often tenderly inclined,
 And twice within an ace of
 Engagement rings, he failed to find
 A girl to make Her Grace of.
 He owed immunity from strife
 (And that was all he did owe)
 To this: he lived without a wife,
 And died without a widow.
 So, when the old man sank to sleep,
 We mourned for him the rather
 That not a son was left to weep
 The loss of such a father.
 Male relatives of all degrees
 He once had had by dozens,
 They all were doomed to predecease—
 His uncles, nephews, cousins.
 Throughout his life the Duke had been
 In almost ceaseless mourning:
 His cousins vanished from the scene
 Without a word of warning.
 Just as the Duke regained his smile
 And ceased to be condolent,
 One cousin met a lion, while
 Another plumed the Solent.
 A third up Monte Rosa went—
 It took him hours to win it.
 He made an unforeseen descent
 In less than half a minute.
 A fourth would chase the fox, and Fate,
 While he was chasing, chased him.
 She had a longish time to wait
 Before the jade outpaced him.
 She caught him girt with hunting folk,
 And, though he fain had missed her,
 A neck or nothing man, he broke
 The former with the Bicester.
 But why the fatal list pursue?
 I've given you a sample.
 To prove that what I say is true
 These instances are ample.
 All men who heard the story deemed
 The Duke unduly careless:
 In such a well-known Duke it seemed
 Unjust to be so heirless.
 At Court the news gave great surprise,
 But, though no doubt the KING wished
 That facts had shaped it otherwise,
 The Dukedom seemed extinguished.

Now mark the sequel; lay it well to heart.
 Note how the fortunes of great families
 And ancient houses hang upon a hair;
 How a mere chance may shatter them, and how
 A humble hand may 'stablish them again.
 The dead Duke's family solicitors
 Were Messrs. DEEDSWELL, GINNYFEE and RITTER,
 A well-known firm. They carried on their work
 Within the classic Fields of Lincoln's Inn.
 Much had they grieved when their old client died,
 Not idly, as a common man might grieve,
 But deeply with a poignant business-grief

As of three men who see a stream of wealth
 Dry at its source, and know not where to turn
 To find another half so bountiful.
 Never again would it be theirs to send
 Those stout half-yearly bills so promptly paid:
 So much "for writing you," so much again
 "For two attendances *re* Broseley Farm";
 "For taking your instructions" so much more;
 "For drawing deed"—you know the way it runs,
 With all its folios; "for engrossing same"—
 In short the items all set down that make
 Grist for the comfortable lawyer's mill.
 Never again! The thought made DEEDSWELL sad,
 And GINNYFEE was sad, and RITTER too.
 To them thus grieving came their Clerk, a man
 Bred to the law and by the law made keen.
 He, since the Duke had died, had made the case
 His own: full many a wakeful night he passed
 With all the dull and dusty documents
 Wherein was writ the story of the house.
 Much had he pored o'er ancient muniments,
 Had mastered all the records of the race,
 Their origin, their genealogy,
 Duly worked out in complicated trees.

Thus fortified and crammed and brimming o'er,
 He came before his gloomy principals,
 And at a nod from GINNYFEE he spoke:
 "Sirs, I assume that you are seized of all
 The salient points that mark this tragedy,
 For tragedy it is as all men know.
 I spare you their recital and proceed
 Straight to my point, the very point of points,
 Though noted by no mortal man before.
 It is recorded that the thirteenth Duke
 Was born in 1752; he died
 In 1820, having had two sons.
 One, who was born in 1785,
 Succeeded him as fourteenth Duke; with him
 We are not now concerned, but with his brother
 Born three years later, 1788.
 What of that Ducal scion, Gentlemen?
 How fared it with him? What became of him?"
 Hereat the heavy cloud on DEEDSWELL's face
 Lifted, and GINNYFEE was seen to smile.
 And RITTER said, "Proceed, young man, proceed!"
 "Lord ARTHUR BATTLEMORE," the Clerk went on,
 "(That was the young man's name) was very wild;
 A harum-scarum temper marked his acts.
 What then? Here comes the point: they shipped him off,
 When he was twenty-two, to Africa,
 And he was never heard of after that.
 Whether he lived or died, or if he married
 And reared a family, no man can say
 For certain—but I think we should enquire.
 For it may chance that in that torrid land
 Some grandson or great grandson yet may live.
 Should we not seek him? Must we not exhaust
 All means to find an heir to him we mourn?"
 He ceased, but his three principals broke out
 In exultation: never was there heard
 So great a noise from three solicitors.
 "Eureka!" DEEDSWELL cried; it was not true,
 But RITTER echoed him, and GINNYFEE,
 Swept beyond prudence, cried "Eureka!" too.

(To be continued.)

R. C. L.

ANGLO-FRENCH EXAM.—How would you epigrammatically
 express in English, "*Transmettant un cadavre sur un fourgon
 au cimetière*"? Satisfactory answer: A "Fourgon" conclusion.



AN AMBIGUOUS COMPLIMENT.

Miss Beekley. "I'M SO GLAD I'M NOT AN HEIRESS, MR. SOPER. I SHOULD NEVER KNOW WHETHER MY SUITORS WERE ATTRACTED BY MYSELF OR MY MONEY."
Mr. Soper. "OH, MISS BEEKLEY, YOUR MIRROR SHOULD LEAVE YOU IN NO DOUBT ON THAT SCORE!"

THE PLAYS OF SHAWKSPEARE.

No. I.—MCBETH.

ACT II.—SCENE, the hall at Glamis Castle.

TIME, the following afternoon. Lady MCBETH is sitting by the window darning a pair of trews. Enter MCBETH, looking depressed and slightly sulky.

Lady M. Is he gane?

McB. DOONCAN? Ay, an' winna come back sune, I'm thinkin'. Eh, woman, a purty mess ye've mad' wi' yer pliskies.

Lady M. Hoots, mon, wha waur to ken that DOONCAN and oor bit ghaistie wad be sae freendly?

McB. Ye should hae mad' siccar before ye puttit him to sleep in the haunted chamber.

Lady M. Did he say aucht about the matter?

McB. Nae, he jist said he had had a bonnie nicht's rest, ate his parritch, an' borrowed sax guid shillin' of me before he ganged awa.

Lady M. (anxiously). BANQUO didna gang wi' him?

McB. Nae.

Lady M. (much relieved). Aweel, 'tis noe sae bad if BANQUO hanna' left us.

McB. (irritably). I dinna ken what manner o' beenift that will be to us. Ilka mouth we hae to feed will cost us guid siller.

Lady M. (darkly). Ye need noe feed him for lang, guidmon.

McB. Hoo will that be?

Lady M. (impatiently). Hoots, mon, hae ye forgottit that ye maun kill BANQUO, or his bit bairns will be kings o' Sootlan'?

McB. (sullenly). I dinna see ony sort of uteelity in killin' BANQUO till we hae dune wi' DOONCAN.

Lady M. (contemptuously). Mon, mon, ye're nobbut a Stickit Murderer.

McB. (obstinately). I winna do it.

Lady M. (persuasively). Ye need na do it yersell, mon. Ye can gie a shillin' or twa to some pauchty cateran to do it for ye.

McB. (bursting into a rage). Hoots, woman, will ye ruin me wi' yer expeensive fancies? 'Tis a shillin' here an' twa shillin' there an' niver an end.

Lady M. (with great guile). Ye might borrow the monny frae BANQUO.

McB. (restored to good humour by the brilliancy of this suggestion). Hecht, wife, ye're a pawky woman. I'll noe say I winna do it after a'. Be off wi' ye an' leave me to gie the matter my atteen-tion. (Exit Lady MCBETH.) Borrow the monny frae BANQUO! 'Tis a gran' scheme. I maun mak' the expeeriment. Hi, JOCK! (Enter a servant.) Hae ye seen ony loiterin' cantrips hereabouts that wad cut a throttle if a mon askit them.

Jock. Ay, if ye paid them for their seervices.



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

(Our sporting French friend, voted dangerous, has been given a beat to himself.)

Chorus. "WELL, COUNT, WHAT LUCK?"

Count. "MAGNIFIQUE! I HAVE ONLY SHOT ONE! MAIS VOILÀ! QU'IL EST BEAU! THE KING PARTRIDGE! REGARDEZ SES PLUMES! N'EST CE PAS?"

McB. Fetch them hither, mon. (Exit JOCK.) Borrow the money! Wife, wife, ye're a wonderfu' woman!

[Interval. Curtain descends. Appropriate music on bagpipes. Five minutes allowed between the scenes.]

A SONG IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

WHY do you like my song, dearest?

Why do you love my tale?

Perhaps one or other was long, dearest,
But either I thought would fail,
Because story and song reflected
The light of a long long ago;

And in each I was once rejected
By someone you do not know!

ACT II.

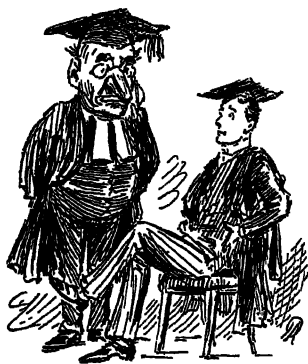
I know why you like my song, faithless,
I know why you love my tale,
It's because there is something wrong,
faithless,

In the legend that now is stale.
You liked the story and ballad
Because it brought back to you
The days when you made your salad
And the principal green in it rue.

And yet then poor I,
Who said "goodbye,"

Thought you, so vainly, true! oh, so
vainly true!

"A LITTLE LEARNING," &C.



Examiner. Translate "*Malade imaginaire*."

Candidate (briskly). Wild duck.

Exam. (taken aback). How do you arrive at that?

Cand. (confidently). Why, Sir, "*Mallard*" is a kind of duck.

Exam. (decidedly interested). That is so. And "*imaginaire*"?

Cand. Oh, that's one who "*imagines*"—"a bit off," "*dotty*"—so "*wild*." (*Conclusively.*) So "*Mallard imaginaire*" is "*Wild duck*." (*Candidate bowed out.*)

VIVE LE RUSSE!

Being a forecast of M. Edmond Rostand's Ode of Salutation from France to the Czar.

CHÉRI, you come!

Far on the faint horizon's curve,
A thousand patient telescopes observe
My love's approaching chimney-stacks!
The eager semaphore
Gesticulates with amorous arms,
Bidding the wide-mouthed cannon roar
Their glad alarms;
The clarion tootles and the urgent drum
Gives off its deep erotic rum-ti-tum;
Conscious of civic dues

M. le Maire,
Has his sublime discourse by heart;
Meanwhile the eloquent air
Breathes bunting; over Ocean's local surge,
Already teeming with vociferous smacks,
A haleyon calm, for this occasion, coos;
And I, your lonely love, emerge,
As by a swift sea-change,
From playing that most tedious part
Of Mariana in the Moated Grange.

For you the poet's fingers, all on fire,
Set to the sounding lyre
An ode replete with loyalty and laud;
For you our naval squadrons shall perform
The opening figure, well-rehearsed,
Of a descent on faithless Albion's coasts;
For you our captious boilers, overawed,
This once have undertaken not to leak;
For you our Infantry shall mass their hosts
In Grand Manœuvres splendidly antique;
For you our Cavalry shall burst
In one long rolling thunder-storm,
Reckless of umpires, onward to the death;
For you, with bated breath,
Our native Fowl shall curb his diddle-doo;
For you the Legion's buttons, and for you
Our Treasury shall contrive
A further loan for supplemental dower;
Yea and for you your love has gone
And put her best confections on,
Tremulous for the long-expected hour
When on this panting bosom you arrive!

Ah! may no blizzard intervene
To mar our mutual joys! no rain bedew
The scarf of tricolor, red, white and blue,

Lashed to your tunic with a true-love knot!
May no insensate submarine
(Pride of our fleet) grow restive 'neath the brine,
And, getting out of hand,
Puncture your bark below the water-line
Or ere you leap to land!
Oh, may no worthy red-cap *sansculotte*,
In pauses of the *Marseillaise*
Or Russian Anthem, prance
Indignant, or his lusty voice upraise
In language calculated to offend
Absolute Empire, visible in the friend
Of Freedom-loving France!

Dearest (and costliest),
Let me consider why I love you so;
What is the thought of you
That most particularly thrills
The nerves of this impressionable breast?
It is not merely your intrinsic charms;
Nor that you come with conquering arms
Straight from Manchuria where the Boxers grow
(Making such useful grist for my love's mills),
And, as the harbinger of wars to cease,
Consent to pass our warriors in review;
O no!
Not that you stand confessed
A "*little father*" to the Finns;
Nor that in culture and the arts of peace,
In every social scheme
To lavish liberty upon the thrall,
In every philanthropic plan
Conducive to the Brotherhood of Man,
We two would seem
To be inseparable twins:—
That is not all.
There is a cause, more delicate than these,
Why I intend to fly
Into your arms direct and grip you tight,
Why I am anxious even to engage
In open osculation on the quays;
It is for joy of Albion's jealous eye,
For pure delight
To hear her gnash her teeth in helpless rage.

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



IN *Love and His Mask* (HEINEMANN), MENIE MURIEL DOWIE tries what is for her a new method and makes a great success of it. The self-deception of *Lestie Rose*, a most engaging heroine, is elaborately worked out, and it has the merit of being convincing. Altogether a very clever novel brightly written, with just that amount of the Khaki flavour which rather more than "*half-suspected*" animates the whole."

The Baron once, and not so very long ago, suggested a series of "*Bogie Books*." Had this idea been caught up and acted upon by any spirited publisher—of course, only a publisher in conjunction with some "*spirit*" could adequately deal with what was a mere ghost of an idea—then RICHARD MARSH'S *The Joss: A Reverston* (F. WHITE & Co.) would at first sight, that is judging by its earlier chapters, be entitled to a place on the shelves devoted to "*Terrible Tales*" and "*Many Mysteries*." But at "*second sight*"—most appropriately used in dealing with this sort of work—the Baron qualifies his opinion, and says that if a "*Hanwell Bogie Series*" or a series of "*Muddle-Headed Mysteries*," were in existence, RICHARD MARSH'S romance ought to rank among its chiefest ornaments. After the earlier

chapters "O what a falling off is there!" It picks up again towards the finish, but 'tis only a fitful flash-in-the-pan illuminating a chapter or two, and then, without even a fizzle, it is gone. Better re-read WILKIE COLLINS'S *Moonstone* or EDGAR POE'S *Beetle*.

The Temple Classics (J. M. DENT & Co.) still continue their excellent course, with, apparently, undiminished "power of adding to the number." Among the very latest is the most charming and most ancient *Romance of the Rose* admirably translated and rhythm'd by F. S. ELLIS, from the original of GUILLAUME DE LORRIS and JEAN DE MEUN. This Romance was written before CHAUCER was "born or thought of." At the close of his interesting preface, Mr. ELLIS, referring to the "word-play," otherwise puns, in which JEAN DE MEUN, like SHAKESPEARE, delighted, is needlessly apologetic, though apologising in defiant tone, because quite sure of his ground when he says, "Good critic"—of course he only addresses himself to good critics—"ere you censure"—the Baron, going one better than 'good,' will not even find fault—"try your hand." Which is as much as to say, plainly, "take this up as a holiday task, my fine fellow, and see how you like it." Now the Baron did take the *Rose* up *quâ* holiday task, and liked it so much that it became temporarily his constant companion. *À propos* of this the Baron ventures on erratic rhyming paraphrase after the style of *Wandering Willie*:

"Good critic, ere you censure
Try your hand."
And then, sure,
You'll understand
How difficult the task hath been
So well by ELLIS done, I ween,
That nobody can deny it!
Or, if they do,
Then say I, "Pooh!
Let Somebody Ellis try it!"

W. LORRIS and JOHN CLOPINEL "flourished"—their memory is yet green and their leaves *immortelles*—"circa 1280 and 1270. Their work was first printed about 1475, having previously been partly translated by CHAUCER and another ("name! name!") about 1365: and here we are enjoying it, as fresh and as true as ever it was, in the Year of Grace 1901. *Litera scripta manet*. "Ah! don't they? Ra-ther!" cries the enthusiastic.

Horace at Cambridge (JOHN LANE), by OWEN SEAMAN. Delightful when all the world was young, and our poet the youngest of 'em! "*Sic te diva potens Cypri*," here adapted and headed "Of Naval Adventure," gives the keynote of the song and season. In future years will not the author chuckle over these lines of his—

"With the moon at full quarter we enter our quads
By an open ascent of the palings,
So little we reck of the wrath of the gods,
Or a Dean and his railings!"



C. L. STANGER.

He. "THE JOKE WAS, BOTH THESE GIRLS WERE HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH ME, AND I MADE THEM MADLY JEALOUS OF EACH OTHER."

She. "I WONDER YOU HAD THE FACE TO DO IT, MR. SPARKINS!"

Delightful escapades—to look back upon! Wonderful flights of poetry and fancy! "*Hæc olim*," &c. There's a spring-breezy lilt about these verses that inspires the musically-inclined with the desire of setting and singing them to his own composition, more or less original. Humour, quiet or buoyant, is of the essence of these Horatian imitations. Chants the Baron, previous to quaffing a beaker,

In this sparkling Moët
I drink, "O. S.,"
To your success
As Parodist and Poet!

And so the Baron pledges the Poet, drinking his jolly good health, and signs himself his friend and well-wisher,

THE BARON DE B.W.

"STATISTICS OF POPULATION."—The President of the Economic Science and Statistics Section of the British Association (a difficult combination of words for the convivial scientists after the banquet) gave statistics which had been taken for him. Summed up, this speech was an example of "Taking and Giffen."

'ARRY IN PARER.—Look 'ere! Why is beetroot as good as a wife to a Frenchman? I don't ask you to give it up, 'cos you'll guess it if I don't tell you. Well, it's like this: 'cos beetroot is the Frenchy's better 'arf. See? Say I can't speak the lingo? Go on!

LOVE'S OMISSION.

I HAVE whispered my love to the bright stars above,
 To the mountains!
 To the echoing hills, to the murmuring rills,
 To the fountains!
 In woodland and vale I've unfolded my tale
 Of devotion;
 Not a meadow or grove but's aware of my love—
 My emotion!

I have spoken as well to each flower in the dell,
 The bees ranging
 My passion reveal as the honey they steal,
 Sweets exchanging.
 And the stream as it flows all my ecstasy knows,
 Ah, sweet feeling!

To the air, to the sky, my love secrets am I
 All revealing.

To the moon shining bright I have breathed my delight,
 Ah, my passion!

All below, all above, I've informed of my love
 In a fashion;
 But though I have cried my desire far and wide,
 I'm afraid I
 Have yet to impart the true state of my heart—
 To the lady!

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

Sunday morning.—Good weather or bad weather, and taking the rough with the smooth, and an unfair proportion of the rough without the smooth, we sight Christiansand. Cool on board: but on shore, melting, scorching! So, except first to have a stroll and see, as the conversation books have it, "the fine streets," "the good shops," and to note the particularly cleanly appearance of Christiansand and its delightful air of Sunday-like repose, more remarkable than in any sea-side place in Scotland that I can call to mind, we, that is, two of us at least, after a stroll, are glad to return to the ship and there remain with our books and conversation, diversified by the leisurely exercise of occasionally promenading the deck. WORTLER, perfectly recovered from effects of roughish night, and impelled by vigorous reaction, has been early ashore, and, with all the zeal of a First Discoverer, has, as I learn afterwards, seen most of what there was to be seen within a radius of twenty miles, has made the acquaintance of several Norwegian families (by whom he had been invited to stay or at least revisit them as early as possible) and is now, when reappearing on deck, after at least five hours ashore, quite ready to play a "speaking part" as a thorough Norwegian, having picked up and mastered so much of the language as might be necessary to his purpose within the short leave of absence granted by the Captain. Then, after bidding cheery farewells to many of our companions who are going away on shooting and fishing expeditions, waving adieux to others remaining on the pier to see us off, the *Orlando* starts for Christiania.

So delightful a sail round the coast from Christiansand to Christiania, that at night the concert party is able to give a varied entertainment. Re-appearance of WAGSTAFF, who, unasked, gives us a song or two. This is very thoughtful of him, as it decides in the negative, once and for all, the question as to whether he should be requested to perform on some future occasion. WORTLER, on excessively pressing invitation, gives us a telling recitation from BRET HARTE that brings tears to the eyes of the ladies and would have spread rather a gloom over the company generally, but for the Captain, who, after publicly thanking WORTLER, forthwith restores our spirits by himself contributing considerably to the harmony of the meeting and thus setting us all going again quite merrily.

Monday morning, Christiania.—Arriving, We are much struck by the lightness, brightness, and bustle of the place. It is very early, and seems as if the curtain had just risen on the opening scene of an opera, all "movement" and market chorus. Landing-stage-management excellent. Carts and open voitures ("vogns" according to the Cook-ery Book's vocabulary) everywhere. Likewise tramcars all over the principal streets. A network of them. OSCAR is King of Sweden and Denmark. The 'os is disappearing, except for voitures and wagons, and only the car remains. Why not change title to *King Tramcar the First*. And with this witticism, his last on the present occasion, WAGSTAFF disappears from the scene. He is on a fishing expedition, and the "first thing I have to catch," he says, "is a train." So "*exit WAGSTAFF*," and may joy and jokes go with him!

Thought I should see some *carioles*, of which species of conveyance much has been heard, likewise a few *slotkjarres*, awaiting us. To my great disappointment, none are in evidence, only the usual sort of open fly to hold four, generally driven by most respectable-looking coachmen, infinitely superior to the majority of *cochers* in Paris, and to our "growler cabbies" in London. Also, within my travelling experience (which in a short time is considerable, as the weather, on the occasion of our visit, is so overpoweringly hot in Christiania, worse even than in Christiansand, that I refuse to walk as long as a cab or a tram can be obtained), I am bound to say that never anywhere have I known cabmen so polite or so honest as these of Christiania. "Honest, my Lord? Aye, honest: for to be honest as this world goes is to be as one man picked out of ten thousand." *Hamlet* the Dane must have had the *élite* of *vogn*-drivers in his eye at that moment.

The coachmen we employed never overcharged, stuck exactly to the tariff, never once asked for a "*pour-boire*," were most civil and polite in their manner, and, on more than one occasion, when, through want of familiarity with the coinage, we had accidentally overpaid our driver, he took off his hat most courteously, shook his head, *handed back the surplus*, and was about to drive away, when, as in courtesy bound, we pressed the extra fifty "*olre*" (about half a franc) on his acceptance, whereupon, this noble descendant of a line of Norwegian Vikings who had driven their enemies out of the land, smilingly accepted the gratuity, bowed, and rattled away with a light heart and empty trap.

"Rattled!" Oh, the rattling of everything with wheels over the awful big-stoned pavements of these streets! If any one wants to have a "real rattling time of it," let him go to Christiania and drive about in any vehicle, no matter what. When in one of these traps, and going slow or fast, speaking is difficult, talking impossible. There are some quiet streets, but they are very few and very far between within the cab radius of the town. If there were any, they are lost to memory in the rattle and jolting of the *vogn* over the stones. "Rattle his bones Over the stones, Driving about In one of their *vogns*!"

In fact, never take a cab unless, by staying in the town, you have become acclimatised to the noise, but employ the trams, which are swift, sure, and comparatively—only comparatively, mark you—noiseless.

What strikes one first and most forcibly in Norway, that is, at least, in Christiania, is the civility, which is beyond mere politeness, of everybody towards "the stranger within their gates." In Christiania a Londoner, accustomed to travel at home and abroad, will marvel at the entire absence of beggars. Anyone attempting to beg is "downed upon" at once by the wary police (the streets are well but not obtrusively police'd), and therefore the professional beggar's occupation is gone, although a few may be seen, as I am informed, here and there holding out their hats as receptacles for coin, but not uttering a plaint. Of these, within three days' time and going about—walking, or driving, or in tram,—pretty well everywhere, I, personally, saw only one single example.

The trams are first-rate, except for noise. As for distance, they go up-hill, a pretty steep but gradual ascent, to Holmen Kollen, viâ Majorstuen (a *trajet* of about an hour or so), where there is a huge restaurant, a hotel in case you want to stay the night, and tables whereat the visitors may sit and refresh themselves as they gaze on the beautiful panoramic view of the islands, town and harbour, the outlines occasionally blurred by rising haze. The return journey takes about half an hour, as the electric tram does "the double" on the downward way—a real *facilis descensus*—back to Majorstuen.

I am not now writing a guide to Christiania, but simply mentioning the town as the objective of a trip from London to anyone who cannot spare more than ten days for a holiday, and would like to spend six of those on river, sea, and fiord, starting from Tilbury.

Avis aux Voyageurs.—If you cannot get in at the Grand Hotel, Christiania, go to the Victoria. Put up at the one, or put up with the other. The Grand, however, for choice, as it is in all respects quite up to latest date. There may, perhaps, be other hotels in Christiania equally as good as the Grand, but none, I feel sure, superior.

Should you have time you may discover many a *café* where you can procure a bottle of light wine, excellent, at a *kronin* (i.e. thirteen pence halfpenny), for which at any "first-class" hotel you will be charged two *kronin* and a-half.

I am not aware of there being an early closing movement in Christiania; at all events, there are no signs of it as, at past midnight, after quitting the restaurant, we are rattled back, with occasional swervings of the vehicle, caused by the wheels gripping the interlacing tram-lines, to the Hotel Victoria.

THE SUBMERGED SUBURBS.

[A correspondent in the *Times* suggests that sea-water should be taken in at Brighton, stored in the Crystal Palace heights, and thence distributed all over London.]

O PRINCE of bold projects, that seem
Our wonderful period to crown!
At last they are broaching a scheme
For bringing sea-water to town.

No more in cheap trains shall we ride,
In quest of far distant sea shores,
Since here is a plan to provide
The ocean itself at our doors.

Soon Dalston with Margate shall vie,
Ozone it will give us to sniff,
And outlying suburbs supply
Sea-breezes refreshing and stiff.

Lo! henceforth Victoria Park
The whiff of the briny inhales;
There swims to the Zoo the stray shark,
The Serpentine's teeming with whales.

To win for the public this prize—
Sea-water in London at will—
It needs but a plan to devise
To get it to travel uphill.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—A sight to be seen frequently in towns in times of great excitement, but never to be met with in the country, i.e. "Ugly Rushes." In the low-lying lands they are always picturesque, and, bending to the breeze, most graceful.

"VACCINATION Concerts," as mentioned recently in the *Times*, ought to have something very "taking" about them. How appropriate would be the old Scotch song, "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?"



Vicar's Daughter. "OH, MRS. UPTON, DO YOU KNOW I AM GOING TO LADY RACEBY'S GARDEN PARTY NEXT WEEK?"
Mrs. Upton. "REALLY, DEAR? I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY IT. BUT THEY TELL ME THAT LADY RACEBY IS SO MUCH LESS EXCLUSIVE THAN SHE USED TO BE!"

THE MOTOR 'E'S A MAD 'UN.

(With apologies to the Author of "The Liner she's a Lady.")

THE Motor 'e's a mad 'un as 'e 'urls 'isself along,
The Driver 'e's a bad 'un, and 'e thinks 'e's goin' strong!
But, oh, the frightened 'orses that trot down the crowded street,
They're just the same as you and me a-walkin' on 'our feet!
Walkin' thro' the street, sonny, anywhere you like,
Or, perhaps, a-ridin' by on a dandy bike;
Anything for motion! but our nerves it numbs—
Dodging down the street, sonny. Look out! 'Ere 'e comes!

The Motor 'e's a mad 'un by the smell 'e leaves be'ind,
And raises mud and dust enough to strike a creature blind;
The Driver 'e's a bad 'un, for 'e merely winks 'is eye,
But, oh, the kerridge 'orses! they are plugin' fit to die.

The Motor 'e's a mad 'un with 'is yellow painted sides,
The Driver 'e's a bad 'un; twenty mile a hour 'e rides!
But, oh, the pantin' 'orses that are 'itched to cab or 'bus,
They've got to do their business first, and not make any fuss.

The Motor 'e's a mad 'un, and if a war should come
The Driver what's a bad 'un would leave 'is Car at 'ome;
But, oh, the frightened 'orses that in a 'bus is tied—
They'd 'ave to up and fight, they would, for they are England's pride.

The Motor 'e's a mad 'un, but if 'e wasn't out
There still would be the 'orses for to carry folks about.
The Driver 'e's a bad 'un, but if 'e didn't drive
'E wouldn't be the terror of such folks as is alive!

Folks as is alive, sonny, anywhere you like,
Walkin', cartin', bussin', cabbin', ridin' on a bike;
Anything for motion! but our nerves it numbs—
Dodging down the street, sonny. Look out! 'Ere 'e comes!



Surgeon. "FEET SORE, EH? WHERE DO THEY HURT YOU MOST?"
 Private. "WELL, SIR, IT AIN'T SO MUCH WHEN WE'RE ON THE MARCH; BUT WHEN WE'RE 'ALTED IT'S SOMETHIN' DREADFUL, SIR!"
 Surgeon. "OH, INDEED! WELL, THE NEXT TIME YOU HALT, YOU JUST MARK TIME!"

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

I COME from haunts of grouse and hare,
 And, free from worldly burdens,
 I linger in dear Berkeley Square,
 Or loiter round the Durdans.

I roam by some Italian lake,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And into twain my party break
 Whene'er it tries to rally.

And next I widen up the breach,
 Since I can do no better,
 With here and there a little speech,
 And here and there a letter.

A score of papers curse me well,
 A dozen sing my praises,
 And half-a-hundred posters tell
 My very latest phases.

I draw my followers along,
 I make still fresh seceders,
 I mingle those cross-currents strong
 That fret unhappy leaders.

Then in again I go, and laugh,
 To hide my cerebellum
 Mid many a tome of stately calf
 And many a tome of vellum.

I sit, I sigh, I gloom, I groan
 Of new Imperialism;
 I plough my furrow all alone,
 I sow the seeds of schism;

But out again I come, and lo!
 Men cease expecting never,
 For CAMPBELLS come and HARCOURTS go,
 But I go on forever.

WHIFFLETON'S BOGEY.

A Story with a Moral.

I.

WHIFFLETON was a good fellow—not a genius, an hereditary omission that gladdened the hearts of his friends, but—a genial, reliable, easy-tempered chap, with just a few foibles to redeem his character from virtuous insipidity. When, however, WHIFFLETON returned from his summer holiday, it was clear that something had happened. He was gloomy and taciturn, and used to leave the club at some disgracefully early hour. We were deeply concerned about him and hazarded various explanations as to the change.

"I didn't like the way he sipped his whisky last night," said MULLET in a melancholy tone. "It seems to me the chap's drifting towards—why, hang it, you know, I believe he's actually falling into—teetotalism."

"Pooh," remarked GREGSON. "You're too morbid, MULLET." GREGSON rarely advanced any view of his own, but made a point of pooh-poohing other people's views. "Depend upon it, WHIFFLETON'S moodiness, whatever it arises from, has nothing to do with that."

"The explanation's easy enough," said the Colonel. "Six weeks in south-west Cornwall, and liver to follow. Oh, nothing but liver could have made him so glum last night, when I told that dreadfully funny story—you remember?"

The others assented hastily.

"I still think," asserted MULLET, "that he's meditating some fad. There's absolutely no reason why a bachelor of forty, with £5,000 a year, and excellent health, and—er—dashed good friends, should mope, unless he had got some silly whim into his head."

"Only two things make a sane man mope—liver and love," put in the Colonel, and he knocked out his pipe with an air of finality. "If it isn't liver, it's the other thing."

"Not a bit," said GREGSON, with a Burleigh-like shake of the head. "None of the usual signs."

"What are the usual signs?" enquired MULLET, with a sudden thirst for information.

But GREGSON was not to be drawn.

At this moment WHIFFLETON came up.

"Well," he said, "you all look worried and just a thought disputations. What is it—the War?"

"No, my boy, khaki-ing care of another kind," replied the Colonel, with a snigger.

WHIFFLETON rounded on the speaker in an unexpected blaze of anger.

"What on earth has come over you?" interposed MULLET. "That's what we want to know!"

(To be concluded.)



Bernard Partridge.

THE WOLVES OF ANARCHY.

Friday, September 6, a murderous attempt was made on the life of the President of the United States by an avowed Anarchist.

[“It is not to be wondered at that people in the United States are talking loudly of the necessity of stamping out the organisation which breeds such men and such deeds, in every shape and form.”—*Times*, September 9. . . . President MCKINLEY died 2 A.M. Saturday, September 14.]

CUB HUNTING.



1. "AH, MY BOYS," SAID PERCY JOHNSON, "GIVE ME A GOOD OLD HURRY AND SCURRY—HEIGH O' GEE WHOA!—OVER THE DOWNS AND THROUGH THE BRUSHWOOD AFTER THE CUBS. SO, EARLY IN THE MORNING AS YOU LIKE. WHAT CAN BE MORE EXHILARATING?"

2. SO, IN HAPPY ANTICIPATION OF THE MORROW'S MEET, HE RETIRED.



3. LATER, AT A LITTLE AFTER 4 A.M., THE OLD BUTLER AND GENERAL MAN-SERVANT CAME TO ROUSE HIM. "SIR!" A PAUSE. "SIR!" ANOTHER PAUSE. "SIR, TH' OSSSES BE VERY NIGH READY!" UNCERTAIN VOICE FROM WITHIN—"EH? GOOD-NIGHT! REMEMBER TO CALL ME EARLY IN THE MORNING!"

4. SNORING RESUMED IN INFINTUM. STILL, PERCY LOOKED RATHER SHEEPISH LATER ON, WHEN THE OTHERS PRETENDED THEY HAD MISSED HIM ON THE ROAD, AND INQUIRED WHETHER HE HAD FOUND THE MORNING AS EXHILARATING AS HE HAD EXPECTED.

MORE ANTIQUITIES FOR LONDON LOCAL MUSEUMS.

(See "Punch," Sept. 4.)

ANNOTATED LIST OF EXHIBITS, CONTINUED.

"Domestic Servant (Mummy)." An extremely rare and finely-preserved specimen of a vanished class, whose extinction dates from 1901 A.D. It is therefore of the highest interest to the anthropologist and the comparative anatomist. Its duties are now performed, perhaps more effectively, by the automatic "general" and the electric dumb-waiter. When alive, it commanded the salary of a prima donna, and towards the close of its career was engaged by the Syndicate Halls to give exhibition performances in the now obsolete arts of plate-smashing and "giving notice."

"Semi-circular Wooden Framework—probably a so-called 'Paddle-box.'" We

have here, no doubt, part of the strange craft, propelled by steam, which plied between landing-stages on the Thames at irregular intervals from 1840 until well within the twentieth century, when they gradually fell to pieces. This portion was dredged up from the river-bed, when the foundations for the new half-tide lock at Westminster were being laid.

"View of an Advertisement-Hoarding (early Edwardian). About this period there was a remarkable craze for covering up every available elevation with crude designs in flaring colours, mostly on behalf of sundry nostrums and condiments. The sums spent on these "posters" (as they were termed) increased to such an extent that there were, at last, no funds left to produce the wares advertised, and the mania, therefore, died a natural death.

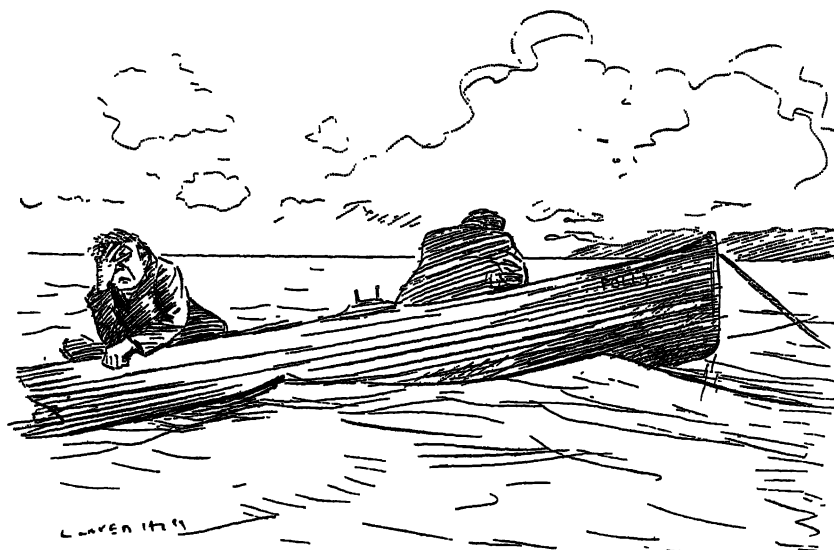
"Model of Street Excavations." The chief amusement of the "authorities"

(who these were could never be ascertained), at the beginning of the Tube and Telephone Era, was to hand over the most important thoroughfares to gangs of navvies, with instructions to investigate the nature of the London subsoil, to search for pre-historic finds, to shift every pipe encountered, and to lay as many others as possible, with the maximum amount of inconvenience to passengers and householders. This state of things continued until a general collapse of houses along the Strand and elsewhere engulfed the workmen and contractors in a ready-made and well-merited grave.

ON DIT.—"Not for years," says the *Westminster Gazette*, "has such good sport been enjoyed among the grouse." Doesn't this look as if the grouse were thoroughly enjoying themselves?

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"WE HAVE FED OUR SEA FOR A THOUSAND YEARS."—*Kipling.*

THE CRUISE OF THE SABRINA.

III.—A LADY OF COCKLES.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Waterford, Saturday.—Hitherto thought of Waterford chiefly in connection with dear old (perennially young) DICK POWER, who represented it in the House of Commons for many years, distraught between his duties as Whip of the Parnellite party and his passion for hunting. Also, Waterford contributed Major O'GORMAN to Westminster. Alack! the Nationalist party of to-day has no successor to either. But Waterford still has its Suir, one of the finest waterways in the kingdom. BOBS has often dreamed of it, whether on his way to Kandahar or Pretoria. He is a Waterford "boy," descended on the distaff side from a Huguenot family that settled here little more than three hundred years ago.

"His great-grandfather lived in Patrick Street," said a friendly sergeant of police in a coat adorned with much-frayed frogs, whom we met by the old French church. "He was an architect and had twenty-four children."

The sequence was not inevitable, but it satisfied our philosopher and friend with the frayed frogs.

"Just the two dozen," he added, complacently.

Certainly one more or less would have spoiled the symmetry of the family circle.

"He was buried here and his French wife too. Also his son and his wife, both of this parish. Himself" (meaning BOBS) "will come here at the end of his last march."

May the day be far off!

Meanwhile it is to be hoped that when it dawns the official who has charge of the key of the church will not be away on his holiday. He is so enjoying himself just now, and consequently, to the genuine distress of our friend with the frogs, we can't see the interior of the ruined edifice. Why a gentleman in charge of a church door-key, presumably of considerable size, should pack it up in his portmanteau when he goes for his annual holiday is one of those things the simple Saxon cannot understand.

Content, perforce, with feasting the eye on the beautiful tower, first seen as we reached our moorings, its dainty outline standing out amid the squalid shops and warehouses flanking the quay. Founded in 1240 as a Franciscan Friary, HENRY THE THIRD richly endowed it. Not much of the structure left to-day; the ruins closed in on all sides by mean modern habitations. What remains is a precious possession, illustrating afresh the familiar lesson that whilst the march of civilisation shows most things better done in the twentieth century than in Plantagenet times, we have lost by the way the art of architecture.

In the afternoon drove across country—there and back eighteen miles—to Woodstown Strand. On the way, passed the residence of Lady CAREW, who charmed the court of CHARLES THE TENTH of France with her pretty face and her Irish poplin frock. In her 108th year she is still, SARK says, a formidable hand at chess.

On the beach made a charming acquaintance. She was about four feet five high,

and fully half the measurement in circumference of the waist. Her costume was tailor-made to the extent that its variety was largely composed of odds and ends from a series of male wardrobes. Her age might be sixty. In a face tanned to mahogany hue twinkled a pair of laughing eyes. Her voluminous skirts did not droop far below her generous knees. Presumably from motives of economy she wore only one garter. From the leg whose turn to wear the garter was not to-day something that was originally a sack, and now served as a stocking, drooped to her heel. This negligence displayed what at first sight might have been taken for a highly-polished mahogany bedpost; but was otherwise. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

She had spent the morning in picking cockles, digging them out of their retreat in the wet sand with virile forefinger. Her treasure was displayed at the bottom of a small much-mended sack.

"What fine cockles," I exclaimed, with polite desire to open conversation with a lady to whom I had not been formally presented.

"Deed, yer Honour," she said, fondly dipping her hands in the heap and dropping their fulness back into the sack, "they're fit for *anny* society."

With this recommendation, we bought the lot and carried them back to Waterford in the well of the outside car. An excellent breakfast dish.

Queenstown, Sunday.—Moored close by H.M.S. *Howe*. After breakfast the blue-jackets and marines, dressed all in their best, muster for inspection on the snowy decks. We can see the captain and his chief officers passing down the lines. The band begins to play; the music, wafted by a light western breeze, floats around the yacht. Pretty to see how the sea-gulls, for hours circling and shrilly chattering in the space between the man-of-war and the yacht, become mute, and, settling down on the water, beat time to the music as they rise and fall on the swell of the sunlit sea.

THE MOTOR CAR.

AIR—"The Low-back'd Car"

WHEN first I saw sweet PEGGY,

'Twas on an Autumn day,

A motor car she drove and got

In everybody's way.

It made such hay of blooming grass

When blind'ring off the road,

It went o'er stones

With grunts and groans,

I thought it would explode.

As she sat in the motor car,

We shouted from ever so far,

"Hallo there! I say!

Get out of the way

Of that Juggernaut motor car!"



"FLEECEUM-SUPER-MARE" IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

[From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.]

MRS. MEDWIN.

BY HENRY JAMES.

IV.

SCOTT HOMER wore exactly, to his sister's eyes, the aspect he had worn the day before, and it also formed, to her sense, the great feature of his impartial greeting.

"How d'ye do, MAMIE? How d'ye do, Lady WANTRIDGE?"

"How d'ye do again?" Lady WANTRIDGE replied with an equanimity striking to her hostess. It was as if SCOTT's own had been contagious; it was almost indeed as if she had seen him before. Had she ever so seen him—before the previous day? While Miss CUTTER put to herself this question her visitor, at all events, met the one she had previously uttered.

"Ever 'forgive'?" this personage echoed in a tone that made as little account as possible of the interruption. "Dear, yes! The people I have forgiven!" She laughed—perhaps a little nervously; and she was now looking at SCOTT. The way she looked at him was precisely what had already had its effect for his sister. "The people I can!"

"Can you forgive me?" asked SCOTT HOMER.

She took it so easily! "But—what?"

MAMIE interposed; she turned directly to her brother. "Don't try her. Leave it so." She had had an inspiration; it was the most extraordinary thing in the world. "Don't try him"—she had turned to their companion. She looked grave, sad, strange. "Leave it so." Yes, it was a distinct inspiration, which she couldn't have explained, but which had come, prompted by something she had caught—the extent of the recognition expressed—in Lady WANTRIDGE's face. It had come, absolutely, of a sudden, straight out of the opposition of the two figures before her—quite as if a concussion had struck a light. The light was helped by her quickened sense that her friend's silence on the incident of the day before showed some sort of consciousness. She looked surprised. "Do you know my brother?"

"Do I know you?" Lady WANTRIDGE asked of him.

"No, Lady WANTRIDGE," SCOTT pleasantly confessed, "not one little mite!"

"Well then, if you must go—!" and MAMIE offered her a hand. "But I'll go down with you. Not you!" she launched at her brother, who immediately effaced himself. His way of doing so—and he had already done so, as for Lady WANTRIDGE, in respect to their previous encounter—struck her even at the moment as an instinctive if slightly blind tribute to her possession of an idea; and as such, in its celerity, made her so admire him, and their common wit, that, on the spot, she more than forgave him his queerness. He was right. He could be as queer as he liked! The queerer the better! It was at the foot of the stairs, when she had got her guest down, that what she had assured Mrs. MEDWIN would come did indeed come. "Did you meet him here yesterday?"

"Dear, yes. Isn't he too funny?"

"Yes," said MAMIE gloomily. "He is funny. But had you ever met him before?"

"Dear, no!"

"Oh!"—and MAMIE's tone might have meant many things.

Lady WANTRIDGE, however, after all, easily overlooked it. "I only knew he was one of your odd Americans. That's why, when I heard yesterday, here, that he was up there awaiting your return, I didn't let that prevent me. I thought he might be. He certainly," her ladyship laughed, "is."

"Yes, he's very American," MAMIE went on in the same way.

"As you say, we are fond of you! Good-bye," said Lady WANTRIDGE.

But MAMIE had not half done with her. She felt more and more—or she hoped at least—that she looked strange. She was, no doubt, if it came to that, strange. "Lady WANTRIDGE," she almost convulsively broke out, "I don't know whether you'll

understand me, but I seem to feel that I must act with you—I don't know what to call it!—responsibly. He is my brother."

"Surely—and why not?" Lady WANTRIDGE stared. "He's the image of you!"

"Thank you!"—and MAMIE was stranger than ever.

"Oh, he's good looking. He's handsome, my dear. Oddly—but distinctly!" Her ladyship was for treating it much as a joke.

But MAMIE, all sombre, would have none of this. She boldly gave him up. "I think he's awful."

"He is indeed—delightfully. And where do you get your ways of saying things? It isn't anything—and the things aren't anything. But it's so droll."

"Don't let yourself, all the same," MAMIE consistently pursued, "be carried away by it. The thing can't be done—simply."

Lady WANTRIDGE wondered. "'Done simply'?"

"Done at all."

"But what can't be?"

"Why, what you might think—from his pleasantness. What he spoke of your doing for him."

Lady WANTRIDGE recalled. "Forgiving him?"

"He asked you if you couldn't. But you can't. It's too dreadful for me, as so near a relation, to have, loyally—loyally to you—to say it. But he's impossible."

It was so portentously produced that her ladyship had somehow to meet it. "What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know."

"Then what's the matter with you?" Lady WANTRIDGE laughed.

"It's because I won't know," MAMIE—not without dignity—explained.

"Then I won't either!"

"Precisely. Don't. It's something," MAMIE pursued with some inconsequence, "that—somewhere or other, at some time or other—he appears to have done; something that has made a difference in his life."

"'Something'?" Lady WANTRIDGE echoed again. "What kind of thing?"

MAMIE looked up at the light above the door, through which the London sky was doubly dim. "I haven't the least idea."

"Then what kind of difference?"

MAMIE's gaze was still at the light. "The difference you see."

Lady WANTRIDGE, rather obligingly, seemed to ask herself what she saw. "But I don't see any! It seems, at least," she added, "such an amusing one! And he has such nice eyes."

"Oh, dear eyes!" MAMIE conceded; but with too much sadness, for the moment, about the connections of the subject, to say more.

It almost forced her companion, after an instant, to proceed.

"Do you mean he can't go home?"

She weighed her responsibility. "I only make out—more's the pity!—that he doesn't."

"Is it then something too terrible—?"

She thought again. "I don't know what—for men—is too terrible."

"Well then, as you don't know what 'is' for women either—good-bye!" her visitor laughed.

It practically wound up the interview; which, however, terminating thus on a considerable stir of the air, was to give Miss CUTTER, the next few days, the sense of being much blown about. The degree to which, to begin with, she had been drawn—or perhaps rather pushed—closer to SCOTT was marked in the brief colloquy that, on her friend's departure, she had with him. "You'll see if she doesn't ask me down!" he had immediately said.

"So soon?"

"Oh, I've known them, at places—at Cannes, at Pau, at Shanghai—to do it sooner still. I always know when they will. You can't make out they don't love me!" He spoke almost plaintively—as if he wished she could.

"Then I don't see why it hasn't done you more good."

"Why, MAMIE," he patiently reasoned, "what more good could it? As I tell you," he explained, "it has just been my life."

"Then why do you come to me for money?"

"Oh, they don't give me *that*!" SCOTT returned.

"So that it only means then, after all, that I, at the best, must keep you up?"

He fixed on her the nice eyes that Lady WANTRIDGE admired. "Do you mean to tell me that already—at this very moment—I am not distinctly keeping you?"

She gave him back his look. "Wait till she has asked you. And then," MAMIE added, "decline."

SCOTT—not too grossly—wondered. "As acting for you?"

MAMIE'S next injunction was answer enough. "But before—yes—call."

He took it in. "Call—but decline. Good."

"The rest," she said, "I leave to you;" and she left it, in fact, with such confidence that, for a couple of days, she was not only conscious of no need to give Mrs. MEDWIN another turn of the screw, but positively evaded, in her fortitude, another visit from that lady. It was not till the third day that she waited upon her, finding her, as she had expected, tense.

"Lady WANTRIDGE will—?"

"Yes—though she says she won't."

"She says she won't? O—oh!" Mrs. MEDWIN moaned.

"Sit tight, all the same. I have her."

"But how?"

"Through SCOTT—whom she wants."

"Your bad brother?" Mrs. MEDWIN stared. "What does she want of him?"

"To amuse them at Catchmore. Anything for that. And he would. But he sha'n't!" MAMIE declared. "He sha'n't go unless she comes. She must meet you first—you're my condition."

"O—o—oh!" Mrs. MEDWIN'S tone was a wonder of hope and fear. "But doesn't he want to go?"

"He wants what I want. She draws the line at you—I draw the line at him."

"But she—? Doesn't she mind that he's bad?"

It was so artless that MAMIE laughed. "No. It doesn't touch her. Besides, perhaps he isn't. It isn't as for you—people seem not to know. He has settled everything, at all events, by going to see her. It's before her that he's the thing she will have to have."

"Have' to—?"



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

Mistress. "How is this, MARY? READING—AND THE CAKES BURNING IN THE OVEN!"
 Mary. "VERY SORRY, MUM; BUT I WAS SO INTERESTED IN KING ALFRED'S MILLINERY!"

"For Sundays in the country. A feature. The feature."

"So she has asked him?"

"Yes—and he has declined."

"For me?" Mrs. MEDWIN panted.

"For me!" said MAMIE on the doorstep. "But I don't leave him for long." Her hansom had waited. "She'll come."

Lady WANTRIDGE did come. She met in South Audley Street, on the 14th, at tea, the ladies whom MAMIE had named to her—together with three or four others; and it was rather a master-stroke for Miss CUTTER that, if Mrs. MEDWIN was modestly present, SCOTT HOMER was as markedly not. This occasion, however, is a medal that would take rare casting; as would also, for that matter, even the minor light and shade, the lower relief, of the pecuniary transaction that Mrs. MEDWIN'S flushed gratitude scarce awaited the dispersal of the company munificently to complete. A new understanding indeed, on the spot, rebounded from it, the conception of which, in MAMIE'S mind, had promptly bloomed. "He sha'n't go now unless he takes you." Then, as her fancy always moved quicker for her client than her client's own: "Down with him—to Catchmore—when he goes to amuse them. You," she comfortably declared, "shall

amuse them too." Mrs. MEDWIN'S response was again rather oddly divided, but she was sufficiently intelligible when it came to meeting the intimation that this latter would be an opportunity involving a separate fee. "Say," MAMIE had suggested, "the same."

"Very well. The same."

The knowledge that it was to be the same had perhaps something to do, also, with the obliging spirit in which SCOTT eventually went. It was all, at the last, rather hurried—a party rapidly got together for the Grand-Duke, who was in England but for the hour, who had good-naturedly proposed himself, and who liked his parties small, intimate and funny. This one was of the smallest, and it was finally judged to conform neither too little nor too much to the other conditions—after a brief whirlwind of wires and counterwires, and an iterated waiting of hansoms at various doors—to include Mrs. MEDWIN. It was from Catchmore itself that, snatching a moment on the wondrous Sunday afternoon, this lady had the harmonious thought of sending the new cheque. She was in bliss enough, but her scribble none the less intimated that it was SCOTT who amused them most. He was the feature.

THE END.

AT COMPIÈGNE.

AN IMPOSSIBLE CONVERSATION.

(From our Special Prophet.)

Exalted Personage. Quel luxe! Sont-ils aimables, vos compatriotes! Ce qu'ils ont prodigué d'objets d'art! On dirait un musée. Vraiment j'ai peur de toucher à des choses si merveilleuses. Eh bien, messieurs, allons nous asseoir quelques instants après notre petite promenade. Nous avons un bon quart d'heure sans revue, sans réception, sans discours. J'ai envie de me reposer.

dessus. Envoyez chercher des pantoufles, donnez-moi un tire-botte, et apportez-moi cette chaise-là. Elle est ancienne?

A. Ah, Sire, très peu de chose. Une chaise de DIANE DE PORTIERS. Nous allons ôter les bottines de Votre Majesté.

E. P. Pas du tout. Je préfère un tire-botte.

A. Parfaitement, Sire. Voici le tire-botte du Grand Monarque, et les pantoufles de Votre Majesté.

E. P. Ça va bien. Maintenant je traverse votre tapis sans rougir de honte. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ce fauteuil?

A. Le fauteuil, Sire, de NAPOLEON I^{er}.

E. P. C'est tout ce que vous avez comme journal? Est-ce que vous avez un livre quelconque?

A. Il y a huit cents volumes à la disposition de Votre Majesté. Il y a la *Chanson de Roland*, très beau manuscrit, et les *Sonnets* de PÉTRARQUE, qui appartenaient à CATHERINE DE MÉDICIS.

E. P. Très, très intéressants, j'en suis sûr. Mais, si par hasard vous aviez quelque chose de plus moderne?

A. Parfaitement, Sire. Les *Œuvres* de VOLTAIRE, en quatre-vingt-dix-sept volumes.

E. P. Malheureusement je n'ai pas le



HARRY'S SON'S HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES. No. I.—PARIS.

(Drawn all by himself, and signed "Harry's Son.")

Attendants (of the Protocol). Votre Majesté daignera-t-elle entrer par ici? C'est la bibliothèque de Votre Majesté.

E. P. Volontiers. Mais quel tapis superbe!

A. C'est un tapis, Sire, qui appartenait au Grand Mogol.

E. P. Vraiment! Et le prix? Est-ce qu'on a jamais calculé ça?

A. On ne sait pas au juste, Sire. Peut-être cinquante mille francs.

E. P. Combien de mètres du Trans-Sibérien! Je vais dire ça à DE WITTE. Et moi je rentre du parc en bottines pour traverser ce tapis-là?

A. La France le jette aux pieds de Votre Majesté.

E. P. Mais moi je ne veux pas marcher

E. P. Et l'autre?

A. Celui de LOUIS XVI., par RIESENER.

E. P. Encore des objets précieux. Voulez-vous avoir la bonté de m'apporter un fauteuil moderne, sans aucune valeur, sur lequel j'ose m'asseoir. Merci bien. Je peux regarder ce beau mobilier à mon aise. Ce bureau?

A. Par BOULLE, Sire.

E. P. Et la pendule?

A. Par FALCONET, Sire.

E. P. Ce que ça représente, le mobilier de cette chambre! Combien de vers du Trans-Sibérien! Et nous n'avons pas le sou. Eh bien, je vais lire un instant. Donnez-moi un journal.

A. Votre Majesté daignera-t-elle lire les premiers numéros du *Mercur de France*?

temps. S'il y avait peut-être quelque chose d'amusant?

A. Votre Majesté daignerait-elle lire les *Fables* de LA FONTAINE, première édition?

E. P. Ah, je les connais bien! Tout ce qu'il y a de plus admirable. Cependant, je voulais dire un livre, un je ne sais quoi, de plus actuel, un roman en effet.

A. Ah, Sire, un roman! En voici un, qui appartenait à ROBESPIERRE. *Paul et Virginie*.

E. P. Ravissant! Je serais enchanté. Seulement, messieurs, le petit quart d'heure est passé. Il faut nous en aller. Ce sera pour une autre fois. En attendant, prêtez ce roman à LAMSDORFF. (Eveunt.)

H. D. B.

BARL.

THE name of the city, called by the *Times* "Basel," which is German, and by other papers, "Bâle," which is French, or "Basle," which is no modern language at all, is pronounced by every Englishman so as to rhyme with "snarl." Why not spell it accordingly?

The meekest person who goes to Barl by way of Mülhausen would certainly snarl before he got there. Why everyone should be turned out of the train to pass through the German Custom-house, when the train is on German territory for only half an hour, is incomprehensible to anyone but a German official. Those who are going on in the train might be allowed to remain in it. A Custom-house officer might walk through if absolutely necessary. But they are all turned out, ladies or invalids, old or young. After the solemn German officials have gazed solemnly through their spectacles at the handbags, the umbrellas, the rugs and similar untaxed articles, the passengers are solemnly released and solemnly put back in the train, the solemn station-master gives the signal of departure, and within half an hour they are again, to their great relief, beyond the frontier of the fussy Fatherland.

Barl is one of those nice, restful places—like Berlin, or Barcelona, Budapest, Bath, or Brighton—where the stranger can leave his *Baedeker* at the hotel and go out for an aimless stroll without doing any sight seeing at all, because, in fact, there are hardly any sights to see. Berlin, Barcelona, Budapest and, perhaps, Bath are superior in the matter of attractions, but, as regards rest from sight-seeing, Barl is, of course, completely cut out by Brighton, which contains no objects of interest whatever. However, few large towns could compete with Brighton in this respect.

As everyone knows, there is in Barl an excellent hotel, which Prince CHUN and his attendants have ample time to appreciate. For an hotel in a large town it has one remarkable attraction. In the rooms overlooking the Rhine there is perfect quiet. No traffic over cobblestones at daybreak, no belfry next door, no railway station opposite, no arguing early in the morning, no singing late at night. There is a soothing splash of the water against the piers of the bridge, and that is all. It has only one defect. The proprietor does not reckon for unexpected arrivals. At *déjeuner* or dinner five hungry Germans, or ten hungry Americans, will suddenly come in, and upset all the calculations of the cook. Then ensue fearful pauses. Opposite me, one morning, sat three elderly Frenchpeople, two men and a lady. The *entre-côte* comes to an end. My neighbours and I wait twenty minutes till a fresh supply



Chorus of excited Otter-hunters. "TAIL HIM, MAJOR! TAIL HIM!"

Major (who has been beguiled into going Otter-hunting). "FIRST YOU SHOUT 'HEAD HIM!' THEN 'TAIL HIM!' CONFOUND IT, SIR, DO YOU SUPPOSE I CAME OUT TO PLAY PITCH AND TOSS IN THE MIDDLE OF A BEASTLY STREAM?"

[The ambition of an otter-hunter is to catch the otter by the tail.]

arrives. Then one of the old Frenchmen, who has, meanwhile, consumed a large helping, sees his, and seizes his, opportunity. "*Le plat!*" he cries, and has a second quantity. But when we reach the cheese, fortune has turned. Then the Frenchpeople wait, but not patiently. They are inconsiderate, for Gruyère is a rare delicacy in Switzerland. Their lamentations and complaints are incessant. One of the old gentlemen even claims my sympathy across the table. "*Vous avez été la victime de l'entre-côte, monsieur, et moi je suis la victime du fromage.*" But there is no envy between us now; we are brothers in misfortune.

Away by the train to Paris, which starts at 10.22. It is there, at the platform, a quarter of an hour before. In the waiting-room stand all the passengers, looking at the empty train, but kept back by one puny official till it is actually past 10.20. Then with one frantic rush they are allowed not quite two minutes to take their seats for a journey of over eight hours. Any less stupid people would have swept away that puny official long ago. Of all the senseless arrangements of all the sleepy Swiss there is no arrangement which reaches such a depth of stupidity as this one.

H. D. B.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. II.—THE DUKE OF DONNYBROOK AND BOW.

(Concluded.)

THEY appointed a Commission to report with proper care,
On the possible survival of an unsuspected heir.
The instructions that they gave them were exhaustive and
concise,

"If he lives," they wrote, "just find him, and you needn't mind
the price.

Through the Continent of Africa your duty you'll discharge:
It's a bigish stretch of country, so the order's rather large.
Still, the task you're undertaking is ineffably sublime,
And we don't intend to hamper you or limit you in time.
Fare you well; do all you can, Sirs; and, wherever you may go,
Think of England, think of duty, think of Donnybrook and Bow."

I may spare you the recital of a lot of deeds they did;
And some painful things they suffered in oblivion may be hid.
But I can't forbear to mention that they learnt to speak with
ease

Many queer and tricky lingoos and the dialects of these.
When upset upon the Pungwe they were saved for fame and us
By the opportune arrival of a hippopotamus
Who took in the situation and conveyed them from the wreck,
Clinging tightly to salvation by his rather massive neck.
Then they wandered through Sahara, traced the Congo to its
source;

Took the Niger in a steam-launch, and were wrecked again, of
course;

Did a trip or two from Cairo, where they lingered for a while,
And conversed with all the fellahs whom they found about the
Nile.

They discovered that an eight-oar isn't equal for a bump
To that desert-ship, the camel, with a saddle on his hump,
And that missionary fillet or explorer barbecue
Isn't always used for dinner in the wilds of Timbuctoo.
Their adventures in the forests make a formidable list:
They were shot at by the Pigmies, but were fortunately missed;
And they learnt by having suffered how your courtesy it tries
To be entertained by Bushmen or be feasted on by flies.
Kaffirs, Hottentots and Zulus, Matabeles, Portuguese,
Fuzzy-Wuzzies, men of Benin and the savage Ashantees,
Every tribe they plied with questions as to whether they had met
Any man whose brow seemed fitted for a ducal coronet.
Failure, failure, always failure! And the months went slipping
by,

And no clue appeared to gladden their investigating eye—
Till one day on Lake Nyanza, as they paddled their canoe,
They were greeted by a negro with a cheery "how-de-do?"
When they heard these words in English—oh, the magic of that
tongue!—

All this middle-aged Commission felt at once supremely young.
They approach him, and their Chairman with a joyful eye
perceives

On his chest the ducal birthmark of a strawberry *with leaves*!
In his hut he kept his records: all the amulets were there,
All the marriage-lines and tokens that can make a man an heir;
And they found that, though a black man, he could trace—and
did with glee—

To a line of Dukes in England quite a flawless pedigree.
So they cabled home to London, "We have found the heir alive;
He's great-grandson to Lord ARTHUR, and his age is twenty-
five.

We have packed the proofs securely, and shall start with him
to-night.

He has very pleasant manners, but he isn't very white."

The sixteenth Duke of Donnybrook and Bow,
George Alured Augustus BATTLEMORE,

Marquis of GOLDSTONE, Earl of BALLYHINCH
In Ireland's peerage, Baron STRUAHAN
In Scotland, and I know not what beside,
Dwells in the Castle that his ancestor,
The Great Red Duke, built centuries ago.
Oh, what a scene that was when he returned
To claim his own and be an English peer.
Rumour preceded him and spread the news,
And all the country-side was set agog.
The tenants all were there, a goodly crowd,
Stout, comfortable farmers and their wives,
Peasants in smocks, and stablemen, and grooms,
And footmen with their well-developed calves;
The Parish Council with its Chairman too,
And all the children from the village school,
The Rector at their head; he had prepared
A long congratulatory address,
And meant to read it to the coming Duke.
At last there rose a shout, "He comes, he comes!"
And lo! the County Yeomanry appeared
A-clatter up the ducal avenue.
Dragoons they were, a set of burly men
On burly horses—a terrific sight.
Behind them whirled the family barouche,
Drawn by four spanking greys, and in it sat
The Duke, the object of all men's desires.
"He's black," said farmer HOBBS, "as black as black.
I never seed a Duke like that afore."
But Mrs. HOBBS opined you couldn't look
For everything to please you: there must be
A sort of give and take: and thus to carp
At colour was a-lying in the face
Of Providence that had restored the Duke.
Then the whole multitude broke out in cheers;
The carriage stopped, and so the Rector spoke:—
"Your Grace," he said—hereat the black Duke smiled—
"We have assembled here to welcome you.
Before the ancient mansion of your race
We greet you, for we know that you will show
The virtues that have marked your loyal house
In Church and State, and on the tented field.
From that far country where you had your home,
You bring the——" here the Rector paused and
coughed,
And grew embarrassed; he had meant to say
"The white flower of a blameless life," but now,
Noting the ducal ebony, he thought
The words were tactless, so he slurred them o'er,
And passed to other things, and made an end.
The Duke replied—he had been coached with skill—
Leapt from his carriage, shook a thousand hands,
And all men said, "How affable!" and all
Their wives and daughters, as they saw him pass,
Observed his smile and much admired his teeth.
And now, beloved of all, he holds his rule.
Society acclaims him; he is seen
At every meeting of the Primrose League;
Opens bazaars, and rides to hounds, and shoots.
And though he sometimes shocks the staid folk
With intempestive laughter, or with songs
And dances of a savage character,
These faults are venial, and his neighbours own
They are such eccentricities as Dukes
May use at will, and none the less be Dukes.
P.S.—The *Morning Post* announces this:
"We are informed a marriage is arranged
Between the Duke of DONNYBROOK and BOW
And Lady ANGELINA, only child
Of GEOFFREY, Marquis of FITZALTMONT."

R. C. L.



A DRASTIC MEASURE.

Old Lady (to District Visitor). 'It's my 'ead that's been troublin' me so, Miss, but the doctor he says, 'You take these 'ere pills and you'll soon shake it off!''

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

ACT II.—(Continued.)

Re-enter JOCK, ushering in two Murderers. Their appearance shows them to belong to the lowest branch of their profession.

McB. Guid mornin' frien's.

First Murderer. Same to you, Gov'nor.

McB. Ye're noe frae Scotlan', I'm thinkin'?

Second Murderer (decidedly). You may take your oath of that.

McB. Aweel, I hae a triffin' bit o' beesiness ye might care to do for me.

First Murderer (brusquely). How much?

McB. I'm comin' to that. Do ye ken a canty Scot ca'ed BANQUO?

First Murderer. Long-legged chap with sandy whiskers? I know the party.

McB. If ye will rin yer knife across his throttle ye shall hae half the monny ye find in his pockets.

Second Murderer (sarcastically). And hand you the other half? Not good enough.

First Murderer. Not by a long chalk.

McB. I think it a verra handsome offer.

First Murderer. I dare say. Where'd we be if he hadn't anything in his pockets? We know Scotland!

McB. What wad ye tak' to settle him for me?

First Murderer. Half-a-sovereign.

Second Murderer. Apiece.

McB. 'Tis a braw sum, I'm thinkin'.

First Murderer. Not at all. Dirt cheap.

McB. Will ye tak' sax shillin'?

First Murderer (much hurt at the suggestion). Look here, Gov'nor, I said half-a-sovereign. And when I say half-a-sovereign I mean half-a-sovereign.

McB. Will ye noe tak' feeftteen shillin' between ye?

First Murderer (sternly). Half-a-sovereign.

Second Murderer. And Beer money.

McB. (disgusted). Mon, mon, ye're verra avareecious.

First Murderer. It's the Union rate, Gov'nor. We daren't take less.

McB. Whisht, whisht! yon's mon BANQUO walkin' thro' the planteetion. Gang after him, frien's. Ye shall hae the monny.

First Murderer. Shake hands on it, Gov'nor! I thought we should come to terms. [Exeunt Murderers stealthily.]

McB. (to himself). The puir feckless bodies noe to hae thoct of askin' for payment in advance! Wha iver heerd o' sic fullishness. A canny Scot wad hae pocketit his monny before puttin' a hand to the beesiness. But there's nae reckonin' wi' Southrons. (Re-enter Murderers, each adorned with a black eye.) Hae ye kilt him?

First Murderer (savagely). I should rather think so.



"BILL, CAN YER LEND ME TWOPENCE?"

"WOT A SILLY QUESTION TER ARST! WHY, IF I 'AD TWOPENCE, WOT 'UD I BE DOIN' STANDIN' OUTSIDE A PUBLIC 'OUSE?"

Second Murderer. And a tough job we had of it.

McB. Aweel, ye've twa bonnie black een to show for it.

First Murderer. You needn't remind us of it. Where's the whisky?

Second Murderer. And the blunt?

McB. (ignoring the second suggestion, but handing whisky). Did ye find a braw lot o' siller on him?

First Murderer (sulkily). What's that to do with you? Just you give us our wages and don't ask questions.

[Helps himself and mate to whisky.]

McB. Eh, mon, ye're verra unceevil.

Second Murderer. We are that. So hurry up with that sovereign.

McB. (defiantly). And if I winna?

Second Murderer (producing knife and handling it meditatively). There'll be another throat cut in Bonnie Scotland.

McB. (taking out purse sullenly). Tak' the monny, ye murderin' ne'er-be-lickits and let me see the hinders o' ye. [Exeunt Murderers with money]. I ought to hae dune the killin' mysell. 'Twad hae been mair eeconomical.

[MCBETH sits down by the hearth saddened by this reflection. JOCK lays supper for three. Presently Lady MCBETH enters. She and her husband seat themselves at table. Music pianissimo as curtains close on Part 2, Scene 2, Act II. An interval.]

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

IX.—THE "ETERNAL CITY" SECTION.

[The author, in attempting to follow Mr. HALL CAINE in his latest flights of actuality, wishes to cast no sort of reflection upon any extant Monarch or Official of State whom he has found it convenient to introduce for the purposes of Art.]

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—It was the dawn of a new century, practically contemporary with the present. By an edict of the young, pale King EPAMINONDAS I., this unusual event was to be marked by the inauguration of a colossal scheme for restoring the Parthenon. A Jubilee Procession to the Acropolis had been arranged with a view of reviving the splendours of the ancient Panathenaic festival. All Athens had been notified to attend.

2ND, 3RD.—In the great Square (*plateia*) of the Constitution a vast and motley crowd was assembled. Here was the Athenian Demos, ever ready, as in the days of the Christian Era, to see something new. Politicians of the café (*estiatoria*) might be seen sipping their sweet *masticha*, or munching Greekish delight (*glukumi*) inlaid with pistachio nuts. In the midst of animated conversation, they were telling the beads of their secular rosaries, as occupation for their restless hands. Here were shepherds from distant Nomarchies, Slavs from Boeotia, Roumanians from Acarnania, clad in capotes of goat's-hair, or red vests and baggy trousers, green and blue. Here were Albanian peasant-women in long shirts with brodered sleeves and leather girdle, and the glint of sequins in their hair. Here were local Demarchs swelling with importance; there a street Arab crying his *sigarocharto* (cigarette papers) at 25 *lepta*, or about 2½d. the packet; or a newspaper-boy shouting *Ephemeris!* or *Astu!* (the names of party-organs). There again was an archmandrite rubbing elbows with a parish Papá in his conical hat, long hair and dark gown; and, mixed with these, the foreign tourist, recognisable by his alien speech and appearance.

4TH.—On the balcony of the Prime Minister's Palace, overlooking the Square of the Constitution, the flower of Athenian beauty and chivalry had gathered, along with the Ministers accredited from the various European Courts, the Vatican amongst them. They were greeting one another in terms of aristocratic familiarity, such as *Kale mera* (good day), or *yásou* (your health!) From group to group flitted the charming Princess VEVIFWISKI, a Russian blonde with cockatoo plumes rising from a Parisian toque, now tapping a General of Cavalry with her lorgnette, now ogling an attaché behind her fan. Scandal was the topic of the hour.

5TH.—In an adjoining salon the Prime Minister, M. RALLIPAPIA, having dismissed his Cabinet and the *corps diplomatique*, was now closeted with the Heads of the Army, the Navy, and the Auxiliary Forces, the Chief of Police, the Mayors of Athens and the Piræus, the Directors of the Foreign Schools of Archæology, and the Commandante of the Fire Brigade. The face of the Premier, who was faultlessly dressed with a crimson peony in his button-hole, was that of a man habituated to command, and unscrupulous in the methods by which he attained his ends.

6TH.—"You, gentlemen," he said, turning to the Archæologists, "have guaranteed the stability of the ruins of the Acropolis during to-day's ordeal, earthquakes excepted; I do not anticipate a *fracas* in any other quarter. But,"—and here he fixed a sombre eye upon the various officials grouped about him—"at the first sign of disturbance, I have only to fire the cannon on my Palace-roof, connected with my watch-fob by the MARCONI system, and you will at once block the passes to Eleusis and Marathon, hock the horses in the *hipposiderodromi* (tramways), blow up the suburban lines, turn the municipal hose on to the main squares and streets, and arrest every one who cannot establish his identity by the name on his shirt-collar."

"*Malista, Kyrie* (certainly, honoured Sir)," replied the officials, as they bowed themselves out backwards.

7TH.—Meanwhile, a thrill of tense expectation animated the brilliant company that thronged the reception rooms. Suddenly, up the stairs of Pentelican marble, ornamented with low prehistoric reliefs, came a penetrating whiff of ottar of patchouli, followed almost immediately by a full round figure, with a face radiant as a lark, and dewy as Aphrodite fresh-risen from the foam. Her smile, which embraced everybody, including perfect strangers, seemed to permeate her whole being, from the Gainsborough hat (with its wreath of natural edelweiss) to the astrachan gaiters, slashed with priceless ermine.

8TH TO 10TH.—"Dearest ATHENA!" cried the Princess VEVIFWISKI, as her rouged lips imprinted a peck, soft as a dove's, and hypocritical as a hawk's, on the daffodil complexion of the full round beauty; "*mais, mon Dieu*, how ravishing a toilette, and what blooming cheeks!" She spoke in fluent French, the invariable medium of expression in the best court circles.

"Who is she?" asked the new English Minister, Lord TIRO, addressing himself to the Plenipotentiary Representative of the United States.

"My! Not to know her, Viscount, argues yourself unknown," replied General GOATEE. "Why, I guess she just walks around with the Prime Minister and runs this yere Government on her own. Pro-digious!"

"Ah!" said the English Minister, "she has a past. I saw that at a glance. But tell me, General, for I am fresh to the work, what is the nature of the ambitions that govern this ancient Hellenic race in regard to their political status?"

"Sir," said the American, "I will figure it up for you right here. Ever since that Cretan business this one-horse Government has been afflicted with notions. They reckon to rejuvenate the Pan'lenic instinct, and start fair again with a slap-up new Parthenon. In view of the im'nent dissolution of the Turkish Empire, of which you, as a Britisher, may not have had any pre-monition, they are pegging out moral claims on a thickish slab of Thessaly. That's so."

"You astonish me," said the Viscount. "My Government had given me no information of this contingency. But I shall have my eyes open."

"A bright man, Sir, this RALLIPAPIA, and no flies on him. Reads his BYRON (not forgetting *Don Juan*, you bet!) and has military aspirations, and means to knock sparks out of the European concert; if only this all-fired Demos don't call his hand over the olive-tax."

"Ah! the People!" said the British Minister pensively, "one has always to reckon with the People where there is a tradition of democracy."

11TH TO 13TH.—The Jubilee Procession had begun. The van of the resplendent *cortège* had already traversed the Street of Hermes, wheeled by the Church of Kapnikarea, and debouched on the Square of the Temple of the Winds, heading for the sacred ascent of the Propylæa.

"Holy Martyrs!" cried ATHENA, as she leaned her full round shape over the balustrade, "what a picture! See the procession, how it unwinds its apparently interminable coils amid the multitudinous populace, and bristles like a gigantic bo-constrictor threading the countless ripple of the jungle."

In another moment she had forgotten the sequence of her remarks in a delicious ecstasy of personal detail.

"There's a battalion of Euzoni!" she cried in childish glee, with a flash of her mulberry eyes. "Look at their Albanian uniform, with the fez, and the embroidered jacket with open sleeves, and the full white petticoat, or *justanella*, and the red shoes turned up at the toes. That man with the grimy face is from the mines at Laurion, where they get from two to twenty pounds of silver for every ton of lead. And there's the dear Metropolitan himself in the funny high hat! Fancy their calling the Paris underground railway after him! And, oh, look

There's M. ZOLA, who writes novels. He's taking notes for a volume on Athens. And Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, too, on the same tack. And there's the famous Signorina MARIE CORELLI. That makes three. She comes from Stratford-on-the-Avon. Oh, yes, I was brought up in England. And, talking of Stratford, if there isn't the blessed spook of SHAKESPEARE! No, it isn't. It's the great Master, HALL CAINE, with his nice little red Baedeker, and a green grammar of Modern Greek. He's going to out-Corelli the Signorina. On dit, there is no love lost there. And that makes four. All on the same tack. Why, no more English people need ever come to Athens. They can get it at the lending *bibliothèques*!"

Her brilliant flow of comment flooded the noontide air, heavy with the scent of honey wafted from the purple slopes of Hymettus. At her back there was that constant tittering and whispering behind fans which is *de rigueur* in the highest quarters. ASPASIA and POMPADOUR were among the allusive names which passed from lip to lip.

"And where, I wonder, is my dear Anarchist, the Honorable DOTTI? I know I shall lose my heart to him. And I want him so to sit as a model for HARMODIUS, or else ARISTOGETON, who slew the tyrant. You know, of course," she cried, throwing a dazzling glance from her mulberry eyes upon the company, "that I have been asked by the Board of Works to do a fresco for the wall-paper of the new Parthenon. You must all of you come to the private view." The invitation was received with well-simulated rapture. The Prime Minister had just entered, twirling his moustaches with a confident air of proprietorship.

14TH TO 16TH.—A quivering vibration passed through the crowd below, as in a play just before the ghost comes on. This was followed by a muttering, vague as distant thunder, faintly audible as a tideless sea. All eyes were directed to a figure that was climbing up an electric lamp-post immediately under the balcony of the Premier's Palace. It was Deemster DOTTI. His face was as green as an olive, yet as bold as a beacon.

"Euphemeite, O politai! Citizens, hush your tongues to holy silence!" he began in the formula familiar to all in whom flowed the blood of the old Athenian people. "I am not DEMOSTHENES that I should declaim from the Pnyx; nor the Apostle that I should address you from the Areopagus: but the spirit of both still animates me even on this precarious point of vantage. Brothers, we are to-day the victims of a cruel farce. Under the guise of restoring the fraternal beauty of an ancient Republic, the Government, ambitious of a higher place in the Councils of Europe, is but riveting more firmly the fetters about your patient necks."

Murmurs of dissent and approval floated up from the multitude. "Kalo (bravo!)." "Siga (shut up!)." "Go it, cockey!"

"People of the Eternal City of the Violet Crown! It is a true Republic that we want to restore, the Republic of Manhood. We want no Kings, no Governments, no Army, no Navy, no Auxiliary Forces, no Fire Brigade! We want no Prime Minister sucking the People's veins while he toys with the tangles of a Phryne's locks!"

"Eu! eu!" "To the crows with him!" "Good old DOTTI!"

"Yet let us not move through rapine and violence to noble ends. Let us simply express opinions. Let us convince by moral suasion. Let our motto be—*For others! Everything for everybody else!*"

17TH.—The peroration, designedly conciliatory, was lost in the sudden roar of a cannon from the Prime Minister's roof. This was followed by a terrific explosion on the down line of the Piræus railway. Fountains of red blood spouted from the flanks of their chargers as the mounted police bore down upon the crowd with fixed carbines. Honorable DOTTI had raised his arm to implore the people not to resist, when a live jet of water



Visitor. "No, I won't come in. If I could see Mr. Jones for two minutes?"

Servant. "WHAT NAME SHALL I SAY, SOBB?"

Visitor. "PROFESSOR VANDERSPLINKTOOTLEHEIMER."

Servant. "OCH, SURE YE'D BETTER STEP IN AND BRING IT WID YE, SOBB!"

from the municipal hose caught him full between the eyes, felling him to the foot of the lamp-post.

18TH.—The brilliant gathering on the balcony had melted away like snow towards the back-door. As they streamed through the gorgeous saloons, tittering behind their fans, a quick ear might have overheard a ripple of society gossip. "Well, I never!" "Who'd have thought?" "What'll the boss do with it?" "That's one for the minx!"

As the curtain fell upon this first act of the modern Athenian drama, the full round form of ATHENA, her beauty strangely altered, was lying in the Cabinet Chamber prone across a despatch-box. The Prime Minister stood above her, still faultlessly dressed and twirling the waxed ends of his inscrutable moustaches.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

THE WASP WAIST.

It isn't the hatred of lacing
That to feminine custom I bring,
It is only the fear of the facing
The feminine wasp with the sting.

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON.—For sportsmen, the old song long ago popular, entitled "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," if sung by a M.F.H. with a bad cold, as thus: "There's a Good Time Cubbing, Boys!"

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

August in Christiania.—Dining very late, or supping very early, whichever you like to call it, the energetic tourist (that is, as energetic as a tourist can be when it is 90 degrees in the shade, and when he is suffering from perpetual din of wheels over paving-stones, from the constant sound of tram-whistles, and, like Sir HENRY IRVING as *Mathias*, from "the bells," the electric bells ringing spasmodically in one's ears) can "put in" any number of meals between early coffee, regulation *table d'hôte* dinner at 2.30, and 10 P.M., as during these intervals he will be jolted about the town in an open vehicle which thoroughly realises the idea of a "rattle-trap." The environs of Christiania recall those, to a certain extent, of Paris towards Auteuil, with an occasional dash of Regent's Park, the country about Bournemouth, and St. John's Wood. The tourist who has been well advised as to the outlay of his time will probably "drop in," in quite a friendly way, to see if H.M. OSCAR, King of Norway and Sweden, be at home, either at his palace in the town or at "OSCAR'S Hall," a little way out. This last-mentioned château is a castellated palace on a small scale, commanding lovely views, and employing a quaint custodian who can speak sufficient English to make the explanation of the pictures and the curios rather like a series of conundrums, and whose gratitude for a couple of *kronin*—there were three of us, and we did it all thoroughly—is so unbounded that, from the moment he receives this unwonted gratuity, until he is gradually lost to our view as we drive away, he positively refuses to remain covered in our presence, while he continues "booing, booing, and booing" with all the perseverance of a *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*.

Nor must the traveller miss seeing the old Viking ship: not that he will be allowed to miss it if Mr. BENNETT's courtly and most attentive *cicerone* be first consulted; so he needs no advice from me; and, if he be a COOK'S Tourist, the intelligent shepherd, into whose charge the flock of trotters is committed, will be sure to take him there. Also, whether he "follow the man from COOK'S" or not, he must on no account omit the trip, per tram, to Majorstuen, and thence, per ascending electric tram, to Holmen Kollen, to which place "we go up, up, up, up," and upper and upper, through grand rocks, skirting, on one side, pine forests, and, on the other, sheer precipices suggestive of all sorts of unpleasant possibilities. "Excelsior! Excelsior!" ascending at a fair rate of speed, ever obtaining peeps of such landscapes and water-scapes as whet the appetite for the entire panorama "at a glance," which we are soon to behold in all its glory on this lovely summer evening, when, having quitted the tram and walked very gently and circumspectly up to the uttermost height, we sit down at one of the small tables in the Restauration's gardens, order our much-needed *consommations*, and enjoy the grand scene which would be described in an auctioneer's descriptive prospectus as "This lovely and extensive panorama."

The neat-handed Phyllis who serves us, and it is to be noted all the waitresses are neat-handed, tidily-dressed, and most respectable young Phyllises, speaks English perfectly, and gives us such information as our thirst, for knowledge and for cool draughts of hock, requires. The view is entrancing; we could sit here for any time watching the alternations of light and shade, the sun cautiously "climbing down," and the mists gradually stealing up the mountains.

WORTLER, too, is, as it were, in the clouds, yearning towards the setting sun, whose brilliant "last appearance," and "for this night only!" is evidently affecting him deeply. Mechanically he stretches out his hand towards the hock bottle. But it is all gone; "*hock' olim meminisse juvabit.*" WORTLER sighs; there are indications of tears in his voice when he murmurs, "What a glorious evening! I could stay here all night!" As the practical carrying out of this sentiment would disarrange all our plans, we recall WORTLER from

the ruddy, golden sunset in the skies to dull earth by asking the waitress for the bill and requesting his contribution thereto. But he is in no humour for such mundane calculations; he is for throwing down his purse on the table and exclaiming, "There's gold for ye; take it!" So, falling in with this glorious humour of his, we submissively allow him to discharge in full our indebtedness for the "*consommations*," adding a guerdon for Phyllis. Then, with WORTLER walking as one in a dream, we "wander down the mountain side."

On our return to the Eidevolds Plads we look in at the Tivoli Gardens, where is given, every evening, an entertainment not so exceptionally different from any other music-hall entertainment, *al fresco* or under cover, as to warrant my recommending a visit to it, unless *pour passer le temps*. The National Theatre being closed and under repair, much to CHARLIE WORTLER's disappointment, we content ourselves with criticising a statue of IBSEN erected in front of it. There is also a statue of another eminent Norwegian playwright (is it BJORNSEN?) on the other; dramatic *Gog and Magog* guarding Norwegian Temple of Thespis.

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

(Continued.)

"DIDN'T I tell you so!" cried GWEN, pointing with triumph to a greasy ticket stuck in a piece of meat.

"Twopence," I read. "Yes, of course you were right. It's very cheap and—nasty."

"I suppose it's quite—good?" GWEN queried.

"It appears it hasn't been condemned yet, at all events."

"I wonder if raw meat always looks like that?"

"I rather thought it was red," said I.

"I thought so too. I wonder why it is so black?"

"King's Road is not the cleanest place in the world, love, and the denizens of Chelsea have not the cleanest fingers."

GWENDOLEN turned up her nose. "Let's try another shop."

"Buy! buy! buy!" cried the butcher's assistant. "Wot kin I do for you, Ma'm?"

It was too late to fly. We were wedged in by a crowd of Chelsea ladies intent on Sunday dinners and to test in the approved method of the slums the quality of their bargains. The assistant had us at his mercy, and almost before we knew what had happened, I found myself laden with a large doubtful mass wrapped in a greasy *Star*.

"Now for the vegetables," said GWENDOLEN. The glitter in her eye betokened that the purchase had roused the genuine feminine lust for a bargain. She had tasted first blood and was eager for the fray.

Hundreds of barrows lined the King's Road; hundreds of naphtha flares smoked and blazed and smelt; hundreds of costers shouted their wares, and thousands of women fought for bargains. Tomatoes, gooseberries, marrows, peas, bananas, cherries, currants, potatoes, raspberries—all lay heaped on one another in boundless profusion, to be had almost for the asking. A delirious desire to buy up everything seized upon GWENDOLEN, and even my sluggish blood was stirred. For half-an-hour we struggled and haggled and bought, and by this time I was a walking greengrocer's shop.

"I'm afraid I can't carry anything more, dear," said I, as raspberries, peas and currants dropped from me on all sides; "no, not even that cauliflower."

"It's so cheap," pleaded GWENDOLEN. "The man says we may have two for three-halfpence."

Surreptitiously I dropped a large marrow and seized the cauliflowers. "I think we had better be getting home now, love," I suggested.

"Perhaps we had."

We walked a few steps in silence. "These cabbages and things are very heavy," I remarked.

"Very," emphasised GWENDOLEN.

"Darling, are you tired?"

GWEN looked at me piteously. Now if there is an event in the world that I dread, it is when GWENDOLEN gets tired. Fatigue does not come to her, as to me, gradually and gently, giving timely warning of its approach; it leaps upon her suddenly, from the back, as it were, and before she knows it is there it has knocked her down. One moment she is all vivacity and "go"—twenty times more energetic than myself—and the next she is collapsed—a dismasted wreck—a broken reed—a helpless baby in my hands.

"Shall we get an omnibus, dear?"

GWENDOLEN nodded.

"If we walk to the Vestry Hall—it's only twenty yards——"

Had I suggested a stroll to the North Pole, GWENDOLEN could hardly have looked more hopeless and reproachful.

"Very well, we will wait here."

Scores of omnibuses passed us, an endless procession of kaleidoscopic colours, bound for Putney, Fulham, Walham Green, World's End—anywhere but for our destination. GWENDOLEN watched the advent of delusive possibilities with intent expectancy, but as each possible blue resolved itself into an uncompromising red, white, green or chocolate, despair settled more and more pertinaciously on her heart.

At length our own familiar blue appeared. "Here it is!" I cried, and began waving a bunch of carrots at the driver. "Hi! Stop!" But the stately blue leviathan held heedless on its way.

"Full!" I murmured.

"Full!" gasped GWENDOLEN.

It was but a monosyllable, but what a world of pathos and reproach was in the tone of it! "Why did you bring me here on this dreadful errand?" it said, far more clearly than if the words had been uttered; and the force of it lay in this, that while I might have argued with the spoken thought, demonstrating that it was not I who had insisted on coming, from the accusation that was never made I was powerless to defend myself.

It was clearly a case for a cab, for to argue with GWENDOLEN as the plums, which had now soaked through the paper bag she was carrying, dropped one by one in a sad procession into the gutter, would have been sheer cruelty.

When we come to tot up—a rite that is religiously performed every quarter—we shall find that I grossly understated the case against economy. We did not know, till AUGUSTA told us, that "the tuppenny mutton never kep", and 'ad to be et over-night"; so the porter had to be bribed to bury the meat; the dustman, too, required a consideration to carry away the vegetables, and the cabman to be compensated for the cushions on which our assorted bargains had left a thousand stains. Moreover, as we had nothing to eat in the house, we had to dine out on Sunday.



A LIBERAL ALLOWANCE.

Huntsman (who has just drawn Mr. Van Wyck's coverts blank). "RATHER SHORT OF CUBS, I'M AFRAID, SIR!"

Mr. Van Wyck (who has very recently acquired his country seat). "MOST EXTRAORDINARY! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL! WHY, I TOLD MY KEEPER TO ORDER A DOZEN ONLY LAST WEEK!"

But as I lit my cigar after an excellent dinner at the Carlton—A.B.C.'s are closed on Sundays—I remarked that, after all, economy had its points.

And GWENDOLEN, pouring her Cognac into her coffee, endorsed my sentiment.

THAT DOG.

By a Lover annoyed by a Poodle.

I do not like that dog,
He sniffs about my heels,
Though I stand stiffly as a log,
Or work my calves like eels.

He has a beastly grumpy growl
Whene'er he sits to beg,
And sometimes gives a ghostly howl,
As though he'd eat my leg.

I do not like that dog,
Despite the proverb old;
He seems to think that I would jog
His dogship from the fold.
But I do love his lady,
The Queen of my delight.
Why was that brutal hound e'er made?
he
Can bark and bite at sight—
I know it—yet I love her. Am I right?



Butler. "MASTER SAYS YOU'RE TO HAVE A GLASS O' THIS BEFORE YOU GO, MRS. GILES. NOW, THAT'S SOME RARE GOOD STUFF, THAT IS, AN' WILL DO 'ER A WORLD O' GOOD!"

Mrs. Giles. "WELL, IT CERTAINLY DO TASTE BETTER THAN THE PHYSIC I BE IN THE 'ABIT O' TAKIN'!"

CHEERFUL READING.

In the *Bookman* of this month we are informed that "MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S novel in favour of Vaccination is to have a reply from the Anti-Vaccination Society in the form of another novel." To this pleasing announcement we are not authorised to make the following additions:—

Dr. KOCH'S arrangements for the coming publishing season are now complete. He has engaged the services of Messrs. ANTHONY HOPE, HALL CAINE, and Mrs. MEYNELL, who are to collaborate on a striking work of fiction entitled *The Tuberculosis of Timothy*. From the scenario, already drafted, we gather that the plot is of the most thrilling interest, and that the closing chapters afford a dramatic vindication of Dr. KOCH'S latest theories.

Mrs. MOLESWORTH'S juvenile stories are always sure of a welcome in the nursery, and doubtless the two volumes she has just completed—*Matilda's Mumps* and *Little Lottie's Lumbago*—will be as popular as her previous works.

An odd controversy has arisen concerning the serial publication of a well-known author's last production. He en-

titled it *Temperature 106.5*, and as it dealt with the behaviour of a patient in a high state of fever, the name—if betraying some exaggeration—seemed fairly appropriate. But the proprietors of *The Perfect Lady's Mirror* objected to the realism of some of the scenes, and insisted both on toning them down and at the same time on changing the title to *Very Nearly Normal*.

Owing to the interest taken by the public of late in medical matters, important changes are to be made in the character of the *Lancet*. Henceforth, it is to be issued monthly, with numerous coloured illustrations. Dr. CONAN DOYLE will act as editor, and serials are promised by GUY BOOTHBY, DR. VIRCHOW, and other popular writers. A. C. D.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Table of British Weights and Measures." This may be regarded in the light of a practical joke perpetrated upon Anglo-Saxon schoolboys throughout several centuries, and sanctioned by repeated acts of Parliament, until the weight of foreign competition brought the decimal system into vogue. Note especially the laugh-

able "rod, pole, or perch" = $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards; the humorous or "dry" measure of pottles and quarts, and quarters and quarterns; the comic and ingenious system of firkins and kilderkins, tods and weys, Troy and Avoirdupois and Apothecaries' weight, and English and French and Flemish ells, all calculated to produce hilarity in the course of a business transaction. These venerable *jeux d'esprit* were all swept away in the commercial crash of 1903.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

IM-"PRESS"-IONS.

I.

WHEN dividends get sadly in arrear,
It's certain the directorate will hear
That for office they're unfitted,
And in other ways be twitted;
Then the Press is not admitted,
For nothing of the meeting must appear.

II.

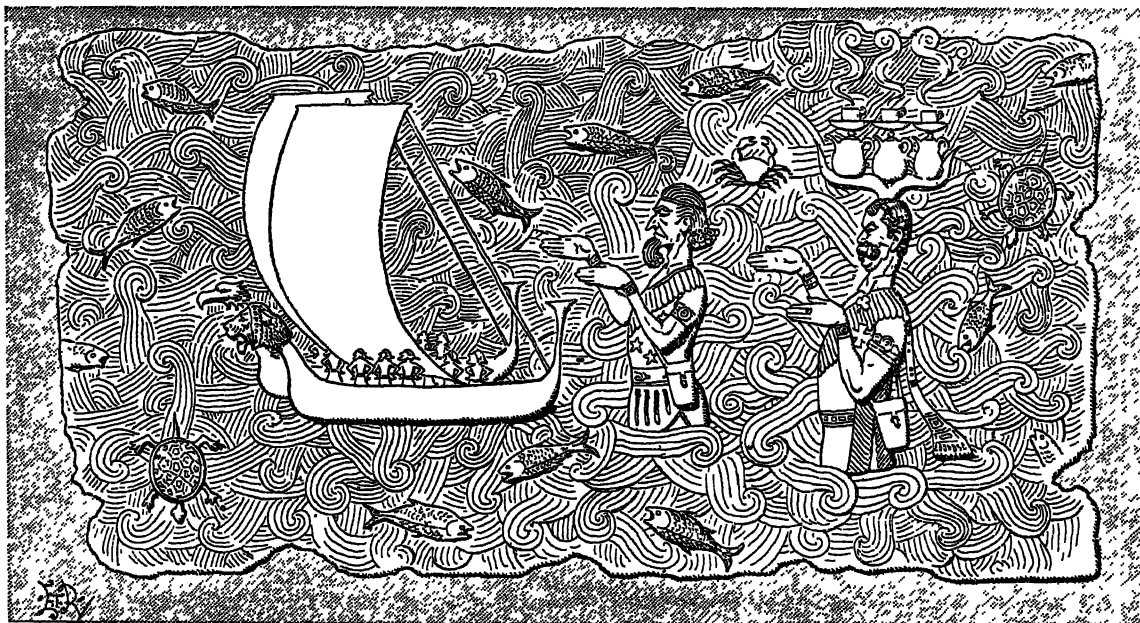
But when they quit the street that's known
as Queer,
And no longer there's hostility to fear,
These Directors so keen-witted
With proprietors are knitted;
And the Press will be admitted,
For columns of the meeting must appear.



“THE ROUGH RIDER.”

WITH MR. PUNCH'S BEST WISHES TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



THIRTEENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now to Amúr-rikkah
 2. came Líp-tūn-Thatihman,
 3. shunning counter attractions,
 4. the slapper of shoulders,
 5. who called them *mīdhir-bhoiz*
 6. with the smile *biyat-iflk*, who is so
 thick with
 7. sovereigns,—a *māhsuv-bunūmmi*,
 8. the Lord of the Jāmpôt, the king
 9. of the Dhilaz
 10. in *jénr-al-grósiriz*,
 11. in *rāshās-av-békhān*, and
 12. other *koméz-tibulz*,
 13. to have one more *sháiyat* the Cup
 14. that inebriates so many
 15. Nhu-yaukaz,—and others
 16. from *this* side
 . . . ;
 17. and over the seas came Shámrokh
 the second,
 18. a sort of a *Vihnus-anadiyôh-míneh*
 . . . in oilskins,
 19. a *mahrinat-al-antah* . . . on her
 way to the *résiz*
 20. . . . in a *tahrp-orlín-jákkit*;
 21. her *phérilāik* form most cunningly
 22. shielded with *temprarit-imbah* from
 23. the blows of the ocean
 24. —as carefully packed as a *vályub-al-
 nétsukeh*.

25. From the *Klaïd* did she sail,
 26. and after many days unto Saand-ihuk
 27. did she come, midst the wailing of
saïrenz
 28. more than *yúzul-i-nhésal*.
 29. Then did she cast off this *nautikh-
 al-krisalis*,
 30. break forth her fleecy diaphanous
 canvas,
 31. spreading her wings to the tenderest
 breezes,
 32. and lightly careening she scudded
 about at a of a pace
 33. off the shores of Manhattan,
 34. till a *visibh-el-pullah*
 35. spread over the faces
 36. of all the Aigessiz, Airekkuns, and
 Yubetz. Bit-Sírkki, . . Bit-
 Squimish.
 37. Then did Líp-tūn-Thatihman
 38. have tested the *kordidj*, and exports
 in
 39. sail-cutting,—salt-water *mīlínáz*,
 40. —the Worths of the ocean, reported
 in detail
 41. on this latest *konfékshan*
 42. —“Just a wee bit *in* here, fitting
 close
 43. to the stays; a suspicion of fulness
 just there.

44. Yes, thank you! I fancy—No, the
 spinnaker's
 45. perfect!
 46. It's a *dhák* of a *méhnsal*! Oh!
 Yes, it cuts into a lot of material.
 47. Would you kindly just raise the yard-
 arm for one moment. That's better!"
 48. With *vthgrus-él-bogrís* her sides
 49. did they burnish
 50. till they shone like a mirror,
 51. —very handy for shaving
 52. (alongside in the *dínghí*).
 53. But which way the Cup
 goes
 54. depends on the weather, and also
 on whether
 55. the *eksikúrshan-bhütz* leave any space
 56. on the ocean
 57. to race in; and likewise on
 58. whether the masts — which are
 hollow—
 59. should choose to bend over
 60. like candles
 61. in August!
 62. and the sails all come down with a
 run
 63. —just like the week's washing—
 64. on top of the
 65. sailors.

E. T. R.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—“*Toy Jacobite*.”
 One of a small set of curious marionette-
 like figures which were used to play
 the game of “Nursery Treason,” invented
 or revived about the year 1800 for adver-
 tising purposes. They seem to have
 been chiefly in evidence on STUART
 anniversaries, like the 30th of January,
 when their old-fashioned antics some-

what amused the public. They were con-
 structed to lay wreaths in the small
 hours of that particular morning in Tra-
 falgar Square, and to utter the word
 “Remember!” with the dark air of con-
 spirators. They would curl up at the
 mention of CROMWELL or Police. If no
 notice was taken of them, they would
 endeavour to attract it by drawing up a

proposal for the canonisation of JAMES
 THE SECOND, or the restoration of the
 Legitimate Pretender to the Throne of
 the Cannibal Islands. They were useful
 in Kindergartens to explain the term
 “make-believe.” This specimen was un-
 earthed near a Thames Valley backwater.
 It is not known what became of the rest
 of the set.

THE FOLLY OF THE WISE.

["In an ideal state, gentlemen who were immersed in abstruse calculations and discoveries would be forced by Act of Parliament to talk for forty-five minutes to an ostler or a landlady they would be examined by the State in Cockney dialect, or in the colours of various omnibuses, they would be taught to become men of the world, which is a step towards becoming men of the Universe."—*Daily News*.]

COME hither, heads of Colleges,
Come hither, O ye grads.,
And learn for once what knowledge is,
That ye should teach the lads.
Come hither, dons and doctors,
Come, Fellows, Tutors, Proctors,
Come, all ye mad concocters
Of academic fads!

The school of life is wider than the widest Oxford schools.
You never learnt to pluck a fowl, though good at plucking fools.
You may have got a First, yet grates have never vexed your head;

And though you're bred in learning, yet the learning's not in bread.
What are your emendations? You have spent no end of care
In clearing up dark passages, but could you clean a stair?
What do you know of cooking? I am very much mistaken
If you could even poach an egg, although you've done your BACON.

You make divine Alcaics—HORACE never wrote a neater—
But though you write such charming verse, you cannot read
your meter, [with gas,
And though you burst with rage because you're overcharged
As you can't check aright your bill, you write a cheque, you ass!

Then come, ye heads of colleges,
Come hither, O ye grads.,
And learn at last that knowledge is
Not academic fads.

"NO P'LICE LIKE HOLMES!"

Sherlock Holmes, by CONAN DOYLE and WILLIAM GILLETTE, as now being played at the Lyceum, is a first-rate melodrama. I make the reservation of "as now being played," because it is possible to conceive that it might not have achieved so immediate and so great success had it been in less able hands than those of Mr. WILLIAM GILLETTE, representing that master of logical deduction, the cool amateur detective *Sherlock Holmes*, and in those of Mr. W. L. ABINGDON as *Sherlock's* deadly enemy, the creepy-crawly spider-like king of criminals, *Professor Moriarty*. Not less excellent are Mr. RALPH DELMORE, as the burly scoundrel *James Larrabee*, and Miss GRANTVILLE in the most difficult part of the female villain, *Madge Larrabee*, while Miss MAUDE FEALY awakens our sympathy for the mildly vindictive, but much suffering and interesting heroine, *Alice Faulkner*. Nor from the cast must be omitted the light comedy scoundrel, *Sidney Prince*, as represented by Mr. FULLER MELLISH, nor Master HENRY MCARDLE'S *Billy*, whose racy, uncontrollable laughter, inspired by Mr. GILLETTE'S quiet chuckle, brings down the curtain on the final tableau of the second act to uproarious applause. But for the matter of that, every "curtain" is thus greeted, though the situation at the end of the third act, being the greatest surprise of all, is the one that "brings the house down," and the house doesn't recover its equanimity until "all concerned" have reappeared, grouped on the scene of *Sherlock Holmes'* triumph, to receive so hearty and spontaneous a tribute of applause as the oldest playgoer with the best memory would find it difficult to parallel. It is a drama in which the lights and shades, not being confined to the situations and the dialogue (throughout good and individually characteristic), become, as it were, part and parcel (if such impalpable creations as light and shade can become, "parts and parcels"—but that's another story) of the auditorium, where at one moment

the audience is in a blaze of light, while the band, under the skilful direction of Mr. RAYMOND ROZE, keeps everybody merry with appropriately brilliant music, till suddenly, at a signal for the curtain rising, all are in darkness! Gradually the stage-lights dawn upon the house, when "action" commences. The audience being for the greater part of the evening in the dark, few of them would come away with a clear and defined notion of the plot were it not for the "brief synopsis of the first act" given on the third page of the programme by a kindly and considerate management. Otherwise, many would be like "little *Peterkin*," in the poem, whose inquiries as to what the Battle of Blenheim was all about the veteran *Casper* was unable to completely satisfy. To adapt his reply to the occasion:

"Why, that I cannot tell, quoth he,
But 'twas a famous mystery!"

And that's just it. The action carries it triumphantly; it is a game of hunt the slipper in the shape of a packet of compromising letters inexpressibly valuable to "a very exalted foreign personage"—whose name is never even breathed, and who remains invisible and unmentionable to ears polite from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Personally, I should have liked Messrs. DOYLE and GILLETTE to have given us a fifth act, and to have shown, on the glaciers of the Alps, or in any other equally mysterious locality, the realisation of *Professor Moriarty's* prophetic threat of vengeance; only, of course, such a catastrophe is bound to happen during *Sherlock's* happy honeymoon with "sweet *Alice*," and the bride's sudden and unexpected appearance on the scene would have saved her husband just at the critical moment when it had become a question as to whether *Sherlock*, or his old enemy *Moriarty*, should go over the precipice. "*Ce que la femme veut*"—and over would have rolled *Moriarty*, smash, crash, bang! while the ever-faithful "*Do-you-follow-me-Watson*" would have been seen climbing up with the guides as his friend *Sherlock* would once more have fervently embraced his wife in the gradually expiring lime-light, and the house would have risen, for the last time that evening, to enthusiastically applaud a grand and thrilling climax.

But perhaps, *Sherlock's* adventures being endless, another drama may be up the collaborators' sleeves, with this fifth act as a finish. It is a good suggestion, as it brings in not only the principals up to the very latest moment of interest, but it satisfies the audience by showing that latest edition of "*CHARLES, his Friend*," in the person of "*Dr. Do-you-follow-me-Watson*," alive and well, to whom, as the confidant of the great *Sherlock*, the audience primarily owe a deep debt of gratitude, since, without "*Do-you-follow-me-Watson*," cleverly played by Mr. PERCY LYNDAL, what would anyone have known of *Sherlock Holmes*? For how long Mr. GILLETTE may be in possession of the Lyceum is uncertain, but this piece has certainly come to stay, and at this House our American artistic cousins have made their *Holmes*.

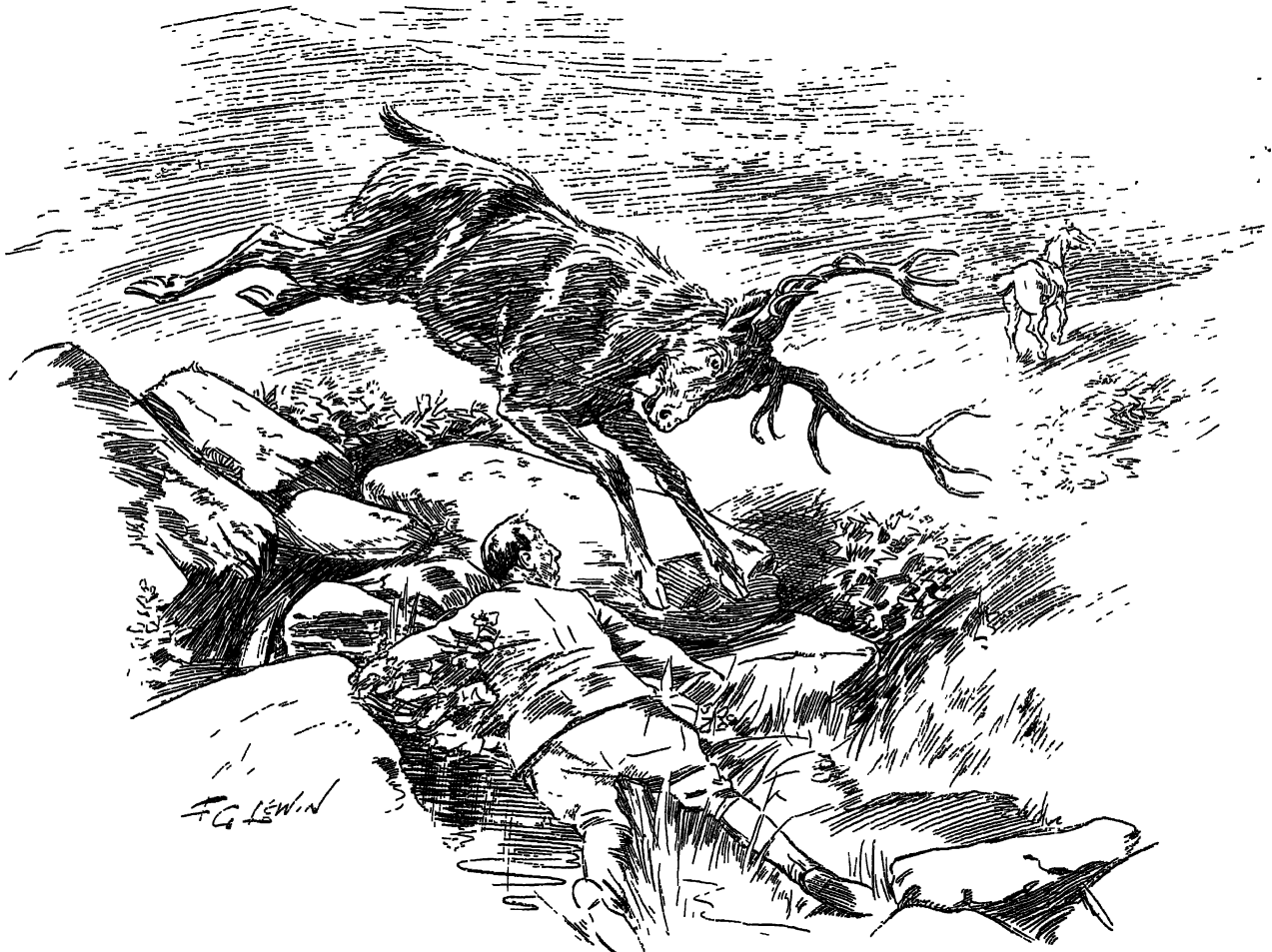
THE GOLDEN PACIFIC.

["An American specialist on education has just discovered that anxious mothers will have no trouble with the most troublesome children if they will begin by teaching them metaphysics."—*The Globe*.]

WHEN your little one is teething, just endeavour to explain
The philosophic aspect and significance of pain.
Don't dose him with such quackeries as syrups and emulsions;
There's nothing like a page of KANT or HEGEL for convulsions.

Should your youngster bump his head against a table or a chair,
Lo! PLATO will convince him that *per se* it wasn't there;
He might believe he felt it, but it wasn't really real:
Your little boy will laugh again—the system is ideal.

What's physio? Throw it to the dogs! But metaphysic still
Contains the sovereign remedy for every infant ill;
So when your babe is querulous and will not take his bottle,
The very best prescription is a dose of *Aristotle*.



TAKING COVER.

MAJOR JONES, LATE OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY, BRINGS HIS SOUTH AFRICAN EXPERIENCES INTO USE UPON THE EXMOOR VELDT.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE;

Or, *Bringing Him to the "Point."*

["The cleverest argument in favour of a return to the vanishing domesticities is put forward by a French lady in the columns of a Parisian contemporary. Turning from housewifery in general to the 'art of the needle,' she says:—'It cannot be denied that a pretty hand, wielding this delicate weapon; a pretty figure bending over a piece of work, a pair of bright eyes, thoughtfully, attentively considering the article in hand, have a charm of their own. The attitude of calm serenity and innocence is, moreover, a delightful piece of coquetry, standing in graceful contrast to the general restlessness of the time.'"]—*Westminster Gazette.*

I SAW her on a shimmering wheel
The country speed along,
I saw her with unlovely zeal
A-practising ping-pong.
And, thought I to myself: "No, she
Is not the kind of girl for me!"

I saw her canter shyly down
The Row. And from afar
I saw her steering (bolder grown)
Her brand-new motor car.
And still unto myself I said:
"She's not the kind of girl I wed!"

I saw her drive a skittish mare
At Ranelagh, or, drawn
By game less vigorous, make a pair
At croquet on the lawn.
And still I had no doubt that she
Was not the kind of wife for me.

I saw her swimming in the sea,
I saw her in a punt,
I saw her golfing on the lea,
I saw her dance and hunt.
But still no tremor in my breast
A small, incipient love confest.

I saw her do a hundred things
That might a fellow move,
Things, too, round which some romance
Yet never felt in love. [clings,
She wanted just that little touch
Of coquetry which means so much.

Something each day I saw her at,
But it was not until
I saw her ply her needle that
I felt a sudden thrill!
Unconsciously I said, "By Jove,
I do believe I am in love!"

I saw her work! It was too much,
More than I could resist,

There was just that coquettish touch—
My eyes bade her desist.
But, heedless of my mute appealings,
She worked, and worked—upon my
feelings!

AN ASPIRATION.

Shamrock the Second, from over the sea
Bring back the Cup for the gallant Sir T.,
True to your rudder and staunch to your
sail,

Whether the weather be fair or a gale,
Sailing majestical, graceful and free.

Though in the future no mortal can see,
Though the fates doomed once by cruel
decree

Shamrock the First, may they grant
you'll prevail,

Shamrock the Second.

You have for skipper—who better than
he?—

Good Captain SYCAMORE (top of the tree!).
So when our plaudits the victor shall hail
(Since one must win and the other must
fail),

May you be first and *Columbia* be,
Shamrock, the second.

THE CRUISE OF THE SABRINA.

LAST LOG.—THE TRAGEDY OF GALWAY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

Killarney, Sunday.—Drove hither from Kenmare through Windy Gap, above and alongside the Lakes. The sun shone on mountain and valley, on the far-reaching lakes, studded with islands and islets of emerald green. The low walls of the roadway are clad with mosses and ferns. Behind stretch acres of wood-oak, yew, arbutus, holly, rowan, ash; everywhere the birch-tree with trunk of polished ivory and leaves of silver beaten out to gossamer thinness. Only the horses didn't care for it. They had on previous day done their forty miles to Killarney and back. A second day too much. Walked up all the hills to save them; finally undertook to do the last four miles on foot, waggonette going on with the COMMODORE and the baggage.

An hour later came up with horses fairly broken down. Our destined hotel two miles off: horses couldn't do another two furlongs. Luncheon hour long passed; famished: scouts going out came back with news of wayside inn. "Not much to look at," they said. But broken-down travellers can't be choosers. So waggonette wearily dragged along till we reached "Mulligan's."

Certainly not palatial in build nor luxurious in appointments. But "Mulligan's" is no longer the type of the average hotel in the South and West of Ireland. Next morning we went on to one which, in respect of cleanliness, comfort and cooking, need not shirk comparison with any in holiday resorts, whether in Great Britain or on the Continent. In the matter of reasonable charges it beats them all. Do not name it, this not being the advertisement sheet. But it rather than "Mulligan's" is the type of the modern hotel in the beautiful country on whose stately rocks the Atlantic impotently flings itself.

The railway companies have of late years wakened up to their opportunities. No use making costly lines and inviting the British public to use them in holiday time if travellers have nowhere to lay their head at night but on the dubious pillow of a whitewashed hovel innocent of ordinary sanitary conveniences. The great railway company of which, last session, we heard a good deal in the House of Commons at private Bill time, have taken the matter in hand. At most of their termini will be found a first-class hotel where one may live like a fighting cock (if he has leanings that way) on a fixed tariff of ten shillings a day.

Galway, Monday.—Made this place from Kenmare, calling at Parknasilla, a lovely place with a fine hotel cosily set in an inlet of the widely stretched mouth of Kenmare river; Valentia, with the sweet,

soft air of the Riviera; Ballybunion, where our Chief Engineer (G.W.R.) inspected the mono-rail that runs as far as Listowel. A weird-looking affair. A rail is laid on trestles three feet off the ground. On this is slung, pannier wise, two sets of carriages, and off we go, doing ten miles in forty minutes, including one stoppage. Am told traffic occasionally delayed by difficulty of balancing weights in either pannier. If a gentleman of fourteen or fifteen stone gets in on one side, women and children are weighed to an ounce or two and packed in carriage on t'other. Owing to their convenience for this purpose children are carried at half-price.

Arrival of *Sabrina* in Ballybunion Bay created profound sensation. No pier. Landing a little difficult. Only thing to do was to run the gig ashore and then wade. Fortunately a boat already beached. Got alongside and scrambled ashore. The COMMODORE's progress watched with breathless interest.

"He's seventeen stuns at last," said a sympathetic Irish lady with a shawl over her head. "God bless him!" fervently responded her companion.

The Traffic Manager of the Mono-rail regarded him with business eye. Invaluable as part of the rolling stock. Put him in one of the panniers and you might safely seat two women and a child in t'other. Save time and trouble in weighing.

"Worth five shillings a day and a uniform," murmured the Traffic Manager under his breath.

Don't seem to have anything to do in Ballybunion. Chief industry to lounge about the streets—against a wall for preference. Our descent on the place gave quite a fillip to local life.

"They're mimbers of the Government landed from the gunboat that just came in." I heard one explain to a friend.

As three out of seven were ladies, this implied the establishment of petticoat Government.

Tuesday.—In dock on a wet day in Galway. Language does not permit of picturing equal desolation in eight words.

Just forty-nine years ago another, an illustrious, member of the little company that once a week sits down to dinner round "The Old Mahogany Tree," as it has sat through nearly three score years, visited Galway. It was raining then. "The rain poured down for two days after our arrival at Kilroy's Hotel," wrote Thackeray in the *Irish Sketch Book*. Has it rained ever since those far-off days when Mr. Titmarsh was Mr. Punch's Fat Contributor? It really looks like it, so sodden, so sad looking is the town that once proudly bore the name of the Rome of Connaught.

Seven hills has Rome, seven mouths has Nilus stream,
Around the Pole seven burning planets gleam.

Twice equal these is Galway, Connaught's Rome,
Twice seven illustrious tribes here find their home.

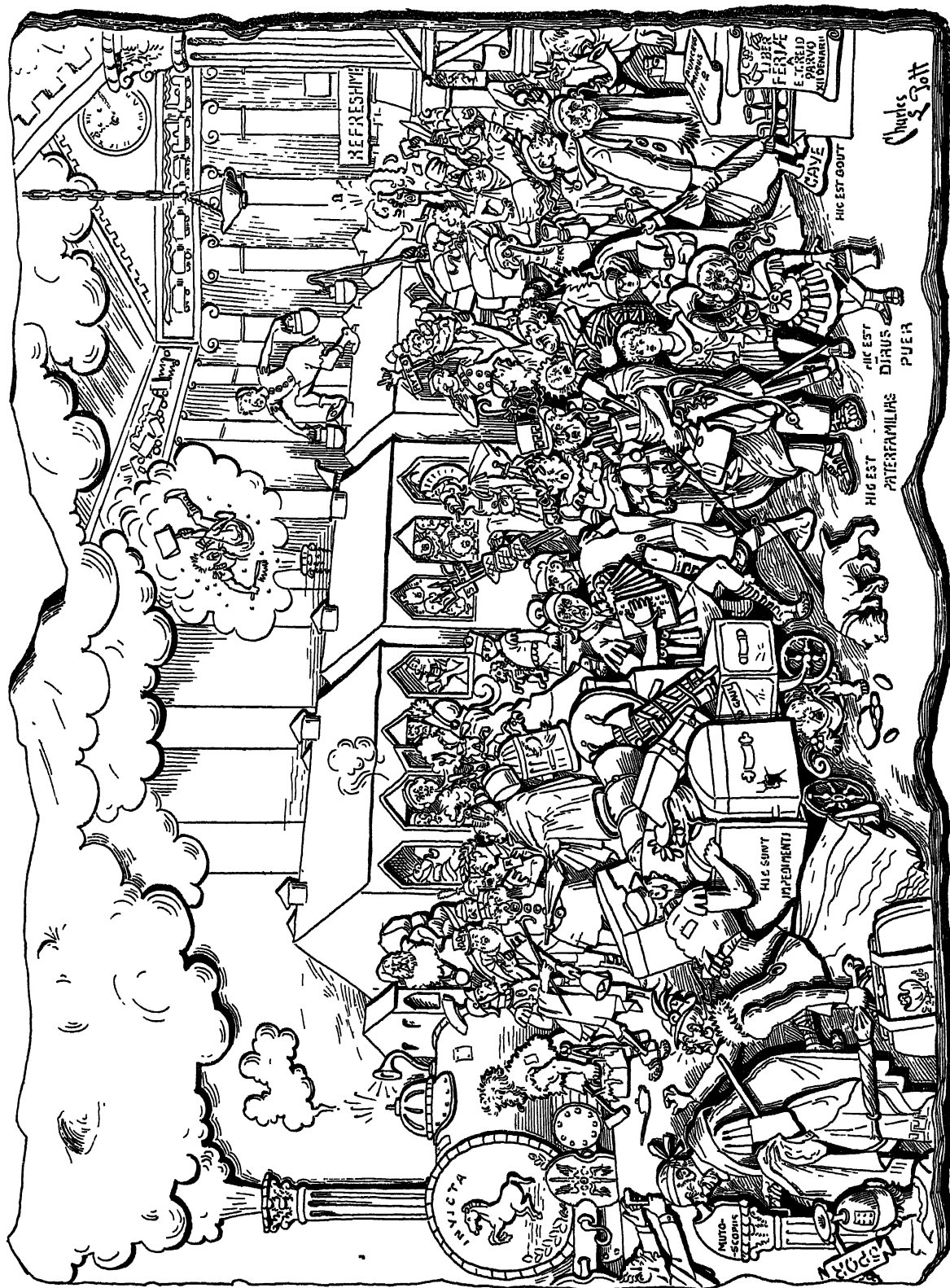
The ancient City of the Tribes has fallen on evil days. Wherever the eye rests it sees evidence of ruin and decay. Empty harbour, roofless factories, frontless houses. Once upon a time, not so long ago, the sitting member for Galway resolved to restore its ancient state, when it was a prosperous port, doing a fine trade with Spain. The nearest point of touch with America, why should Liverpool monopolise the trade? Mr. ORRELL LEVER, M.P., answered his own enquiry by starting a new line of steamers to America. But the ill luck of Galway, gathering through the centuries, stuck to it. One of the new steamers was wrecked. Another was burned. Funds failed; Mr. LEVER and his big scheme vanished from the scene.

The wraith of young LYNCH seems to hover over the town and blast its hopes and efforts. His story is told to this day in a tablet adorned with a skull and crossbones let into the wall of the graveyard. It bears record how in the last years of the fifteenth century Mayor LYNCH's son murdered a Spaniard; how, found guilty and condemned to death, the Mayor's wife raised the town and tried to rescue her son; how sturdy Mayor LYNCH, finding the hangman on strike and the place of execution in the hands of the Mother-led mob, escorted his son to a projecting window of a prison cell and there, with his own hand, hanged him.

"Very pretty," said the MEMBER FOR SARK. "But I'll tell you something nearer the seat of the cancer than young LYNCH or his wraith. Walking along the harbour this morning I came upon a man building a boat, five others, their hands in their pockets, short pipes in their mouths, looking on. It was very small and of unfamiliar build. 'What's it meant for?' I asked. 'Herrings, yer honour,' cheerily answered the builder. 'Herrings!' I cried; 'but isn't it very small to go out herring fishing?' 'It is that,' he replied. 'But here in Galway we've always built boats like this, and I suppose we'll go on doing so.'"

Moral—but no; it stares out upon the passer-by at every corner of the old town, in writing more sharply cut than is the inscription on the LYNCH stone.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Piece of Red Tape." This article formed a large part of the outfit and stock-in-trade of the permanent officials of the late War Office and the unreformed G.P.O. No transaction was considered binding without its application, and it covered a multitude of departmental stupidities. It is not to be confused with the "thin red line" of the British Army, also obsolete. It was used to measure telegraphic addresses.



YE RAILWAY STATION DURING YE HOLIDAY TIME IN YE ROMAN PERIOD.

(From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EXHAUSTED by the audacious garrulity of Mr. HALL CAINE'S *The Eternal City* (HEINEMANN), with its cheap guide-book erudition on the one hand, and its fascinating ignorance of human probabilities on the other, I have found, says my Nautical Retainer, a most perfect medicine in the refreshing pages of *King's End* (CONSTABLE), a simple, unlaboured story of New England village life, by ALICE BROWN. Here is no factitious pomp of melodrama, no tawdry bravery to hide the place where the puppet's heart never so much as begins to beat. We breathe the immediate air of Nature, alive and palpable. Yet there is nothing in the whole book that is obvious or unmeditated; each type has its own fresh piquancy; we seem not to have met them before, and yet are never doubtful that they are to be met, and well worth the meeting. It is quite admirable how, within the so narrow limits she has assigned to herself, the author has had the genius to create characters so individual, so clear-cut, so diverse. To English readers of this book its harmony of humour and pathos may appeal more exquisitely than to those with whom the manner of speech and life which it reflects is more intimate. But no one can conceivably resist the charm of the author's humanity, the strong reserve of her eloquence, her instant feeling for the felicitous word.

Bagsby's Daughter (GRANT RICHARDS) is notable among other things for the creation of a new situation. My Baronite is ever punctilious in refraining from giving away a story by disclosing its plot. As the situation referred to is presented in the first chapter, the beginning as contrasted with the middle or end of things, no harm can be done by revealing it. The hero by chance meets the heroine at an afternoon party, and in the ordinary course of things is formally presented. He had never seen her before, nor she him. At the time of their introduction, they knew nothing of each other. Ten minutes later, Robert Halifax has asked Violet *Bagsby* to marry him, and Violet has murmured "Yes." It seems a little preposterous, but it is a tribute to the skill of BESSIE and MARIE VAN VORST, joint mothers of *Bagsby's Daughter*, that the bewitched reader accepts the situation as readily as did the father and mother of the bride. There are other surprises in store, compounded and cleared up with contagious vivacity. The Misses VAN VORST are evidently intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the society in the framework of which their story is set. It is, consequently, a little alarming for those about to marry to learn that at a fashionable wedding breakfast in Chicago, the minister who had officiated at the altar having pronounced a benediction, "his assistants were asked for further blessings, and at last the breakfast was served." Old *Bagsby*, the millionaire pill-maker, is delightful. Early in his career, his

wife falling ill, he turned his attention to the manufacture of a really wholesome and effective pill. Successfully trying it on Mrs. B., he launched forth in the pill line, and made a colossal fortune. That is a case not without precedent. Where *Père Bugsby* shines is in the fact that, recognising the accidental fount of his fortune, he set apart one-third of his profits to the personal account of his first patient. What do the Shades of Cogle and the Venerable Blue-Pill think of that? In all matters relating to the social world of Chicago, my Baronite sits humbly at the feet of his guides. But when they shift the scene to London he must tell them that a member of our old nobility may not be indifferently spoken of as Lord *Everard Appleyard* and as Lord *Appleyard*. The two styles indicate widely different status. As, neither could he invite a stranger to "lunch at the Marlborough Club."

The Pocket Poetry Series, though this is not its title, issued by JOHN LANE, has recently been enriched by the publication of a neat little volume entitled *Love Poems by Landor*, of a size to fit into a waistcoat pocket, left side, nearest the heart. A lover in difficulties, wishing to make a fervid sonnet to "his lady's eyebrow," and at the same time to express the unutterable constancy of his devotion, will only have to take a leaflet out of this little book, couple its Pegasus with his own jog-trot animal, drive off in his Landor and pair, and drop his verses into the nearest pillar-box. THE BARON DE B.-W.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

ANNOTATED LIST OF EXHIBITS
(continued).

"Sample of Air" from the *Underground Railway*. Carefully gathered and bottled before the electrification of the line. Our hardy ancestors appeared to have breathed it, if they did not hold their noses all the time. Recent attempts at analysis, however, have been unsuccessful, owing to its deadly nature, and no demonstrator has survived the ex-

periment. According to tradition, its constituents are London fog, coal fumes, train oil, sulphur, marsh gas and stale tobacco smoke in about equal proportions. No trace of oxygen has ever been observed.

"Mess or Shell Jacket." This sartorial freak was probably part of a fancy dress, like the busbies, hussar-jackets, and other grotesque adornments which appear in old military prints. It gave to a corpulent colonel or dandified captain the appearance of an overgrown schoolboy, and, if generally worn, must have been subversive of gravity and discipline.

"Assortment of London Statues." Collected from various squares and public places. It has, unfortunately, been impossible to identify them, as the original inscriptions and labels have been lost, and they all bear a strong likeness to each other. From their pose and expression they would appear to date from the darkest period of English art.

A. A. S.



Tramp. "PLEASE ASSIST A POOR MAN WHOSE 'OUSE AN' EVERY-
FING, INCLOODIN' ME FAMILY, WAS BURNT UP TWO MONTHS AGO."

Lady. "HAVE YOU ANY PAPERS TO SHOW THAT YOU LOST
ANYTHING BY FIRE?"

Tramp. "I DID 'AVE A CERTIFICATE, MUM, BUT IT WAS BURNT
UP, MUM, IN THE 'OUSE WITH ME FAMILY AND THE REST OF ME
THINGS."

THE PLAYS OF SHAWKSPEARE.

No. I.—MCBETH (*continued*).ACT II., SCENE 2, PART 3. *Scene as before.*

Lady MCBETH and MCBETH discovered seated at table. Lights down, then gradually up. Music *pianissimo*.

Lady M. Is BANQUO noe back for supper yet?

McB. (*grimly*). I'm noe thinkin' he'll want muckle supper the night.

Lady M. (*handing him his food*). I dinna ken hoo that may be. Mon BANQUO hae a gran' appetite for supper.

McB. Hoots, wife, ye're sair lackin' in peenetration.

Lady M. (*crossly*). Eat yer haggis, mon, and dinna talk fulishness. (*Enter BANQUO.*) Eh, mon, ye're gey an' late, I'm thinkin'.

McB. (*to Lady MCBETH, jumping up with a scream*). Tak' him awa', tak' him awa'. He's a spuke.

Lady M. Whisht, mon, what are ye skirlin' at?

McB. He's a spuke, I tell ye, a braw, onhandsom' ghaistie. Dinna hae nocht to do wi' him.

Lady M. Ye're gane clean oot of yer senses, guidmon. (*Aside to him, while she helps BANQUO to his supper.*) Can ye noe keep yer tongue frae clackin'?

McB. (*lamentably*). Hecht, woman, ye're mazed. A grit awsom' corpsie comes to supper and ye waste guid haggis on him. I hae nae peetience wi' sic extreevance.

Lady M. (*to BANQUO*). Dinna heed his caicklin. He's fey, puir soul. (*To MCBETH.*) Will ye noe hauld yer noise?

McB. (*much aggrieved*). Aweel, I say nothin'. But I'm noe used to sittin' doon to supper wi' a bogle.

Lady M. (*to BANQUO, giving him more haggis*). Hae ye had a guid walk?

Banquo. 'Twas weel enough. I met twa hulkin' kerns wha attackit me verra unexpectedly. But I knockit their heads thegither and they rinna awa'.

McB. (*weeping at this revelation of Southron duplicity*). An' I gied them twenty guid shillin'! The swindlin' cantrips!

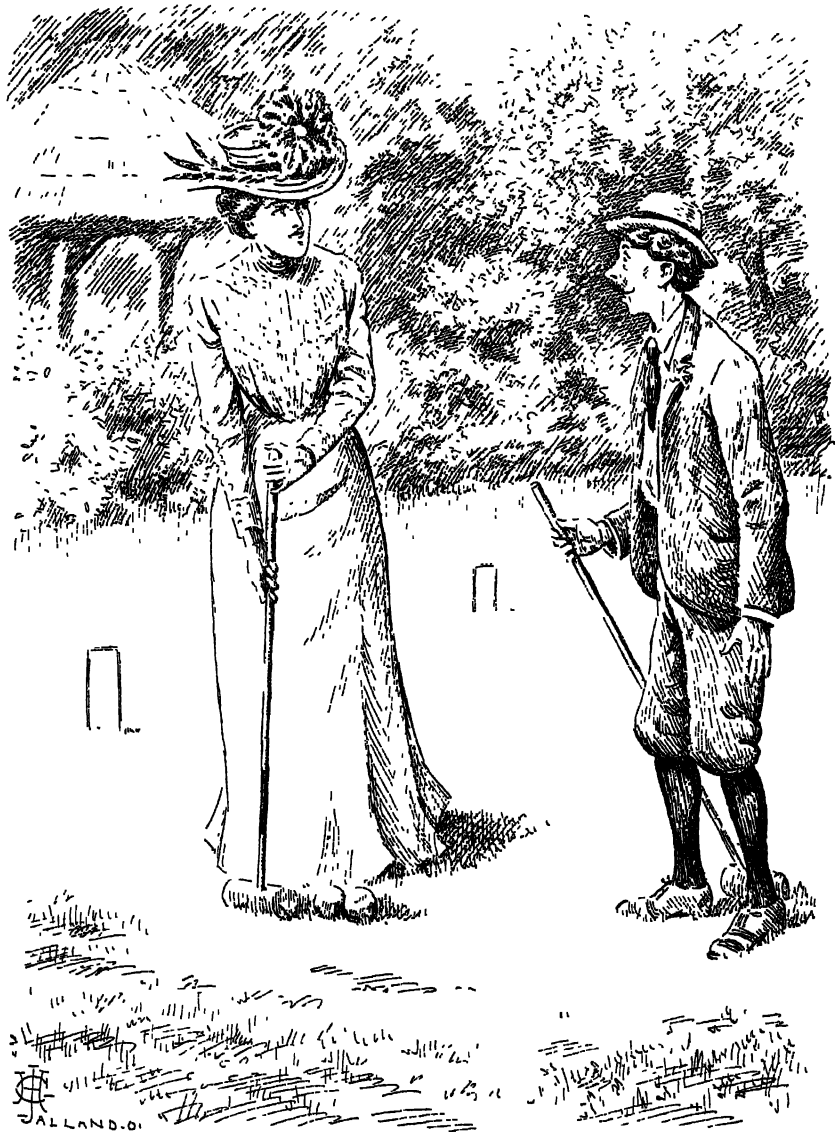
Lady M. (*alarmed, to MCBETH*). Hauld yer tongue, mon, and dinna greet like that. (*To BANQUO.*) Dinna listen to him. My guidmon is often tuke saa.

Banquo (*to MCBETH*). Mon, mon, dinna fash yersell that ye hanna slitten my throttle. There's time enough.

McB. (*refusing to be comforted*). Eh, mon, 'twas downright robbery. I com-missioned them to do it, and they promised me faithfu'.

Banquo (*rising*). Aweel, I maun gang to bed. And dinna come skelpin' round me the night or 'twill noe be wholesom' for ye. [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Lady M. Hoots, mon, ye hae mad' a complete exhibeetion of yersell. Ye'll noe be able to kill him noo without a scandal.



AN ALARMING THREAT.

Miss Dora (*debating her stroke*). "I HAVE A GREAT MIND TO KNOCK YOU INTO THE BUSHES, MR. PIPPS!"

[*Mr. PIPPS (who is a complete novice at the game) contemplates instant flight. He was just on the point of proposing, too.*]

McB. (*rather relieved*). That's verra true. We maun' gie up the whole sinfu' enterprise.

Lady M. Will ye noe gang to the Weird Seesters an' speir if they canna help us?

McB. Nae, nae, I hae had enough of the auld wirriecows. They hae costit me mair than theerty shillin'. I'll tak' a wee bit mair haggis an' forget the whole wearifu' beesiness. St. J. H.

(*Curtain.*)

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM. — "Crossing-sweeper and Lady with Trailing Skirt

(*Working Models.*)" On the insertion of a two-cent piece in the slot, these bizarre automatons will demonstrate how the streets of London were scavenged during the Age of Dirt. They work as a pair together, as the originals supplemented each other. Between them all microbes were effectually hustled and kept on the move. The more alert bacteria profited by the opportunity to follow in the lady's train into Mayfair drawing-rooms, and thus see something of high life. Once having made good their footing in Society, they were seldom or never dislodged.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

NO. III.—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ADOLPHUS BUFFERTOP, M.P.

ADOLPHUS, when I knew him first, was stout,
Rotund and apple-cheeked, a cheerful boy,
Within whose trouser-pocket there reposed
Much treasure garnered from the deuce knows where,
And stored with indiscriminating zeal.

Item, a watchkey, not designed to fit
His watch, or any watch that mortal knew;
Item, three yards of string, a tangled maze;
Two chestnuts pierced with holes, and so prepared
To break or conquer in the mimic fray—

"Conkers" we called them ere they met the doom
That falls to every chestnut soon or late.

Item, a pencil guiltless of a point;
Two lengths of stout elastic formed to be
The missile power of his catapult;
The catapult was absent: it had been
Confiscated to an usher weeks before.

An indiarubber ball; three drawing-pins;
Two little slabs of polished cocoa-nut,
Soon to be fashioned by his cunning hand
To anchors, crosses, hearts and things that were
His sister's pleasure and his mother's pride.

Item, a piece of steel—it had a spring,
And some day it was meant to take its place
Upon a pocket pistol, and discharge
Shots at his comrades' calves—you know the kind.

Item, an apple—what, at least, had been
An apple once, but now reduced to core,
Fluffy and brown with age, it had become
The mouldy relic of a ribstone pippin.
One halfpenny and one farthing, and a knife
Broken in blade; a crumpled paper bag,
Empty, but redolent of peppermint.

And, last, within the utmost corner lurked
A lollipop not utterly devoid

Of stickiness: reluctantly it left—
Clinging to life and lining to the last—

Its warm retreat, to be transferred at once
Into its owner's much-desiring mouth.

From these contents, so faithfully set down,
You may infer ADOLPHUS: he was much
What many boys are at the age of twelve.
Take him at fourteen, see him in his class
With thirty other boys, the Lower Fourth.

It is the hour for *Cæsar*; BUFFERTOP
Cared not for *Cæsar*; little did he reck
Of Gaul and its divisions, little cared
For marches, camps, attacks and winter quarters.
He saw no use in Latin, and his mind,
Which should have followed *CÆSAR* to the wars,
Strayed to the tuck-shop or the playing field.
On him thus gathering wool an eagle eye
Pounced, and the master's sudden voice broke out
Sternly, "Stand up and construe, BUFFERTOP."

Oh, luckless BUFFERTOP! He stood indeed,
But that was all; his book was in his hand;
His fevered eye went up and down the page,
Finding nor stay nor comfort as it went.

RUDGE minor prompted him, but all in vain,
And took an imposition for his pains.

Then spoke the master, "'Tis the fifteenth time
That BUFFERTOP's attention is at fault.
Such infamies must cease—one hundred lines!"

"Oh, Sir!"—"Two hundred," was the swift retort.

"Please, Sir, I didn't—" "Do four hundred then."

"But, Sir, I—" "Write EIGHT hundred; and to show

That I will not be trifled with, stay in
For two half-holidays at least, and learn
That inattention brings you misery."
He paused indignant, but the culprit's soul
Was wrung with woe; down on the form he sank,
And sobbed as though his heart would break, and wiped
With inky fingers both his brimming eyes,
And both his streaming cheeks, a hideous sight.
And even as he sobbed a vision mocked
His aching senses, and he saw the field
Next Saturday, and all the merry rout
Of happy boys, their cricket bats in hand,
Pitching the stumps; and someone seemed to say
"Where's BUFFERTOP, our champion junior bat?"
And someone answered him, "Kept in," whereat
His heartless fellows laughed, and he the while,
Pent in the hateful class-room, laboured on.
Ah well, he was assured that keepings in
And lines were very dangerous to health.
It might be he would fade away and die,
And then too late his virtues would be known,
And the harsh master who had kept him in,
Racked by remorse, would pour upon his grave
The tardy tribute of repentant tears.
Too late, too late! for BUFFERTOP would lie
Cold in his coffin underneath the earth.
His piteous mother would bewail her son,
Crying, "Give back, oh, give me back my boy!"
And it might chance his father would be wroth,
And send policemen to arrest his foe,
And doom him to the scaffold and the rope.
With this consoled he ceased to weep, and raised
His heavy head, and, lastly, stowed away
His handkerchief, and came to life again.

(To be continued.)

R. C. L.

NEVER TOO LATE FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

SIR,—I subjoin a letter and a sketch made on the spot. The
writer and drawer are most reliable persons. They've sworn
to the truth, and I have no sort of reason to doubt their word.
—I am, Sir, yours,
LITTLEMORE DOTTIE, R.H.M.



Me and my mate was steaming 23 deg.
(worse than usual) 8 bells-and-make-it-so
by the Chukkar Ontugo Islands, where we
sau a murmaid a-playin' on a harp which
my messmate said as was a liar, so I
knocked him down as bein' rude to a
murmaid with a liar in her arms, and she
was playin' to the sea-sarpint, as was so
pleased with it as he wisked up his tale
and dived down, so my other mate ony
had time to draw this ere likeness of her
and send it, the sarpint avin gone out of site. Pleese forrurd
me and my mate ten soverins for infurmashun reseved and for
piksher of same.

Aboard the Grumpur.

Yours on oath,

BEN BOOZER.

TOM TITE.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Costume of a Pan-Celt." A com-
bination of a Roman toga, a Druid's dressing-gown, and a
thirteenth-century wimple for the head, the whole dating from
the year 1901. It has nothing to do with pan-taloons or pan-
tomime, as has been asserted by certain unsympathetic Saxon
archæologists, who have gone so far as to question the exist-
ence even of a "Pan-Celt." It is said, however, that there
were, about this time, certain renegade English who were
anxious to unlearn their mother-tongue and make antiquarian
exhibits of themselves by acquiring a more abusive and mori-
bund language.



"FREE AS AIR."

L-rd R-s-b-ry (as Harold Skimpole). "I WOULD ADMIT THIS—THAT WHILE THE TREASURY DOES ITS DUTY IN A HARD AND CONSCIENTIOUS MANNER, IT IS A LITTLE DEFICIENT IN THE QUALITY OF IMAGINATION! NOW, MY DEAR FRIENDS, AS TO THIS TUNNEL BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, THERE IS SO MUCH MONEY WANTED. I HAVE NOT AN IDEA HOW MUCH. CALL IT EIGHT MILLIONS, CALL IT EIGHT PENCE. THEY TELL ME IT MAY COST MORE THAN THAT. I DARE SAY IT WILL. I DARE SAY THEY'LL MAKE IT COST AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. IF THEY DON'T PUT A LIMIT, WHY SHOULD I? THERE YOU HAVE ROSEBERY-SKIMPOLE IN LITTLE. IF THAT'S RESPONSIBILITY, I AM RESPONSIBLE."—See Lord Rosebery's Speech at Stranraer, "Times," Sept. 26. Vide "Bleak House," Vol. I., Chap. 6.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

"JUNGLES."

THERE is a spot in Afric West,
By white man's foot it's no'er been
pressed,

For he's not the chap to bungle.
There's no one would be such an ass—
It's eighty miles of black morass,
And a hundred more of jungle.
The sleepy crocodile eyes the moon,
And the python gives an afternoon
Or a small and early party. [care,
The microbe thrives, for he's free from
In the reeking, pestilential air,
And the expert who shall first get there
Is sure of a welcome hearty.

A guileless stranger, wandering round,
Within a brandy shanty found
The owner of this location.
And then this, also, guileless chief
Produced some plans which showed a reef
Of a banket true formation.
The gentleman dark released his grip
For a bit in cash and some promised scrip,
And the purchaser sent a cable.
Thus starting out on his road to fame;
And quite *au fait* at the latest game,
He christened his "mine" a crackjaw
name,
That certainly helped the fable.

To London soon he brought his wares,
People struggled and fought for shares
In the manner he intended.
The buyers do not feel they're sold,
They dream of tons of standard gold
For the thousands they've expended.
But, still the crocodile eyes the moon
And the python gives an afternoon
Or a small and early party.
The microbe thrives, he is free from care,
In the reeking, pestilential air,
And the expert who shall first get there,
Is sure of a welcome hearty

WHIFFLETON'S BOGEY.

(Continued from September 18.)

"So you've noticed that I'd something
on my mind," said WHIFFLETON, slowly.

"Egad, I should think so," observed
the Colonel. "I don't ask any man to
laugh at my jokes. I pity his lack of
humour—but, dash it all, I don't expect
to be treated as a criminal. Perhaps,
like other men with your income, you
begin to feel the burden of riches. Well,
the cure is simple. There's no need to
stalk about like a melodramatic villain.
We could all do with a better balance at
our banks, eh, boys?"

"We would do anything to make you
happy," put in GREGSON heartily.

WHIFFLETON ordered a small brandy,
then lit a cigar. After this appropriate
prologue, he remarked, "The truth of it is
—I'm haunted. Ever since I returned
from Cornwall, I've been haunted day and
night. I can't escape the horrid thing."



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

Dilapidated Old Party (squalling)—

"WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER
WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLL'D AWAY!"

"Troublesome matter, holiday flirtations," said the Colonel, gravely. "I remember in India—"

"Holiday flirtations be jiggered," interrupted WHIFFLETON impatiently. "Women aren't the only horrid things—beg pardon, GREGSON, Mrs. G— excluded, of course. I'm haunted by the obvious. It follows me everywhere. It started after a course of magazine reading during my long railway journeys. It gave me no peace afterwards. When I began a story, it whispered the conclusion. I met a friend, it told me what he would say. I knew exactly what the people opposite at *table d'hôte* would chat about. I foresaw all the Colonel's jokes when I returned. I knew what every mother's son of you would say in reply to my enquiries: 'great mistake, holidays'; 'What, you in town again?' etc. I rush to the theatre or a music hall, the thing pursues me there. I open the papers—" WHIFFLETON groaned.

"Hullo, WHIFFLETON!" called out a jovial looking man at another table. "Just a word with you if it's convenient."

"Coming," said WHIFFLETON in a tragic voice. "Shall I tell you what he'll say?" he added in a gloomy whisper. "He borrowed five pounds from me last June—and he's going to say, awfully sorry he can't square things, but if I make it ten he's expecting some luck at the end of the week—well, you know the old game. Oh, this bogey of mine!"

"Thanks, old chap," said the jovial borrower, as WHIFFLETON came up, "much obliged for that fiver. Better take it now whilst I have it. Eh—what—?"

WHIFFLETON wrung his hand with wild hilarity. "You've destroyed it," he said, "the darned thing's gone! Here, have the money, take another fiver. Yes, I insist!"

The jovial man whistled. "Good dodge that, though risky," he murmured to himself as he jingled some small change.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
SECOND SERIES.

THE "ETERNAL CITY" SECTION.

(Continued from September.)

19TH.—THE rays of the afternoon sun fell in rich blotches of golden glory on the walls of ATHENA's studio underneath the Hill of the Demi-Nymphs. Palette in hand, her prehensile fingers were rapidly blocking out in the plastic clay the features of the great Athenian Martyr. As the temperature of her feelings towards her model had moved up from the zero of hatred to the boiling point (80° Réaumur) of passionate worship, so the bust had successively represented CLEON (the brawling demagogue), ALCIBIADES, HERODOTUS, THEMISTOCLES, ARISTIDES, and finally SOCRATES himself. The work, when accomplished, was to be a pleasant surprise for the model, who had always been looking the other way.

20TH.—The door opened. "Honorable DOTTI!" cried the butler, and withdrew without comment. The Deputy entered carrying a large *mpaoulo* (trunk) heavily padlocked. He gave a quiet sniff of satisfaction as he recognised the familiar perfume of patchouli. Then silently, as if by the force of a habit which he was powerless to arrest, he stepped to the throne, wrought of Parian marble and draped with Phœnician *byssos* (a kind of linen, not so diaphanous as Coan silk) and assumed a bust-like attitude with his back to the artist. There was an expression on his face. It was the spirit of outraged Justice. The atmosphere of the studio tingled with suppressed passion. As the salient features of SOCRATES leaped into actuality under her rapid touch, it seemed to ATHENA that she could not resist the impulse to infuse some of her own superfluous warmth into the lifeless clay. Furtively she kissed the Martyr's clammy nose. It was the connubial instinct. For the moment she was playing the part of XANTHIPPE.

21ST.—The silence was broken by DOTTI's voice, the relic of a noble organ ruined by the practice of addressing outdoor crowds in the teeth of a brutal constabulary.

"ATHENA," he said, "my soul has learned to trust in your discretion, and the purity of your motives, ever since that hour in my bachelor attic when you introduced yourself to me in an evening dress that displayed the full round ripeness of your youth and beauty. I will now proceed to read aloud to you a little thing of my own composition. It is the draught of a poster giving instructions to the Great Over-taxed how to behave at our mass-meeting to-morrow night under the columns of Zeus Olympios. For days they have been coming in from far and near; not only from Attica and the Peloponnese, but from the uttermost isles of the Archipelago. I ought, perhaps, to say that the splendid paradox of the opening sentence is taken verbatim from the pen of the Master. I have printed the passage in small caps."

"Go on, DANIEL DOTTI," said ATHENA. "My heart is with you. But don't look round."

The Deputy took a long breath and began. Never had his face so closely resembled the Bust as at this moment.

22ND.—"Friends, Athenians, Countrymen! THE SKY IS DARK, THE HEAVENS ARE VOID, WE ARE TRAVELLING BENEATH THE STORM-CLOUD. Yet it has the customary silver lining. It is the dawn of the Milky Way, though still no bigger than a man's hand. Come, then, to the Olympieion in your myriads, leaving behind your poniards and shot-guns. Let each man wear his own hair with a simple branch of olive twined about it. It shall be at once a symbol of Peace, and a protest against the olive-tax. Do not provoke violence. The hired soldiers, themselves your down-trodden brothers, would be reluctantly tempted to retaliate. Do nothing, or you will surely be done by. Simply assemble and talk. Better still, just listen to me. Respect property. Pay honour

to vested interests. Remember Thermopylæ! Remember Salamis! To-morrow after dark; say, about 8.30. DANIEL DOTTI.

23RD.—"Beautiful, isn't it?" cried ATHENA. "And now tell me something about your past. I feel I must have met you in another and a better world." There was a passionate appeal in her mulberry eyes. "My child," enquired DOTTI, "are you strong enough to bear the truth?" "Try me," she said. With that, having drawn down the blinds, he extracted from the trunk a phono-cinematograph with oxy-hydrogen lantern complete. Fixing them in position, he cleared his throat and started:—

24TH TO 26TH.—"Constantly harried by the police in my capacity of Friend of Man, yet never, even in my most rapid movements—even when my very boots were an impediment—have I consented to part with this ingeniously complicated instrument, my sole memento of the noblest Exile I ever clapped eyes on."

ATHENA's attention had now become seriously diverted from the Bust.

"The victim of his virtues, he was placed in what is invariably known as *domicilio coatto* (confinement) on a sea-bound island. There, loaded with chains, and guarded day and night by heavy dragoons with drawn sabres, he ultimately perished. That man was your father!"

ATHENA's palette fell from her nerveless grasp.

"I now turn on the gas, and both the dead and the dead-alive will appear. The scene before you represents Trafalgar Square. Victorious troops from Egypt are marching by. They have just detrained at Charing Cross. I suppose they must have come over-land as far as Calais or Boulogne. You will notice the Exiled Philanthropist with a bright little girl and a handsome Greek boy, the latter holding a stuffed squirrel on wheels by a string."

A sudden tremor passed through ATHENA's limbs. It shook her easel, displacing the Bust, which fell nose-downwards with a thud to the floor. Where it fell, there it stuck.

"The Philanthropist addresses the boy. 'DANIEL LEONIDAS,' he says, 'listen to the band!' The drums and fifes are passing; they are playing *The Girl I left behind me*! The little maid is speaking to the Philanthropist. 'Papa,' she asks, 'is dey playing *Kingum tum*?'"

ATHENA's knees were going under her. She sank down uneasily on the moist clay of the prostrate *chef d'œuvre*.

"I never rightly understood," continued DOTTI, "why she could manage the guttural in the word *Kingdom*, and yet failed to pronounce it in the word *come*. But let that pass. Now the gentleman hails a four-wheeler. 'Soho!' he cries. 'What ho!' answers the cabman. 'So-ho!' replies the Exile with grave courtesy."

ATHENA could bear no more. "But surely," she cried, "my father never made a joke?"

"Not consciously," replied DOTTI. "I learned much from him in that respect. I owe him a great debt."

"But who is the little LEONIDAS in the picture?"

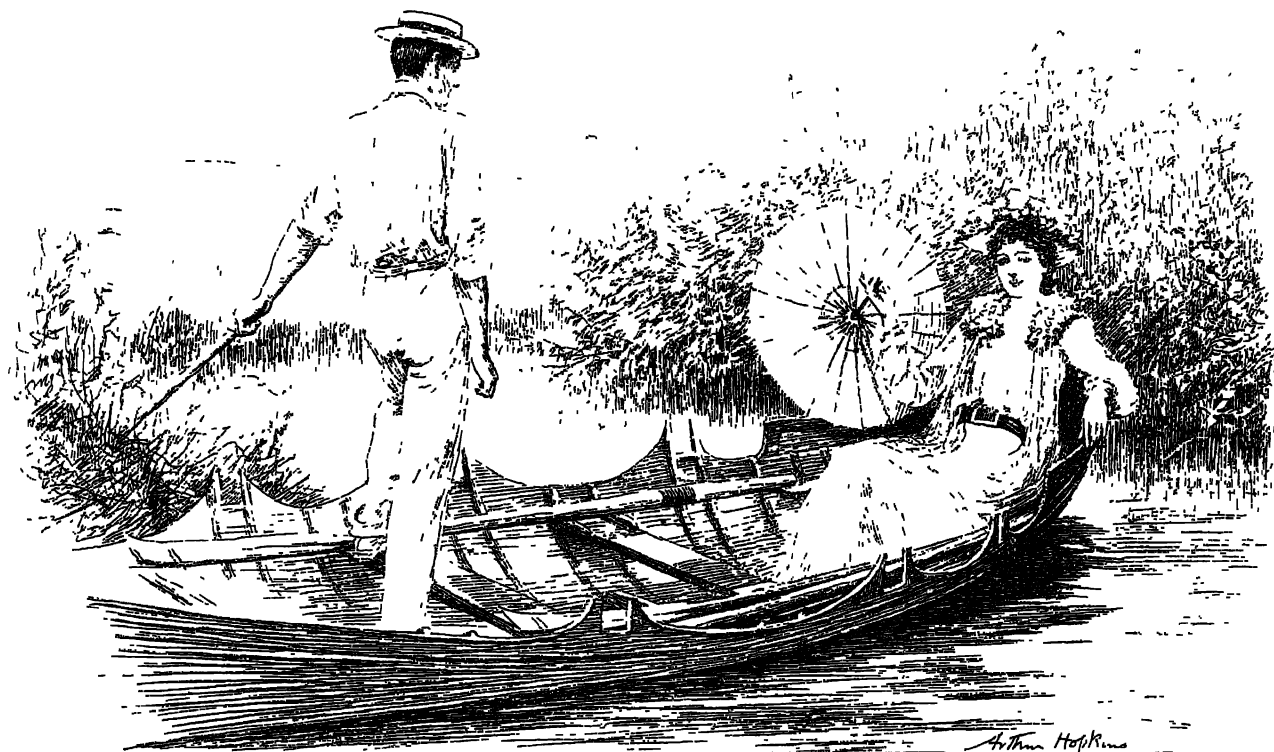
"*Ego o idios* (I myself)! DOTTI is an *alias*."

"Never mind, dear," cried ATHENA. "To me, whatever your real name, you will never be anything but dotty!" She smiled shyly at her own *jeu d'esprit*, and flung herself upon his answering chest.

* * * * *

27TH.—DRAREST HUSBAND,—For are we not man and wife in all except actual fact?—Ever since you left me at the church-door at 4 A.M. this morning in a red wig and top-boots, so as to elude the cordon of detectives, I have been wondering what you had for breakfast. I say to myself, "Why does he hold such perilous opinions?" And then I remember that I have promised to be your true little help-meet.

All the police are asking one another "Have you seen Honorable DOTTI?" The crowds are restive and want to go home. Throughout the night the troops were raking them with shot and shell; but the list of casualties is smaller than we anticipated. One milch-goat from the Stadion killed by a



He. "AND SHE SENT ME AS A SOUVENIR A LITTLE BOOK OF POEMS, BY—ER—BY—OH, BOTHER THE NAME—BY—"
 She. "BY POST, I EXPECT."

15-pounder, and a Member of the *Boule* (Parliament) bitten by a stray dog in the Street of Victory.

Your loving ATHENA.

28TH.—MY DEAR DANIEL DOTTI,—Of course it is splendid having love-letter after love-letter from you, full of such beautiful language about the Republic of Man, and telling me how you have got the greater part of Europe to agree with you. But I was a little jealous of the Parisian ladies. I feel happier now you are in Berlin. I have had all your placards put up; and, as you must have foreseen, am soon going to prison for it. I am dying to have you back; but still, don't you think that Athens may be a little warm for you? You see, it is only quite a short time since you left, and some of the detectives remember names and faces so curiously well. Or, are you coming back in the red wig and a new *nom de plume*? I feel so excited.

Your faithful little Wife.

29TH.—"Dearest," said ATHENA, as she lay limply in DOTTI's arms, "I am so glad that I lived long enough to see your hour of triumph, and share your joy at the Abolition of Hierarchies. How our poor human methods are but as clay or plasticene in the hands of a Higher Destiny! You hoped to attain your end by peaceful means. I dare not think how long this might have taken. But now you have succeeded in a moment by the simple murder of a Prime Minister—no, no, dearest, I know it was only manslaughter—"

"ATHENA!" cried DOTTI, hoarsely, "do not mention it. Have I not abjured the guerdon of that—of that regrettable incident? Elected this day to the Presidency of the New Republic, my motto is still *Everything for Everybody else*. As usual, I efface myself."

EPILOGUE.

30TH.—It was a summer evening. KASPARI's work was done. Beside his cottage door, on the hills above Megara, the fine old

shepherd was sitting in the sun. He had just returned from Athens, after a one-day excursion.

"Papous! (grandpapa)" cried little PETROKINOS, "what is that you have in your pocket, so large and smooth and round?"

"My child," replied KASPARI, "'tis a present from Athens for a good boy. 'Tis a bit of the Bust of the great DOTTI!"

With that he drew forth a cast of the lately-discovered fragment of a portrait head which that day had been set up, to the accompaniment of the massed bands of all available Brotherhoods, on the tomb of ATHENA in the Potters' Quarter (Kerameikos).

"Who was DOTTI, grandpapa?"

"DOTTI, my boy? why that's ages ago, back in the early part of the twentieth century, before they did away with Kings and Boundaries, and such-like relics of barbarism."

"Is it a pretty story, grandpapa?" asked the boy wistfully.

"That's a matter of taste, my child," replied the old man; "but I know it's a d—d long one." O. S.

INCORRECT.—The phrase, "Mrs. So-and-so presented Mr. So-and-so with a fine boy, girl, or twins," as the case may be, is not a happy one, especially in the case of twins. Why should Mrs. So-and-so present Mr. So-and-so with what is his own? This isn't the usual idea of a birthday present. And if, *per contra*—but—ahem!—that's another story.

ALICE AT SEA IN YACHT RACINGLAND.—"Well," said the Carpenter to the Walrus, after they had both been hearing from ALICE detailed accounts in the newspapers of the great Anglo-American yacht contest: "It ought to be a nailing good race as there is such a lot of tacks in it."

WHEN affairs come to a deadlock what is the best remedy? Try a skeleton key.

"THE OLD MILLIONAIRE."

(Parody on "The Old Arm Chair.")

I'M married; I'm married, and who shall dare
To chide me for wedding a millionaire;
I wavered long; though his money I prize,
In other respects the match seemed unwise.
But what could I do—with bills lying there?—
A warning to wed this old millionaire.

In former years I had hoped to wed
A man I loved—my dear friend TED!
Yet I heeded the worldly truths that fell
From the lips of my mother, who loves me well.
She said, "No evil will over betide
A girl who becomes a rich man's bride!"
And creditors taught me I must not dare
Again to refuse the old millionaire.

I watched and I watched him for many a day,—
His eyes were bleary'd, and his locks were grey;
And I almost hated him when he smiled,
While his unctuous manners drove me wild.
Weeks passed on—then he ask'd once more,
That time I said "yes" to the rich old bore;
And learned how much the heart could bear,
After giving my hand to that old millionaire.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on him now
With aching heart and with throbbing brow.
Thus I who married for gold alone
Am reaping the harvest I have sown.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak;
When he drops his H's I want to shriek;
But I'm married, I'm married, and cannot tear
Myself away from the old millionaire!

A TEN DAYS' TRIP.

THE tourist will have plenty of drives at a very reasonable charge, and at a very fair rate of speed, if he be so inclined; his own legs and occasional trams will do the rest; and, by the way, his own legs will be glad enough in any case to do a rest when he can find an unoccupied arm-chair or couch. At our rooms at the Victoria we are so exceptionally well off in this respect that, once settled down in Victorian armchair, or at full length on sofa, we found it very difficult to rouse ourselves up and once again pursue our wild and rattling career.

The indefatigable tourist will visit Den Kullurhistoriske Udstillings, which is a sort of National Gallery and Kensington Museum combined, and can take his midday meal at the Restauration there situated, if hunger is a very sharp thorn; but if it isn't, let him drive straight away to the Restauration at the Grand, and there take "the order of the day," or give any other order he pleases, and he will be pretty sure to lunch well and wisely.

Remember the little steamers in Piperviken Bay for short excursions; also the larger steamer that takes you about the islands between 4.30 and 7 o'clock of an afternoon. Finally, "when in doubt," "play your trump card," i.e. Mr. BENNETT, whose shop, full of Norwegian curios and all sorts of souvenirs to delight children, you will find at No. 35 Carl Johans Gade, not three minutes' walk from, and in a line with, the Grand Hotel, which is apparently to the English and American tourist "the hub of the universe in Christiania." Should Mr. BENNETT himself be invisible, his amiable representative (all that there is of him—which is about six foot three) will attend

to you and put you in the right and the best way of doing everything and of going everywhere at the least possible expence compatible with perfect comfort.

A delightful two days and a-half return voyage to England.

On arriving in the Thames, not daring to face the vacant streets of London, broiling under the rays of an early autumn sun or a late summer one, which is much the same thing, we debark at Tilbury, bid *au revoir* to our gallant Captain, and, after waiting about an hour or so, watching nothing in particular, *La Marguerite* comes alongside. We are inclined to follow the example of the mariners in the old "*Bay of Biscay*" song, and "hail her with three cheers," but we restrain our enthusiasm and go quietly on board. A lovely day; some hundreds swarming in by train, pouring into the ship, and stowing themselves away in all directions, treble-lining the side nearest the landing stage, but all settling themselves down comfortably as we get under weigh.

A pleasant trip by the lovely *Marguerite* to Ramsgate. Average bourgeois lunch *en route*. (I have tried it since. 'Tis always good, but monotonous.) Personally I should not select the *Marguerite* for the society of its passengers. Am quite content to imagine what a nice, quiet, "say-nothing-to-nobody-sort of" set they will be on the return voyage. However, trippers will be trippers, and tipplers will be tipplers.

Ramsgate at last. *Happy thought*.—Let us keep up the idea of still travelling about, and dine at the Hotel. Carried, *nem. con.* A well-served dinner at the Granville, in company with our capital travelling companion, CHARLES WORTLER, winds up the Norway holiday just in the right way. We drink to our next merry meeting and voyaging.

The next day.—The *nostalgie* of the sea being upon us, we continue being nautical by going aboard one of the taut and trim little steamers in the S. E. and L. C. & D. service, plying this season merrily between Folkestone and Ramsgate, *aller et retour*. We make several pleasant runs over to Folkestone and back, distributing our favours between the Imperial Hotel below and the Metropole above, and by exercising "the wisdom of the wise," (here's a health to JOHN OLIVER HOBBS!) we do ourselves very well at both establishments. This little steamer, if its running is continued next season, is worth attention; six hours at sea, allowing two and a-half ashore, coasting all the way, and stopping at the two intermediate ports. More sea breeze benefit than can be obtained during a shorter voyage on a bigger ship, and not a third of the expense! When found make a note of it! And thus, after our Norway outing, do we, speaking for self and the partners of our voyaging joys, let ourselves down gently; then gradually extending the intervals between the sailing excursions, we reduce them to one in the week, and by that time the year's brief holiday is over.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE!"

Or, at what she arrive.

[WANTED, a House on agreement: rent not to exceed, etc., *comestable* to Tube Railway.—*Morning Post*.]

"COMESTABLE"! Next, please. At this rate we await with alarm the appearance of advertisements couched in the following terms:—

TO LET.—Pleasant bungalow; smellable distance of sea; walkable to station.

FOR SALE.—Bull terrier; excellent house dog; scareable to duns and burglars.

WANTED, for the Little England Debating Society, an Orator of approved pro-boerability.

GENTLEMAN going abroad wishes to dispose of his Bay Mare, rising 7 (breakfast 8.30), 15.2, rideable, driveable, huntable. No reasonable offer refuseable. Viewable, by appointment, any afternoon.



HUMOURS OF CUB-HUNTING.

Hunt-man. "HERE! HOLD HARD! WHAT ARE YOU GALLOPING AFTER THAT HOUND OR?"

Farmer. "I BAIN'T ANTER YOUR DOG. I BE ANTER HAVIN' THAT OLE RABBIT WHEN E KETCHES 'IM!"

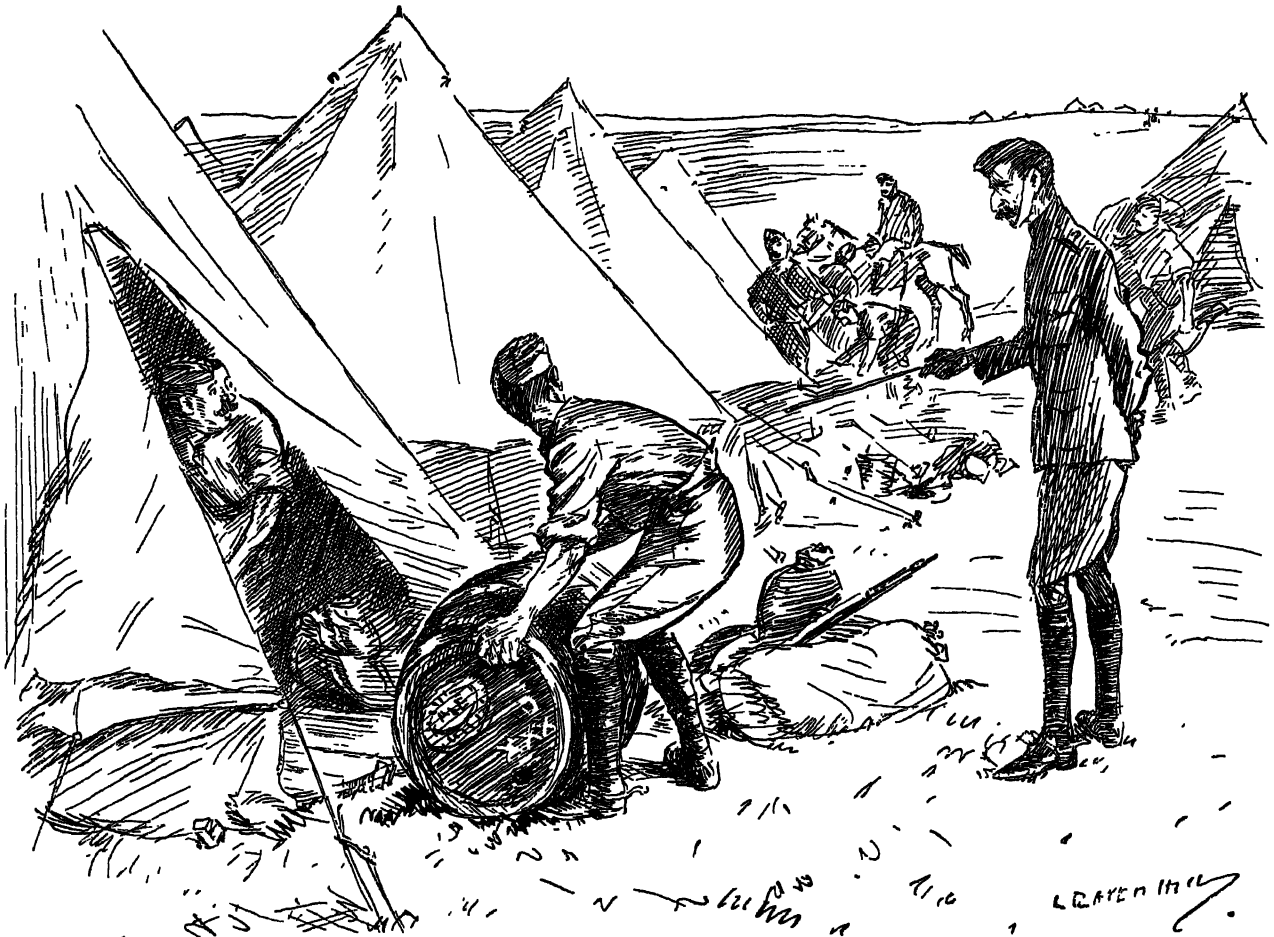
"PHOTOGRAPHS."

ONE used to think a Photograph was honest as the sun,
The acme of veracity, *sans* bias,
But that was in the early days before it had begun
To follow in the steps of Ananias.
One saw a view of sunlit sands, and dreamed the sky was blue,
The colour of the waves an emerald green,
And if what one imagined didn't happen to be true
One simply blamed one's fancy for the scene.
But now, in brilliant colours, they produce a photochrome,
That really out of Fancy takes the shine;
One thinks Virginia Water is a bit of Ancient Rome,
Or mistakes the Thames at Shadwell for the Rhine.

When a girl was very pretty—vivacious or demure,
In days before photography was known,
'Twas only in a miniature her portrait you'd secure
And a wonderful resemblance would be shown.
You'd recognise the maiden with her dainty air of grace,
The lilies and the roses on her cheek,
The hair, the eyes, the attitude, expression of the face—
The picture could do everything but speak.
But now outside a theatre you perceive a mighty frame
Of photos from the Chorus to the Star,
And can you trace the likeness, altho' they put the name
To tell the British public who they are?

What charming views they forward when a villa is for sale,
And p'raps for further details you have sent,
By woodlands 'tis surrounded, or 'tis in a fertile dale,
And, as the agent puts it—"Why pay rent?"
The entrance looks so spacious and the carriage sweep so grand,
And every room's so lofty and so wide;
There's a lake and there's a paddock and a lot of meadow land;
To buy it, from the photos, you decide.
Alas! the shameful swindle of the camera again,
For disillusion comes when far too late,
It is pokey, also stuffy, p'raps the roof lets in the rain,
And you could not get a go-cart through the gate.

In illustrated papers, where the interviews appear
With some Continental beauty when *chez elle*,
Duplicity of photos is phenomenal, I fear,
Regarding that most charming demoiselle.
There's a corner of her boudoir, of the salon there's a slice,
A vista of a glasshouse full of flowers,
A pond within the garden where she skates when there is ice,
A kiosk wherein she spends the sunny hours.
The camera's a liar! and we'll let it go at that
(Tho' letterpress is also far from true),
For this palatial mansion is an ordinary flat,
And the photos give a *quite ideal view!*



YEOMANRY MANŒUVRES. (FIRST DAY IN CAMP.)

Officer. "WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT CASK?"

Trooper. "TEXT EQUIPMENT, SIR!"

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

II.

"I CAN'T think why we go on living in a pokey little flat overlooking a mews, and paying eighty pounds a year for the privilege, when they tell me you can get a charming little cottage in the country for five."

"My dear, shall I tell the porter we wish to sub-let the flat?"

"If you would occasionally have an opinion of your own on some subject," remarked GWENDOLEN in a tone of icy contempt, "you would be so infinitely more interesting."

Seeing that an amiable alacrity to fall in with any and every suggestion was not enough, and that GWENDOLEN was determined I should take an intelligent interest in the approaching discussion, I settled myself in an easy chair and lit a cigar.

"Living in London is so terribly expensive."

"Yes," I agreed, glancing at a milliner's bill which had just made positively its last appearance.

"You see," continued GWENDOLEN, divining my thoughts, "one can dress on

nothing in the country. A cycling skirt and a sailor hat —"

I pulled a long face; but the opportunity was not to be lost. "And I, of course, would wear a flannel shirt," I interposed casually. GWENDOLEN is most particular about my linen.

"Mm—yes," she replied, doubtfully, "well, when you are digging in the garden perhaps. Of course, we'll do all our own gardening: it will be such splendid exercise for you, and we shan't be able to afford a gardener. How delightful it will be to grow all our own fruit and vegetables! Living will cost practically nothing. Why, the butcher's will be the only bill we shall have to pay!"

"Or leave unpaid," I suggested.

"Then cabs—I'm sure we spend quite a small fortune on them, and there aren't any hansoms in the country."

"Nor theatres."

"No, nor suppers after them," added GWEN, with just a suspicion of regret in her voice.

"Well, my dear, that will save us no end of money. Then, we shan't have to entertain."

"No, dear, there'll just be our two selves. And you'll be able to give up that stupid old club where you never meet those editors you were to get to know. Well, it's perfectly true, JACK: you know you do nothing at the club but stand drinks to budding journalists more impecunious than yourself."

"The budding journalist of to-day may be the full-blown editor of to-morrow," I remarked.

"In which case you hope he will remember the whisky-and-watering you gave him in his youth? No, dear, you haven't the physique for late hours and cigars and things. In the country you'll have no more headaches and bilious attacks, but be my own sunburnt, strong Goliath. Yes," continued GWEN, pulling up my sleeve and patting the puny white arm she discovered, "it shall grow as big and brown as a navvy's. And as for my dear sparrow legs —"

"Really, GWENDOLEN —"

"Did I tease it? Oh, JACK! we shall live on nothing! Do go down, there's a dear, and tell the porter we want to sub-let our flat."

[To be continued.]



“TO BE WELL SHAKEN.”

JOHN BULL (to LORD ST. STURDY). “LOOK HERE! WAKE UP! I WANT THIS WAR OVER! YOU TELL ME WHAT MORE I CAN DO, AND I’LL DO IT!”



Young Lady. "Oh, MR. GREEN, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH EFFIE! SHE IS SO MISERABLE BECAUSE SHE HASN'T HAD HER DONKEY RIDE. WOULD YOU MIND GIVING HER A PICK-A-BACK?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Queen's Comrade (HUTCHINSON) is SARAH, Duchess of Marlborough, whose life and times Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY pictures in two handsome volumes. The work is a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the history of a stirring period. The Duchess lived through six reigns, playing a prominent part in the majority of them. Mr. MOLLOY begins at the beginning, when SARAH JENNINGS, the budding Duchess, was appointed Maid of Honour to the Duke of YORK's bride, the hapless Princess of MODENA. The Duke (in course of time JAMES THE SECOND), forming his household as heir-apparent, promoted his former page, JOHN CHURCHILL, to be Master of the Robes. At a ball given by CHARLES THE SECOND in honour of the new Duchess of YORK, young CHURCHILL saw SARAH and straightway fell in love. She treated him with persistent coquetry, an attitude that only inflamed his ardour. Mr. MOLLOY quotes many letters written by CHURCHILL before and subsequent to his marriage, all breathing unfaltering affection. Faithless found in other quarters, he was, to the last, faithful to his first love. Among many episodes of enthralling interest, the invasion of England by WILLIAM OF ORANGE and the flight of King JAMES is not least. The story is mainly told from the letters of those who made the history. Abandoned by one daughter, assailed with armed

force in the name of another, deserted by his trusted generals, with his protégé JOHN CHURCHILL in the van, feebly trustful, futilely irresolute, King JAMES cuts a pathetic figure. But my Baronite is constrained to say that kings and queens of this final STUART era, pimps and paramours, were a poor lot.

What a splendid-looking book is this tenth volume of *The Anglo-Saxon Review* for this quarter, edited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and published by Mrs. CORNWALLIS WEST at 49, Rupert Street. Two charming ladies rolled into one. Such a volume ought to be replete with *articles de luxe*. It opens with a delicate reproduced engraving of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE'S well-known portrait of the lovely Lady BLESSINGTON, about whom there is an interesting article by JOHN FYVIE, who styles her Ladyship "the Gorgeous." The Baron does not approve of the epithet, preferring, "Beautiful BLESSINGTON." Mr. FYVIE'S memoir is most interesting. The Baron, having only quite recently received *The Anglo-Saxon*, must possess his soul in patience until from his much-occupied time a fair proportion can be spared for further consideration of the many articles with most attractive titles. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SUGGESTION.—If Sir HENRY IRVING be going to America on tour this month what an appropriate production in honour of the yacht race would be *The Cup*.

THE ETHICS OF METEOROLOGY.

["Professor Dexter, of the University of Illinois, has been investigating the effects of weather on morals."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

DEXTEROUS Dexter, to be sure!

If, as papers now assert, you
Prove that from the temperature
We derive our vice and virtue.

Though we are not (ah, too true!)

What we should be altogether,
'Tis some comfort that is due
To the influence of the weather.

Yet, Professor, not content,

Win your way to further laure's,
Be your next step to invent
A barometer of morals.

Prove dog-days to many a dog

Gives the bad name now he's bearing;
To its source in rain or fog
Trace the sudden fit of swearing.

Teach us in the bud to nip

All the evils we are prone to;
Save poor culprits from the whip
For the crimes they now must own to.

Whether, then, with glass "set fair,"

Some rare fit of virtue takes us,
Or at some dull day we swear—
We are what the weather makes us.

THE SMILE CURE;

OR, NO LAUGHING MATTER.

(A Very Serious Story.)

CHAPTER I.

DURING the last eighteen months business with ARTHUR JOLLIFER had suffered a general depression. Being susceptible to commercial influences, it was only natural that ARTHUR should share the depression. It was particularly unfortunate that a long streak of commercial prosperity should suddenly evaporate—immediately after his marriage. ENID was a splendid girl, plucky, light-hearted, and all that, and he felt that his silent brooding over bad times was unfair to her. He ought to make an effort to simulate an air of cheerfulness—at least at home. He must throw off the shroud of gloomy foreboding. He must pull himself out of himself, and, generally speaking, buck up and be sprightly. Dinner each evening was becoming a rather dismal affair. It must be altered. "Dash it all," said JOLLIFER, pulling a daily paper from his pocket, "it isn't fair to her."

As he said this to himself his eye caught the following paragraph:

"We have had many strange cures from America, and the latest seems to be the smile cure. A well-known doctor of Minneapolis issues the following prescription: 'Smile, keep on smiling, don't stop smiling.' This is said to be useful for melancholy patients."

"By Jove! Just the thing. I'll adopt the cure. Don't stop smiling. I won't! I will cure myself, by Jove, for her sake!"

CHAPTER II.

Now it so happened—so much stranger is truth than fiction—that the day on which JOLLIFER had registered the firm and unbreakable vow recorded above had been a very unfortunate one with ENID. To begin with, her presentation pup (from workers of Walthamstow) had attacked a tradesman in the vital parts of his continuations, for which compensation would have to be made. This was in itself annoying; but when the man became abusive (after the pup had been tied up), and threatened to shoot the "animal," and have JOLLIFER imprisoned and Mrs. JOLLIFER fined, and "get all their names in the paper," ENID began to despair. Then the cook, "a perfect treasure," gave notice. At four o'clock ENID cut her finger. At half-past six the curling-irons got over-heated, and a little red burn began to throb and smart beneath the curls on ENID's troubled brow. Altogether this chapter may be not inappropriately called one of accidents, notwithstanding that we recognize the appellation as an old friend. But we can't all be original.

CHAPTER III.

JOLLIFER, who did nothing by halves, started rehearsing a soft, ingratiating smile directly he left the office. To tired and morose gentlemen who travelled towards their suburban homes on that evening JOLLIFER was a source of no little irritation. As he put the latch-key in the door a beautiful beamy expression came over him. It was a really exhilarating expression of supreme innocent delight, and would have established a reputation for permanent good nature among the most polished of amiable shopwalkers. JOLLIFER, as we intimated, did things thoroughly, and in mercantile parlance we may without exaggeration affirm that a steady and assiduous application to the business of risibility in all its ramifications had furnished him with a most efficient and workmanlike article.

CHAPTER IV.

ENID was greatly disconcerted by the complaisant smile that overspread the countenance of her husband as he sat down to dinner. She had anticipated a rather gloomy atmosphere in which to parade her misfortunes. She waited until ARTHUR's mood was more in sympathy with what she had to tell him before she spoke. But ARTHUR's mood was not of a changeable quality. A broad and generous smile illumined his face and gave every indication of being a permanent fixture. This was so unusual that ENID became nervous. But she reflected, "He's in such a good humour I think I might try him with the cook." So, in a plaintive, appealing manner, she told ARTHUR that the "treasure" had given notice.

ARTHUR was intensely amused. There

might have been a lurking suspicion of annoyance for a second, the cook was a treasure. It was intensely aggravating, but ARTHUR clenched his fists and gave vent to a series of merry chuckles.

"We paid fifteen shillings in Registry Office fees," said ENID, "and we shall never get another."

ARTHUR knew it was true, and a smile mellowed on his lips.

It was something of a relief to ENID that he took it so well. She had expected an outburst. It gave her courage to mention the puppy incident. In tremulous syllables she did so—fully. It seemed at first as though the pup would be immolated on the altar of JOLLIFER's wrath. It was not his first offence; he had been warned. But when the story was told, JOLLIFER gripped his chair with both hands and—burst into a peal of hearty laughter.

"Dogs will be dogs," he said, "only natural—serve the tradesman right," pointing each phrase with an ebullient smirk.

This was capital. But it hardly prepared the way for the cut finger, for which a great deal of sympathy was anticipated. ENID had kept it in case ARTHUR should threaten to get rid of the pup, or storm because the cook was leaving. He had taken both like an angel. Consequently it had a strange superfluity. However, it was held up and commiseration cordially urged on its behalf.

JOLLIFER treated his expectant wife to a magnificent series of cordial smiles.

"ARTHUR," urged ENID, "aren't you sorry?"

"Awfully, darling," he replied, with a crisp chuckle.

ENID stared at him in amazement and then burst into tears. JOLLIFER was not a man to break a resolution once having formed it, so the more his wife cried the more he smiled. Finally, ENID left the room. The puppy, not knowing quite what was going on, approached JOLLIFER for a caress, and was promptly kicked from one end of the room to the other. His yowl brought ENID back again, and she made a second exit with the pup under her arm.

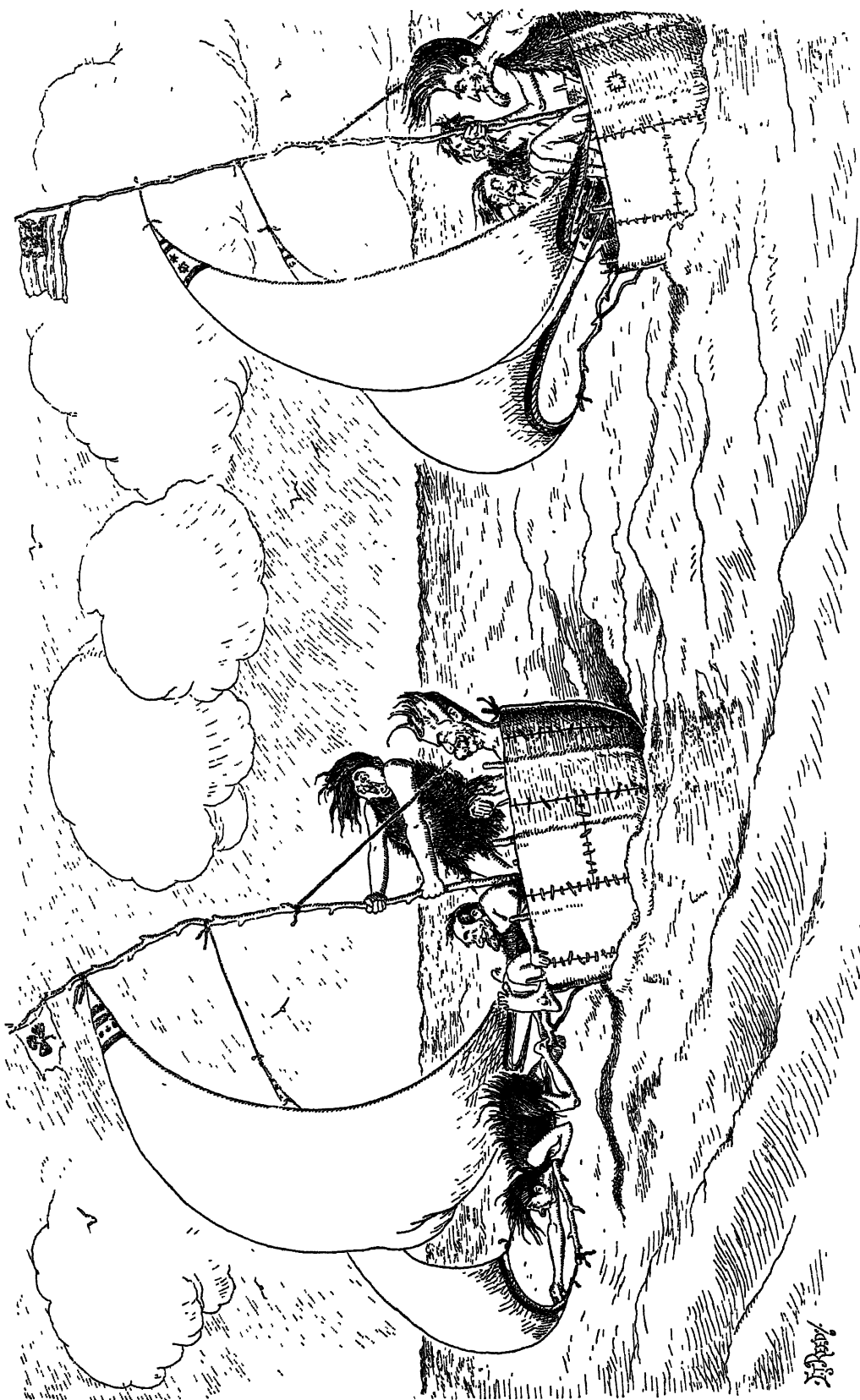
JOLLIFER became a little uneasy as to the entire success of his smile-cure. He wondered if he had followed the directions correctly. As he pondered over what he had read the front door closed to with a bang. He rushed into the hall.

"Where is Mrs. JOLLIFER?" he asked of the maid.

"Gone to her mother's, Sir—with the little dog, Sir!"

JOLLIFER felt that this justified him in bringing his resolution to an end, so he stopped smiling and looked dangerous. Then he took a cab and followed his wife. At twelve o'clock that evening he was still explaining matters.

JOLLIFER's next rôle is HENRY THE FIRST, the gentleman who "never smiled again." W. H. M.



A PRIMEVAL YACHT RACE.

Somehow or other, in those days, a breeze was more often forthcoming when it was wanted, and the race did "occasionally" end in favour of the challenger.

A MUCH INJURED MAN.

CHAPTER I.

Now, in telling this story, I don't want any one to run away with the idea that I'm one of those conceited asses who think themselves absolutely irresistible with women. I don't exactly think *that*; but really, I fancy I know something about the sex. My friend, DE THODÉ, said to me the last time he came to borrow a sovereign, "By Jove, old man, you are a deuce of a fellow amongst the ladies!" Well, that's DE THODÉ's idea—not mine. However, he may be right. I really don't know, and offer no opinion on the subject.

This is merely preliminary to my story. Briefly put, it is this. I had heard from my Uncle, that Miss ACRESBY, the great heiress, was going down to the Blazeaway country to hunt, last season, so thought I might as well send my stud down there, especially after my uncle had given me a hint that he was rather tired of seeing me a bachelor. Thought I might hunt the heiress and the fox at one and the same time. Funny fellow, my uncle. Of course, he's very fond of me, but he put the matter rather crudely when he said:

"The best thing you can do is to marry some fool of a girl who'll keep you, for I'll be past-participled if I'll do so much longer!"

So I sent down my stud-groom—I've only one groom at present, but I call him my stud-groom—to take rooms for me at "The George," Splashington, and stabling for my stud—I've only one horse just now, but I call it my stud—and after getting a plentiful supply of good cigars (on credit), and a few other necessities, which I told them to put down to my uncle, just as a matter of form—I toddled down next day by the fast train to Splashington; my stud-groom met me with a cab at the station, and I drove up to "The George."

The rooms were fairly comfortable; and after I'd had some of the furniture taken out, and a sofa brought in from the landlord's own apartments—always find it necessary to recline for an hour before dinner—I proceeded to settle myself, leaving my fellow—the stud-groom—to unpack my things, discover the address of Miss ACRESBY, fetch me the local paper, and trace out my route, on the map, to next day's meet. Young GADSBY, who knows everybody, dropped in late in the evening, and we chatted about the prospects of sport, both with the fox and the fair sex, till nearly midnight. By Jove, GADSBY does possess a thirst! The beggar drank six whiskies and sodas—I only took five, because I wanted to be in good going order for the next day. Just before he left, he said, "Well, if you want an introduction to the heiress, I'm your man. I'll do it to-morrow, at covert-side." I think I said it was deuced good of him, but I'm not quite sure; anyhow, that's what I meant to say, but really I felt so—tired—that that's all I remember.

Can't think what made my head ache so awfully the next morning. Deuced strange, because I'm always so careful what I drink overnight. If it had been GADSBY, now, I shouldn't have been surprised.

Got up and felt rather better after my tub. My stud-groom—my fellow, I mean, valets me awfully well, I must say. After he had helped me dress—I'm not conceited, but the "pink" rather suits me, I fancy—he said that the meet was at Bolington Cross-roads, about four miles out of the town, and that my stud-groom—that he, I should say, would have my hunter ready at 10.15. I went down to breakfast with a sort of feeling that I didn't care so much about hunting as I thought I did. Don't know how it was: the headache, I suppose. Horrid meal, breakfast. Drank four cups of tea, but ate nothing. From my window I saw lots of fellows pass, on their way to covert. Didn't think I should hunt that day: felt rather more inclined to potter about and trot out the heiress. My hunter was brought round punctually, and a quarter of an hour later—for I rather like to watch my horse paraded up and down, whilst

the small boys stand around gaping, and making admiring comments—I went down and mounted. Had to have all the tackle re-adjusted—girths tightened, stirrup leathers let down, throat-lash drawn up: it's really never safe to leave these things to even the most accomplished stud-groom; one always knows so much better oneself.

I found that, with all this delay—so stupid of my fellow—I had got a bit behindhand, so I had to gallop my horse along a hard road the whole four miles to the meet. That's enough to make any fellow swear at his stud-groom, isn't it? However, I got to Bolington Cross-roads just as hounds were in the act of moving off, and fell in with the ruck of horsemen going down a narrow lane. There were two ladies riding just ahead of me, both magnificently mounted, and on them my gaze became immediately fixed.

Now, I fancy I know something about horses. And I should be well under the mark in saying that neither of those two splendid animals could have cost much less than three hundred guineas. Just as I was twisting up the ends of my moustache before coming into the range of vision of these ladies, GADSBY dropped back to speak to me.

That fellow's six whiskies overnight hadn't affected him a bit!

"Morning, old chap," he said to me with a grin, "you were a bit—tired—last night, weren't you?"

Now, I didn't see what that had to do with GADSBY, so I answered in rather an offhand tone:

"Oh, a little. Who are the ladies on in front?"

He dropped his voice as he answered:

"Ssh!—that's the heiress—that's Miss ACRESBY."

"Which?" I asked, "the one on the chestnut?"

"No, the little dark-eyed woman on the brown mare."

This was rather a disappointment to me. I should so much have preferred marrying the tall, fair-haired girl on the chestnut. However, as I could not help it, I bowed to the inevitable—I am a bit of a philosopher—and made up my mind that I must take the brunette.

"Introduce me, GADSBY," I said, with an air of resignation which I hardly felt. But I always look at the bright side of things, and I thought I should probably find the girl pretty tolerable. After all, one woman is so much like another, and they are all so vastly inferior to the male part of creation that—provided, of course, she has money, one may just as well marry A. as B. DE THODÉ has on many an occasion said to me, "My dear MAXIMILIAN, a man of your calibre ought to marry a Duchess—but in the astonishing topsy-turvydom of the world, I daresay you'll end by simply carrying off some rich com-moner." It looks rather as if DE THODÉ is about to prove himself a true prophet. Well, never mind her want of title: the woman is always raised to the man's level: he is not dragged down to her's. When I marry her, she will become a Bouncerby, and that is good enough for me. The Bouncerbys came over with the Conqueror—so DE THODÉ tells me.

As soon as hounds had been thrown in to covert—I flatter myself I know something about hounds, and determined that on a future occasion I would give the huntsman a gentle hint that he was not going the right way to work in drawing his coverts—GADSBY motioned me up alongside him, and riding over to where the two ladies sat in their saddles, he raised his hat and said:

"Allow me to introduce a particular friend of mine, Mr. MAXIMILIAN DE VERE BOUNCERBY, who has just come down to hunt with these hounds."

The little woman with the dark eyes at once commenced talking in most animated fashion to me. Now, I fancy I know something about women, and I can't help saying that she made strong running from the first, probably to cut out her cousin, the fair-haired girl, who only accorded me a somewhat stiff bow. Shy, very probably, I thought.

F. R.

(To be continued.)



HARRY'S SON'S HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES. No. 2.—HOLLAND.

(Drawn all by himself, and signed "Harry's Son.")

"PAYING FOR HIS WHISTLE."

IF at any time Mr. BENSON'S dramatic company, on a visit to Ramsgate, should wish to give a performance of *Much Ado About Nothing*, and find themselves without actors capable of taking the parts of *Dogberry* and *Verges*, they will have to go no farther than the police station of that seaside town in order to obtain the services of Chief Constable JONES to impersonate that immortal model of all chief constables, the profound and dignified *Dogberry*, while any one of his subordinates could appear as *Verges*. That Chief Constable JONES would have been beloved by SHAKESPEARE, and might, on request, have stood to CHARLES DICKENS for a fair type of *Grummer* must be to this worthy official a source "of comfort and joy." Is it not all recorded at length in the *Kent Coast Times* for September 25? And amusing reading it is.

The plot of the story seems to have been on this wise: A and B, it is alleged, damage C's fence at Broadstairs; C, hatless, pursues A and B to Ramsgate (a distance of about two miles and a-half, without coming across a constable), where, on arriving, he blows a police whistle in order that "the watch" may arrest A and B. The watch, however, represented by Chief Constable aforesaid, arrests the hatless and injured C. The hatless and injured, always good-tempered and polite up to a certain point of forbearance, when it appears he used a naughty swear word, on subsequently receiving notification of a summons having been taken out against him, consulted his solicitors, who wrote a sharp "lawyer's letter" to energetic Chief Constable, which that eminently facetious official treated "as a joke," for how possibly could any threat of proceedings against the representative of Law and Order, in the execution of his "dooty," be anything but a joke?

However, the defendant's hard-headed lawyers, unable, appar-

ently, to enter into the humour of the thing, insisted on tackling the Chief Constable, who thereupon, following the example of his Shakspearian prototype, called together the "Watch" Committee, and left himself, so to speak, in their hands. Hence the employment of that eminent K.C., Mr. KEMP, to come down from town and undertake the prosecution of Mr. JOHN WARREN, charged with "sounding a noisy instrument, to wit, a whistle," and "so collecting an assembly," &c., &c.

The Worshipful Mayor and thirteen Justices assembled in terrible array to do justice in the KING'S name. Now, though *Grummer* was represented among the constables, yet the Magistrate, Mr. *Nupkins*, not being impersonated by any of the Justices, was a deficiency in the cast that rather detracted from the humour of the scene, although on one occasion the Worshipful Mayor did venture on an astute *Nupkins-y* sort of question as to whether "if a certain act were committed in Broadstairs, would the Ramsgate police be justified in arresting?" This most pertinent and far-reaching conundrum was curtly quashed by Mr. ABRAMAMS, who, showing a strange lack of humorous appreciation, replied, "I don't know, and it does not matter a bit, if I may respectfully say so!" Heavens! This to the Mayor! The "if" was a saving clause, and the thirteen magistrates must have breathed again.

However, the whole thing was pooh-poohed, DOGBERRY-JONES was not "very much applauded for what he'd done." But he was not "severely reprimanded" by the Bench of magistrates, as they evidently did not like to be hard upon one of their own officials, who, after all, had perhaps afforded themselves and the applauding public more genuine amusement in a quiet way than they had enjoyed for a considerable time. So, at the request of Counsel for the defence, the defendant's whistle was restored to him, and the Chief Constable, as he left the Court, probably exclaimed, "Oh, blow it!"

A RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—What is all this fuss? *Times*, *Post*, *Standard*, *St. James's*, *Pall Mall*, and others seem to think we must wake up. What is the matter now? Reply immediately. Never can get quiet doze anywhere but in the House of Lords. As that closed now came here. No sooner arrived than read all these papers.

Telegram from St. Andrews.—Yours received yesterday. Don't know anything. Never read papers. Why do you?

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Thought you would have helped somehow. Have to read papers here. Nothing else to do. Fresh lot came to-day, still more urgent we wake up. Really most tiresome. You might do something, not being abroad. Can't you speak somewhere on something? Need not be political. Look at ROSEBERRY. Try Golf, HANDEL, Bimetallism. If exhausted those, try Gardening. Never mind if know nothing about it. ROSEBERRY didn't either. Or try ALFRED. Where's ALFRED AUSTIN? Couldn't he write ode? Does nothing now. Where's DEVONSHIRE? Where's CHAMBERLAIN? Couldn't he speak? Is always awake. Reply immediately.

Telegram from St. Andrews.—Wish you wouldn't worry so. Don't know where others are. All serene here. Will write to-morrow.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—You are a chap not to help one at all. Have read more papers. Can't go on like this. If all you fellows at home say nothing shall have to make French speech here on Gardening or King ALFRED. Something must be done.

Post-card from St. Andrews.—Telegraphed yesterday.

Telegrams are really very expensive. Hope you are less bothered now. I don't see what good any speech would do, but your idea of an ode is not bad. But did you mean an ode to ROSEBERRY? Unfortunately AUSTIN seems sulky just now, as he is eclipsed by the greater ALFRED. He didn't go to Winchester, which appeared rather to indicate jealousy; but, of course, he might say it was a sort of Liberal picnic presided over by—(couldn't get any more on that card, so have to use this second one, which is annoying)—over by ROSEBERRY. Anyway, it won't do to let him get quite disgusted.

We must really find some title for him at New Year. How about J.P.? I think that would suit him nicely. How 's your tricycle getting on? Nothing like gentle exercise and fresh air for nerves. Off to Whittinghame to-morrow.

Letter from Beaulieu.—I have just received your second card, but not the first. What on earth do you mean? Why make ROSEBERRY a J.P.? But I can't bother about that now, as I am just going to begin the preparation of that French speech. I

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Immediate. Very important. What is French for "Peat-Reck and Harris Tweeds"? Can't find it anywhere, not even in BELLOWS. Unexpected difficulty. If you don't know will telegraph LANSLOWNE. Reply without moment's delay.

Telegram from Wittinghame.—No idea.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Have telegraphed LANSLOWNE. He doesn't know. Dreadfully disappointing. Thought he knew French thoroughly. Appears he has mere smattering. Am therefore unable to do anything. Proposed speech impossible. Awful nuisance. Would have shown papers and people at home what we could do. Wish you had tried something on ALFRED, or Gardening, or even the Irish Tunnel. Really absurd to be so absorbed with golf. ROSEBERRY isn't. My tricycling is only amusement, not business. But no good grumbling. So things must go on as they are, whatever papers say. H. D. B.



PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN WHO SENT HIS WIFE AND FAMILY TO THE SEASIDE, FOLLOWED BY A LATER TRAIN, AND LEFT THEIR ADDRESS BEHIND.

(Sketched after five hours' futile search for them.)

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—*"Phonographic Record of a First Night at a London Theatre."* The genuineness and date (1901) of this exhibit are beyond question, but of its authenticity there is some doubt, certain students of phonetics maintaining that the noises emitted could only have come from a farmyard or a cattle-show, and not from an assemblage of human beings. They allude with some justice to the hissing of geese, the hooting of owls, the yapping of dogs, the boeing of bulls, and similar animal cries. We leave the title, therefore, subject to revision.

"Photograph of Butcher's Stall, in Colours." A realistic exhibition of uncooked flesh and slaughtered animals

have given up the idea of Gardening or ALFRED, and chosen "Peat-Reck and Harris Tweeds," which seems the most absorbing question at home. I flatter myself it will be a great success. I am not quite sure whether to deliver it in the garden here, or to read it as a lecture in the Casino at Nice. Unfortunately there is nobody at Nice now. Besides, if there were any people there, they wouldn't appreciate a *conférence*. It will brush up my French a lot, though it will be rather a bore translating it beforehand. LANSLOWNE could rattle it straight off. Lucky chap!

which was quite common all over London until well within the twentieth century. It was allowed to regale the eye and other senses of passers-by in the open street, as will be seen from this excellent reproduction in all the original tints. The scene is one of the poorer quarters of the Metropolis on a Saturday night, when such establishments were specially active. By the Slaughterhouses and Knackers Regulation Act of 1910, displays and entertainments of this nature were no longer permitted in public thoroughfares.

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

(Continued.)

"THIS be t' sleepin' room an' this be t' kitchen," explained the old woman who showed us over a cottage to which a thatched roof covered with green moss had attracted us.

"Charming!" cried GWENDOLEN. "I do so love these red-tiled floors. And is that the scullery?"

"Scullery? Theer bain't no scullery."

"Then where do you wash up?"

"Wash oop? Theer be a poomp down t' village—"

GWENDOLEN's face fell. "Then I suppose there's no bath-room?"

"Bath-room? What be that?"

"My dear," I interposed, "you can't expect all the luxuries for five pounds a year."

"Luxuries! I thought everybody had bath-rooms in these hygienic days. There isn't even water in the house—"

"Except what comes in by the roof," I corrected, pointing to a glistening shimmer on the walls.

"It certainly smells damp," said GWENDOLEN. "Oh, I don't think we need trouble you to show us upstairs. Thank you so much! Good morning!"

"Our books would have got ruined there, JACK."

"And our constitutions, too."

"It would be cheaper in the end to pay a little more."

"Undoubtedly."

We spent several weeks cycling through the country, inspecting all sorts and conditions of cottages. A few were too large, most too small, and all too hopelessly inconvenient; while those with any pretensions to beauty were ready to fall about our ears in picturesque ruins. One little place we did discover which all but came up to our ideal, but the "large garden" which the local agent assured us it adjoined turned out to belong to the big house next door. I looked at the narrow strip of nettles in which it might be my fate to delve.

"My dear," I ventured, "I hardly think it would—"

"I know it wouldn't," said GWENDOLEN.

"I have set my heart on growing our own vegetables, and I think, JACK, we ought to have a lawn as well."

"A lawn?" I queried.

"I love a lawn."

I shook my head doubtfully. "I hardly think real cottagers —"

"Perhaps they don't," admitted GWEN.

"But, you see, we're both fond of tennis, and if we didn't have a lawn of our own, we should have to join a club; so although it added a pound or two to our rent, it would save us in the end."

"So it would," I agreed.

(To be continued.)



The Vicar. "I HAVE NOT SEEN YOUR HUSBAND AT CHURCH LATELY, MRS. MURPHY"
Mrs. Murphy. "WELL SIR, I'M SORRY TO SAY AS MY OLD MAN IS ENJOYING VERY BAD 'EALTH AT PRESENT!"

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM. — "Yeomen's Arrears of Pay." This curiosity was discovered in one of the pigeon-holes of the War Office towards the end of the tenth year of the Great Boer War, enveloped in a mass of official memoranda. From the latter it has been conjectured that the Government of the period considered that the phrase "to do yeoman's service" meant "to serve without pay," and that a wife and family could be maintained on a South African medal plus a few claps. After a few years it seems that all Yeomanry claims were extinguished by the simple process of allowing the claimants to die out. Many of them also had very reasonably

accelerated this result by undergoing wounds and disablement while campaigning for their country. It has not been ascertained that there were over any arrears of pay in the case of military officials and clerks who sat at home while others did the fighting. Another singular point in connection with this extinct branch of the service was that the British public (and especially the employers) were extremely ready to allow the Yeomen and other volunteers to do battle in their defence, and as remarkably loth to stretch a point and keep their places open or provide them with work on their return from the front.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. III.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ADOLPHUS BUFFERTOP, M.P.

(Continued.)

SING, Muse, of wool and all that comes of wool !
Take a swift flight to Coleman Street, E.C.,
Where the wool-brokers mostly congregate.
These are no common men : their minds are full
Of ships and bales and fleeces shorn to be,
Not merely to the State,
But to themselves a gain.

Attempt not to deceive them : 'tis in vain !
Textures they know and values ; they have been
Down to the Docks, and passed in keen review
The cargoes now.

The heaped-up bales their careful eyes have seen,
With eager fingers plucking here and there,

The samples they compare,
And, though the work is scarcely over nice,
Force them to yield the secret of their price.
Alas ! for wool which to the fancy seems

A thing of dreams,
Fleecy and soft and, above all things, clean !
Behold it as it is upon the Docks,
Reeking, exuding oil from all its flocks.
Vainly its votary seeks the silvery sheen
Pictured in visions ; and, behold, he wears
Old clothes which he may soil,

But cannot spoil,
Since they were spoilt long years ago ; and Pears,
Cleaver, Vinolia, or the ancient brown
Renowned in Windsor, is the soap
To meet and cope

With wool-reek when his daily work is done,
Somewhere about the setting of the sun.
Of these was BUFFERTOP : in that old hall
Where wool is sold his father had a seat.

Thither with agile feet
And heart that in the hope of gain beat high,
Close to the auctioneer's revolving eye,
Blithely he strayed and loudly did he bawl.
In the fierce babel of competing tongues
He held his own and stretched his leathern lungs.
And none, I ween, knew better how to take
Occasion by the hand and through the maze
Of prices win to profit, with a mind

Intent to make
His earnings overbalance his expense,
And so to find

He had his meed of unremitting praise
Wherever he might roam,

In Coleman Street, E.C., or in his home,
While all men said, "This is a man of sense."

Our hero's father went the way
That all wool-brokers must go.
They have, like us, their little day,
And then, like us, to dust go.
He, when he passed the Stygian bounds
And went to join the blest dead,
Left some two hundred thousand pounds
Judiciously invested.

His father's joy ADOLPHUS was :
He never had a brother.
He was an only child because
There wasn't any other.
And so his father left him land ;
He left him all he could will :

His stocks, his shares, his cash in hand,
His business with its goodwill.
ADOLPHUS mourned his father gone,
But, like a man of grit, he
Resolved at once to carry on
The business in the City.
To Coleman Street he seemed to grow
A sort of mould-of-form man ;
He was wrapped up in wool, and so
Was quoted as a warm man.
When things were slack, when things were firm,
In dull times as in full trade,
He was, if I may use the term,
Bell wether to the wool trade.
This man of fleeces earned his wealth :
He never stooped to fleece us ;
In open ways, and not by stealth,
He grew as rich as CROESUS.
And all men thought and spoke him fair,
Especially the poor folk.
He had a house in Belgrave Square,
And leased a place in Norfolk.
And though he rarely took the life
Of partridge or of pheasant,
His own—he had a charming wife—
Was moderately pleasant.

At last there came a day when politics
Grew mixed, and a majority that seemed
Firm as a rocky cliff came crashing down.
Thereafter there was hurrying to and fro,
And rumour followed rumour till suspense
Could bear no further burden, and at last
The King dissolved his Parliament, and, lo !
The writs went flying forth through all the land.
Then Councils and Associations met ;
Three Hundreds in their customary halls,
With their array of usual Presidents,
Passed party resolutions, and at once
Adopted candidates and faced the foe.
To his surprise—he mentioned that surprise
In his address—ADOLPHUS BUFFERTOP,
A pillar of our staple industry,
Was made a candidate. He had not hoped,
He said, for so much honour ; yet he felt
At such a crisis every man must give
All that he could of energy and time
To save the State, himself among the rest.
Wherefore, he said (it is the common form),
He was prepared to leave no stone unturned,
Lest haply there might lurk beneath that stone
A chance of triumph ; he had placed his hand
Swift to the plough, and would not cast a look
Behind him ; if his friends would only march
Shoulder to shoulder, casting feuds aside,
Nothing could stop them : they were bound to
win.

Thereon he took his cheque-book and subscribed
To fifteen cricket clubs, to twenty-three
Dissenting chapels, sixteen Church bazaars,
Twelve football clubs, and presently became
Oddfellow, Buffalo, and Heart of Oak,
Free Gardener, Loyal Shepherd, Forester,
And Ancient Druid and much else beside ;
And having platformed here and platformed there,
And spoken neither wisely nor too well,
Was in the end triumphantly returned
Head of the poll, and so the land had peace.

R. C. L.

(To be continued.)



*Irish Porter (thrusting his head into a compartment as the train stops at small, dingy, ill-lit country station). "IS THUR
ANNYBODY THERE FOR HERE?"*



Girl. "TWO PORKS AND APPLE SAUCE—IN THE CORNER, I THINK."
Waiter. "NO, NO! THAT'S A CURRIED LIVER AND A DEVILLED BONE!"

THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY; OR, REAL AND IDEAL.

WITHIN a greeny bower
 Roofed by a twisted tower,
 A morbid maid,
 In silk arrayed,
 Moped o'er a pale-eyed flower.

Her sad robe, flowing wide,
 With pearly cords was tied,
 Her gold, gold hair,
 In rivers rare,
 Flowed down on either side.

With languid grace she prest
 The pale flower to her breast,
 And threw her eyes
 Up to the skies
 In gold and purple drest.

LOVALOTTE was she hight
 And many a noble knight
 Had shook with fear
 When she drew near,
 For, ah, she was a sight!

And one fair morn there came
 A noble knight whose name
 Was LANCE-À-LOTTE,
 And he, I wot,
 As any knight was game.

Fair LOVALOTTE 'gan he
 To woo on bended knee,
 His head he bowed
 And five times vowed
 Her love-lord he would be.

But when eftsoons he traced
 LOVALOTTE'S morbid taste,
 He held it crime
 That she her time
 In such drear way should waste.

And 'gan he to insist
 That she should straight desist.
 But she replied,
 With wild eyes wide:—
 "I am an Idealist!"

Then LANCE-À-LOTTE fell sad,
 For that too late he had
 Discovered she,
 His wife to be,
 Was little short of mad.

Inclined he did not feel
 To take a wife Ideal,
 Who moped in bower
 O'er pale-hued flower,
 And sniffed at what was Real.

So from his casque he snatched
 A one-eyed flower that matched
 That to which she
 Had come to be
 So very much attached.

Down on his knees he prayed
 This Idealistic maid
 Would in her bower
 Caress his flower
 Until its bloom did fade.

"When I will come," he cried,
 "And claim thee for my bride!"
 Then LANCE-À-LOTTE
 From LOVALOTTE
 Away did swiftly ride.

But still in greeny bower,
 Roofed by a twisted tower,
 That morbid maid
 In silk arrayed
 Mopes o'er her lover's flower.

Nor recks the morbid maid
 The trick that knight had
 But wonders why, [played,
 As years go by,
 That flower will never fade.

The truth, then, to reveal:
 "To maiden so Ideal,"
 Said LANCE-À-LOTTE,
 "Give I can not
 A flower that's grossly Real!"

So in that greeny bower,
 Until her dying hour,
 That morbid miss
 May fondly kiss
 That artificial flower.

L'Envoi.

This chivalric romance
 I further will enhance
 By one or two
 More words to you
 Of deep significance.

A wife filled with "Ideals"
 Seldom to man appeals—
 He likes to feel
 That someone Real
 Will superintend his meals!

W. H. M.

A NOTE TO SPORTSMEN.—The
 real good game:—A cricket
 bat-tue.

LIPTON UNLIMITED.

PRIDE of Britannia's element (the Ocean),
At what incredible expense and pains,
Sir, you have roused to maritime emotion
The Viking in our veins!

Mixed nature, like the versatile Phœnician,
Blending with trade the instincts of a tar,
You keep intact that mercantile tradition
Which made us what we are!

Reared on a fundamental base of tea-leaves,
Your tower of fortune scales the arduous sky,
Till on the Hook off which your copper keel heaves
Two Worlds have fixed their Eye.

Not since the heirs of freedom fairly shivered,
Waiting upon Trafalgar's great sea-test,
Has England's universal marrow quivered
With such a strange unrest.

With flaming cheeks or else unearthly pallor,
Our youth, recalling NELSON's brilliant fight,
Couples that Viscount's mention with the valour
Of THOMAS LIPTON, Knight.

I have known public men of light and leading,
Accustomed at ephemeral themes to scoff,
Turn absolutely giddy just with reading
The pregnant phrase—THEY'RE OFF!

People of irreligious mind, whose nerve is
Such that they never know when they have sinned,
Gravely perused the Church of England Service
To find a prayer for wind.

We loathed the breeze too light to lift a feather,
Longed for the spanking kind which you prefer,
And asked why what is known as *Shamrock* weather
Seemed never to occur!

Upsprang at last a twenty-knotted blizzard,—
Lee-rails awash beneath the scudding brine;
And hope pervaded every patriot's gizzard,
Warming his blood like wine.

Fathers, unused to these nocturnal capers,
Up perilous suburban chimneys clomb
To see your efforts told by halfpenny papers
On the recording bomb.

Infants, neglecting early bed and bottle
To play their part in this historic scene,
Would watch the preconcerted signals mottle
Old Thames with red and green.

Sharp envy overtook the moon at rising;
A myriad counter-fires usurped the view;
So many took this chance of advertising
Their wares as well as you.

From height to answering height the signs went streaming,
From "Hampstead's swarthy moor" to Wrekin's pile,
Till "the red glare on Skiddaw" set blaspheming
"The burghers of Carlisle."

Bear up! Sir T.; remember BRUCE's spider;
Build further *Shamrocks* through the coming years;
Virtue like yours, though long retirement hide her,
Ends in the House of Peers!

O. S.

THE LAST SOUND OF SUMMER.

[“To the great relief of many an inhabitant of the outer ring of London the voice of the ‘beaufeaster’ will for the winter be no more heard in the land. No reasonable person objects to the myriads enjoying themselves, but every reasonable person has cause to complain when they assume to themselves a sole proprietorship in the gospel of noise.”—*Westminster Gazette*, September 20th.]

SUMMER has flown!
Her sunny smiles
No more are known
In British Isles.
Now silence wraps
The pebbly shore,
And trippers traps
Are heard no more.

The straw hat's sheen,
Its rainbow band,
No more are seen
Within the land.
No more one views
The tourist suit,
Its strident hues
At last are mute.

No more shall the
Excursionist
By shrimp and tea
Hold to his tryst
By cornet's strain,
At pleasure willed,
The leafy lane
No more is filled.

No more is met
The jocund crew
With organette
Breathed deftly through.
The patriot's cheer
In every street
Our sated ear
No more shall greet.

No more the cheap
O'er-loaded train
Shall southward creep.
No more the brain
Of working man
Shall be beguiled
By foaming can
Of stout and mild.

Equal all men,
The Socialist
Declares with pen
And thumping fist.
On pleasure bent
All class is drown'd!
The argument
No doubt is—SOUND.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* (METHUEN) LUCAS MALET has produced the greatest work in fiction the new century has seen. That is not saying much in point of time measurement. But it will be remembered that within that space two novels have appeared of which it is boasted they had, to begin with, a circulation of 100,000. They are poor things, of the glittering meretricious merit that attracts and stimulates the commonplace mind that likes to think it is thinking. *Richard Calmady* may possibly not reach a sale of 20,000. But it is good work, its foundation deeply set in human nature, its structure shapen by skilful hands. It is the supreme triumph of the artist that, deliberately selecting for her hero a natural abortion, she conquers aversion. This achievement is in no wise due to paltering with the subject. She is even ruthlessly insistent upon the actuality of the deformity of her legless man, and in many graphic touches brings its horror home to the mind of the reader by description of its momentary effect upon those in his presence. Yet my Baronite comes to feel and understand with *Honoria* how, whether in his good or evil moods, the helpless cripple, pitying, hating himself by reason of his deformity, is the master spirit in whatever circle he finds himself. The courage with which LUCAS MALET grapples with the intrinsically disagreeable *motif* of her story is shown in other directions. In *Helen de Vallorbes* is limned in flesh colour a courtesan of fuller animal nature than any of her sisters who live in the annals of Paris in Bourbon days, or in the records of ancient Rome. It is curious how a woman resolved to deal with these matters literally goes the whole hog. She dares to describe episodes most men, if they are familiar with them, would rather not speak about. In this respect GEORGE MOORE, not without reproach, is an ascetic scribe compared with LUCAS MALET. Withal there is a difference. LUCAS MALET looks upon and thoroughly understands a world composed of bad and good,

Without prurient intent she frankly deals with one class. She lavishes her labour on the other, creating in *Lady Calmady* and *Honoru* two women whose sweetness, purity and nobility of nature finally clear the palate of the nasty taste communicated by earlier developments of *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*.

The second title of Mr. GILBERT PARKER's novel, *The Right of Way* (HEINEMANN), should be, *Or, When Charley came to Chaudière*, at which place the aforesaid Charley was not everybody's darling. "Nor is he mine by any means," quoth the Baron. Rarely does it happen that a hero of romance is invented so irritating as this same *Charley*. The story, often picturesque in description and occasionally dramatic in action, is for the most part dull to weariness; yet just when the expert reader is beginning to follow the example of the tinker during the first part of the *Taming of the Shrew*, performed by a nobleman's private company of his trions, he is aroused from his doze and his attention arrested by some telling situation which, for a time, sets everything going again brilliantly. But 'tis only a flash, and then we come to the old jog-trot again, and so on to the finish.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN UN-HAPPY THOUGHT.

I STOOD within the City's hum,
Where slender clerks and merchants come
And go intent on trade.
The atmosphere was damp and brown,
And foggy whirlwinds up and down
My spinal column played.

And past me swept a human tide
Which gathered force from every side,
But I observed it not.
The traffic's roar was in my ear,
The towering buildings far and near
To me were but a blot.

No sense had I of weal or woe
Which marked this hurrying to and fro;
Another time I might
Have given a philosophic touch
To such a scene, for there was much,
To ponder in the sight.

But now from me such thoughts as these
Were far removed as chalk from cheese,
I only felt the air
My frame was cutting through and through,
And that I had neglected to
Put on my winter wear!

A DREAM-STORY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A contemporary of yours (the *Spectator*) has been publishing some very remarkable "Dream-Stories," which will, no doubt, do much good in arousing the interest of thousands in an interesting subject. I think that you, Sir, might reach and influence a still wider circle, therefore I venture to send



THE PURCHASING LIMIT.

Mr. Steinsen (our latest millionaire—after his third fruitless stalk). "Now, LOOK HERE, YOU RASCAL! IF YOU CAN'T HAVE THE BRUTES TAMER, I'M HANGED IF I DON'T SACK YOU!"

you my own somewhat weird experiences. A year ago last April (to be strictly accurate it was the night of April the first) I had a most appalling dream. I am perfectly certain of the night in question, as I keep a careful diary, and various trivial events combined to fix the exact date in my mind. For instance, we had pork-chops for supper, and my Aunt MARIA having threatened me with nightmare, I playfully ate a double portion as a rebuke to her superstitious ideas; for, as the veriest schoolboy is aware, no such creature as the "nightmare" has ever existed. But *revenons à nos moutons*, let me return to my dream.

In the course of the night I had one of the most horrible experiences ever granted to mortal man. I seemed to be struggling for bare existence amid the blackness of

darkness. Then came a sensation of falling. Down, down I fell, but before reaching the end of that hideous fall, I awoke with a shriek, and gasping for breath! All this I noted in my diary, but *nothing happened*. For a few days I was in hourly expectation of a catastrophe, but the event gradually faded from my mind. Note the sequel! On the first of April last, *exactly a year after the above-recorded dream*, as I was coming from my bedroom—I tripped over a loose end of carpet and FELL—fell down two flights of stairs, covering myself with bruises, twisting my ankle, and remaining an invalid for three months.

I may say that I had no thought of the dream in my mind at the time. Comment is quite needless.—Yours affectionately,
A DREAMER.

THE SONG OF THE PURSUIT.

COME bring me my weapons, come saddle my steed
(Who hunts for DE WET must be eager indeed) !
Let rifle be ready and trappings be trim,
For he whom we follow is crafty and "slim."

Bring waggons, and see that the oxen are strong—
The road we must travel is rugged and long—
Come, load them with victuals, with meat and with bread,
For I and my soldiers will need to be fed.

And bring up those tables and sofas and chairs
(For every contingency prudence prepares),
And those kitchen-ranges, and then, let me see,
Those wardrobes—they 'll all come in handy, may be.

Harmoniums bring, and pianos as well,
To lead the loud chaunt that our triumph shall swell,
And soothe War's grim strife with their comforting art;
Now on to the chase! for we're ready to start.

Still on! hurry on, for the country we 'll scour,
With an effort we 'll cover three miles in an hour;
And tremble, DE WET, at our pitiless chase,
For the copy-books say: "Slow and sure wins the race."

THE "IRIS" QUESTION.

HAD *Iris* been written by "a person of no importance," and produced by a speculative manager, it is more than probable that it would have been received with scant courtesy by a first-night audience, and pretty generally condemned by the professional critics. But being a play—another specimen of what has been stupidly termed "the problem play"—written by our chief dramatist, Mr. PINERO, it has been treated with lenient criticism, with even laudatory notices, and has received the honour of an article in the editorial type of our leading English journal.

Mr. PINERO has attempted to surpass himself by out-Tanqueraying *Tanqueray*, and he has failed, distinctly failed. His play, *Iris*, at the Garrick, never once comes within measurable distance of his play, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, at the St. James's. *Iris* is admirably cast, and, with one exception, admirably played; but that exception is *Iris* herself, as represented by Miss FAY DAVIS. Mr. PINERO, however, deliberately chooses his own cast for his own pieces, and, therefore, it must be taken for granted that Miss FAY DAVIS impersonates the heroine to the entire satisfaction of the author. He knows what he wants, and it is to be supposed that what he wanted he has obtained in Miss FAY DAVIS for *Iris*.

Charming as this actress was, and, it is to be hoped, still is, in certain parts where the brightness and naïveté of the ingénue have to be emphasised, she seems quite overweighted in this part of *Iris*, while her peculiar American mannerism in speaking seems to drag out to weariness a play out of which at least an hour's talk could be judiciously excised to the greatest possible advantage. However, Miss FAY DAVIS plays *Iris* for "all she's worth," and if Mr. PINERO is pleased then the public should be satisfied.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, as the repulsively genial and ferociously affectionate *Frederick Maldonado*, a whitey-brown *Othello*, is very powerful: were he not so, the occasional nervous titter that his action excites would soon have burst out into an unrestrainable guffaw.

Mr. CHARLES BRYANT's presentment of the lover, *Laurence Trenwith*, is a fine rendering of a very difficult part. But they are all difficult parts, and Mr. DION BOUCAULT triumphs in one of the most improbable and most unsympathetic of them, *Croker Harrington*, who is simply a weak, contemptible fool, permitted by the author to recognise the moral degradation of his foolishness. As the embezzling solicitor, *Archibald Kane*, Mr. JERROLD

ROBERTSHAW is excellent. To these two actors and to some of the ladies, Miss BERYL FABER, Miss NORA LANCASTER, Miss REGINA REPTON, and Mrs. MAESMORE MORRIS, are given the only lines probably intended by the author to impart to the general conversation a spark or two of the old PINERO brilliancy. But alas! it is "the light that failed."

And the plot? A rich young widow will lose all her money on re-marrying; so, while encouraging the familiar attentions of all sorts and sizes of persons, and behaving in such a manner towards them individually as would most decidedly entitle each one to consider himself alone as the person of her choice, she really falls in love with a penniless young man, and having suddenly thrown over a millionaire whom she has accepted, she hurls herself into the arms of the youth and remains there as the curtain falls on this decidedly strong situation. Then *Iris* and *Laurence* live together abroad; but *Laurence* wearies of it, wants to work, and after a tender farewell (a very telling scene this—quite the best), he leaves her. In his absence *Iris* loses all her money, and is destitute; *Maldonado* provides her with means, and, to put it plainly, and "come to Hecuba" at once, she becomes *Maldonado's* mistress.

How she arrives at this we partly see, as when she uses the millionaire's cheque-book, and partly hear from herself when she informs her lover on his return what has happened in his absence. The lover won't marry her, and leaves the house. *Maldonado*, having overheard the scene between them, and learnt the true history of Mistress *Iris*, to whom he has offered marriage, goes half mad, assaults her and then turns her out of the house, where, after the curtain is down and *Maldonado* has finished smashing the "properties" and had a fit of apoplexy, let us hope that young *Laurence*, repenting now of his harshness and injustice, is waiting to receive poor *Iris* and ready to take her away to his ranch (it always is a ranch nowadays) where they will live happily ever afterwards.

And this story (illustrated by the most effective scene painting from those "Brother Brushes," Messrs. HARFORD and RYAN) takes from eight till twenty minutes past eleven to tell. Why, it might easily and far more effectively be done from nine till eleven, and then stalls and circle would come in a far more tolerant humour than at present, having been able to dine comfortably. Ah, Mr. PINERO, give the public a *Third Mrs. Tanqueray*, and the audience (no "young persons" present, of course) will sit it out for three hours, enjoying your humour, the lights and shades of your wit, and be more than content.

SOMETHING LIKE A CURE.

(Notes from the blank pages of Mr. Briefless Junior's Fee Book.)

Doctor's Orders.—To be off at once. No more nonsense about "being tied by the leg to town and unable to get away." Said the same thing for twenty years consecutively. Not admissible this year. Must go. Some place Switzerlandwards. Ouchy fair, but Evian better. Great place for "a cure" Evian.

En route.—Started from Victoria at 10 A.M., Ostend (via Dover) at four or thereabouts. The circulars and other important documents at the Temple must answer themselves. Delightful to get away from Fleet Street and three hundred yards round. Beautiful passage. Luncheon on board the boat—*Rapide* in name and quality—excellent. The waves ruled by Britannia as they should be. English travellers, rosy cheeks. A few foreigners melancholy and inclined to demand the presence of their mothers—and the steward. Ever thus. Ostend in sight. A third of a mile or thereabouts of the Royal Palace Hotel. Plage, seen through glass, deserted. The season over. Giddy throng migrating—like the swallows—South. Sooner or later the giddy throng, plus the swallows, will appear in Monte Carlo. Where the swallows will lose less than their travelling companions, the giddy throng—*Douane*.

From Ostend to Ouchy.—First stage of the journey extremely pleasant. Places secured in the wagon lit. A couple. Two



Colonel (who is taking a turn round to see how his subs are getting along with their road sketching). "YOU KNOW, THIS WON'T DO. YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO RIDE ABOUT THE COUNTRY, AND MAKE SKETCHES AS YOU GO."

Jones (not getting along at all nicely, thank you). "WELL, SIR, IF I COULD DO THAT, SIR, I SHOULD CHUCK UP THE ARMY, AND JOIN A CIRQUE!"

places vacant. Compartment for four. Appeal to the conductor. It might be that on arrival at Brussels a third occupant might enter the compartment! Painful consideration. Motto: "Let us hope for the best."

A Shadow by the Way.—Train pauses at Brussels for new travellers. Have a recollection—or may be an impression—that a stout foreigner sought admission to the compartment for four at Brussels. I suggested to him that it would be inconvenient—he could see it would be so—if he claimed full privileges of his wagon lit. But he cried, "Oh, I have not been in bed for three days." Then he undressed and retired into his berth, with the explanation that he was "the father of a family." Distinctly embarrassing, as the *wagons lits* are intended for travellers without distinction of sex. Impression: may have been a dream—a nightmare. Still, as a precaution, as well to see that you have a *coupé* compartment for yourself when you have not left your better seven-eighths at home. Otherwise railway travelling in Belgium delightful.

A Dinner on Wheels.—Turned into the Restaurant car. Menu simple and sound. *Table d'hôte* that would satisfy the requirements of a doctor strong on diet. Sauces at a discount. Simple soup. Simple fish. Simple meat. Simple salad. Wine to match. Simple and good. Prices—like the banquet—reasonable.

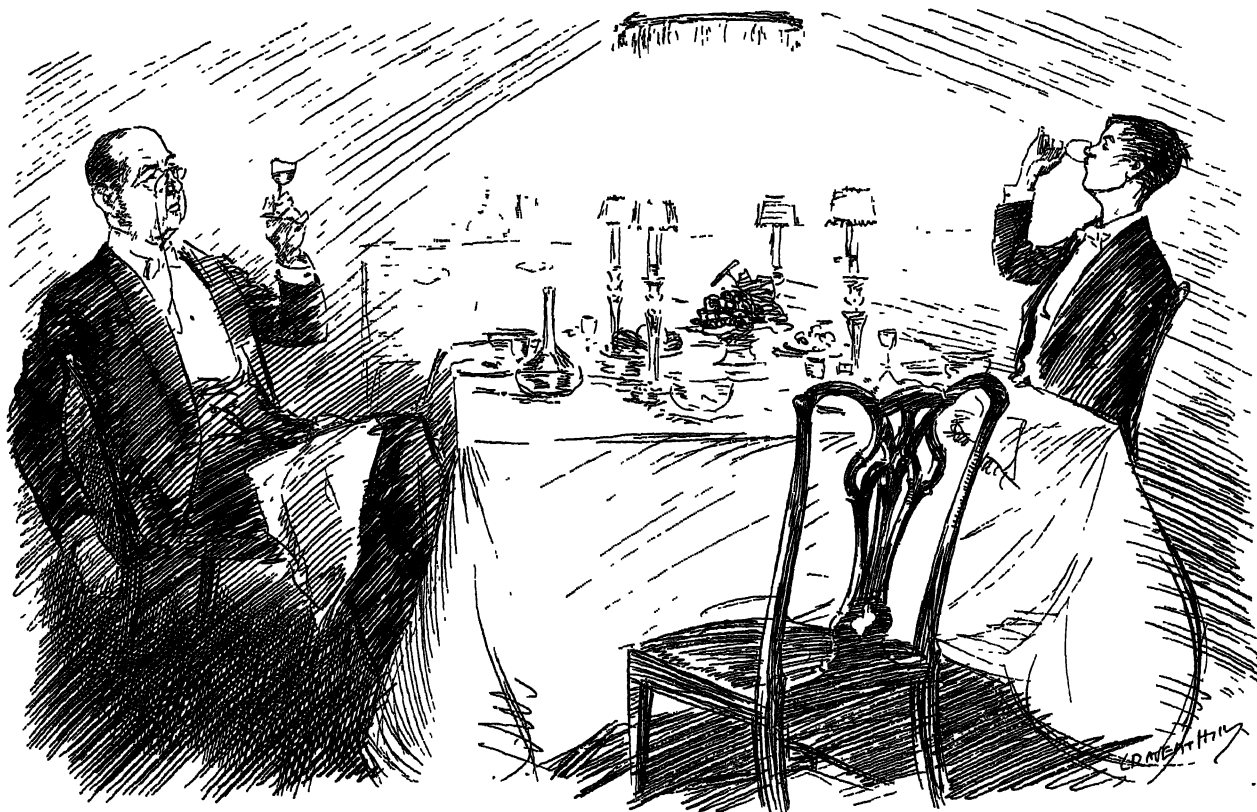
Through the Watches of the Night.—Sounds of wheels—and, if the impression were more than a dream—the reverberation of deep breathings. "The father of a family" was unconscious,

and apparently not easily self-awakened. Every now and again the train stopped. A pause, a whistle, a melancholy sound on a horn—suggestive of the sixpenny trumpet of the nursery—and away once more into the darkness. Basle.

Breakfast.—Everyone turns out. *Café au lait*. Leather-lunged official shouts out various names. "You can go to Paris or Ostend, or Geneva or Italy." Ask him a question. The reply is the same. Same voice, same shout. Universal answer to everything. You may call him a fool. If you are irritable you will. Good time for irritability, 8 A.M., after the deep breathings of a fat father of a presumably fat family.

End of the Journey.—Nine hours of continuous travel. The nightmare disappeared. Fat father returned to his presumably fat family. No more deep breathings. Sunshine. Peeps at the Lac Lemman. Lovely scenery. Better already. Not so much traffic perhaps as in Fleet Street. But seems infinitely more beautiful. At any rate for a while. Road too not up. Possibly because chief highway is a water-course. But certainly Fleet Street for scenery not a patch on Lac Lemman. More miles, more peeps. Ouchy. Programme: rest for twenty-four hours to recover from nightmare, and then across the lake to Evian—and the cure.

Parting reflections (made on watching the moonlight shining on the scenery). Mountains of silver! Twinkling lights in fairy palaces! Trees with golden leaves and jewelled shrubberies! Ships passing in the night! Dreamland! Beautiful! Lovely beyond compare! Far finer than Fleet Street!



Paterfamilias (who, in honour of, Master Tom's birthday, has opened a bottle of the Royal Sherry). "IN EVERY WAY A MOST EXCELLENT WINE. IT QUITE CLINGS TO THE GLASS"
Master Tom. "MINE DOESN'T!"

THE NEWEST JOURNALISM.

["The *Daily Express* publishes the progress and results of the America Cup Races by means of 'explosive bombs' and coloured lights 'visible for twenty miles round.'"]

ON an autumn evening in the year 1902, the Londoner and the Country Cousin were strolling together along the Embankment.

"I thought so," observed the Country Cousin, as a dull booming sound filled the air, "I said we should have thunder before long."

"Thunder?" cried his friend, "that's not thunder—it's a signal gun from one of the newspaper offices. Haven't you heard of the new plan of publishing the latest intelligence? Look!"—as he spoke a shower of many-coloured rockets leapt towards the sky—"that's from the *Sparkler*." (Boom! Bang! Crash! came explosions in the neighbourhood of the Strand.) "Ah, and there's the *Screech-Owl*'s latest starting prices."

"But," gasped the Country Cousin, half-stunned by the deafening explosions, which increased in frequency each minute, "how on earth do you know what those noises mean?"

The Londoner produced a small volume from his pocket. "Got them all down in this code," he said. "There! see that Bengal light? that means"—he turned

over the pages hastily—"that means—oh, confound it! that Niagaras have dropped another couple of points—and my broker said they were safe to rise!"

At this moment a succession of roars from a steam-siren drowned his voice, and a salvo of artillery went off (apparently) just behind the Country Cousin's back.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "and is all your news—"

"The German Emperor's made another speech!" shouted the Londoner, looking intently at his signal-book, "and the forecast for to-morrow is westerly winds, unsettled, and—hi! look out!"

As he spoke a shower of "golden rain" descended upon the Country Cousin's head from a passing fire-balloon.

"Of all the fiendish ideas," spluttered the Country Cousin, "which ever—"

"Oh, it's all right!" said the Londoner, cheerfully, "that signal says—by the way, isn't your coat on fire?—that Jessop has got another century!"

A flash like lightning blinded their eyes and caused the Country Cousin to stagger backwards. The Londoner, however, remained unmoved.

"That's from the *Upper Ten* office," he said, "to tell us that the Duke of PEPPERCORN has left for Scotland. And those guns mean that Mr. ABLE has finished the ninety-second chapter of his

new book, *The Everlasting Suburb*. Grand system, isn't it? All the latest news, you see, and nothing to pay!"

"Take me home!" said the Country Cousin piteously; "for goodness sake, take me home! I'm deafened, blinded, stunned—oh! what in the world is that?"

He pointed to the sky, which, in the direction of Fleet Street, had become a vivid, ghastly green.

"Oh, that?" returned his friend with some contempt; that's only the coloured fire they burn every night on the top of the *Sturdy Patriot* office. It's a signal, of course, and it means 'the South African War is now practically over.'"

A. C. D.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Interior of a Third-class Smoking Carriage on a Suburban Railway." Noticeable for a thoughtful recommendation to passengers not to put their feet on the cushions, with the quaint explanation added, in another hand, "Or they will dirty their boots." It contains also characteristic examples of nineteenth century wit, viz., the inscriptions:—"To Eat Five Persons," and "Wait Until the Rain Stops." This exhibit has been thoroughly disinfected, and may be inspected at a safe distance without fear of consequences.

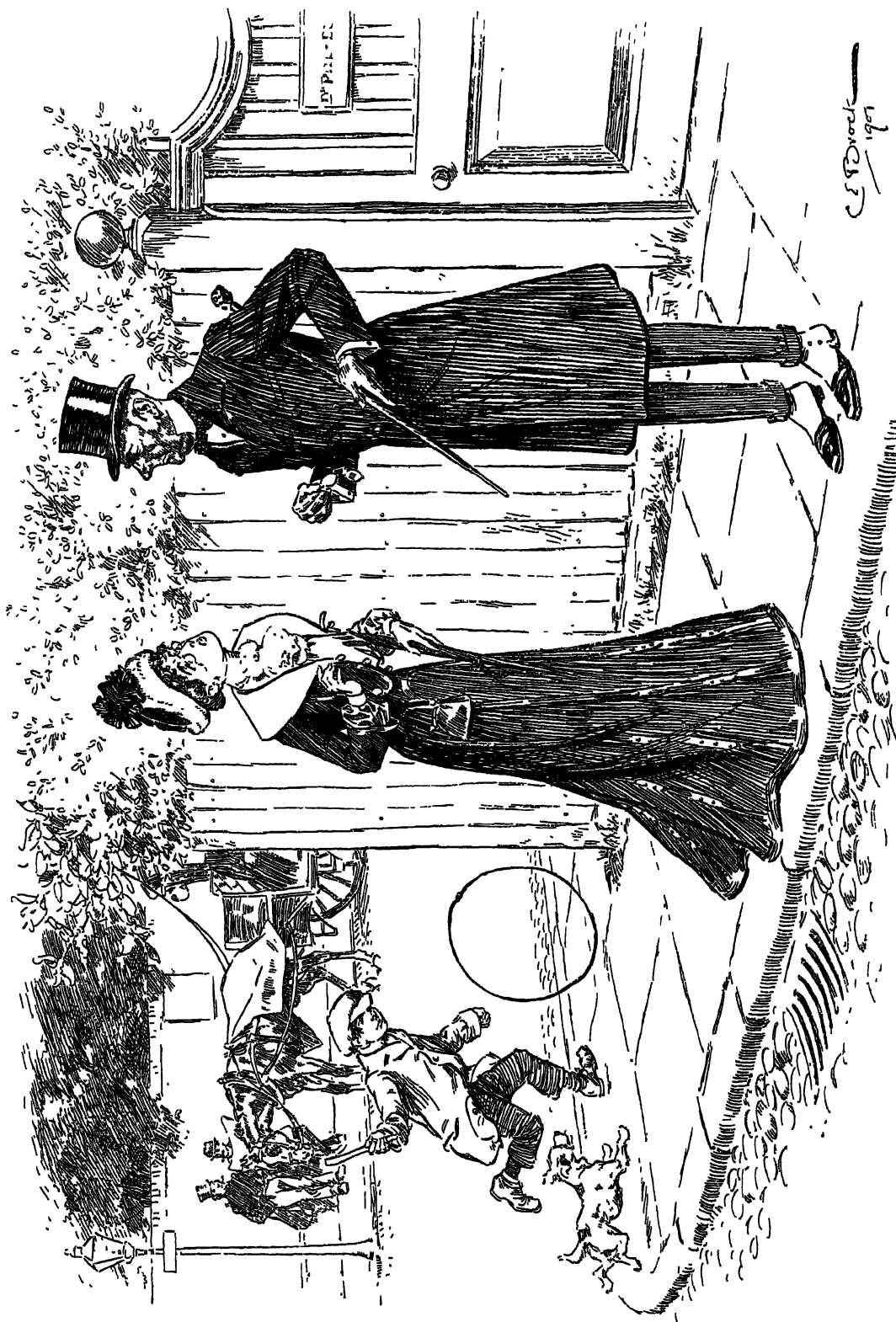


THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL!

OR, PAY DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK.

RECRUITING-SERGEANT BRODRICK. "NOW, MY MAN, YOU LOOK HARD UP. WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY?"

EX-YEOMAN. "THANK'EE, I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE, AND HAVEN'T GOT MY MONEY YET! JUST GOING TO POP MY MEDAL!"



NOT A NICE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

She. "Oh, Dr. Pillsbury, I am so anxious about poor Mrs. Perkins, she is in your hands, is she not?"

Dr. Pillsbury. "She was; but I have left off attending her for the present."

She. "Oh that's good! She is out of danger then!"

THE TRIALS OF AUTHORSHIP;

OR, LITERATURE AS SHE IS NOW WRÖTE.

SCENE—A Publisher's sanctum. To those who are unacquainted with this sacred apartment a description is impossible; to those who are, unnecessary. A publisher is gravely sitting in an armchair making desultory notes in a "tastefully" bound book. Enter an Author, nods affably to Publisher, who greets him with a certain restraint. Author sits nervously, a sickly smile flickers on his lips and goes out under the severe scrutiny of the Publisher.

Publisher. You received my note?

Author. Yes, I came as you requested, in reply—

Publisher (pursing his lips). It's a serious business. This last book of yours has fallen absolutely flat. It's a hopeless fizzle.

Author (greatly alarmed). Really, I can't understand it.

Publisher (in brisk, matter-of-fact tones). Of course, the book is a dead loss as it stands. Something must be done.

Author. We made a great mystery of the authorship, too.

Publisher. Yes, but I'm afraid that kind of thing is played out.

Author (in the spirit of a bright suggestion). I was thinking—if it could be "currently reported that a titled lady had dictated it to her cook through the telephone."

Publisher. But you did that with your *Sentimental Servant Girl*.

Author. True. (Sits abashed but thoughtful.)

Publisher. Perhaps you don't write often enough to the papers. How are the drains in your district? Can't you make them a subject of complaint?

Author. I'm afraid not. I'm on the Vestry.

Publisher. Haven't you a new theory to end the war?

Author. Not ready. I've given advice to all the Generals, and severely censured the Commissariat.

Publisher. Yes. That did a little for your *Travels with a Typewriter*. What about being taken ill at the theatre?

Author (dejectedly). Last time I did that it was misunderstood, and I was turned out for being disorderly.

Publisher. Yes, I am afraid there was a little mismanagement somewhere. Couldn't you keep a tiger in your garden?

Author (with great trepidation). Poor TYPER bought what was supposed to be a tame giraffe, to give his last book of verse a fillip, and, if you remember, it ate him.

Publisher (with professional pride). Yes, but he had the satisfaction of knowing before he died that the third edition of his stuff was completely exhausted. It established a record in minor verse.

Author (encouragingly). I've got a motor car.

Publisher (with contempt). So has everybody. (With sudden inspiration.) Will it blow up?

Author. I—I hope not.

Publisher. Think how it would send up your book!

Author. Yes, but I should go up with it.

Publisher (impatiently). Of course there is that possibility. Couldn't you manage a little inexpensive law suit?

Author (with gloomy countenance at past recollections). The last one nearly landed me in prison and cost an enormous amount.

Publisher. You were unfortunate in your counsel. Well, something must be done. I am afraid I shall have to ask you to fall down a coal mine.

Author (hopelessly). Well, if I must, I must; but (with a piteous appeal) I have only just recovered from falling out of a balloon to boom my last book!

(Scene closes.)

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

II.—MY SECOND ENCOUNTER.

BAYSWATER had broken out into an epidemic of ladders and paint-pots, and it was grateful to turn into Kensington Gardens with its fluttering leaves and nuttish atmosphere. Besides, I was anxious to find my friend the fairy again, and remove, if possible, the bad impression I had left the other day. I sauntered along by the fountains—which were in a state of autumnal somnolence—and watched for a sign of the blue-eyed elf. A duck waddled solemnly across the path into the grass beyond, and there was a cold, cynical look about its glance, as if it wondered who could be foolish enough to look for fairies when worms were to be had. I followed the duck idly, and moved my stick to flick away the petal of some flower that was clinging to my sleeve.

"I wish I could see the fairy!" I murmured disconsolately.

The petal floated away from my stick on to the ground, and two bright eyes shone up at me. "Then why didn't you stand in a fairy-ring before?"

"I had quite forgotten about these things," I said, looking down in ashamed surprise. "Of course, when I was a kiddy I knew all about fairy-rings, but as one grows older—"

"You shouldn't grow older," said the fairy seriously. "That's where most mortals make the mistake; it's easy enough to remain young if you wish. There, for instance (pointing towards a seat), is a child who never grew up."

I followed the fairy's flourish and saw an old woman with white hair and decrepit form.

"Bah!" said the fairy, noticing my expression, "don't look at the outside, look into her eyes! interpret her smile.

A child, I tell you, who knows as much about us now as she did when she wore short frocks, and when we used to play tricks with her tangled chestnut hair. Now don't pull that long face—tell me, don't you think we've been working hard?"

I looked up at the trees, and the truth suddenly flashed upon me.

"Yes, the invisible painters have been working splendidly; what pigment do you use to get that wonderful burnish of golden-brown?"

"A fairy secret," laughed the elf. "But you're improving. Really, you look twenty years younger now. I think, however," she added reflectively, "we shall have to send a message to the frost-goblin soon. He's rather spiteful sometimes, but he brightens up the trees when they are inclined to mope, and they grow quite scarlet with excitement in their foliage tips when he plays at hide and seek."

"Take care," I exclaimed irrelevantly, as the excursioning duck waddled along right in the way of the fairy.

"I'm all right," nodded the elf, and sure enough the duck bore round elaborately to the left just before it came up to us.

"Uninteresting birds," I murmured, watching the ungainly intruder.

"Now don't grow old again!" expostulated my little friend. "You were quite nice and young a moment ago. Uninteresting, you think. If you heard the stories they tell the peacocks about what happens in the Park and Gardens every day you wouldn't thing so."

"I should like," I began—then started with a sudden recollection. "Oh dear, I must hurry away now. I have to report some afternoon lecture—very dull—but a journalist, you know—"

"Yes; it's very unfortunate," sighed the fairy.

"Of course," I added in self-defence, "journalism is a splendid profession in many ways. It quickens the intelligence—"

"So I observed," said the fairy dryly.

"There, don't look so cross. Come back another day—feeling young, mind you. Choose a fairy-ring and wish to hear the Story of the One-eyed Duck. Then—even if I'm not about here, and I've promised to go down to Bethnal Green to-morrow—you will find that you will have to revise your opinion as to ducks. Goodbye." A light breeze whirled away what looked like a saffron leaf. My fairy friend had vanished, and I stepped away briskly, speculating about the One-eyed Duck and anathematizing the lecturer.

OCIANA.—A curious fact in yachting:—Whenever "blanketing" is done, it is by "sheets." Does this apply to the "bed" of the sea?



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

A REVIEW OF THE ROYAL (S.D.) MARINES NEAR THE GOODWIN SANDS.
(You could hardly "tell the Marines" in their new sub-aquatics uniform.)

A MUCH INJURED MAN.

CHAPTER II.

"AND have you come for the whole season, Mr. BOUNCERBY?" asked the little heiress. She spoke in very winning tones, and I ceased regretting her fair cousin. After all, does not SHAKSPERE—or some other fellow—tell us that beauty is only skin deep? So I made up my mind to go in, *vi et armis*, for the rich Miss ACRESBY, and to cast out all thought of the other.

GADSBY had told me the heiress had her penniless cousin living with her as a sort of paid companion. A very good berth of it she must have, thought I, as I looked at the faultlessly cut habit she wore, and the glorious piece of horseflesh she was riding.

"Yes," I said, in deliberate tones, "I think I'll stay the season through. This seems a very decent sort of country, though, of course, it's not Leicestershire," I added, as I smiled down on her.

"Oh, you've been accustomed to hunt in Leicestershire?" she asked. "Then I'm afraid you won't care much for this. What hounds did you go with, there?"

Well, that was rather a stupid thing for her to ask, because, as a matter of detail, I hadn't ever hunted in Leicestershire. But I passed it off with a gentle smile. Then she asked another stupid question. "How many horses have you brought here? We—my cousin and I—have only five between us, but we are going to have as much fun out of them as we can."

Now, I naturally didn't want to say that my stud—that, in fact, I was, at that precise moment of time, sitting on my stud; so I remarked, enigmatically, "A man may have a good many horses, but he may not have them all with him, eh?"

Whereupon she smiled—probably wondering what the deuce I meant. I didn't quite know, myself.

Meantime, GADSBY was making himself extremely agreeable to the companion. Awfully good of GADSBY, really. Then hounds came tumbling out, on the line of a fox, and we all prepared for the coming gallop.

Slowly at first, they puzzled it out, then gradually increasing the pace, onwards they went down a grass field until coming to a small brush fence. Over this I led, and we galloped on, across some ridge and furrow, I well in front. I always like leading any field I may find myself out with. Hate the sight of wretched duffers afraid to ride over a fence. Always was rather a daredevil of a fellow, but really cannot help it. DE THODÉ tells me I am awfully rash across country. Perhaps he's right. We went on across some half-dozen fences—some of them well over two feet high, I should say—I found myself still leading, and looking over my shoulder saw the rest struggling behind me. Then we came in sight of a nasty-looking post-and-rails; and I had, most regretfully, to pull up, because I didn't think my throat-lash was quite tight enough. The way those two girls charged the obstacle was something awful; it quite took my breath away, and made me feel nervous—if that's possible. Now, I fancy I know something about riding across country; and after I had got the throat-lash to my entire satisfaction, it seemed to me rather a waste of jumping power, to ride at that post-and-rails. So I cantered up the field till I reached an open gate, and directly I was through this, I pushed along as fast as my horse could go—I'm a pretty hard rider—until reaching another post-and-rails, as big as the former ones. Then, as I couldn't see anything of hounds—or even of the people following them—I thought my most sensible plan was to light a cigar, find my way on to the high road, and get back to "The George," in time for a comfortable luncheon.

I was in a bit of a puzzle to know how to appear, next day, at covert side on the same horse again without it being noticed. So I told my stud-groom that I had a fancy for painting out my horse's white face and white forelegs. He stared, and I feared that he would relapse into a giggle. But I glared at him in

stony silence, and after a momentary struggle, the inclination was conquered, and the danger past. He touched his forehead with his customary humility, and left the room.

Next day, hounds were at Gerrard's Barn, six miles away. This time I was not late, and my virtue was rewarded by falling in with the two ACRESBY girls on the road to the meet. Again, the "companion" bowed somewhat distantly. "Can't get over her shyness, I suppose," I said to myself. The dark-eyed little lady, however, was as vivacious as ever.

"Where did you get to, yesterday, Mr. BOUNCERBY?" she asked, looking at me quite archly. "We didn't see you anywhere."

"Oh, I took a line of my own," I answered airily.

"Capital gallop, wasn't it?" she said.

"Splendid," I replied. And then we fell to discussing the theatres, new books, &c., as we jogged easily along to covert-side.

We had a capital blank day, in which, there being no hunting, flirting took its place, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Even the hitherto coy "companion" came out of her shell, and talked affably. I insisted on escorting them home to the pleasant little house they had taken, and to my great delight, was asked to afternoon tea on the morrow, which was a non-hunting day. As I rode home, I could plainly see what an impression I had made on the heiress, though, as I have said before, not at all a conceited fellow.

When I went to tea—a function I generally hate, but we men must occasionally sacrifice ourselves, in order to give the women a little pleasure in life—I was really quite charmed with all I saw. The delicate Sèvres, the elegant dresses of the two Misses ACRESBY, the silent footman, and the general air of wealth and luxury, were all grateful to a man of refined and, I fear, somewhat expensive tastes. Both ladies were delightful as conversationalists, and I came away having thoroughly made up my mind to take the plunge, and marry the heiress. Marriage, of course, is always a pill to a man; so it is as well that it should be thoroughly gilded when one has to swallow it.

For nearly a month this pleasant life continued. I was asked to dinner, tea, and luncheon, at the ACRESBYs', and always managed to get in some words alone with my charming little brunette. At last I came to the conclusion that the time had arrived to lay myself at the feet—figuratively speaking, of course—of the heiress. I may say that, being of a prudent nature, I had already made enquiries as to the extent of that lady's fortune, and found that the sacrifice of liberty would be well worth my while, from a financial point of view. That Miss ACRESBY was madly in love with me there could, of course, be absolutely no doubt. Well, I couldn't complain. I must frankly admit that I had given her a good deal of encouragement.

When a fellow encourages a girl—and even a look—at all events, one of *my* looks, so DE THODÉ says—is sometimes sufficient to raise hopes in the female breast—he must be prepared to take the consequences—that is, he must be prepared to think seriously over the great sacrifice. And especially when the man has not a copper which he can legitimately call his own, and the girl possesses a comfortable number of thousands which she is able, and more than willing, to cast at his feet. This was, more or less, the case with me, and so I finally determined upon making the plunge. It would please my people, even if it failed to amuse me.

F. R.

(To be continued.)

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Agenda Paper of Rural Parish Council." This eloquently blank sheet testifies to the happiness conferred upon country districts by a grand-maternal Government, in that they had no business to transact, and nobody to transact it if they had, every British subject after the American annexation having been forced to seek a livelihood in the towns.

REAL HARD WORK.

[The *Times* states that the German Emperor has ordered every architectural project of the City of Berlin to be submitted to him.]

SCENE—The *Königliche Schloss* in Berlin.
The KAISER at his writing-table.
Count BÜLOW awaiting instructions.

Count. And in reference to the Bagdad railway terminus at Kuwait, your Majesty desires—?

Kaiser. I desire— (Enter First Secretary, hastily.) What is it?

First Sec. Your Majesty, it is the design for a new house in the Landsberger Allee.

Kaiser. Wait a moment, BÜLOW. I think it will do. Only this doorway must be higher. So. With a little more ornament on the architrave. Thus. It is approved. As for the Bagdad railway— (Enter Second Secretary.) What is it?

Second Sec. It is the design, your Majesty, for a new lamp-post in the Friedrich Strasse.

Kaiser. One moment BÜLOW. I don't like this at all. I will design one myself. Give me paper, pencils and indiarubber. I wonder what sort of thing it can be. Could you suggest anything, BÜLOW?

Count. I regret infinitely, your Majesty, that I am not endowed with any artistic talent whatever. Moreover, I could not presume to assist so consummate an artist as your Majesty. But perhaps I might venture to suggest an Imperial crown at the top—

Kaiser. I have it. There was that table ornament I designed for my uncle, King EDWARD. A sort of vase with a crown on it.

Count. An exquisite design, your Majesty.

Kaiser. What? I thought you said you had no artistic talent.

Count. None, your Majesty, to design. But sufficient to admire. No one, however ignorant of art, could inspect unmoved that superb masterpiece. And the inscription was equally admirable. "Emperor WILLIAM to King EDWARD." So original, so concise!

Kaiser. True, BÜLOW. I flatter myself it was rather good. Very well, let this lamp-post be the same. It is approved.

Count. In addition to the Bagdad railway, I would venture to mention to your Majesty the new tariff, the recent military manoeuvres, the additions to the fleet— (Enter Third Secretary, very rapidly.)

Kaiser. What now?

Third Sec. It is a design, your Majesty, for a new dust-bin for the Rathaus.

Kaiser. That won't do. The design is quite Austrian rococo. And the Rathaus is not in that style at all. Really the Municipality gives me a lot of work. Can't this design wait?

Third Sec. Your Majesty, it has been certified by Medizinalrat Hofarzt Professor Doktor WEBER that the absence of a dust-



City Magnate. "OF COURSE I DON'T WISH TO STAND IN THE WAY OF MY DAUGHTER'S HAPPINESS, BUT I KNOW SO LITTLE OF YOU, MR. HAWKINS. WHAT IS YOUR VOCATION?"
Mr. Hawkins (airily) "OH, I WRITE—ER—POETRY, NOVELS—ER—PLAYS, AND THAT SORT OF THING."

City Magnate. "INDEED! MOST INTERESTING. AND HOW DO YOU LIVE?"

bin at the Rathaus is prejudicial to the public health.

Kaiser. Dear, dear! Do you think you could design this, BÜLOW?

Count. Unhappily, your Majesty, I have no experience whatever. If I might venture to suggest that there is your Majesty's architect, Wirklicher Geheimrat Oberbaumeister Hofbaurat Professor Doktor MEYER.

Kaiser. Not he. I correct all his designs. I must do it myself. I have to do everything myself. Sometimes I wish I could have a holiday, like the English Government. A complete holiday. Doing nothing. Wouldn't you like a holiday, BÜLOW?

Count. Your Majesty overwhelms me. If I could have a day off,—

Kaiser. Well, you won't have one. Nor shall I. No time to spare. See, I have designed it. A moveable dust-bin. The same shape as a hand-box. The top opens. It is approved. Now, BÜLOW, as to Kuwait— (Enter Fourth Secretary.) What, more plans?

Fourth Sec. Yes, your Majesty.

Kaiser. What is this? "Green Park"? There is some mistake. Who has dared to make a mistake? It is in London. An absurd plan for widening Piccadilly. Has the English Government sent this to me because it has gone for its holiday? If so, I will design it all afresh in two minutes.

Fourth Sec. Pardon me, your Majesty. It is a possible amendment of the plan of London to be lodged in the Ministry of War.

Kaiser. That explains it. It is approved. The English Government would never have time for its two months holiday if it attended to such things, even when it was at work, more or less. I say, BÜLOW, do you play golf? Wouldn't you like to go and bask in the sun at Beaulieu?

Count. Your Majesty overwhelms me.

Kaiser. It's a shame to chaff you. No time even for that. Let's settle about Kuwait before another municipal design comes.
H. D. B.

GOLFING NOTES.

["Denmark is the latest of the Continental nations to receive golf."—*The Tallor.*]



BUT GOLF MUST HAVE FLOURISHED AT DENMARK IN HAMLET'S TIME, JUDGING BY THE ABOVE REPRODUCTION OF A VERY ANCIENT MURAL DECORATION WHICH HAS JUST COME TO LIGHT.

See also Quotation, *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2:—"... DRIVES; IN RAGE, STRIKES WIDE!"

WHAT WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

THE cab? Oh—er—yes, you'd better tell the man to wait. Of course. And tell Mr. GREY I'm here with my son—Lady WESSEX. I should like to see him as soon as possible.

Have you got your watch, MARJORY? I do hope these people will be quick. I know they'll keep us waiting for ages, and we shan't get back in time for—PERCY! Please, darling. Do sit down, my pet. You go fussing about the room just like a large blue-bottle. Remember, you've got to be a good boy now, and do what mummy tells you, or else I can't let you come to this nice school. Oh, but it is, a charming school, and—my darling boy, you do want to come. You know you do. Doesn't he, MARJORY? Very well, then, PERCY. If you say that again I'll take you straight back to Fräulein, and you know you can't bear her. Though I'm sure I'm not surprised, you poor thing. It's really most extraordinary that people who go in for teaching are always so—so—what's the word, MARJORY?—m no, not formidable, so—er—angular. So angular. Poor Fräulein is dreadfully angular, and I'm sure this Mr. GREY will be just the same, and I never know what to talk to them about. We've so little in common, and they fidget me so, and—PERCY, you are not to play with the blinds. You're sure to—there! I told you so. You've broken it. How tiresome of you. Now do sit down. Yes, yes, my pet, I know. It's a horrid

bore waiting; but if you'll be good I'll send you some *marrons glacés* directly I get home. That's a dear boy.

I do wish, MARJORY, I'd made your father bring PERCY down. But he's always so dreadfully selfish. Oh, why don't they come. What am I to talk to them about? They're sure not to know a soul we do, and—oh, your Aunt GEORGY! Yes; but poor dear GEORGY goes in for knowing all sorts of extraordinary people. She always was so different to the rest of the family, poor darling. And then, of course, she's quite mad about education. You know the way she raves about FRANK CUDDERDEN, as if schoolmastering was the only thing worth doing. Though why his mother let him do it I never could imagine. Why ain't he a soldier, now, like his brothers? Of course, JANE always was odd. But really! if it was trade, now, or acting, or even the Church, one could understand. But—oh, my darling, you can't imagine anyone *choosing* to be a schoolmaster. Fancy being tied for life to a set of spoilt, disagreeable little—PERCY, darling, please be quiet. Of course, if you look at it as a way of making money—oh, PERCY, what is it? No, certainly not—way of making money, it ain't a bad thing to do. I'm sure this Mr. GREY charges enough; though, of course, really that's rather a comfort, because he must get a nicer set of boys. FRANK'S fees are too absurdly low. I told your aunt I couldn't possibly send PERCY to his school under the circumstances. Low fees mean low everything else. Oh,

Aunt GEORGY says! Yes, GEORGY says—but depend upon it, my dear, philanthropy and keeping a school don't agree. The people who charge most must get the nicest boys, and that's my one reason for choosing Mr. GREY. You know BOBBY GRINSTED is here for one, and that horrible little CONYERS boy—here they are.

How do you do, Mr. GREY! Oh, no, not at all, thanks. Of course, I know you're dreadfully busy. I've been perfectly happy with my children. My daughter, Lady MARJORY. And my boy—PERCY! PERCY darling! Come and talk to Mr. GREY and tell him how sorry you are for breaking his blind. Oh, but how nice of you, Mr. GREY. He's a dreadful little fidget, ain't you, my PERCY? I do hope you'll be able to cure him, Mr. GREY. I can't manage it, and I've tried everything, haven't I, MARJORY? *Everything!*

Now who is this? Surely I—ah, I thought so. BOBBY GRINSTED. How kind of you to send for him. So like his poor darling mother, MARJORY, isn't he? Yes! Now, PERCY, my pet, run along with BOBBY. May he, Mr. GREY? I'd like to—oh, but you mustn't say you don't want to.

No, thank you, Mr. GREY. I think I'll just stay here, if I may, and have my little talk with you. Sometimes I find PERCY dreadfully fatiguing. I can't think how you—oh, is this—how do you do, Mrs. GREY? Thanks, yes, I am a little tired. Your husband has most kindly offered to take me over the place, but I think, if you'll forgive me, I won't. Then Mr. GREY and I can have our little talk in peace.

THE LOGICIAN'S LOVE-SONG.

WHEN lovers toast their fancies
And eagerly acclaim
Their KATES and MAUDS and NANCIES,
Sweet BARBARA I name.
Unlike your maid contrary,
Now fiend, now winsome fairy,
Her mood doth never vary—
She always is the same.

Her nature is as flawless
As is the morning star;
She suffers nothing lawless
Her premises to mar.
No follies can engage her;
She never trips—I'll wager
No questionable major
Hath wiles to tempt her far.

Were they whose rival faces
Old Ilion's walls so curst
To match their glorious graces
With hers for whom I thirst,
Upon their merits purely
Might PARIS judge securely,
For BARBARA'S figure surely
Must always be the first.

PICCADILLY.

Widening the Wide and Neglecting the Narrow.

THE County Council and the First Commissioner of Works propose to relieve the congestion of traffic in Piccadilly, at the extreme western and eastern ends, by cutting down some trees and widening the roadway in the central part of that thoroughfare, where there is never any block at all. This is not a joke, as one might suppose; it is the serious proposal of an official body and an official personage, who take themselves so seriously that they are quite incapable of seeing the absurdity of anything. Taste in planning street improvements cannot be expected from any municipal assembly of common-sense Englishmen. But for such a body there is one word of magic influence, the word "practical." If the County Council and their equally common-sense ally, the First Commissioner, would consider it "practical" to loosen a man's waist-belt because his boots pinched him and his hat was not large enough, then, perhaps, there is something to be said for their amazing scheme.

Probably the Council has its eye on Piccadilly as a future tramway route. The extra width would just accommodate the rails, and the forecourt of Devonshire House would form an ideal terminal yard and starting place for the electric trams to Hounslow, to Hampton and to Hanwell. The last, O Councillors, is a restful spot! If ever you succeed in making that tramway, you might try a little trip there.

But if you want to be really "practical," why not endeavour to begin the widening



A WISE PRECAUTION.

Sportsman (to his wife, who is rather a wild shot) "BY JOVE! NELLY, YOU NEARLY GOT US AGAIN, THAT TIME! IF YOU ARE NOT MORE CAREFUL, I'LL GO HOME!"
Old Keeper (solito voce). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SQUIRE. HER BAG IS FULL OF NOTHING BUT BLANK 'UNS!"

of Piccadilly at its narrowest part, between Swallow Street and the Circus? It will be very expensive, but it will have to be done some day. In a few years, no doubt, there will be a Twopenny Tube—possibly even a Penny Pipe—under Piccadilly. Then the omnibuses will diminish in number as they have already diminished along Oxford Street. Would it not be practical to leave well alone until then? Why spoil what is, perhaps, the pleasantest thoroughfare of its kind in Europe to carry out a useless scheme which is not practical at all?

And if you want to show still more common-sense, why not apply to Parliament for power to check the ceaseless tearing up of London streets? Instead of widening roads of sufficient width at

present, why not try to keep intact the narrower ones elsewhere?

Meanwhile there are rumours, possibly untrustworthy, that the Council, for the purpose of relieving the congestion of traffic at the narrowest part of Bond Street, is about to buy and set back one side of Portland Place, and so add thirty feet to the width of the roadway. It is also said that the First Commissioner of Works, equally alert in the public interest, proposes to diminish the crush of vehicles in Park Lane and Hamilton Place by cutting down the trees on both sides of the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens, and making that path, still reserved for pedestrians and perambulators, double its present width.

H. D. B.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. III.—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ADOLPHUS BUFFERTOP, M.P.

(Concluded.)

A GENIAL man was BUFFERTOP:

He never put a side on.

In Parliament he did not drop

The friends he first relied on.

He worked upon a simple plan

Of modest self-effacement.

He did not seem to be a man

For office or for place meant.

He did not shine in brilliant deeds,

But, like a man of sense, he

Became devoted to the needs

Of his Constituency.

He knew his borough through and through:

He was amongst the rare men

Who knew the Aldermen, and knew.

His Presidents and Chairmen.

And so this vale of tears became

To him a Vale of Tempè,

A place of joy that loved the name

Of "BUFFERTOP, our M.P."

His understanding, I confess,

Was what the world calls tacit.

But, though his talk was valueless,

His smile was quite an asset.

With smiles the man was seen to glow

When other men looked sadly,

Whenever things appeared to go

Immoderately badly.

Whate'er he felt when most depressed

By gloominess, he hid it.

He always tried to smile his best,

And generally did it.

Such men are always loved in Parliament;
 Their merits far outshine the fitful gleams
 Of the uneasy spirits who arise
 Time after time to catch the Speaker's eye,
 And rail at Governments, and hurl their shafts
 Of satire full in an opponent's face,
 Saying, "What men are these who thus conspire
 Against the safety of our well-loved land;
 These indolent and miserable men,
 Lapped in the ease of great emoluments,
 Who see the country totter to its fall,
 And never raise a hand to draw it back;
 Nay, rather, with a treacherous intent,
 Impel it to destruction; wretched slaves
 Who proudly clank their fetters, and prepare
 Chains for the limbs of freedom-loving men?"
 And some men cheer, and others, in despair,
 Cry, "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide!" or rise and shake their fists,
 Implying that the frothy orator
 Is no whit better than the men he scorns.
 And some there are, keen fighters high in place,
 Who, having to expound a policy,
 Are not contented to explain at ease
 Their scheme, but turn upon the other side,
 And taunt it, crying, "Lo! these men, who now
 Oppose my policy, were once themselves
 Keen workers for the end I have in view.
 They failed, and now maliciously they strive
 Against MY POLICY—I should say ours,

For it is our united policy.

And we are those that finch not, but pursue

Our nobler purpose with an energy

Higher than theirs, and with a pure design,

Which, by its contrast, makes their paltry schemes

Muddy and foul; the true-souled patriot

Is here upon these benches; he who speaks

Knows what he speaks of." Then, with dauntless mien,

Raking the *Hansard* dust-heaps, they contrive

To prove the Opposition but a mass

Of suicidal inconsistencies;

And, on the other hand, themselves appear

Firm and unwavering, patriotic, true,

Devoted to their King and fatherland.

But BUFFERTOP held on his way:

He was born for the humdrum and stock work;

He came to the House every day,

And applauded and voted by clock-work.

The record of voting he burst:

When the lists had been faithfully reckoned,

It was found that ADOLPHUS was first,

With a very inferior second.

The knowledge and talents that were

The pride of his friends in the City,

He joyfully brought them to bear

On the business that's done in Committee.

And at length, as the years went along,

Men said, when they met and discussed him,

"We don't say he's brilliant or strong,

But he's safe, and we like him and trust him.

"He is never sarcastic or coarse,

And he never attempts to be funny;

But he works every day like a horse,

And, in fact, he's the man for our money."

Every detail or ruling he knew,

No man was so clearly a dab in it.

Till at last—which was felt as his due—

He was given a seat in the Cabinet.

And then in quick succession he became—

He who was once the wool trade's ornament—

War-Minister, Colonial Minister,

And lastly Chancellor of the Exchequer

And leader of the House; and men declared

No man had ever led it with a hand

So firm and yet so pleasantly applied.

And some wrote letters to the newspapers

And said, "We knew this man in early life,

And even as a lad he showed the signs

Of greatness, and his brow was born to bear

The wreath reserved for those who guard the State."

Such then was BUFFERTOP, nay is, for still,

As all men know, he lives and works and smiles.

And some day, when his toil is done, the KING

Will make him peer, and send him to the Lords.

R. C. L.

FACT AND FICTION.—On seeing the drama of *Sherlock Holmes* at the Lyceum, it may have occurred to others besides Mr. Punch's official dramatic critic, that the detention of the heroine by that unscrupulous pair of villains, husband and wife, or so representing themselves, was to the last degree improbable. The situation, however, is justified by the statement made by Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, prosecuting in "The Extraordinary Charge of Conspiracy" case, now *sub judice*, and therefore not to be commented upon, at Marylebone Police Court.



WITH THEIR BACK TO THE LAND.

"YES, IT IS SAD TO SEE THE TIDE OF RUIN CREEPING OVER SO MUCH OF ENGLISH LAND, AND THE PEOPLE TURNING THEIR BACKS ON THE VILLAGES WHERE THEIR FOREFATHERS HAVE DWELT FOR GENERATIONS."—*Mr. Rider Haggard on the Land Question.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

The Kitchen Garden.

By making the lawn a *sine qua non* of our establishment we saved ourselves no end of trouble, as GWENDOLEN pointed out; for nine hundred and ninety-nine cottages in every thousand were weeded out, as it were, and the only difficulty was to find the thousandth. We pedalled many weary miles through many weary counties, and I was beginning to despair of ever succeeding in the quest of our ideal, when one sweet evening, after a long and fruitless day in the saddle, GWENDOLEN suddenly sprang off her bicycle and stood for a moment motionless, peering through a hole in an oak paling.

"Eureka!" she cried. "Come and look at this, JACK! Red tiles, gables, lawn and everything!"

"Charming!" I cried, craning over GWEN'S shoulder.

"I must live there."

"Darling, it's occupied."

"But perhaps it's to let. Ride on to the gate—there might be a board up. JACK, there is!"

"Beware of the dog!" I suggested as its probable legend. "By Jove! it isn't though. 'To Let. Enquire Within.'"

GWENDOLEN fell off her bicycle in her excitement, and in another moment was hurrying up the drive.

"It's rather large," I suggested.

"It's perfectly heavenly," said GWENDOLEN.

"It'll be more than five pounds a year."

"It would be cheap at any price."

A comely old housekeeper showed us over the bungalow, whose long French windows opened on to the very lawn. At every step GWENDOLEN became more enchanted.

"Oh, JACK," she cried, "what a sweet little study! Couldn't you write souly things in here!" And I, looking round on the well-filled shelves that ran right up to the ceiling, felt that indeed I could.

"There's simply everything one could want," said GWENDOLEN, when we had completed our tour of the premises.

"Everything," I agreed. "It's a pity the rent is so stiff. A hundred and—"

"But look what we get for it! Compare this house—"

"Yes, I know. But still—"

"The price includes everything. And think of the garden! Asparagus and peaches for nothing! JACK, it would be madness to throw away the chance!"

* * * *

We are economising. Out of deference to my feelings, GWENDOLEN has consented, nothing loth, to forego the cycling skirt and sailor hat with which she threatened me; and the dainty muslins which she wears instead keep so clean in the country that they do not st so very much more



Mrs. Binks (who has lost control of her machine). "Oh, OH, HARRY! PLEASE GET INTO A BANK SOON. I MUST HAVE SOMETHING SOFT TO FALL ON!"

than the silk dress she had to wear in town. We have no greengrocer, except on occasions; for all my wife has to do when we want vegetables is to tell the head-gardener. We found it much cheaper in the end to get two men to assist the boy we had originally thought of, for when I tried to grow asparagus I planted it upside down; moreover, I got such rheumatism from working in the wet that GWENDOLEN, after a talk with the doctor, insisted on my giving it up. And besides, as she pointed out, if I spent all my energy on manual labour, how could I write those epoch-making works for which the world was waiting? Our

friends are delighted to visit us in summer; and when we find the long winter evenings are beginning to drag, we either pack up our traps for a month in the Riviera, or run up to the Carlton and do a week of theatres. GWENDOLEN is persuading all her friends to return to a natural life.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—It is said that the L. C. C. propose to supply their employes with boots at fixed rates, after the method in vogue at Scotland Yard. Of course, the denizens of Spring Gardens will then be known as the London County Cobblers.

OF THE MAKING OF LEADERS.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.

Now let the nameless sister of the Muses
(Tenth of her kind) who represents the Press,
That system which informs us what the news is,
Or makes a shrewd anticipative guess—
Of what it will be, lest a man should use his
Own common-sense too much (though I confess
I like to learn the movements of the Boer, and
Also the Derby winner's name, beforehand)—

Now let the Muse to whom I just alluded
Sing very loud the leader-writer's praise,
On whose notorious arts I've often brooded
With a profound and envious amaze;
(Reader, I never understood—if you did—
His trick of ready nerve and facile phrase,
Nor how he writes with such admired persistence,
Nor even what 's his reason for existence).

The name of leader strictly should imply
A sort of object which contrives to lead,
Yet the reports that meet the common eye
Are such as any fool who runs may read,
Grasping the truth and letting go the lie,
Without a paraphraser's flowing screed;
You don't get any wiser through a *résumé*,
Although the scribe by implication says you may.

A certain Mr. WORDSWORTH (if I'm right),
Snatching an interval from metric prose,
Describes, as seen by early morning light,
The view from Westminster (Lord only knows
Where he had been and spent the previous night),
And notes the way in which the river flows,
And tells us how it gives him quite a thrill
To feel the heart of London *lying still*.

I hold that this remark, however witty,
Is not in keeping with the actual case;
For if there is a period when the City
"Lies" less than usual in the public's face,
'Tis when the homing Pressman (I submit he
Prefers the dark because his deeds are base)
Has cracked at coffee-stalls his stirrup-cup,
And Evening Journalists are not yet up.

There is a pause in the affairs of men,
Prior and just posterior to the dawn,
When even those Great Powers that wield the pen
Are from mendacity a while withdrawn;
The early cock-bird calls his drowsy hen,
The earlier worm parades the dewy lawn;
But otherwise on each recumbent snorer
Sits what is known as "Nature's sweet restorer."

There are a few exceptions, by the way,
That emphasise the rule which I have stated;
The slim Field-Cornet, who has lied all day,
Lies on in darkness; having first located
Some unsuspecting Yeomen, he will say,
"Courage! our foes have just capitulated
To Europe's fleet: at present Temple Bar
Is occupied by LOUBET and the CZAR!"

That person surely spoke without conviction
Who impudently taught the vulgar view
That facts are even stranger stuff than fiction;
I never met a Correspondent who
Would willingly incur the grave restriction
Of only saying what he knows is true;

If facts should happen, they're prepared to tell 'em;
If not, they draw upon their cerebellum.

I have diverged from my initial attitude,
But if you marked the measure I have used—
Lord B.'s (how irresponsibly he chatted!)—you'd
Count my digressions easily excused.
I now return to that pure well of platitude,
The leader-writer, whom I have perused
So rarely that my judgment cannot savour
Of prejudices rooted in his favour.

I ask, as one who never yet has heard,
How is it done? what supernatural fires
Kindle his brain to stamp the final word
On matters piping-hot from off the wires,
Things which an hour ago had not occurred?
No answer comes, no outer tale transpires;
And I must fall, for want of information,
Heavily back on my imagination.

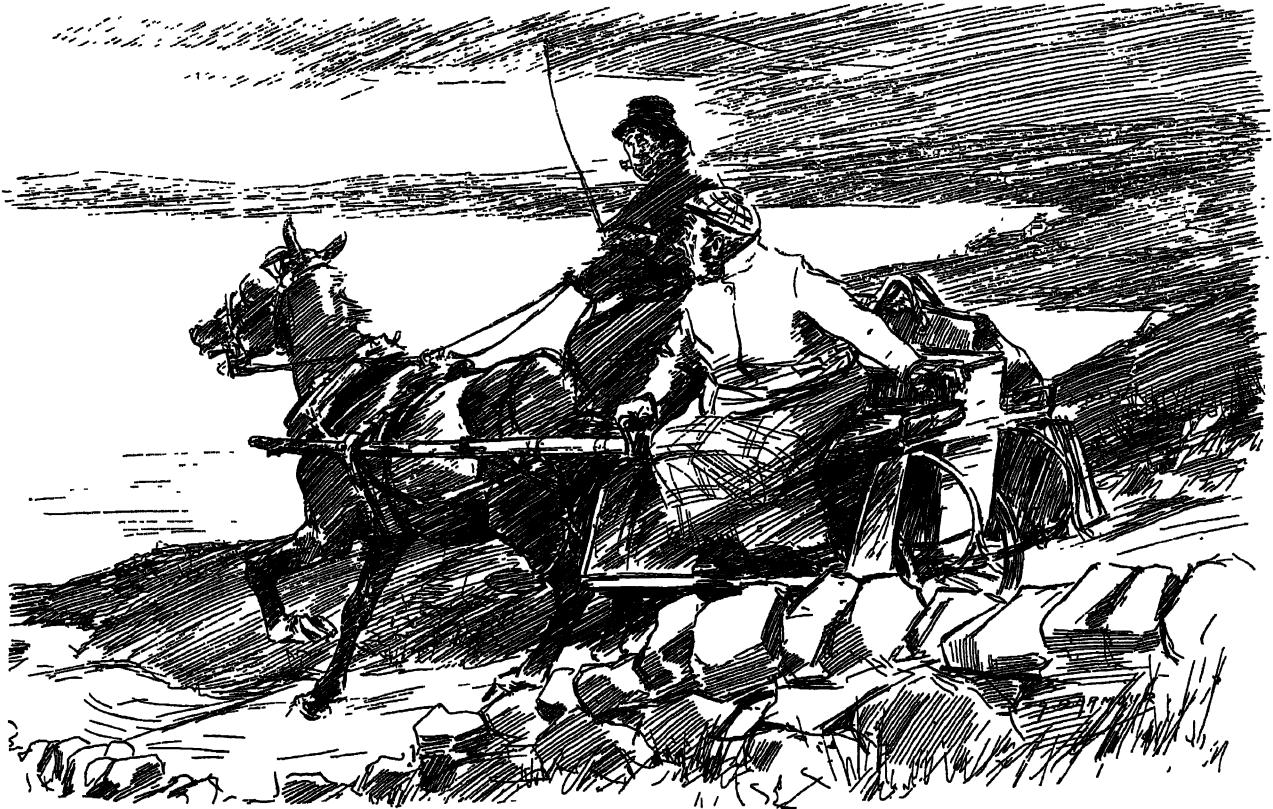
Picture him, then, by night, his collar loose,
His haunt by printer's devils close invested,
Swiftly exuding pancreatic juice
To make the facts more readily digested,
His cursive comments, almost too profuse,
Checked by a towel dripping round his pressed head;—
And there you have (I'm told by those who read 'em)
The very fundament of British Freedom! O. S.

AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

QUIETLY, in an unpretentious but entirely pleasing manner, the great Exhibition of 1851 has been celebrated at Sydenham. Just half a century ago last May the Crystal Palace was opened amidst great rejoicing in Hyde Park. The opening was to usher in the millennium. As a matter of fact it didn't, but served as an overture to one of the most ill-starred European wars of the century. Then, after serving its proper purpose as a huge international bazaar in the rear of Knightsbridge barracks, it was moved into Sydenham. Since then it has seen good and evil fortune. Thanks to the present excellent management, the good fortune remains and the bad days are half-forgotten memories—save, perhaps, by the earlier shareholders—of the past.

The good fortune is well deserved. What can be more interesting than the Courts, from the house in Pompeii to the splendid Alhambra? Why, they contain a liberal education in themselves. Then the series of exhibitions. All well selected and instructive. And the concerts! Why, Mr. MANNS made the C. P. the headquarters of British music. And the bands, and the organ-playing. And the picture gallery. And last, not least, the catering. All good. Then the local clubs housed in the Palace. Again good. And the grounds and the fireworks. Then in the summer cricket, in the winter football. Never was there such a place so suggestive of delightful recollections. And during the past year even the figures—once so disappointing—have been cheerfully satisfactory. C. P., go on and prosper! Is there any question? No. Stay! Is it absolutely necessary to have all the year round a *café chantant*? Such an institution—no doubt excellent in its way when judiciously conducted—seems just a little out of place with such dignified surroundings.

"WRIT IN ERROR."—In Monday's issue of the *Daily Telegraph*, last week, an odd slip of the printer's appeared in the advertisement of Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY's Company, then at the Kennington Theatre, playing *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, which was announced as "*Swell Nell of Old Drury*." What a capital title for a burlesque!



Nervous Tourist. "STOP, DRIVER, STOP! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! I AM SURE A WHEEL'S COMING OFF!"

Driver. "ARRAH, BE AINY THEN, YER HONOUR. SURE, IT'S THE SAME ONE'S BEEN COMIN' OFF THIN THESE THREE DAYS BACK!"

THE CASTAWAY.

(After the late R— B—.)

GOODBYE! You will make this curt farewell
A rack for my soul and a tenter-hook
For my life-warm limbs! Well, the truth to tell,
I have read this page in the Future's book.
In the soft caress of your coal-black hair;
Yes, I stroked it tenderly, grant me that,
Lovingly,—watching the sunlight throw
Its jewels, and wondering why the dark shade
Of this parting thought ne'er obscured the glow.
"The time must come!" to myself I said,
In all our union the thought was there,
As the world is a ball I knew it pat.

A hundred times as you kissed my brow,
Wrung or serene with as many moods,
In as many places, where you, I trow,
Shone out the best of my chattels and goods,—
Full five score times,—did the doleful thought
Strike on my heart as the awkward oar
Of an unskilled sculler on Thamis' breast.
The thought: that you're only a fair-weather friend,
Not for the atmosphere storm-possest
Lashing of hail, drip, drip without end,
But you for the set-fair seasons—in short,
A fair-weather friend, as I said before.

Only a fortnight ago to-day
JONESULET bade me in grotesque tone
Throw you aside. But that's just his way,
To pluck out the rose when the perfume's gone.

By the blessed calendar there on the wall
Nearly a year has slipped into the void
Sith jackanapes BRÜN impatiently pursed
His lips in entreating that I'd forswear
Your kisses. In answer I merely cursed.
And, showing the rascal that I could dare,
Through the fashionable throng, before them all,
I wore you. And weren't the fools annoyed!

But that was last year. Now? Devil a word
Can aptly express what a change is here,
And many's the rascal has said, I've heard
—Now as you were—that I bought you dear.
Oh, I know I'm a man of the world, while you
Are nothing now, lifeless, not-wanted, cold:
But still you've a part in the world to play—
A doubtful ornament! Still you'll deck
The coarse, dank hair of some scamp whose way
Is for tawdry grandeur. Poor colourless wreck!
And never again shall we meet, we two,
I who am young and you who are old.

Countless the sum in this world of ours
Of such as you are. And as like as peas,
Or, better, as weeds that affront the flowers
In our civilised garden of sloth and ease.
Keep in the town. In the country not one
You'll find for your favours, depend on that.
You in the country! The notion is cruel.
'Mid natures cast roughly in earth's simple mould,
A mark you would serve for their newly-chopped fuel
Or crimson-veined wurzel hilariously bowled.
Such is the world! Yes, your reign is done,
Shabby, old, moth-eaten, worn top-hat!

SOMETHING LIKE A CURE.

(Notes from the blank pages of Mr. Briefless Junior's Fee Book.)

First Impression of Evian.—Absolutely French. No English need apply. Commissionnaire of "One of the Best" hotels does not speak English. However, he has the accomplishment—something difficult of acquirement, I should think—of understanding my French. Sometimes. Determine to patronise "One of the Best." Fine situation, overlooking the lake, and on clear days Ouchy to be seen. When Ouchy is visible look out for squalls. Sunshine deceptive. Rain to follow. Rain in autumn standing dish. Seldom "off." No English, but plenty of hammering. Discover later that chronic hammering is caused by continuous bottling of waters of the Source. For exportation.

England at a Discount.—Through the kind offices of my excellent doctor (Swiss) I am introduced to a French gentleman. Charming fellow. Very cheerful. He is not exactly in the army—so far as I can gather—but when out of mufti wears a uniform. Some Governmental appointment, requiring for the proper performance of the functions attaching thereto a sword, cocked hat and epaulets. On Sundays and holidays, probably (in addition) spurs. He is quite proud of not understanding English. He is equally proud of never having been in England. What does he want with London, Leicester Square, Vauxhall Bridge Road and Margate? Has he not France? Is he not a Frenchman? What would I have more? I reply in my French—as spoken in Paris—*tray bong*.

How I am to be Cured.—I am to rise at six. Then to the Source, where I am to drink three glasses of water. A quarter of an hour's walk between each. For the rest, a simple diet and more glasses of water when (like Mrs. Gump) "I am so disposed." It appears that the pure air and the perfect peace will do the rest. Evian water in the town everywhere. You find it in your matutinal tub. It forms the basis of splendid soup. It is extremely pleasant in your tea.

At the Source.—Water drinkers walking. Continuous stream at drinking fountain. Table containing fancy glasses suggestive of "Present from the Crystal Palace," mugs "For a Good Boy, from St. Leonards," and the like. Presiding goddess preparing tumblers enquires courteously if I am a subscriber. She speaks in French. I answer in French—as spoken in Paris—*Wee, Madam*. Am presented with a glass of water. Drink it. Cold, pleasant, excellent. Take my first quarter of an hour's walk. Stroll leisurely over half of Evian and back. Five minutes to spare. Second glass of water. Take my second quarter of an hour's walk. Stroll leisurely over the other half of Evian and back. Five minutes to spare. Third glass of water. Look at French paper. News about England a twentieth of a column. Takes a minute and a half to read. Rest of the last quarter of an hour consumed in getting back to "One of the Best." Uphill.

Distractions.—It is the end of the season, so the Casino is "slowing down." Placards of past glories tell of theatrical performances in which MOURET-SULLY, COQUELIN and RÉJANE have taken part. Grand orchestra still going strong—especially in the brass. *Chemin de fer*—attracting (between the first and second parts of the afternoon band programme) a number of one-franc to five-franc speculators. Try my system. Result: loss in five minutes, sixteen francs. Stupid game, *Chemin de fer*. Think—in French—speedy condemnation. Put more briefly, naughty swear word. Further distraction—Little horses. Back two, then six, then four, then seven, then eight. Result: loss of twenty francs. Say, in English, naughty swear word. Attracts no attention. Giddy throng of foreigners do not understand a single word of English. No, not widest-known word in the language! Stupid game, Little horses. And this is not following doctor's orders. Prescription for cure—plenty of water and perfect peace. Losing thirty-six francs in ten minutes may be getting into hot water, but certainly not perfect peace. Naughty swear word!

A Festival.—In spite of the fast approaching end of the season, Evian very gay with a visit of travelling doctors. So far as I can make out, medical men from all parts of the world—minus the British Empire—are "doing" the Sources of Lac Lemman. They are personally conducted by a gentleman in a suit of tweeds and a red ribbon button-hole. They hold a conference ancient the Source of Evian. Perfect stranger teaches the local doctors the advantages of the *eau minérale* of the neighbourhood. Local doctors no doubt much obliged for the startling information. If time had permitted probably lecture on egg-sucking (addressed to grandparents) would have followed. But social side uppermost. Much music and a banquet. Last function, final junketing of the personally-conducted medicos. An Evian-cured guest thereat said to have subsequently undone all the good of his course by partaking of too many *entrées*. Much speech-making. Abrupt conclusion. Watches of the night later on disturbed by doctors (and their belongings) missing boats and trains. Naughty swear words in many languages.

Perfect Peace.—No letters, no papers. Hourly application to *Concierge* fruitless. The world seems to be standing still. Reminded of the Strand and Fleet Street by finding an old copy of somebody's *Press Guide*. Probably left by some agent travelling in journals. "One of the Best" does not take in regularly any English paper. Explanation—no English to read them. Apparently never heard of the *Thunderer* of Printing House Square, or the *Young Lions* of Peterborough Court, or the *Chronicles* of the corner of Wellington Street! What ignorance! The schoolmaster evidently not abroad. At least not at Evian.

Pleasing Joke.—Waggish friend writes to me saying that I must be staying in an Evian place. Quite so.

LEAVES FROM AN AERONAUT'S DIARY.

April 1.—Flying machine just completed. A triumph of ingenious construction. All my own invention. Material, aluminium. Motor power, benzine. Success assured. Have worked out the whole scheme on paper and find machine is simply bound to fly. Only waiting for a calm day to demonstrate the fact to a sceptical public. These March winds very troublesome. Not fair to the machine to make its first trial under unfavourable conditions. Shall make my ascent at noon to-day, weather permitting. Have announced the fact in all the daily papers.

Noon.—Lovely day for the ascent. Large crowd assembled in Exhibition grounds, from which, by permission of the proprietors, ascent to be made. Everybody keen and expectant. Remain outwardly calm, but feel a curious sensation in pit of stomach. Not fear, of course. On the contrary, confident I shall succeed. A few friends gather round to wish me luck. Shake hands with them, and step on board. A cheer is raised. I give the word to let go. They let go.

Nothing happens! A slight hitch, I explain to bystanders. Can be put right in a moment. Only needs the turn of a screw and I shall soar gracefully like a bird. Interval of expectation. Machine still declines to rise. Seems as if I was too heavy for it. Must go into the question of proportion of weights to horse-power again. Explain this to bystanders. Ascent will take place to-morrow without fail. Crowd melts away discouraged. Machine towed back to shed.

April 7.—Unexpected difficulties have delayed second experiment. Turned out that motor had not sufficient power, and rudder was too heavy. Have remedied both defects. Shall certainly soar at midday to-day. Spectators not so numerous as on last occasion, but interest still cordial. Weather unhappily threatening. Towards noon wind rises. Postponement again unavoidable. Most disappointing. Must wait for next fine day.

April 12.—Fine days not so common in this country. Four have passed and conditions still unfavourable. To-day more promising. Machine in first-rate trim. Have been able to

make sundry minor improvements in it during enforced delay. Once more respectful crowd gathers, fit but undeniably few. Public temporarily losing faith in my machine. As a friend of mine explained, a flying machine which not only doesn't fly, but doesn't even kill its inventor, rapidly ceases to be an object of popular curiosity. At the time I pretended to smile at this, but looking back upon it consider the pleasantry in doubtful taste. Twelve o'clock strikes. I start in half-an-hour.

12.30.—Once more I take my stand proudly on the deck of my machine. Reporters grouped round me in dense phalanx watching proceedings and avid for copy. Once more I give the signal. The anchor is loosed, the screw begins to revolve. We are certainly rising. I lay my hand on the tiller, prepared to stoer proudly as soon as we have risen above the heads of the people. Process of soaring somewhat slow. Would like to increase number of vibrations of screw, but hesitate to leave the rudder. However, we are certainly flying, though flying somewhat low. Crowd raises a cheer. Most exhilarating. Not much steerage way yet. Narrowly miss a tree. Wall straight in front. Shall we clear it? Afraid not. Decide to put about instead and skim gently back to starting point.

Problem arises, how to get down. Never thought of this before. All very well to say "let her down gently"; not so easy. Might misjudge velocity and smash delicate mechanism. On other hand, might underestimate speed of descent and never get down at all. Decide to proceed cautiously. Slacken speed. Fall like a stone in a moment, right in the middle of representatives of the Press. All jumped clear however. Most unfortunate. Might have landed on some of them and broken the fall. As it is machine a total wreck and self badly shaken. Ominous murmurs among reporters, who seem to think I did it on purpose. Offer my apologies. Accepted ungraciously. Promise to undertake further ascent as soon as machine can be repaired or new one made ready.

April 30.—New machine built at last. Old one proved past mending. Sold for scrap-iron, or rather scrap-aluminium. Gathering of spectators considerably larger, encouraged presumably by prospect of seeing me break my neck. Reporters have selected somewhat distant part of field for watching progress. Have decided to modify conditions of the start. New machine built like a ship, decked all over, and will start from the surface of convenient pond. This makes ascent equally easy and guards against worst consequences of descent. At midday am rowed on board in small boat. Make short speech from deck of machine, pointing out that conquest of air is at length complete. I have only to turn lever and machine will



Wau's Daughter. 'OH, MR. GUFFLING, I'VE CALLED THIS MORNING TO TELL YOU THAT FOR THE PARISH CHARITIES WE OPEN OUR MOST INTERESTING SHOW OF LOCAL ANTIQUITIES AND CURIOSITIES, AND MAY I HOPE THAT YOU WILL KINDLY GIVE IT YOUR COUNTENANCE?'

rise like the admired albatross. Proudest moment of my life! Turn lever. Screw revolves. We don't seem to rise. On the contrary, we are actually sinking. We have sunk! Am rescued, half drowned, by man with boat-hook. Sensation most disagreeable. Machine remains at bottom of pond. Long may it do so. Shall give up flying and take to croquet. ST. J. H.

At the Gimerack Restaurant.

Customer (to Waiter). Why am I charged two shillings for devilled kidneys?

Waiter. On account, Sir, of the strike at Grimsby.

Customer. What on earth have kidneys to do with Grimsby?

Waiter. I beg pardon, Sir, I mistook you for the gentleman as ordered cod's-roe on toast. [Error rectified.]

TO CHLOE.

LAST week the common circumstance
Of meeting drew from you a glance,
From me a stately bow.
Your mien was dignified and grand,
I touched your languid, high-held hand,
'Twas all you would allow.

Alas! since then stern Fate has dealt
A wanton stroke; we each have felt
A cruel and heartless blow.
The self-same hand our joy has killed,
Our brow has wrung, our breast has filled
With deep and dreadful woe.

This week, by mutual sorrow torn,
Each feels towards the other drawn
By misery's mystic charm.
Pity, they say, to Love's akin —
Then what a world of Love lies in
A vaccinated arm!



First Farmer. "YOU OUGHT TO ALLOW I SUMMAT OFF THE PRICE O' THAT 'ORSE YOU SOLD I LAS' WEEK. WHY 'E'VE BIN AN' TOOK AN' DIED!"

Second Farmer. "WELL, THAT'S FUNNY, NOW; 'E NEVER CUT ANY O' THEM CAPERS WHEN I 'AD 'IM!"

VICTORIA MARY—PRINCESS OF THE SEAS.

[On crossing the line H.R.H. the Duchess of CORNWALL and YORK was admitted a daughter of Neptune and accepted the letters patent of Grand Dame and Liege Lady of the Order belonging to the Men of the Sea.]

DAUGHTER of Sea Kings!—your line running down to them,
Gallant and sturdy, the Vikings of old;
Foemen who fought with us, adding a crown to them,
Launching their galleys for glory and gold:—

Wife of a Sailor!—a man who is one of us,
Made by the Navy, its smooth and its rough,
Pleasures and labours;—be sure there are none of us
Wish he were made of a daintier stuff!—

Mother of Princes!—and we have a plea for them;
Lend us your children, we'll give them back men!
Born to the blue, there's no trade but the sea for them,
Wonders and wisdom 'twill bring to their ken:—

Princess of Britons! we heard how they bore for you,
Gifts that were royal and gauds that were rare;
We have no jewels, no riches in store for you,
Only of homage we proffer our share.

Queens of your race, in the tale of its history,
Marshalled their armies and mustered their ships,
None of them learned of the sea and its mystery,
Seen of the eyes and not heard from the lips.

Came there the call of our kindred, the brotherhood
Dwelling afar, but in loyalty near;—
"We would be one, O our Queen, in thy motherhood,
Send us thy dearest, we hold them as dear!"

Then by the way of the wonderful waters,
Won by our fathers who fought on the foam,
Fared you to hearten our sons and our daughters,
Folk who are fain at the thought of their home.

So, as you saw, in the days of your wandering,
Nations of landmen as loyal as free,
Haply there rose, in the time of your pondering,
Thoughts of the sailors whose home is the sea.

Royalty spared you no whit of our droariness,
Wanting the touch of our little ones' hand;
Daytime and darkness of watching and weariness,
Waiting for wives who are waiting on land.

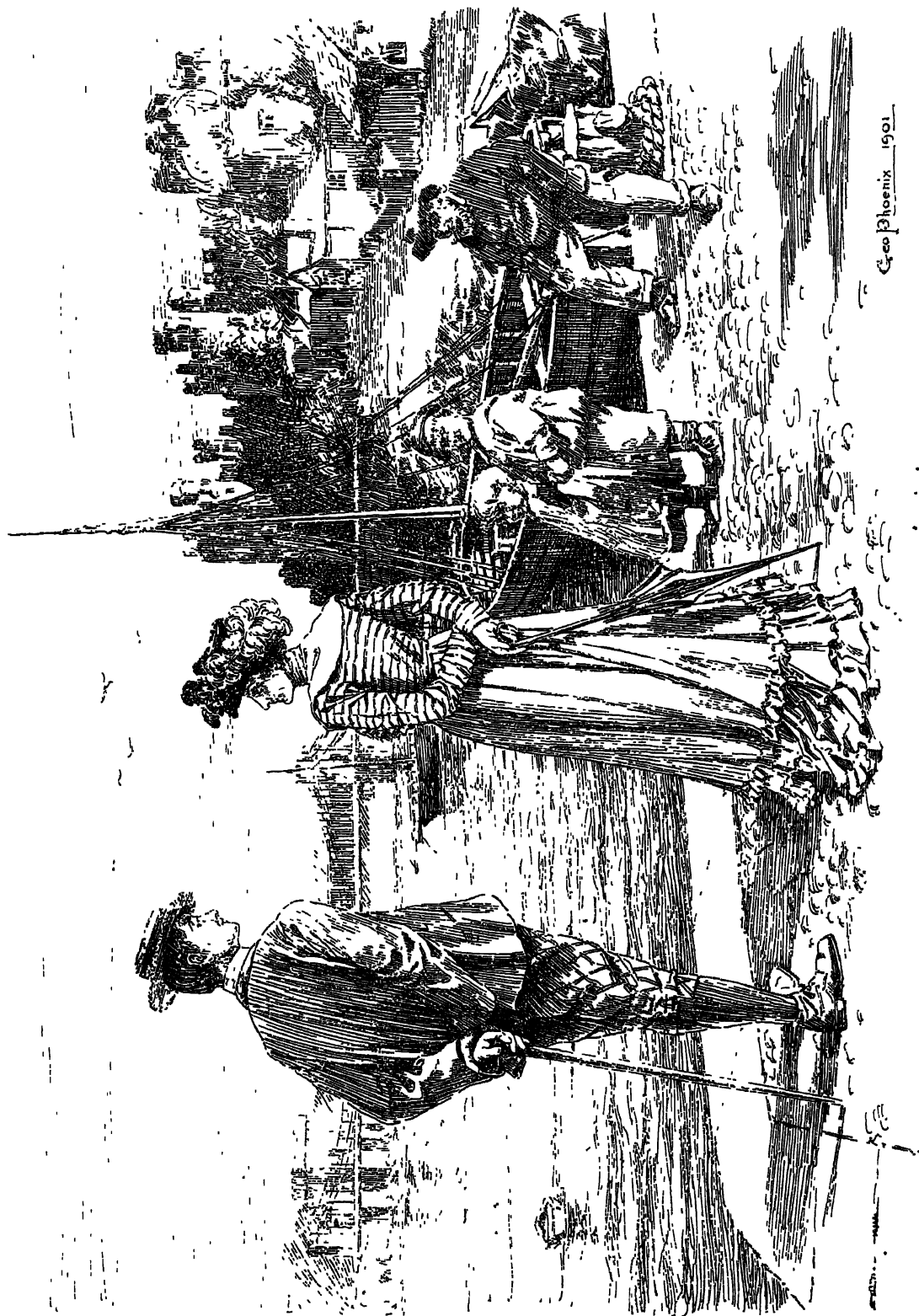
Aye, and we knew it, and so did you win of us
Titles confirmed by a royal decree,
Neptune himself he has hailed you as kin of us,—
"Princess and Lady of Men of the Sea!"

Take then, O Princess, the tribute we bring to you,
Simple and homely, as simple our part;
Hear then, O Lady, the song that we sing to you,
Songs must ring true when they rise from the heart!



MUTUAL ADVANTAGE.

JOHN BULL (to the new Ameer, Habibullah). "YOUR FATHER AND I WERE VERY GOOD FRIENDS, MY BOY, AND IF YOU WANT THE BEST ADVICE, YOU WILL KNOW WHERE TO COME FOR IT."



AMERICANS ABROAD.—CONWAY.

Fair American. "AND A NOBLE PILE IT IS! PITY THEY FIXED IT SO NEAR THE RAILROAD THOUGH!"

Geo Bloxix 1901

GARB AND GARBAGE.

["At Ems the authorities have put up a notice that no long-kirts are to be admitted within the precincts of the gardens"—*Daily Paper*]

O ITIMININI gowns,
That often the frowns
Of the strait-laced evoked in a period still recent,
When censors would say
The *corps de ballet*
Was robed in a style that was barely just decent;
No longer we're shocked
By ladies short-trooked,
Our censure lies now in another direction—
On those that their hems
Trail in ells about Ems,
And scatter dire germs for their neighbours' infection.
So bear, if you will,
Flounce, pleating, or frill,
Be Paris or tailor-built, just as you like, robes,
But, whatever you are,
This one thing we bar—
We won't have your fringes embroidered with microbes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S *Kim* (MACMILLAN & Co.) is a strangely fascinating tale of Indian life under British rule justly suspicious of foreign intrigue. The two principal characters in the story are a simple, lovable, and holy "Lama," and his "chelah" (pupil and companion), a bright, unscrupulous, affectionate, clever boy, who, his parents (one *Sergeant Kimball O'Hara* and his wife, a nursemaid in a colonel's family) having both died before he was three years old, was brought up by a half-caste woman, and started by her to seek his fortune where chance might lead him, with, as an outfit, an amulet case hung round his neck containing a parchment with prophetic writing on it, and a birth-certificate by way of passport and for future identification. The third principal character in the tale is the sly, highly-accomplished *Babu*, in the Secret Service Department of the British Government, whose peculiar "English as she is spoke" will forcibly remind not a few readers of "Honble PUNCH's" Anglo-Indian contributor, who, as it may be remembered, had the rare opportunity of airing his knowledge of the English language and of English Law in a London Court of Justice, as defendant in a celebrated breach of promise action. With his exceptional power of vividly picturesque description, Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING sets so clearly before our eyes the dazzling scenes of life in an Indian city, where the old order is only gradually changing giving place to new, that we see every figure, no matter how unimportant, sharply defined, and the moving throng quivering with animation as in the "living pictures" of the whirling cinematograph. Out of the ever-moving crowd, so-wearying to eye and brain, as indeed is every crowd in real life to the quiet spectator, issue four personages whose steps we follow with increasing interest until the end of the romance which still leaves the reader not dissatisfied but unsatisfied, asking, as the inquisitive child does after the very last word of a fairy tale has been uttered, "And what did they do *then*?" The embossed illustrations by J. L. KIPLING are original in design and peculiarly effective.

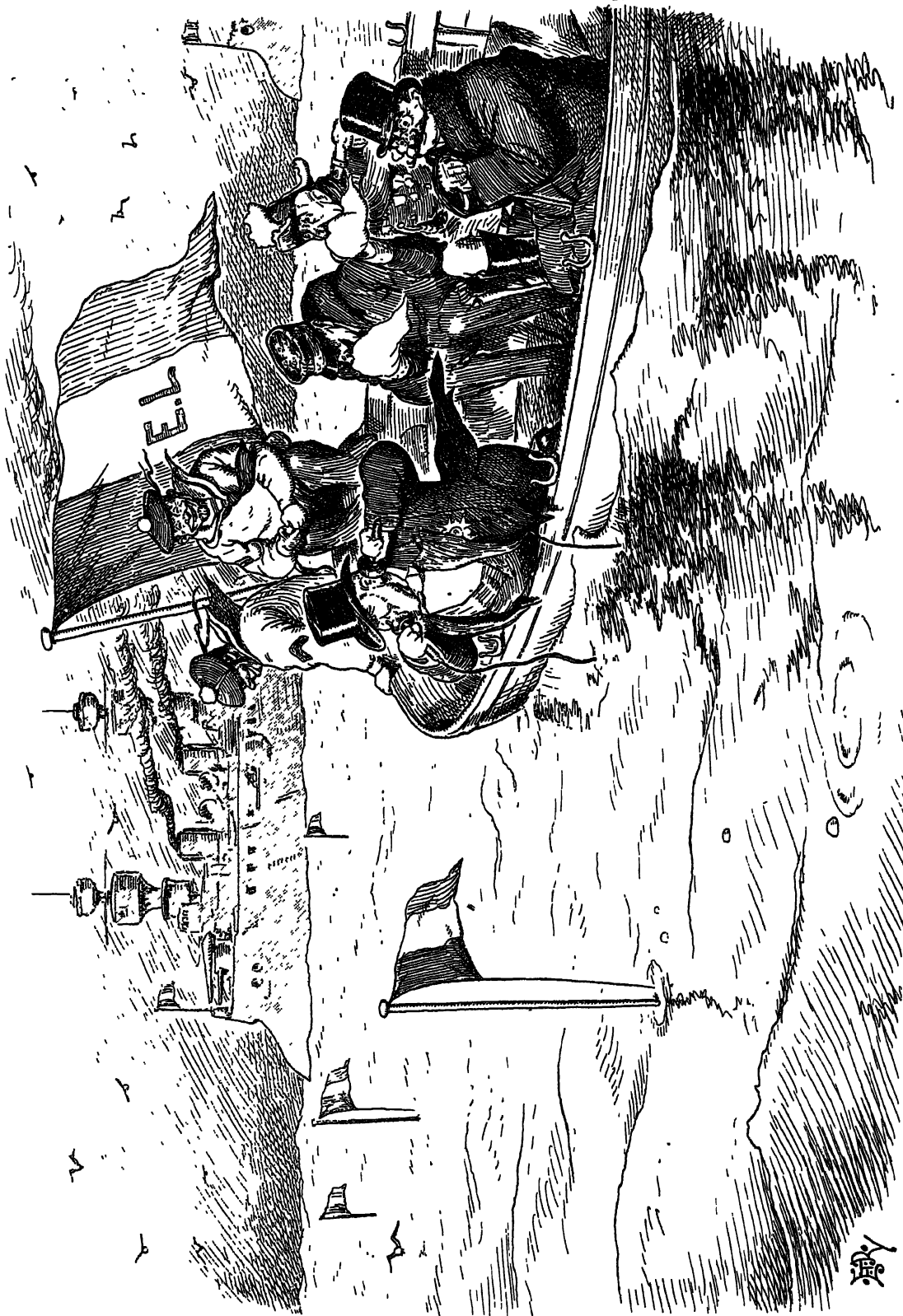
Rickerby's Folly (METHUEN) is a rollicking, rough-and-tumble story of the kind dear to the heart of the gallery in the old transpontine theatre. Mr. TOM GALLON has in his wallet a boundless store of devices, expedients and surprises which carry the reader through at breathless pace. Never outside the range of *Rickerby's Folly* were such happenings. Murders, personations, abductions, incendiarism, a corpse falling out of a casually-opened cupboard door, and a midnight burial by lantern light—these are some of the delicacies my Baronite can promise to the reader in search of a rattling, racy book.

The fifth volume of the *New English Dictionary* comes from the Oxford University Press. It will appreciably add to its renown, and to that of HENRY FROWDE, whose watchful care and exquisite taste have endowed the nation with this rare workshop. Dr. MURRAY, toiling through the alphabet, has to regret the loss of one esteemed colleague fallen by the way. This is Mr. FITZEDWARD HALL, who, dying at the age of seventy-six, was within a few weeks of the end hard at work on the Dictionary, service rendered as a pure labour of love. The new volume completes the first eleven letters of the alphabet, comprising four of them within its mighty tome. They are H, I, J, K. My Baronite notes with interest how the letter H, persistently dropped by some of his fellow-citizens, comes out well ahead in the Dictionary. It prefaces over 16,000 words, as compared with 14,000 I's, 3,500 K's and 3,000 J's. In this new word competition, Dr. JOHNSON wasn't in it with Dr. MURRAY and his army of collaborateurs. Compared with the above figures, JOHNSON'S dictionary deals with 1,533 words beginning with H, 2,012 with I, 299 with J, and 205 with K. As a rule, a dictionary is not attractive in the ordinary way of reading. Complaint of patchiness has justly been brought against it. The *New English Dictionary*, beautifully printed, is a museum of fascinating out-of-the-way information, supplied through the medium of quotations illustrating the use and meaning of words. The complaint my Baronite makes about the book is that, turning to it for elucidation of a word, he finds the page so fascinating that he goes on reading when he ought to be writing.

Mr. ERNEST RADFORD, with his instructive preface to *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, leads the reader up to where Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C., self-effacing, "introduces" him to the present six-volume edition (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.) of that immortal work, fringed afresh with illuminative notes, and illustrated with some eighty well-reproduced portraits of contemporary Johnsonian celebrities. In the course of above-mentioned preface, the aforesaid ERNEST, touching upon the portrait, by Sir JOSHUA, of "GARTANO APOLLINE BALDASSARE VESTRIS, 1720—1808, *Le Dieu de la Danse*," writes: "His son AMAND, Ballot-master, King's Theatre, Haymarket, married BARTOLOZZI'S daughter, who afterwards married CHARLES MATHEWS the elder." If this were so, who, then, was the "Madame VESTRIS" whom CHARLES MATHEWS the younger, i.e. CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, married, and with whom he managed the Lyceum Theatre somewhere about 1846, "*Consule Planco*," which, being literally translated, means when PLANCHÉ was their consultant, and wrote their Christmas extravaganzas? The Baron has ever been under the impression that Madame VESTRIS was a BARTOLOZZI, and that her second husband was CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, the CHARLES MATHEWS of *Used Up*, *Patter v. Clatter*, and a hundred other amusing pieces, the youthful friend of Lady BLESSINGTON and Count D'ORSAY in Italy and London. If the Baron be right his CHARLES MATHEWS, husband of Madame VESTRIS, was not the "elder" (Heavens! he, the ever-green, never could have been an "elder," since, though he lived till nearly eighty, he had not attained to the positive "old"), but the younger. There's an error somewhere. Whose?

"Our Mr. ANSTAY" has republished in one volume (LONGMANS) his original *Man from Blankley's*—not the dramatic version—with several "other sketches," all so delightfully amusing that it is difficult to select any single one as "the pick of the basket." As a rule the Baron approveth not of illustrations, as forcing upon the reader types that do not seem in accordance with the author's intention. But this instance is a brilliant exception, all the characters, as humorously realised and perfectly presented by "our Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE," appearing not only just exactly as the author of their being would in real life have had them appear, but also as the appreciative reader would have necessarily imagined them to be. Certes, to author and artist, the Baron tenders his sincere congratulations, as also does he to the public on their having so enjoyable a work within such easy reach.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

THE PRESIDENT DELIVERS A STIRRING ADDRESS TO THE FRENCH SUBMARINE FLEET (THROUGH THE TELEPHONE).

M. Loubet. "Underwater Citizens! It is with emotion so poignant, the outcome of a pride and an affection that strangles, that I see your inspiring *tricolours* fly so bravely around me. They indicate with a striking approach to accuracy the approximate position of the brave hearts that beat inside the trusty plating of our submarines; they lead our thoughts down to the inviolable future survivors of our beloved country—the terror of those who envy our greatness, our virtues, our success, and, above all, our glorious alliances. My sailors, you are not forgotten,—you shall have a breather presently;—Your answering cheers are not distinguishable from up here, but I can figure to myself their volume, their vibrating intensity.—What? Hallo! Dashed it all, Delcassé, they say they want to come up

A MUCH INJURED MAN.

CHAPTER III.

I CAST about for a propitious chance of proposing to the heiress. Finally, I decided that no better time could be found than the afternoon of a non-hunting day. And for the place, what could be more suitable than the cosy little drawing-room of the girl's own house?

I hacked over there on my white-faced horse, having had him done over with the paint, and, leaving him to be walked about by a boy, I knocked, and was shown in. Well, thought I to myself, luck is in my way, as the brunette entered the room alone.

"Poor MINNIE has a headache," she began, as we shook hands and then drew seats up to the fire. "So she has sent me to entertain you and make her excuses."

"Miss ACRESBY could not have found a better substitute!" I replied gallantly, and with a certain look in the eye which I fancy always "takes" with women. Women all like it, in me.

"Shall I give you some tea?" she said.

"I want you to give me something more than tea, Miss ACRESBY," I said.

She pretended to look puzzled.

"Muffins?" she asked.

"More even than muffins," I answered, infusing a tremble into my deep, full-toned voice. "I want you to say that this pleasant friendship of ours, my dear Miss ACRESBY—my dear MAUD—let me call you MAUD, may I? I want you to say that this friendship of ours has now ripened into something worse—better, I mean—than friendship alone—that, in fact, we may—nay, must be—more to each other than we have ever been before."

Rather a neat and effective little speech, that. I thought so at the time, and I think so still.

MAUD ACRESBY'S eyes fell to the tips of her shoes. They were very pretty ones—the eyes, not the shoes: though, on second thoughts, I remember the shoes were also very pretty; but let that pass. She did not answer a word.

"Am I hoping—asking for—too much?" I went on, impressively.

Still no answer.

"MAUD!" and again I had resort to the tremolo, "I love you! Will you be my wife?"

"MAX!" That was all she said; but the next moment she was in my arms. I had triumphed; her subjugation was complete. The radiant flush of victory was on my cheek; at least, I think it was; and never have I felt more utterly happy than at the moment in which I told myself that MAUD ACRESBY—and her fortune—were mine.

We sat together on the sofa—how I hoped that "MINNIE" would not recover from her headache, and come in! And for the space of at least half-an-hour, I enjoyed something like bliss unalloyed.

Then, her hand still in mine, MAUD said:

"I wonder where we shall settle down to live? Not in a hunting country, dear MAX, do you think so? It would be too maddening to see others hunting, when one couldn't do so oneself."

I patted the little hand encouragingly.

"I should never be so selfish as to object to your hunting, dearest, simply because you were married," I said.

She looked rather puzzled.

"But, MAX, hunting is expensive, and we—"

"Well, money would hardly stand in the way, would it?" I asked, laughingly. DE THODÉ always says my laugh is infectious, and I think he must be about right. Anyhow, my little fiancée laughed merrily, too, and exclaimed:

"I'm so glad to hear you say that, MAX, for I love hunting, and could only have given it up for your sake"—(dear little

girl! By Jove, women can tell a real good fellow when they see one)—"and I thought—I rather feared, dear MAX, that you wouldn't be able to afford me hunters as well as yourself. However, I'm only too glad to hear that you can. What jolly days we shall have together, shan't we?" and she clapped her little hands with delight.

"Yes, awfully jolly," I said, in rather feeble tones. I did not quite like the reference to myself as the provider of the hunters. I supposed it was merely her way of putting things.

"Dear MAX," she went on, laying her head against my shoulder and gazing up at me with her dark, star-like eyes, "I must tell you—it was such a shame—people said you were—"

"My darling!" I exclaimed, in outraged tones.

"Don't be angry, MAX. I never believed it. They said you were not in love with anything except yourself and 'the heiress's money.' I felt furious at such vile calumny."

"The scoundrels!" I said, in hot indignation.

"Yes," she resumed; "and now, when they see that it was me, and not the heiress at all that you—my darling, what is the matter? You are ill, you—"

I wiped the cold perspiration away from my forehead.

"No—o," I said, weakly, "but I feel rather—rather cold."

I could almost have wished that MINNIE would recover from her headache and come in. It might have relieved the strain and created a *divertissement*. Now that I come to calmly reflect over the whole of the proceedings, I am distinctly of opinion that MINNIE must have purposely cultivated that headache in order to leave us—MAUD and myself—alone, on that fatal afternoon.

"When will you come to see me again, dear MAX?" she cooed, softly.

"I—er—oh, soon, dear MAUD, very soon," I replied, vaguely, and with a groping movement—for I felt almost blinded with my sudden grief—making for the door.

"I am sure you are not quite well," she said, with anxious solicitude, and just that (to me) terrible *souffron* of proprietorship in her tone, that engaged men know so well.

I nodded and smiled, in sickly silence.

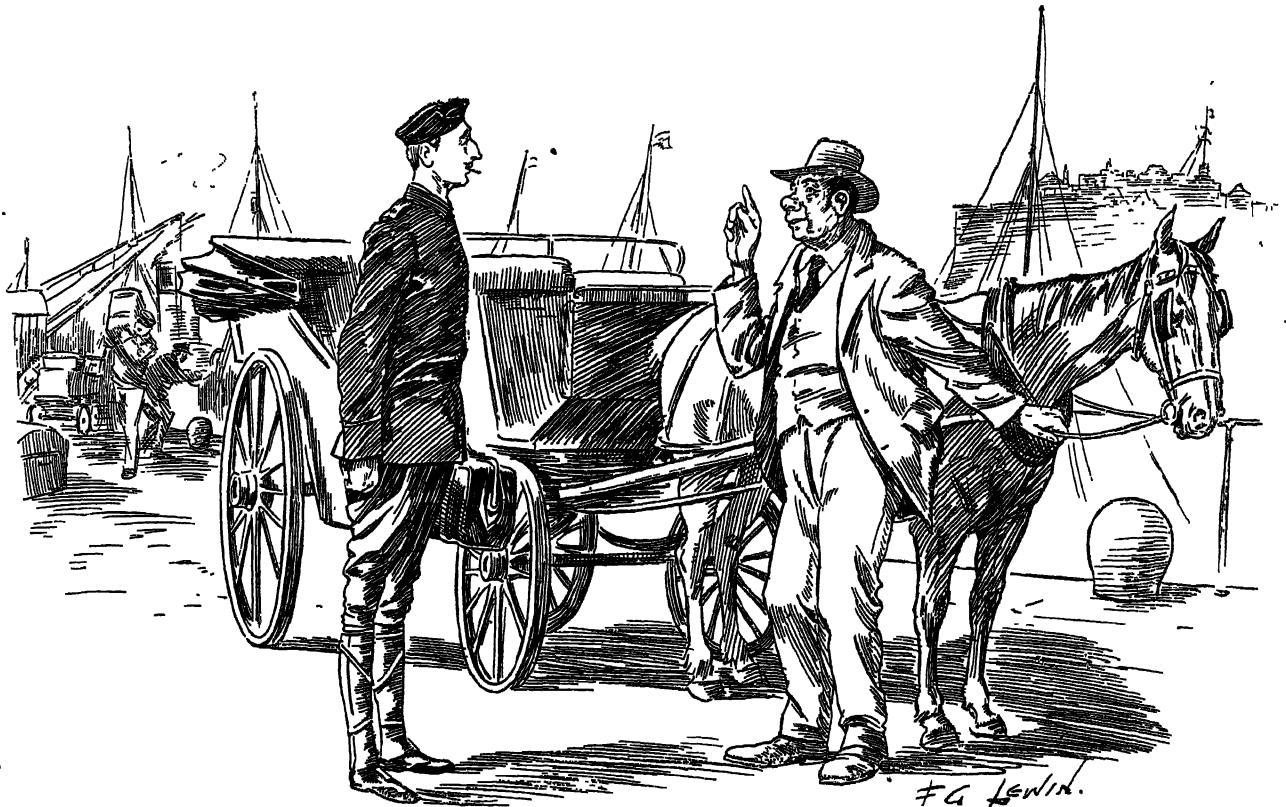
Feeling that the quiet of my own rooms at "The George" was what I chiefly valued in life at that moment, I rose and said good-bye. MAUD accompanied me to the door—so nice of her, of course, but I was past appreciating the delightful flattery of such an act, just then. The boy met me with my hack—the painted one—and but for the fact that "melancholy had marked me for her own," I might have noticed that it had been raining, and my horse's face was again white. MAUD, ever quick in observation, exclaimed:

"Oh, you've had another horse sent over for you, then? I saw you ride up to the house on—"

"Yes," I broke in, as I hurriedly climbed up into the saddle. "It—it's a beastly day, isn't it. Good-bye." Here I felt something rise in my gorge, but I persevered and ended the sentence with "dear." Then I rode off home as if the devil had kicked me.

Of course, I saw it all now—now that it was too late. That unmitigated scoundrel, GADSBY, had introduced the companion as the heiress; a shabby, stale, threadbare trick. GADSBY had left Splashington, or I should have—well, I should have written him an abusive, anonymous letter, by Jove, I would!

I sat down and thought out the whole situation until my head ached. What was I to do? Could I apply to some friend to get me out of the difficulty by explaining that there was some mistake somewhere? No, it was not a mistake which would bear explaining. Should I run away? Should I commit sui—? No, certainly not *that*. Well, then what on earth was the best course to take? I couldn't confess the mistake I had made; I couldn't tell my uncle, or he would cut me off with a shilling. The only way I could see out of the difficulty was the one I decided upon taking, then and there. I seized writing materials and began:—



MANŒUVRES.

Lieutenant Nobs (just arrived). "HOW LONG WILL YOU TAKE TO DRIVE ME TO THE FORT, CABBY?"

Cabby. "TEN MINUTES, CAPTAIN, BY THE SHORT OUT THROUGH THE HALLEYS. BUT THE MILITARY ALLUS GOES THE LONG WAY ROUND, THROUGH THE FASHIONABLE PART O' THE TOWN, YER HONOUR, WHICH TAKES AN HOUR." [Cabby gets his hour.]

MY DEAR MISS ACRESBY,

I hardly know whether I made myself quite clear to you to-day. When I proposed that you should marry me, what I meant to say was, would you marry me at some future time if—I mean—when—or rather, to make the matter even simpler—in the event of—my succeeding to my uncle's property and Baronetcy—there are only seven lives between me and the title—and one never knows one's luck, you know; they might all be killed in a railway accident, or drowned in a butt—boat, I mean. I hope I make myself clear?

I am sure you will see matters in the same light as I do; and, although I may have asked you to marry me—you will remember that nothing was actually said as to the date. So I think, perhaps, it would be wiser to leave you, for the present, at all events, entirely free—unless you care to remain engaged to me until those seven lives drop in.

With every good wish for your future welfare,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

M. DE VERE BOUNCERBY.

P.S.—As I am unexpectedly recalled to town to-morrow, will you kindly make my adieux to your charming cousin, and accept the same for yourself?

P.P.S.—I shall very probably be starting for Equatorial Africa next week.

To this I received no reply for over a fortnight, and was beginning to think I had got out of a terribly awkward situation, with my usual skill and address—for without any conceit, I fancy I know something about the ways of the world—when this letter arrived.

21, Lincoln's Inn Meadows, W.C.

DEAR SIR,

Yoursel & Acresby.

We are instructed to commence an action against you to recover damages (£5,000) for breach of a promise to marry our client, Miss MAUD ELSIE ACRESBY. Kindly send us the name of your solicitor who will accept service of the writ on your behalf, and oblige,

Your obedient servants,

GOTTIM, TIGHT & Co.

I took the letter straight to my Uncle. He called me a consummate ass, and kicked me out of the front door.

He was always so crude.

FOX RUSSELL...

TO LORD CROMER.

(On the announcement of his approaching marriage.)

MY Lord, we all know that with eye of the lynx You have ever kept watch on the face of the Sphinx, And the Sphinx, in its own very silent, dim way, Wishes joy to the Bride who won't take you away From the land which you've made—that is make the nihil pay.

"*Mais—il y a toujours un 'mais,'*" says the French proverb, and, as we approach November, don't we Londoners wish that "*il y a toujours un 'Mai,'*" were proverbially true à Londres!

SOUTH AFRICAN ANATHEMA.—Botha de Wet! We say so too!

ACTUALITY.

(An Extract from a "probable" new novel.)

"Probably one of the characteristic features of the new novel will be the relegation of the element of sex love to a subsidiary place. It may be that current fiction has rather exaggerated the importance of the love of a man for a maid. It is open to doubt if, in most lives, love is the be-all and end-all of existence."—*The Academy*, September 24.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A MOMENT FOR MATRIMONY.

AND so PENDLETON PIGOT was recognised by the whole world as a fully-fledged multi-millionaire. And so young, too, for he was barely forty-one, in spite of the grey flecks amid his well-groomed hair. As he sat in his library, drawing dreamily at a *Floro di Lerianthano*, the whole of his busy life passed before him like some wonderful pageant. The errand-boy at the ginger-beer factory, the superannuated stump-moistener, the toiling clerk, the commercial traveller, the proprietor of a greengrocery business, and so on through the myriad commercial labyrinths, until the dizzy pinnacle of financial success was reached, and he floated the Empire and Battleship Supply Association, and stood revealed as the triple-Napoleon of commerce. PENDLETON was a typical product of the age—though a high one: a man who had a large grasp of our complex life, and who early set himself to devote to everything within his ken—which was everything—just so much time and mental energy as its importance in the great cosmic scheme justified. For three hundred and sixty-four days in the year he immersed himself in the multifarious problems which crop up in the life of a young man determined to get on. On the three hundred and sixty-fifth PENDLETON allowed himself to be bored by the unmonetary business of domesticity, or, to stretch a somewhat antiquated term, his love affairs. That day was near at hand, and he felt that a little relaxation from the more serious duties of existence would only be consistent with his admirable rule of life.

He stretched out his hand and pressed the electric bell for his secretary.

"By-the-by, OGLETON," he said, as the young man entered, "what was the name of that young lady I told you to remember?"

The secretary turned hastily some leaves of his notebook.

"Miss SYLVIA FLINDRIES, Sir."

"Ah! I fancy I was rather struck by her general deportment." A pause.

"It was at Monte Carlo, in '07, wasn't it?"

"The memo is dated June in the following year, Sir, at Aix."

"Oh," said PENDLETON, calmly. "One meets so many people. I believe I jotted down a few particulars for future reference. Have you them handy?"

The secretary found them and read as follows:—

Miss SYLVIA FLINDRIES. Aix. '98.

Matrimonial Advantages.

Tall, brunette.
Well connected.
Nice voice, features, and figure.
Dresses well.
Tactful and easy in manner.
Viracity.
Age 26, or thereabouts.

Matrimonial Disadvantages.

Invalid mother (loquacious).
Father overbearing.
Brother an absolute fool.
Will sing and read novels.
A dash of sentiment (bad).
Mode of life and tastes—simple.
Fond of theatre and society functions.

Note. When thinking of marrying worthy of a trial.

PENDLETON expelled a cloud of smoke cogitatively.

"Just type a note, OGLETON."

"Are you thinking of marrying, Sir," enquired he with the privilege of an old employé.

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(The secretary finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"OUI, DAMNED SPOT!"—*Macbeth*.

"I had some such idea," answered PENDLETON, with a half smile of good nature. "If you remember, next Wednesday week is the one day set aside out of the year for such trivialities as infect our modern life. Matrimony is one of them, to which love-making was an insensate preliminary in my boyhood's days, and a great deal of the fiction concocted during that flimsy period of our history was devoted to it. I intend to get married. I have been meaning to do so for some years past, but being occupied by so many important affairs has put the idea out of my head. It's a thing I believe one ought to do, so I want to do it, and have done with such nonsense once and for all. Just drop a nice note to Miss FLINDRIES, enclosing in tabulated form my conception of her advantages and disadvantages, and say I intend to get married on Wednesday week, and would be happy to give her the first refusal of myself.

Ask her to enclose the last six photos she has had taken of herself, as I only vaguely remember what she is like. Say that I consider she could be adapted to my few domestic wants, and if she is desirous of seeing my houses and property I should be most happy to personally conduct her over them, and reply to the best of my ability to any questions she may think it necessary to ask.

"Remind Miss FLINDRIES of all the sources for acquainting herself of my character, and enclose extracts from red books, etc., with a stamped and addressed envelope in case of rejection. State that an early reply will oblige, as in the event of Miss SYLVIA FLINDRIES declining my offer, I have other ladies on my list (though I freely confess none with so few disadvantages) to whom a similar offer will be extended. That is all. I shall leave all the details of the ceremony in your hands. Remind me that I have an appointment to be married on Wednesday week, and post me up in the bride's family history. And now we can return once more to the normal features of our modern civilized life."

WHAT WE DO WITH OUR BOYS.

REALLY, MR. GREY, it's most kind of your wife to take so much trouble. But everyone spoils MARJORY. Ah, you think so? So glad! And yet I'm very anxious about her. Oh, dear no, she's delightfully good and obedient, and all that, so different from PERCY. But then, girls are different, are they not? But still—you have no daughters of your own, I believe? Yes? Ah, then, you can sympathise with me. A mother's responsibilities are so—so—exactly, so overwhelming, that sometimes one's heart fails one. But we can't do more than our best for them, can we? And some mothers are so—now there's Lady COOTE. You know her? Yes? Exactly! And her one idea is to get those red-haired girls married. She thinks of nothing—*nothing*, but that. Yes! So narrowing, ain't it? And the way she hunted that poor cracked Lord SANDOWN last year—positively hunted him! Makes her look so ridiculous, don't it? Ah yes, yes, of course. I suppose my MARJORY will marry some day. They do, don't they? But what troubles me is the—just so, the bringing her up to—I suppose now, you believe in the Higher Education of Women and all that? No? Oh, but how nice of you to say so. And yet, you know, there are people—now, there's ISABEL SOUTHGATE. I suppose you don't know—yes, Sir CHARLES is my cousin. Yes. Well, would you believe it, she is positively going to send her girls to Newnham, or one of those places. Yes, really. And they are actually going to take up teaching themselves. Now can you conceive anything more—of course, I only mean as regards women. Your case is so different. I always think yours is such a noble profession. Oh, but it is. So—er—so unselfish. Yes! Boys are so difficult, ain't they?

Now do tell me what you think of my PERCY. Ah, you've noticed that? High-spirited! Yes! How I envy you that gift of reading character. Directly you spoke to him I could see that you would get on beautifully together. He certainly has rather high spirits, hasn't he? Yes! But, of course, all his father's family are like that, you know. Yes, poor Lord PATRICK. Very sad, wasn't it, and so disagreeable for the family. But it was all the fault of that terrible old dowager. The way she neglected her children, when she wasn't spoiling them. Well, what else could one expect?

But I feel quite happy about PERCY, now that I know he's in such good hands. I always think, you know, that a mother is really the last person in the world to train her own boys. Of course, yes, so many other things to think of, hasn't one? And they're so noisy, ain't they, and always getting into mischief. Exactly. Nothing else for them to do, is there?



Lady Sneerwell. "HAVE YOUR DAUGHTERS ACCOMPLISHED MUCH IN MUSIC?"
Unfortunate Father. "YES—THE TENANTS BELOW HAVE MOVED."

The end of the holidays is always such a relief. It's so—so restful to think that someone else is looking after them. Someone one knows and trusts, of course. But really, your influence over boys is quite—oh, but how delightful of you. Now, I've never thought of that before. How simple! Yes, I see. Just to love them all. To love them. That must make it so delightfully easy. Let me see, haven't you a little CONYERS boy here? Yes? And you love him? Really? Really! Well, now, that is too dear of you. I must tell MARJORY. Ah, here they are.

"Well, darling? And you liked it all? I'm sure it is. And I feel so happy about PERCY. Mr. GREY has just been telling me the secret of his influence. Can you imagine anyone loving—really loving—that unfortunate boy of MABEL CONYERS? Ah, well then, you are like Mr. GREY.

I'm sure I couldn't. But he says he loves them all, and—oh, MARJORY, do you hear that? The more disagreeable they are the more he loves them. Wonderful! I'm sure after that we can have no qualms about leaving PERCY in Mr. GREY's hands. Now, darling, if we're to catch our train I think we ought to be—oh, by the way, my husband is rather particular about religious views,—not too high, you know. Yes? But that's a great relief. And they say their prayers and that sort of thing? Yes? How nice! Oh, and will you be so kind, Mrs. GREY, as to see that he wears his *thick* Jaegers? Nonsense, PERCY, they don't tickle. He's always so tiresome about them, Mrs. GREY, but I'm sure he'll do what you tell him. Well now, we really must be—Goodbye, my darling boy. Goodbye, Mr. GREY; I have so enjoyed our little chat. So glad you're not too high. Good-bye.

G. F. C.

WE ARE POOR YEOMANRY.

(After, though not precisely on a par with, the "Poor Labourers"—
"Altes Volkslied.")

WE 'VE had no pay to-day-ay-ay-ay,
Nor yet for many a day-ay-ay-ay,
We 've done what 's right and we 've fought our
fight,
Yet we cannot get our pay!

Red Tape is in the way-ay-ay-ay,
And they won't cut it away-ay-ay-ay.
It seems a shame, and who 's to blame
When we cannot get our pay?

SOMETHING LIKE A CURE.

(Notes from the blank pages of Mr. Briefless Junior's Fee Book.)

The End of the Season at Evian-les-Bains.—Owing to pressing work in Chambers (looking out for chances in the Vacation) I have come a little late to Lac Leman. My hotel, "One of the Best," is "slowing down." The lift is only half working. You may go up, but unless compelled by *force majeure* you may not come down. But *force majeure* can be created by an occasional tip to the lift man. Then the Commissionnaire, resplendent in a gold cap and Swiss general's green uniform, performs unusual offices. In the early morning, on my way to the Source, I find him in our under-stableman's mufti, seemingly in the absence of a dismissed tallow-servant, hard at work washing windows with a mop. Then the Restaurant visitors are turned into the *table d'hôte* room. This is a proof that the season is nearing the end.

Society at "One of the Best."—There are three sets. The first is composed of the Restaurant people who have either made better bargains or pay more money than the *table d'hôte*s. They sit in a separate apartment to the latter, and have the same meals but with more flowers and candles. On the strength of the additional flowers and candles they look down upon the *table d'hôte*s. The *table d'hôte*s, the second set, regard with supreme contempt (on the strength of having better tables to themselves) the common or garden all-at-one-long-board people. When the Restaurant people are turned out of their special room (closed for the season) the *table d'hôte*s and others are levelled up. All have small tables and all have more flowers and lights. The Restaurant people unbend, and the hotel contains a happy family, which daily becomes small by degrees and, as the hours of departure by boat and rail arrive, beautifully less.

Against Doctor's Orders.—Those who go to Evian for the cure must be careful to avoid making friends amongst the residents. If you are not careful you run the chance of being killed by kindness. Invitations here, invitations there, invitations everywhere. Charming music at a *château*. Pleasant talks in an orchard. Delightful soirées *en ville*. But against doctor's orders. You are to be quiet and forget the gay world. But that you cannot do. This when you are proffered the most gracious and graceful hospitality? So when visiting Evian for the cure, keep to the rôle of "The Stranger."

The Cessation of the Casino.—Owing to the close of the season Evian is losing its gaiety. The Casino has given up its band and "distractions." You miss the chance of losing thirty francs in ten minutes. You are sorry at the disappearance of the grand orchestra with its marvellous (I fancy fifty) musicians. First went the lady who played the harp. Then a number of strings. Then a good half of the whole strength of the company. Then the conductor. Even the young lady who gives you glasses of water at the entrance to the rooms has disappeared. Only the placards recording past features remain. But it is cold comfort to know how gay Evian was in August when you are on the road to November.

From Land to Water.—But still we have the boats on Lac

Leman. You can make the *tour du Lac*. You get on board a vessel that would give points (not many) to the Thames steamer, and buy twenty francs worth of journey by the kilometre. You wish to make the tour of the lake, and at once a portion of your card is cut off and stamped. The journey by the kilometre is a tip. You save a third or two-thirds (I forget which) of the ordinary expense. Once on board you possess yourself of a guide-book and read up the beauties of your surroundings. You are to see mountains, valleys, old castles, churches, *châteaux*, waterfalls, all lovely beyond compare. This you would do were it not for lunch. While you are passing (seated in a cabin) the most romantic scenery imaginable you are eating a meal of four courses and a dessert. Well, you know what it is like outside—from the guide-book.

A Fellow Traveller.—I met him travelling from Evian to Ouchy. He was full of tact. I spoke to him in French. He understood me! Marvellous! Then he spoke to me in French, and I understood him! Again marvellous! Then we discovered that we were both born and bred Londoners. He had been everywhere. He had during the past fortnight visited Naples, Rome, Petersburg, Berlin, and was on his way to Brussels. He had been twice to South Africa. He had been round the world frequently. He told me all about Canada, India, America, and Australia. He was full of information. He seemed to have been always on the move. I remembered the old legend of the world-wide wanderer, but he did not look in the least like the hero of that painful story. My better seventeenth-century whistler, "Evidently a diplomatist." I was inclined to agree with her. French is the language of the Foreign Offices—at home and abroad—and he understood my French. Wonderful tact! "I beg your pardon, Sir," said I, "forgive me for asking, as a comparative stranger, what I trust you will not consider an impertinent question. But, how are you connected with Downing Street? Do you carry despatches? Are you in the Diplomatic service?" "Oh, no," replied my fellow traveller, with a shrug of polite contempt. "No, nothing of that sort. I travel in lavender water."

On the Wing.—I have stayed a whole fortnight, and my kind doctor (Swiss) tells me I may go home. Cured? He hopes so, and so do I. I give notice at "One of the Best." The gentleman who keeps the books seems deeply obliged. On the strength of our departure I fancy a deputy cook and a chap who sweeps up leaves in the grounds are dismissed—until next season. We bid adieu. First to our kind and hospitable friends. Then to the constituents of Evian. I give a list of those who receive tips. Two chambermaids. Man who brings in the matutinal tub. Man who brings in the complete tea. Fellow with the lift. Chap who helps him sometimes. *Concierge*. Man who says there are no letters when the *concierge* is not there. Head waiter. Waiter who looks after our table. Another waiter who takes an interest in us because he says he knew us when we stayed at the Hotel First-rate in town. A fellow who opens the door. Smoking-room waiter. Smoking-room waiter's deputy. Several porters. Two omnibus men. Employés at the Source. Beggar who gave us a shock on our arrival by exhibiting a deformed leg as a specimen of an Evian cure. Chap who touches his hat on the pier. And, last but not least, the Commissionnaire (tipped several times during our stay) who seizes a rug from a porter and presents himself smiling. Porter looks so disappointed that have to tip him too. Total of largesses: Fifty-seven francs!

Parting Opinion.—"My dear friend," says an acquaintance who pretends to know all about it, "the beauty of the Evian water is this: it brings everything out of you. It will discover all the ailments under the sun—if you have them. All you have to do after taking your course is to wait. The Evian water is deliberate. You don't know at once. Wait for a few weeks and then you will know what 's the matter."

* * * * *

A Month Later.—No complaints.



Mamma (who has a very fastidious guest). Oh, GEOFFREY, YOU MUSTN'T TOUCH THE CAKES, OR ELSE MUMMY WILL HAVE TO THROW THEM AWAY!"
Geoffrey. "WILL MUMMY TELL DEFFLY WHERE SHE FROWS 'EM!"

HOW IT STRIKES A CON- TEMPORARY.

II.—Of "The Spectator," regarded as a sensational organ.

["Gentlemen, there is something cruelly complete in all the circumstances of this nine days' imposture. A respectable weekly newspaper—(laughter)—of blameless antecedents—(laughter)—and growing infirmities—(laughter)—was selected at once to be its vehicle and its victim. It was a piquant variation of those stories about . . . eccentric members of the animated creation with which the journal is in the habit of regaling its unsophisticated readers. (Laughter)."—Mr. Asquith on the Rhodes-Schmadhorst correspondence in "The Spectator.""]

It is indeed an age of doubt,
Incredulous, iconoclastic;
The ancient creeds are dying out,
Or growing daily more elastic;
We stand with folded arms and see
Our fondest, shapeliest idols shattered;
And wear a torpid apathy
Just as if nothing really mattered.

We note the pains that History takes
With certain hoary myths to grapple—
How truthful ÆLFRED wrecked the cakes,
Or WILLIAM TELL secured the apple;
And feel no rising in our gorge
Though faiths are left without a rag on,
Not though it seems that good St. George
Never competed with a Dragon.

Yet from the slump which overtook
The dear beliefs we used to cherish
One faith survived, and, hook or crook,
We swore it should not lightly perish;
All others might be melted in
The Higher Criticism's crater,
Our confidence we yet would pin
To our beloved and tried *Spectator*!

For though a taste for Nature's "sports"
Had left it reckless how it sifted
The origin of those reports
Of puppies fabulously gifted,
At such impostures we connived;
We knew that they were faked at leisure
By country rectors who derived
From this employ a harmless pleasure.

In fact our organ's credit grew
More firm by this facetious column,
Because it called attention to
The general tone as strictly solemn;
We saw its wit was thus confined
Within the mute creation's borders,
While all its serious powers of mind
Were centred on the higher orders.

Why could not such a scheme suffice?
O blameless, O demure *Spectator*,
Lone vehicle of sound advice,
And virtue's prime perambulator!
Have you at last been led astray
Through momentary exaltation,
And gone the pestilential way
Of prints that traffic in sensation?

How did you ever come to mix
In scandal aimed at Mr. SCHMADHORST,



R. M. A.
1901

"AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE," &c.

Maud (looking over wall to newly-married couple just returned from their honeymoon). "OH, PLEASE 'M, THAT DOG WAS SENT HERE YESTERDAY AS A WEDDING PRESENT; AND NONE OF US CAN'T GO NEAR HIM. YOU'LL HAVE TO COME IN BY THE BACK WAY!"

Or try these giddy circus-tricks,
Hoop-flying, hobby-mounted, fad-horsed?
Feats that become a skittish wench,
With flaunting hose and flimsy skirt on,
Should not be practised by the Bench,
Or solid matrons reared at Girton.

You have your part; it is to preach
The value of the old convictions,
Or, failing this, at worst to roach
Our children's hearts with homely
fictions:
Need your respected ears be lent
To public Rumour's brazen trumpets?
No, no! come back, and be content
With tales of our prodigious dumb pets.

O. S.

OVER THE SEA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read that two new cures for sea sickness have just been discovered; the one the eating of bananas; the other, found out by Professor HEINZ, of Erlangen, who declares that the malady proceeds from the lobe of the brain, and that to avert it one has only to breathe freely. As to the Professor's theory about breathing freely, I can safely assert that I never open my mouth so wide as when crossing the Channel, but the experiment is an unpleasant failure.

Your obedient servant,

Peckham Rye. DIONYSIUS DABELRISK.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

NO. IV.—HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER.

SOME time ago, with nothing much to do,
It chanced that I was wandering through the City.
Something there was I wanted to put through,
But could not think of it, the more 's the pity.
These great resolves which have no base to stand on
Are hard to act on, easy to abandon.

What hope inspired me? Whither was I bound?
Why had I left my West-End fellow mortals?
What brought me to the consecrated ground,
Close to the Mansion House's massive portals?
I could not say—I might have been a dumb thing—
But well I knew that there had once been something.

Ranged in a line, the buses seemed to fret
The City constable, their kind instructor;
While each one's pole—so closely were they set—
All but impaled the previous one's conductor.
And all the busmen looked most unscrupulous,
Thus blocked and hindered in the seething traffic.

I saw the brokers hurrying on their way,
Swift past the corners where the cunning touts hide;
I saw promoters pouncing on their prey;
I saw the Stock Exchange—at least its outside.
I heard the jobbers coax and curse and wheedle;
I saw the Bank, and, ah! I saw its beadle.

Clerks with their downy faces too were there,
Sharp as the razors that they had no use for;
And well-fed men—I knew not who they were:
Such ignorance there's really no excuse for.
At any rate, the rather stout and balder men
I marked as Common Councillors or Aldermen.

My lingering gait, where most men seemed to race,
Struck me at last as something almost shameless;
Amid this eager crowd there was no place,
It seemed, for one so indolently aimless.
Jostled by all this swift financial flurry,
I too, I thought, must rouse myself and hurry.

And so I scooted on like anything,
An air of resolution on my visage
Fashioned to make me like some merchant king
Intent to stamp himself at least on his age.
And in a step or two a change came o'er me,
And golden visions seemed to float before me.

And many other men, a motley crew,
Drawn, I suppose, by these ecstatic visions,
Along the City street were hurrying too,
Heedless of hindrance, reckless of collisions.
A quest they had and a resolve to win it:
"There's something on," I thought, "and I'll be in it."

I followed one who seemed to promise self:
It came from every pore in all his fat form;
And then, I know not how, I found myself
Seated upon a bench before a platform;
And there I found what I had long been seeking,
For HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER was speaking.

Who knows not HERBERT? He is of the men
Who made the Empire—not as Romans made it,
Or GENGHIS KHAN or ALEXANDER, when
With fire and sword they harried and invaded.
He worked—we have it in his own confessions—
By giving cheques and getting fat concessions.

His mind was most inadequately stored:
At school and college he was dull and stupid.

Men he despised; by women he was bored.
He did not once, in fact, give way to Cupid.
He did no work, he did not seem for play made,
This hulking lout of very common clay made.

His wit was small; his wisdom seemed to lie
Mainly in jests that stung and jeers that hurt you.
For daily life his standard was not high:
Honour he scorned, and much derided virtue:
"Its own reward?" he sneered, "Too low the price is;
I much prefer the market rate for vices."

"Why strive, since strife makes heat?" he said: it
That money down was easier and cooler, [seemed
And so he drew his cheques, and paid, and dreamed
A world of dupes with ROSSITER as ruler.
Those who outwitted him he liked, nor pitied
But only laughed at those whom he outwitted.

Oft had I wanted to behold this man,
Hero of countless anecdotes and stories,
Hear him expound some new financial plan,
Or tell the tale of all his ancient glories.
Till now from print I merely had inferred him,
And lo! by chance I sat and saw and heard him.

(To be continued.) R. C. L.

THE MAYOR AND THE MAJOR.

THE Mayor-elect of Portsmouth is one Major DUPREE. Some of the ratepayers would apparently have preferred another candidate, Alderman SCOTT-FOSTER, but there is a smack of nautical rhythm about the name of DUPREE quite appropriate to Portsmouth. For instance—

The freedom of the boundless sea
Is now an heirloom of DUPREE.

Or again:

Oh! who will o'er the Downs so free,
With Portsmouth Mayor, the great DUPREE?

Or yet again:

I sing to you in minor key
Of one who's Major, named DUPREE,
A Mayor of *Mare*, that's the sea.

Or yet once more:

At Portsmouth town the Council, sager
Than anybody, chose the Major,
And, having whims and whams, DUPREE
Made Mayor and Major joined, you see.

All good health to the Major-Mayor! May his present depreciation by his adversaries never be fostered for long. We are perfectly certain that during his mayoralty Portsmouth will not be a mere geographical expression, for he has the support of the Licensed Victuallers.

"MY 'OSSES."

EXTRACT FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

STRICTLY speaking they are not his horses. By legal right, derived from cash payment, they belong to his master, Sir PHILIP. CHARLES is merely the coachman. But having been in charge of the stables for seven years, he has come to look upon all connected with that sacred locality as his private property, the master being a perhaps indispensable adjunct. I often share the box-seat with CHARLES, my place being, of course, the lower one. I never descend to the further level trodden by people who don't drive horses without a feeling of abject inferiority.

CHARLES has rooted convictions on all topics, and is not averse to stating them. He doesn't think much of the present Ministry. "They run in blinkers," he says; "which is well enough for



Angler. "I THINK WE MIGHT CATCH ANOTHER ONE TO-NIGHT YET, DOUGAL."

Dougal. "I'M THINKIN', SIR, WE'D AS WELL BE GOIN' HOME. THERE'S NO ENOUGH—ER—LIGHT TO CATCH ANOTHER FISH!"

a 'oss, but not the thing for a human being, much less for a Cabinet Minister. Wot did they bring ROBERTS 'ome for?" he sternly asks me.

"Why indeed?" I say, meanly shaking my head as if I had long brooded over the problem and given it up as hopeless.

Bicycles he despises; motor cars he abominates. His loyalty is shaken by hearing that the other day the KING drove from Windsor to London on a motor car, occasionally doing forty miles an hour.

"I never cycle, much less moter," says CHARLES, in a tone that speaks infinite contempt and distrust for those who do. "A pair of 'osses like them now afore you is good enough for me."

He speaks very nicely of his master, a feeling justified by habit on the part of that person to keep his place.

"I will have good 'osses to drive," he said, "and Sir PHILIP knows it. This pair—look at the gloss on the chestnut's coat—if put up at TATT'SILLS to-morrow would bring 500 guineas. If I wasn't allowed the like of 'em I'd leave the shop. But then, look what I do for 'em. There's four of us in the yard. But lor! what's four for six 'osses? It's elbow-grease that makes that coat shine, and I stand by and see my fellers put it on."

CHARLES does not approve his master's choice this year of a country house, albeit it is one of historic renown.

"The stables ain't a patch on them we had last year," he gloomily remarks; "nor my quarters isn't neether. Only for my 'osses I'd take rooms in the village. But there, how could I be spared? There's dinner and tea to go and git, and where would my 'osses be whilst I was feedin'? In a way, it's like KITCHENER, d'ye see? He's put in charge of the War now ROBERTS has come 'ome,—though why the Government. . . . KITCHENER's made responsible by CHAMBERLING for the business

of the War, and he must be on the spot night and day. Sir PHILIP's give my 'osses into my charge, and I'm allus on the spot. But they're poor rooms compared with those I had last year. Wo'a, Lovely! Wo'a, lass!"

Throned on the box of the landau, CHARLES casts an air of severe respectability over the company seated within. To a back view he presents a blue coat with bright brass buttons; a carefully brushed hat with a cockade; a shirt collar of the stiffness of a wall and the height of a fence. How he gets his head in and out of it no other man knoweth.

Some experts occasionally drive a pair of horses with the reins held in the left hand. CHARLES never. Driving is a serious occupation, and must be conducted accordingly. CHARLES, with his shoulders squared, his elbows akimbo, his feet, with the toes slightly turned outward, firmly set on the boards, with the pleased sun shining on his spotless white breeches and his highly-polished top boots, always holds the reins in both gloved hands.

"It looks easy enough," he said, rightly interpreting a glance of admiration involuntarily falling on his figure and pose. "But no one that 'asn't got to do it knows how my near 'oss pulls. He's got no mouth at all. Come up, Lovely."

TOOTHsome.—Here is a chorus to delight a sufferer who is expecting to be fitted up with an entire *râtelier*:—

"Oh, that will be jaw-ful!"

Though, by the way, the well-known concluding line of this jubilant verse would not suggest a state of happiness to the "wearer of the grin," as there would be neither meat nor drink for the unhappy person whose new teeth, upper and lower, should "meet to part no more!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CHRISTMAS is coming, there's no doubt about it; and as Christmas gets nearer and nearer—which is really quite contrary to the genial and generous disposition of all past free-handed Christmases with which the Baron has been intimately acquainted—so ought our hearts to expand and our hands go out of our pockets, with money in them, to pay, pay, pay, and give pleasure to those young 'uns whose turn will come in time to do likewise and to give pleasure freely as freely they have received it. So to those in search of Gift Books the Baron recommends *The Adventures of a Japanese Doll*, written and capably illustrated in colours and Anglo-Japanese style by HENRY MAYER (GRANT RICHARDS); also *Fairy Tales from the Swedish* by H. L. BRÆKSTED (among which will be found some variants of very ancient friends) with clever illustrations by KITTELSEN, ERIK WERENSKIÖLD and CARL LARSSON (HEINEMANN). Then there is *Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes* (MACMILLAN & Co., Limited, London and New York), with eccentric pictures in colours by BYAM SHAW, representing *Sad Peter Piper*, the mystery of whose embezzlement of "a peck of pickled pepper" has never yet arrived within measurable distance of being cleared up; and there is "*Hush-a-bye Baby*" Americanized as "*Rock-a-bye Baby*," and a number of other dear old nursery rhymes that the Baron, the Baroness, the Baronites, and the Baronitesses would not willingly let die, all set out in clear print with plenty of margin, just the very thing for nursery delight in the present year of grace and, being carefully preserved, for reflection in "The Coming By-and-By." Also, from the same MACMILLANERY Co., we have *Old Irish Rimes of Brian O'Linn*, amusingly written and spiritedly illustrated by ROSAMUND PRÆGER. Here, too, is *The Green Cat*, by S. ASHTON (SIMPSON, MARSHALL & Co., Limited), and illustrated by DOROTHY FURNESS, who is to be congratulated on having made such strides, such "grand strides," in her art that, "'pon my life and soul, oh, demmit," as Mr. Mantalini observed, the Baron could scarcely believe his eyes when they informed him that he was not admiring the humorous touches of the HARRY FURNESS pencil but those of his daughter. Only here and there occurs a drawing that H. F. père could not have done, except, perhaps, when he was the same age as his clever daughter who here exhibits brilliant sparks of genius derived from the original FURNESS.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson (METHUEN), designed as a supplement to the two volumes of his *Letters*, was to have been written by his early and late friend, Mr. SYDNEY COLVIN. When my Baronite recalls the admirable manner in which the *Letters* were edited, there is impulse to regret that the intention was not carried out, regret increased on learning that the task was abandoned owing to ill-health. Happily, a competent substitute has been found in Mr. GRAHAM BALFOUR. As a rule, a kinsman is not the best man to undertake a biography. Mr. BALFOUR's work is admirably done. Subjected to the fascination, amounting almost to idolatry, which STEVENSON exercised over all who came in close touch with him, he, nevertheless, refrains from ecstasy. He tells a plain unvarnished tale that enables those of the outer circle to realise what manner of man was this whose name filled, and will hold, a prominent place in English literature. The story is frequently touched with infinite pathos. STEVENSON's life was an almost daily struggle with Death. Several times he received what seemed a knockdown blow. But he came up to the scratch again, cheerily re-commencing his work at the place where, suddenly, he had been forced to lay down the pen. He had an intense pleasure in being alive, though he was peremptory and insistent on the conditions of life. In his early days his ideal was realised in the Bohemian latitude of Barbizon. Towards the end he found perfect peace and rest in a remote island in the Pacific. "Life," he wrote, in one of the letters that are in themselves the highest development of the style whose perfection he laboriously sought, "is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the

chimney stacks and telegraph wires." In his closing years STEVENSON became the idol of the reading public at home and in the United States. Samoa was a shrine. It is interesting, and to some inglorious if not mute MILTONS will be encouraging, to gather from Mr. BALFOUR's narrative how slowly recognition came to this prince of writing-men. He began the profession of literature in his sixteenth year, publishing anonymously an account of the Pentland Rising. Year after year he pegged away, but it was not till 1879, thirteen years after his first essay, that he made something like a mark with his *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*. He was in his thirty-sixth year when he took the public by storm with *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. After that he had a triumphal march. Probably the fantastic story is not the portion of his work which STEVENSON, if he had his choice, would select as the basis of his fame.

The Wooing of Sheila, by GRACE REYS (METHUEN), with its strong sensational incidents, its deep pathetic tragedy, and its light-hearted comedy dialogue, is one of the best as it is certainly one of the most fascinating Irish stories the Baron has had the pleasure of reading this many a day. The types of Hibernian character are, for the most part, as novel as they are original. *Sheila* is the sweetest of Irish maiden heroines, as innocent as was the *Colleen Bawn* herself; while a parallel character to her lover, *Michael Power*, it would be difficult to find anywhere out of a farmstead in a somewhat wild part of old Ireland, and nowadays, but rarely even there. The descriptions of scenery have all the charm of true poetic feeling. Then there is *Mick-a-Dandy* the "born natural," own brother to one of CHARLES LEVER's best studies from Irish life, *Tipperary Joe* in *Jack Hinton*, a wild, fanciful, lovable creature who grows so dear to the reader that it is difficult to realise how the author could have been so hard-hearted as to kill him before the happiness of the lovers, with which *Mick* has had so much to do, is achieved. A really delightful book, highly recommended by the Baron.

The Diva, by Miss ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), is an entertaining novel of modern times. Plenty of action and local colouring. A Veteran Servant of the Baron has perused the book—so he says—with the deepest interest. One of the ladies in the story is not unlike a twentieth-century *Becky Sharp*. But poetical justice comes in and sends her out of her mind in lieu of installing her—as in THACKERAY's romance—in a Fancy Bazaar. The atmosphere of Kaki redolent. Altogether, says the Veteran, &c., a book to be read. With pleasure.

In East of Suez, by A. PERRIN (ANTHONY TREHERNE & Co., Limited). The authoress gives us a collection of cleverly-written stories which, the Baron thinks it not too much to say, for graphic description, sharp incisive sketches of character, and effective dramatic situation, are second only to the *Plain Tales* by RUDYARD KIPLING; while two or three of them run even the best of KIPLING's uncommonly close. Possessing the great merit of brevity, the reader, with a clear three-quarters of an hour ere the dressing-bell rings, can get through any one of these stories in that space of time, only he will find his literary appetite so sharpened for another tale that only a still sharper appetite for dinner will compel him to put aside the book as one "to be continued in his next" leisure moment.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P. S.—My juniorest Baronitess informs me that Christmas Cards and Calendars, all of the most elaborate kind, are once again offered to the public by RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS. Of the various Calendars the most ingeniously devised specimen is the "Sedan Chair," which will be generally welcomed as a charming Christmas present.

A CREDIT-ABLE SUGGESTION.—*Bilkins* (reading from paper). Why, what's this?—the New Public-House Trust! Chorus of Auditors. Where? Where? Let's be off at once. (General dismay on learning the objects of the Company.)



A POPULAR SEA-SIDE RESORT OF THE ROMAN PERIOD.



Visitor. 'AND HAVE YOU ANY UNCLES AND AUNTS?'

Winifred. "OH, YES, LOTS OF UNCLES AND AUNTS. BUT I'M VERY SCARCE IN GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS!"

**NOLI ME TANGERE;
OR, THE RED RIBBON LEAGUE.**

SCENE—Any London Street.

Hail-Fellow-well-met, loq.:

WHY, why is it, when now we meet
Your manner's grown so frigid,
And down the street
From those you rarely deign to greet
You keep a distance rigid?

Why, pray, of late this haughtiness
That really ill befits you?

I'm not, I guess,
A process-server, and still less
A student of Bartitsu!

Though you've of late been strangely
queer,

I know of nought between us,

While you appear
To cherish a dislike sincere
Of the whole human genus.

ORESTES to your PYLADES

I played at school and college;
To-day you freeze,
But how my presence fails to please.
Is quite beyond my knowledge!

I once could dig you 'neath the rib
And slap you on the shoulder;
With banter glib
I'd punch you freely—now you jib,
Nor could you seem much colder.

You've red tape round your arm—is that
A decoration mystic?

I'll eat my hat
If I know what you're driving at
With signals cabalistic!

Friend of his Youth replies:
It simply means "pray pass me by,
I mayn't be touched or shaken!"

You wonder why?
'Tis vaccination makes me shy,
E'er since the place has "taken!"

A. A. S.

MILLIONS IN IT.

*(From the Note-book of a Play-going
Impressionist.)*

HOPE so. From the look of the house
when I visited it a fortnight since, not
unlikely. Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, who pro-
duced it, may congratulate Mr. WALTER

RALEIGH, who wrote it. Then both re-
ceive thanks of the shareholders of Drury
Lane Theatre, Limited. Scenery excel-
lent. Dining-room of huge hotel perhaps
a little disappointing. Dinner, too, ap-
parently not very substantial. Rather
too much plate and flowers. Scarcely as
convincing as meal of a kindred character
in *The Man from Blankley's*. Seen the
smashing of glass before at Drury Lane.
Last occasion—under the auspices of
Druriolanus—bank, not baker's, windows
were shattered. Seen, too, a street riot
on the stage at the Princess's, and fancy it
was one of SIMS's plays. But, taken all
round, *The Great Millionaire* very enter-
taining. Guildhall act first rate. Capital
reproduction of the Lord Mayor of Lon-
don (now nearing the end of his municipal
reign) and equally fine embodiment of the
German Emperor. Motor car smash at
first (so reported) a little doubtful, now
absolutely definite. Played well all
round. Representative of *The Great
Millionaire* (Mr. FULTON) could not be
better. Most of his colleagues nearly as
good. Safe for a run to the eve of the
Pantomime. Quite worth seeing.



SELF-COMPLACENCY; OR, THE DORMOUSE AND THE LION.

DORMOUSE R-R-B-RY. "I DARRSAY I COULD HELP HIM OUT IF I LIKED. BUT, AFTER ALL, HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO DO IT HIMSELF" (grins), "IF HE WOULD ONLY WAKE UP!"

["The nation which is satisfied is lost. The nation which is not progressing is retrograding. We can afford to . . . exchange some of our own self-complacency, for complacency is a fatal gift." *Lord Rosebery at Birmingham, October 13, 1901*]

THE YOUNG NOVELIST'S GUIDE TO GEOGRAPHY.

AMERICA (North). Composed of the United States, which, for fictionary purposes, occupy about the same area as an English county. The male inhabitants are employed chiefly in guessing, betting, and calkulating; the women in drinking iced water, eating candy, and marrying the British peerage. "A center of high grade matrimonial contraptions" is a description which gets right there in the matter of local colour. The lower-class inhabitants soliloquise in bad Irish for pages together on things in general, in an atmosphere of ward-politics and cocktails. This the British public has been taught to recognise as humour, and it may be used freely for purposes of comic relief. The chief exports from the States are millionaires, Colonels with a nasal twang, high-toned heroines and their Mommas, all of which are in brisk demand among British fictionists.

AMERICA (South). Very little is known of this region. But younger sons (shipped ex ancestral homes per stern parents) may be dumped into it in Chapter II., to reappear in the last chapter

with the addition of a fortune. No explanation is needed of the means by which it has been gained; a vague reference to "a successful ranche" will satisfy the reader. The chief industry of South America is the manufacture of revolutions.

AFRICA. "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*," which means, "you can always get a novel out of Africa." A large

export trade in fiction is carried on just now with South Africa, the most attractive samples bearing the brand "From our own Correspondent." From the northern coasts comes a good supply of ancient MSS., preserved for thousands

language principally in use among the inhabitants is a modified form of Dolly-dialoguish. Among the principal productions we may enumerate Princesses, revolvers, moonshine, faithful valets and marriage-bells.



STEPS TOWARDS THE END.

Asquith (useful man). "IF YOU WOULD TRUST YOURSELF TO THESE STEPS, MA'AM, I THINK YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GET TO THE FRUIT."

"I think I have said enough to show that there is work both urgent and fruitful for the Liberal Party to do."—*Mr. Asquith in Edinburgh, "Times,"* October 17.]

of years in mummy-cases. Deciphered and transcribed, these afford valuable material for Christmas Numbers.

AUSTRIA is composed of a number of small states, each of which needs a king, and is prepared to welcome in that capacity any English hero on his travels. The country is rich in ancient castles equipped with moats, dungeons, secret passages and other conveniences. The

dynamite, and gigantic hounds (always called "Boris").

SCOTLAND. The chief towns are Thrums and Drumtochty. This country is well known for its haggis, kailyards and meenisters, while the brand of sentiment manufactured here is cheaper than any obtainable elsewhere. But this region has been explored so thoroughly of late years that a detailed description of it is unnecessary.

ROME. A town lying midway between Stratford-on-Avon and the Isle of Man. Its inhabitants are remarkable chiefly for the abnormal development of their vocal chords, enabling them to talk through six hundred pages without apparent fatigue. Impossible Popes, incredible Cardinals, and drivelling socialists are manufactured here. The climate is distinctly oppressive, but several novelists have found that it benefits the circulation.

RUSSIA. An interesting and useful country, abounding in local colour. On the north lie the Siberian mines, to which superfluous villains may be banished on the last page. The inhabitants of Russia are Nihilists, spies, peasants whose names end in *itch*, and English heroes in want of a job. The temperature of Russia is never above forty degrees (Fahrenheit), and wolves are common in the principal towns. Among the exports are sardonic old Barons with a dry cough,

SIR DUCKIE;

OR, RICHARD NEVER WAS HIMSELF AGAIN.

(Being a fragment from a very free adaptation of a scene in a recent novel by an eminent authoress.)

* * * * *

"OH, DODGER!" Lady Hen PARTLETT cried. "Oh, DODGER! what is it?"

And he told her, repeating, with but a few omissions, the statement made to him by the doctor ten days ago.

"Your little one is—a duck," said DODGER TWENTYSTUN.

Lady HEN was very still. She made no cackle. Once the feathery plumage gave a shuddering rustle.

That was all.

At last it was over.

Then DODGER, swearing a little under his breath, stole out.

"A duck! my pretty chick, a duck!"

Lady HEN arched her beautiful head, thrusting her beak under her wing, as she murmured—

"This comes of employing a quack doctor!"

* * * * *

But the little one, once launched, got on swimmingly, its mother watching it anxiously from the brink of danger through many a chapter of accidents.

FINANCIAL FOLLIES.

HINTS TO CHAIRMEN.

WHEN things are bad and language strong

From Shareholders who've suffered long,

And hopelessly the Company is floundering in the mire;

Should they attack Directors' fees,

Then let your manner slightly freeze,

And say, "I think the labourer is worthy of his hire."

Suppose of proxies you've a lot,

Then let your speech grow rather hot,

Assert that you would simply scorn to leave a sinking ship;

Say, "Since I've got the helm in hand,

I'll steer you to the promised land,

But swopping horses in the stream is bound to cause a slip."

If when you step inside the door,

They rave and hoot and hiss and roar,

And "Yar!" or "Boo," or "Guinea pig," they all distinctly say;

Then gaze around with some surprise,

In martyred manner droop your eyes,

And say, "I hope, as Englishmen, you'll let me have fair play."

If on a show of hands you find

They'll do without you (most unkind!)

And when they hear you'll proxies use they shriek that it's a sell;

Then say, "Although I much regret

The fact, I cannot leave you yet,

My duty's to record the votes of absentees as well."

If one should have the nerve to say

(You ne'er can tell, perhaps he may),

Because you sit on twenty boards he won't have your advice;

Then shrug your shoulders just a bit,

And give him back this gentle hit,

"That means that my experience is cheap at any price."

But if at last things clearly show,

That really you will have to go,

There's just one final sentiment they'll heartily applaud:

You give your voice a clarion ring,

And say, "In spite of everything,

You're welcome to my services although I've left the board."

THE TALE OF A TYPEWRITER.

It was a phantom of delight

When first it gleamed upon my sight;

A lovely apparition sent

To be my study's ornament.

The key-board twinkled bright and new,

The plated levers twinkled too,

And underneath the case was seen

The very pulse of the machine,

That seemed to beckon and invite

To sit, to meditate, to write.

I sat for a while

With a big broad smile,

While the little bell rang in encouraging style;

And I tapped on the keys

As fast as you please,

Like a woodpecker busily tapping the trees.

I watched with delight on the paper appear

The letters so legible, round and clear,

And curly and curlier grew my lip

As I gazed on my masterly workmanship.

But who can tell

When all is well?

What I thought was a psalm performed by the bell

Was really a knell

My hopes to dispel

And change my bright heaven to desolate hell.

When my gaze on the paper more narrowly fell

I found the whole business a fraud and a sell—

For the typer had never been taught to spell!

The howlers it made!

I am fairly afraid

To tell all the tricks that typewriter played!

You couldn't believe them although you essayed;

And take this from me—

No infant of three,

However much "mixed" the said infant might be,

Would dream of misspelling the words—simple, quite—

That that fool of a typewriter couldn't write right.

Then the stops: it was weird

To see what appeared!

Where a meek little comma the sense might have cleared,

A tall exclamation defiantly reared,

Or high in the air a small asterisk peered;

While as for its grammar, a fool had detected

Its whole education 'd been grossly neglected.

Envoi.

For sale, a typewriter that's hardly been used.

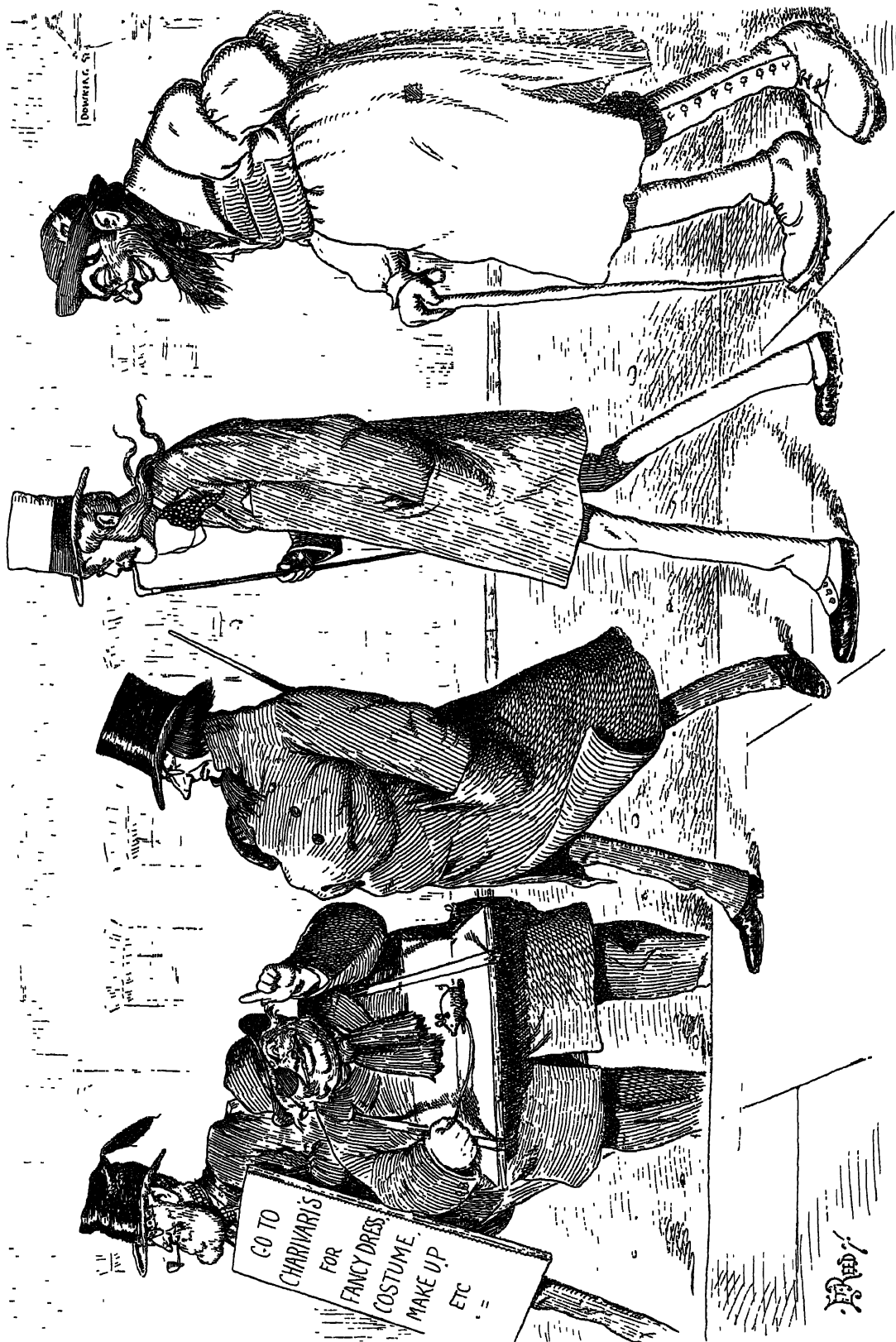
A bargain. No offer in reason refused.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

AT a famous murder trial in the middle of the last century, a witness testified that the accused (who was subsequently hanged) was locally regarded as a respectable man. Pressed for the grounds for such a reputation the witness replied, "He drove a gig." The *Daily Telegraph* beats that classic distinction, which nearly drove CARLYLE mad. Reporting the circumstances attending the attempted murder and suicide at Blackfriars, it gravely says:—

"Bunting, who is some years younger than his brother, wore a silk hat, and it was no doubt due to this appearance of superior position as much as to astonishment at the unusual incident that spectators who witnessed the pursuit along the subway refrained from interfering."

Much is said, especially in hot weather, despitely of the top hat. These about to commit murder in a public place will note its remarkable influence at a critical moment.



SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS SEEN RECENTLY IN DOWNING STREET.

THE ABOVE GENTLEMEN, UNDER VARIOUS DISGUISES, ARE NO DOUBT WORKING THEIR WAY GRADUALLY TO THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

["The Lord Chancellor said that, unknown to the public or the Press, the Cabinet did meet for consultation. Perhaps some of them had been in London in disguise (laughter); and they had possibly left dummies to represent them in the distant parts of the country where they were reported to be sojourning."—Sir Edward Grey at Newcastle.]

THE REASON WHY.

[Under the title, "The Impossibility of Dressing on £1000 a year," a popular monthly magazine gives an analysis of the expenditure which 'the smart society woman' finds it absolutely necessary to devote to her toilet during the year.]

IN course, it stands ter reason, which it's stited pline and clear,
No lidy thinks o' dressin' on a thahsand pahnds a year.

'Owver she desire

Ter ceconomise, MARIER,

She's always wantin' suthink wot 'll send the bills up 'igher;

For if it ain't chinchiller, why,

It's probably a fever—

She must 'ave suthink noo ter try

Forever an' forever.

An' ain't there reason too,

Pore thing, for wot she do?

'Cos why? 'Er friends they wouldn't know for clear

She really wos a lidy—

They would think 'er suthink shidy

If she didn't spend a thahsand pahnds a year.

Unless she's dressed quite *commyfo*,

Wiv fur an' lyce an' fevver,

They never would suspect 'er—no!

They never wouldn't—never!

A SAIL AND A "SELL."

BLUFFER, to whom, in a weak moment, I entrusted my fortunes last Saturday, in a small sailing boat, deserves to be shown up for the misery he inflicted upon an individual who has never done him any injury. (As yet—but I am waiting for BLUFFER still!) Overnight BLUFFER had looked me up at my hotel, and after a cigar, he suggested that I should sail round to Puddlecombe with him in his five-tonner, in the morning.

"Start 9.30—have a good sail—be there at twelve. Come ashore and lunch with me at the Yacht Club, and you shall be back here before five. What say you?" Thus BLUFFER. And foolishly ignoring the sapient sentence beginning "If sinners entice thee"—and BLUFFER is an awful sinner, and no mistake!—I foolishly consented.

Next morning, at 9.15, BLUFFER's one "hand"—he facetiously calls him his crew—came up to my hotel with a message to the effect that we must start in five minutes. I bolted about half my breakfast, scalded my tongue with hot tea, forgot my pipe, and hurried off to the jetty without a mackintosh. Here, "the crew" invited me to enter a very cranky-looking, small, "collapsible" dinghy, to be rowed on board.

Entered dinghy gingerly. "Afraid you must sit in bottom of boat, Sir. She's a bit crank, yer see, Sir, and sometimes she tarn right over if you—" Sat down with great promptness, in three inches of water. Trousers at once [thoroughly]

wetted for rest of day. Caught in swell of passing steamer and nearly capsized—a truly thrilling moment. Reached sailing boat at last, safe, but nervous. Climbed on board shivering. Wet through from waist downwards.

"This is jolly, isn't it?" says enthusiastic BLUFFER, as he dislocates my wrist helping me over the side. "Just stand by, old chap, and—ah, look out for the boom!—that's it! Oh, sorry, really," as he jerks coil of rope on which I stand from under me, nearly throwing me overboard. "Now, just duck your head—that's it—out of the way, quick! I shall only want you to keep in a stooping position for less than a quarter of an hour. Haul up your anchor, WILL. Now stand by. I say, old man, you don't mind my telling you that you're rather in the way there, do you? Better go into the cabin till we're sailing."

"Go into the what?" I ask dubiously. "Oh, this is the cabin, is it? This—this sort of shelf thing, eh? Lie on the shelf? Oh, very well," and I crawled into a place like a rabbit-hutch, only not quite so big. Much tramping about, and then we started, or tried to, but there was not a breath of wind. "Sure to get a puff presently," cries the ever cheery BLUFFER, as he hauls at tangled mass of ropes, then slips up and sits with fearful violence on the floor—deck, I mean.

We at once commenced a stately retrogression, until our further career was arrested by going stern foremost into a yacht at anchor. I draw a veil over the scene that ensued, and forbear to repeat the awful language which hurtled through the air from boat to boat. We got clear, and then came a thunder-clap, followed immediately by a drenching downpour of rain, and once more I took refuge in the rabbit hutch. After an hour of this, a slight breeze sprang up, and we drew away from the other boat, forging ahead for nearly a hundred yards. "Looks pretty bad to windward," says BLUFFER. It did—black as ink. More thunder—vivid lightning—dead calm. WILL takes dinghy and begins to tow us, in order to avoid going on rocks. Three hours slowly—oh, so slowly!—pass. Nothing to eat, drink or smoke.

BLUFFER still optimistic. I depressed. Am wet through, hungry and thirsty. Once more light breeze springs up. We hope again. In vain, for it drops almost immediately, and we drift slowly and sadly on with the tide.

"We shall be up to the Club house in another four hours," says B.

But by this time I am on the verge of tears.

"Couldn't you put me ashore in the dinghy?" I ask feebly.

"Well, yes, I could, if you're not enjoying it," he replies, in rather an offended tone.

"Enjoying it?" I cover my face with my hands and repress a groan. Never felt so happy in my life as when, once more, I take my seat in dinghy—this time six inches deep in water—and WILL paddles me a mile and a half to the shore. Drop WILL a shilling and rush off to Station at Puddlecombe.

"Tram for Swanbourne, Sir?" says sympathetic porter. "Train's jest gone—two hours and a 'arf to wait, Sir. Like to set in the waitin' room, Sir? Refreshment room, Sir? Well, no, there ain't no refreshments, not rightly speakin', Sir; but there's a bottle o' water and a glass in the waitin' room, Sir."

F. R.

"SIC ITUR AD ASTRA."

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Unfortunate you never read papers. ROSEBERY at Birmingham really good. Borrow Wednesday's *Times* and read speech. Splendid idea astronomy. Such a change and rest. Shall take it up immediately. Plenty of time now, as HICKS-BEACH and others have smoothed over recent hubbub.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—I have read speech. Not bad for him. Especially that jeer at newspapers. But remarks about astronomy really admirable. Never thought he could have such an inspiration. Just the thing for me. Begin to find golf and motor are not far enough away from ordinary life. So glad you think the same. Await news of your work with eagerness.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Just my view. Know you would be interested. Have bought small telescope. Unfortunately, have no books on astronomy. Only Whitaker. Can't understand his long words. What does "planet in opposition" mean? Sounds like HARCOURT.

Letter from Whittinghame.—I am getting on splendidly. No time to write much. I have got *Astronomy for Beginners* from Edinburgh, and will try to help you. I cannot find "Plantagenet in opposition" in it. Have mislaid your telegram, but remember you mentioned HARCOURT. I am just reading about the Nebular Hypothesis.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Sat up all night looking through telescope for Nebular Hypothesis. Awfully sleepy, and couldn't see anything that seemed like it. Where is it?

Telegram from Whittinghame.—No idea. But have found Great Bear.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Ask Astronomer Royal. Reply immediately.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—Most injudicious reveal our ignorance to expert.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Very true. Seems a foreign phrase. Ask LANSDOWNE. Splendid linguist.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—Telegraphed to LANSDOWNE, "Where is Nebular Hypothesis?" He replied, "Why worry about policy in Persia or China? We



THE OPENING MEET OF THE WOPSHIRE HUNT.

have none." I knew he would make a mistake. Knows nothing about astronomy. Advise you to look at Great Bear. It's in the North. Most interesting.

Letter from Beaulieu.—I sat up again all night looking through telescope for Great Bear, but I couldn't see anything with the faintest resemblance to a bear. I really begin to doubt if astronomy is such a rest after all. I get no sleep whatever now, except in the day-time. But I couldn't rest till I found it, so I went over to Nice and called on the Préfet. Always thought him a charming fellow. I said, "Avez-vous appris astronomie? Avez-vous vu le Grand Ours?" "Pardon," said he. "Le Grand Ours," said I, "dans le nord?" "Ah, monsieur le marquis," said he, "quelle charmante plaisanterie! Vous parlez du Tsar. Non, je ne l'ai pas vu." It is so annoying; people always will talk politics, the very thing I want to avoid. So I came back here, and read all I could find in *Whitaker*. Didn't you make a mistake in spelling "Nebula"? There is no R at the end. Anyway, I found the words "Nebula in Orion." But that didn't help much, for

I don't know where Orion is. If I could only find Orion, perhaps Hypothesis might be near it. Just at that moment the Préfet came to return my call. Rather a nuisance. So I asked him, "Où est Orion?" Perhaps I didn't pronounce it quite rightly. "Ah," he answered with a laugh, "toujours des plaisanteries! Où est l'Orient? La Question d'Orient. Très-bien!" He always drags in politics. I shall drop his acquaintance. As for that Hypothesis Nebula, we shall really have to call a Cabinet Council if we can't find it. Never do to ask Astronomer Royal. You were quite right. By the way, DEVONSHIRE is President of the Board of Education, so he ought to know a little something about elementary knowledge. Telegraph to him, probably asleep at Newmarket.

Post-card from Whittinghame.—Good idea. I also wanted to know where Perseus is. So I telegraphed to DEVONSHIRE, "Where are Orion and Perseus?" He replied, "Never heard of either. Are you thinking of Ormonde and Persimmon?" I cannot understand this at all. Have searched all through my *Astronomy* for

Beginners, and cannot find either of these stars. DEVONSHIRE must have been dreaming as usual.

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Never mind anything. Finding night work awfully tiring, tried day studies. Have made grand discovery. Immense spot on sun. Estimate its diameter about five hundred thousand miles. Am writing full description of it. Get no sleep now day or night.

Telegram from Whittinghame.—Heartiest congratulations. Shall I inform Astronomer Royal?

Telegram from Beaulieu.—Immediate. Very important. For goodness' sake, don't. All a mistake. Spot of ink on end glass of telescope. Utterly disgusted. Shall give up astronomy. Politics less agitating. So am coming home. H. D. B.

AFGHANISTAN IN FOUR LINES.

THE quidnuncs quaked with quivering fear

When learning of the dead AMEER.
But why decry the Afghan nation?—
The new rule means Ameeri-oration.



HARRY'S SON'S HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES. No. 3.—SWITZERLAND.

(Drorn all by himself, and signed "Harry's Son.")

ENTERPRISING PRO-MOTOR.

ONE of our special correspondents started out to try the effect of taking notes from his motor car whilst proceeding at top speed. The experiment took place in June; but we have only just received the following account of the result.

"Started away and turned on full head of smell—steam, I mean. Over Southwark Bridge, fizz, kick, bang, rattle! Flew along Old Kent Road; knocked down two policemen on patrol duty ("Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road"); fizzed on through New Cross and Lewisham at awful, nerve-destroying, sobbing pace, "toot toot-ing" horn all the way. No good, apparently, to some people, who would not, or possibly could not, get out of the way. Cannoned milk-cart entering Eltham village, ran into bus, but shot off it again, at a tangent, up on to the footpath, frightening old lady into hysterics. Onwards we went, leaping and flying past everything on the road, into open country. Ran over dog and three chickens, and saw tandem horses take fright and bolt; dust flew, people yelled at us and we yelled at people. Came round sharp corner on to donkey standing in road. "Boosted" him up into the air and saw him fall through

roof of outhouse! Whirr-r-up! bang! rattle! fizz-izz—BUST!

"Where am I?—Oh, in hospital—oh, really?—Seems nice clean sort of place.—How long?—Oh, been here about six weeks—have I, really? And what?—Oh, both arms, you say?—and left leg? Ah—by the way, do you know anyone who wants to buy a motor?—What, no motor left?—By Jove! that's funny, isn't it?—Well, I think I'll go to sleep again now."

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Packet of Cheap Cigarettes." A paper-and-hay currency which circulated among the male infant population of Great Britain at the close of the Victorian era, paving the way to decimal coinage. Each packet contained ten "fags," or cigarettes, and, with portrait of popular general or actress thrown in, was exchanged at par for two cents, or one penny. The portraits were redeemable from the purchaser in various advantageous ways, if a set could be obtained; hence a fine spirit of hero and stage-worship was bred among the juvenile speculators, who would waylay the most unlikely persons with requests for "fag-photos" instead of coppers. Incidentally, these patriotic efforts at last

impaired the nerves and reduced the stature of the rising (sic) generation to such an extent that the currency in question had been abolished. It was then discovered by bimetallists what had been through many years the disturbing factor in the rates of exchange.

"South African Loyalist Family (Skeletons)." These specimens, in their living form, belonged to a branch of sub-tropical fauna which at one time (previous to 1900) were widely spread over Cape Colony and the adjoining parts. Owing, however, to a systematic policy of discouragement pursued by the Imperial Government then in office (the same authorities who "preferred unmounted men" for mobile columns), it was gradually brought home to the individuals in question that "loyalty did not pay," especially when they saw that all the available fat of the land was reserved *ipso facto* for the more dangerous creatures who displayed enough "slimness" (Anglicé, treachery) and truculency to warrant an outcry in their favour on the part of the home sentimentalists. The breed of loyalists, therefore, became extinct, at least in this part of Africa, but the collector may still occasionally meet with whole groups of skeletons in the remoter districts of the veld.

ENTIRELY FRIENDLY.

[“For that sort of criticism, which is entirely friendly and based upon a full belief in the soundness of their principles, Ministers ought to be grateful rather than not.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*.]

WHEN with apt and easy pen,
In a fancy-flowing phrase,
We are tempted now and then
Just to criticise your ways,
Just to analyse your acts,
Blaming strongly where we may,
Don't misunderstand the facts—
It's our friendly little way.

When we bring to light of day
Little blemishes possess
By such statesmen as hold sway
—And you'll find 'em in the best—
You can bet an even dollar
We—politically—say,
“Sir, your tie's above your collar!”
It's our friendly little way.

When we scornfully insist
On a duty left undone,
On a chance you've somehow missed,
On a cause you might have won;
When we state your only plan
Is our counsel to obey,
Pray remember, if you can,
It's our friendly little way.

When we heap you with abuse
For your treatment of our foes,
Which admits of no excuse,
In our fierce and fearful prose,
We allow you're all quite sound—
Asleep—we add, but pray
Our meaning don't confound—
It's our friendly little way.

We may pooh-pooh your opinions
In a stream of ridicule,
And declare the King's dominions
Are subjected to misrule;
But we're only like the wight, Sir,
Whom we meet with every day,
He tells us how to write, Sir—
It's his friendly little way.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

III.—THE STORY OF THE ONE-EYED DUCK.

“STAND in a fairy ring and wish to hear the Story of the One-eyed Duck.” That had been the advice of my little elf friend. Or had I imagined the whole thing—just an Autumn day-dream? “The fact is, old chap,” I said, addressing myself severely, “you shouldn't take stout in the middle of the day. If you do you will feel sleepy, and, feeling sleepy, by a natural transition you will sleep in the Park, and then perchance to dream!”

Talking ducks—a fairy ring! I was growing quite scornful. The idea was so absurd; and to show how absurd it was I would look out for a ring and fulfil the imaginary instructions. Therefore I left the Serpentine and made for the grass.



Professional Medicant. “PLEASE GIMME TUPPENOE, LADY, TO BUY SOME BREAD.”

Little Girl. “WHY, GRAN'MA, YOU GAVE THAT MAN SOME MONEY ONLY HALF AN HOUR AGO!”

P. M. (taking in the situation). “YES, MY LITTLE DEAR, BLESS YER! BUT I'M A TERRIBLE BREAD-EATER!”

“Dropped anything, Sir?” remarked an affable policeman, as I was bending intently over a faintly defined circle.

“No thanks—only looking out for a fairy ring.”

The policeman favoured me with a prolonged stare, then moved off, to meditate, doubtless, upon what kind of jewellery a fairy ring might be.

“Please, wot's the toime?” screeched a small boy.

“Wish to hear the Story of the One-eyed Duck,” I muttered to myself.

“Can't 'ear yer,” said the urchin.

“Three o'clock, three o'clock!” I said rather irritably; then walked away feeling ashamed of my performance. “But, at any rate,” I argued, “you've shown the futility of the wish, and corroborated the ‘stout’ theory.”

By this time I had reached the Serpentine again, and was watching a white mist curl round the boat-house, when—

A queer, hoarse, croaky voice near by remarked suddenly, “The worst worm I'd tasted for a long time.” I stared round, but there was no one near at hand to whom I could attach this astonishing gastronomic criticism. Then I looked down. Two ducks were standing gloomily at the water's edge. The reflections of one were suddenly dissipated by a piece of floating bread. Her friend gave an indignant quack, not having observed the morsel herself. Then I noticed she was blind of one eye.

“Heartfelt apologies, kind Fairy,” I ejaculated, and sat down straightway on a seat close by to listen. The duck paid no attention to me; but I could understand perfectly what she said, as she quacked out to her companion a recent adventure in Hyde Park in which she had played a part, which certainly threw a new light upon London Life.

(To be continued.)

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. IV.—HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER

(Continued.)

MEN who make Empire should not speak: the rule
Bears no exception at the present day.
Those massive thoughts which, if transformed to deeds,
Flutter the dovescotes of diplomacy,
Make nations tremble, and can carve their way
To fame and fortune on a stricken field—
These thoughts, so great, so true, so numerous,
Brook not the trammels of our native tongue.
A man may think, "I'll plant the Union Jack
Triumphant on the ramparts of the foe;
Civilisation shall attend my steps;
Progress shall be my handmaid; I will bring
Plenty and peace where chaos was before."
All this a man may think, but if he strives
To utter what he thinks it's ten to one
(It may be more, I am not skilled in odds)
His tongue will trip him and his words will prove
Traitors, and wheresoever gapes a hole,
Seen by all men, avoidable and large,
Into its depths his woful foot must plunge,
Though all the world should warn and call him back.
Of these was ROSSITER, the man of cheques.
I saw him standing on the platform, flanked
By listening peers: a Duke was on his right;
Upon his left a monied Marquis shone;
Two Earls, three Viscounts gilded the array,
Barons and younger scions, Hons., were there,
Strewed o'er the platform thick as autumn leaves.
Rulers of Banks and princes of finance,
Men at whose nod the giddy millions flew,
Were ranged about him, and the hall was packed
From door to doors, seats and gangways, too,
Were crammed with sympathetic City men.
And in his front, before a table, sat
The keen reporters in a serried row,
Their ears intent to hear his eloquence,
Their pencils sharpened swift to write it down.
They did not seem unkind; their look was bland,
Much like the look of ordinary men.
Their homes in Camberwell or Islington,
Clapham or Balham, Battersea or Bow,
Were cheerful homes; they lived industrious lives,
Respected by their neighbours, went to church,
And paid their rent, and brought their children up,
And gave their wives the wherewithal to keep
Wolves from the door and victuals on the board.
Who could have thought they were so terrible
That ROSSITER should fear them? Yet they turned
His blood to water as they sat and wrote
There in their devilish shorthand what he spoke.
Words, words! Where were they? All the careful words
That he had trimmed and polished for his use?
Forgotten like a dream, and in their stead
Danced in his brain a troop of flighty words,
Wrong, but alluring, words that beckoned him,
Saying, "Come, use me; I am what you seek."
And this, or something like it, was his speech:—
"Ahem—I never thought—at least, I did—
But there, you know me—you have heard my name—
Ahem"—(a voice, "Speak up!")—"It's jolly fine
To say, 'speak up,' but let the gentleman,
That is, if truly he's a gentleman,
Which"—(interruption, mingled with applause)—
"Well, if he wants to speak himself he can,
Not now, but later"—(voices: "What about
The Blacklock Syndicate?")—"The Syndicate

Was never better: ten per cent. it paid
Last year—but, let me see, I meant to say
Something—what was it?—ah, I recollect,
Something about our mines in Turkestan."
(Wild cheers, the audience shouting as one man.)
"They're pretty good—eh? what?—there's nothing much
The matter with the mines." (Applause.) "I say
Those who foretold their ruin are but curs,
Mean, whisky-soaking curs. I never mince
My words." ("You don't.") "I know what's what"—
("You do")—
"And mean to have it all the time." ("Bravo!")
"I don't think much of statesmen." ("Nor do we.")
"They seem to wish to stamp our commerce out
With silly theories of right and wrong.
There's not a patriot amongst them all.
I'm for the Union Jack"—("You are! you are!")—
"The good old interest-bearing Union Jack,
The flag of freedom and the badge of trade."
(Immense applause, the audience rising up
And singing "Rule Britannia.") "I'm the man
To show—ahem—(he drank some water here)—
What was I saying?—ah—I beg to move
That we adopt the Board's report, and pass
The balance-sheet which is attached thereto."
With this he ended, and sat down and wiped
His humid brow, and all the gathering
Broke in a storm of loud applause, and men
Yelled their approval, and the meeting seemed
One mad confusion of concordant cheers.
And the stout Duke who sat by ROSSITER
Whispered, "Well done"; the Marquis and the Earls
And all the Barons on the platform, too,
Beamed their delight:—"You didn't tell them much,"
Opined the Duke, "but what you said was more,
Far more, than ample to confirm their faith."
And I too went direct and bought a bull
Of the Consolidated Turkestans,
Thus proving that though eloquence is much,
Money is more and ROSSITER is great.

R. C. L.

(To be continued.)

APOSTROPHES!

No. I.—TO MY UMBRELLA.

HAIL! magic membrane spread o'er ribs of steel,
Thy "points" are many, and with mute appeal
They rouse the tend'rest feelings in my breast;
To thee I turn, and turning I am blest.

Whence is this ecstasy of pure delight?
Why do I hail thee morning, noon and night?

It is not merely that for many a month
The gingham thief, who feareth not nor shunn' th
To rob his neighbour, hath respected me,
And, pilfering others, hath not pilfered thee.

It is not that, alike in rain or shine,
Thou hast stood steadfastly a friend of mine,
Casting thy ægis o'er my cowering form,
And shielding nobly from the biting storm.

No! but that once, what time the clouds had power
To pelt the pavement with a passing shower,
As in a dream, I sheltered ARABELLA
Beneath thy glorious ribs, O grand umbrella!
'Twas then, 'twas then, one simple word she said
That would have roused me dying! Ah, sweet maid!
It needeth no philosopher to guess
That that same "simple word" was simply "yes."
And thou art evermore a thing apart—
A fairy form enshrined within my heart.



"ROUND THE WORLD AND HOME AGAIN!"

ODE TO A HUMORIST.

SEE where the Humorist lets fly
His shafts of roady wit;
Hear how his observations dry
Make all with laughter split.
The loud guffaw his mirth provokes,
You wonder where he gets his jokes,
You marvel at his sportive vein;
While treasuring up his smartest jest
(As yours) you let it off with zest
Next morning in the train.

Where'er a sense of humour lurks
He, hopeful to beguile,
Is heard, extorting by his quirks
A tributary smile.
The measured grin, the chuckle e'en,
Assures him that the point is seen.
With what applause you feed his fun
As off the jest is lightly tost,
And roar insanely at the most
Excruciating pun.

To millions Life is little more
Than three good meals a day,
To him who asks you when a door
Is not a door, a play
On words. His livelihood depends
On his good humour. Him his friends
View as a man at whom to laugh.
A joke existence is to him,
A ribald jest, a sport, a whim,
A granary for "chaff."

Vain jest preserver, ponder well
Thy period ultimate,
When groans instead of giggles tell
How serious is thy state!
When fancy flags, when thou hast run
Thy space of superficial fun.
Thou poor, misguided Humorist!
When thou art humorously "broke,"
When thou hast got "beyond a joke,"
No laughing matter is't.

PROHIBITIONS TO NOVELLISTS AND JOURNALISTS.

NEVER—(1) Talk of plovers' eggs at a sumptuous feast or county ball during the winter months;

(2) Allude to the KING as "He who was born Prince of Wales," because, as a matter of fact, His Majesty was not;

(3) Make mention of the Lord and Lady Mayoress of London. There is no Lord Mayoress of London, nor yet of Manchester, Birmingham, or Dublin;

(4) Talk of the New Cut. In aristocratic circles it is known as Lower Marsh;

(5) Describe a "ride" in a carriage or other vehicle. Some persons ride on horses, camels, elephants and donkeys. The illiterate ride on omnibuses, motor-cars, "trams," and costermongers' barrows;

(6) Rhapsodise on "cherry lips." Nobody's lips could possibly resemble cherries. It is only just, however, to state that gooseberry eyes and banana noses are fair comparisons;

(7) Discourse on "limpid water." "Limpid" means bright, and is the



Sentry (on the simultaneous approach of two persons). "WHO GOES THERE?—TWO WAYS AT ONCE!"

current term of advertising-mongers of filters. Otherwise it has no signification whatever;

(8) Say, in criticising a play, "The pit rose." The pit never rises, but sometimes it is content with standing room only;

(9) Allude to the "waning moon." No moon ever wanes. It merely waits for a turn of the earth;

(10) Be enthusiastic about the surge of the sea. The best sea serge is converted into yachting suits;

(11) Lightly refer to a coffin as a sarcophagus. A sarcophagus is not easily transferred by hearse labour;

(12) Say the audience rose as one man when many members of the fairer and stronger sex were present.

NON EBUR NEQUE AUREUM.

No marble porticos adorn

My unpretentious dwelling.

On costly columns high upborne—

My neighbour's house I do not scorn

With pride unduly swelling.

I own no princely pedigrees,
No income worth the mention,
No host of clients' golden fees
Bring to support me at my ease,
I draw no ample pension.

Yet humble though my house appear,
The rich desire to get it;
Since the Procession passes near,
A fortune I may make next year—
If I can only let it.

DURING AN INTERVIEW. — A leading actress, who is notably well "billed" all over town and country, observed to the interviewer: "Of course I can't get on without 'billing,' and," she added slyly, "a little 'cooing.' Do I use powder? Why, of course. What do you think? And, my dear Sir, I shall now depend on you—for the powder?—oh dear no—for the puff!"

NEW CAPITAL FOR SCOTLAND (Suggested by Lord Rosebery).—Harris-on-Tweed.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

X.—THE HENRY JAMES SECTION.

OCTOBER 1ST.—It superficially might have seemed that to answer Lady CHEVELEY's invitation to her daughter's wedding was a matter that would put no intolerable strain upon the faculties of discriminative volition. Yet the accident of foreign travel had brought about that this formal invitation, found on my return, constituted my first advertisement of even so much as VIVIEN CHEVELEY's engagement to M. le Conte RICHARD SANSJAMBES. The original question, simplified as it was by public knowledge of the fact that I regard all ceremonial functions with a polite abhorrence, had, accordingly, taken on a new complexity, involving considerations of a high sociologic interest; as, notably, whether, and, if at all, in what form, I should offer the lady my felicitations.

2ND, 3RD.—My obsession by these problems over a space of four-and-twenty hours was only partially relieved by contact with the *divertissements* of Piccadilly as I drove to the Prytaneum Club. To my hansom's temporary arrest, however, attributable to the stream of vehicles converging in a transverse sense at the corner of St. James's Street, I owed an interval of recrudescence deliberation. During that so tense period I conscientiously—such is the force of confirmed habit—reviewed all the permissible methods—and scarce fewer than a round dozen of variants lay at that moment in my right breast-pocket—of addressing a woman-friend on the occasion of her betrothal. Always the equivocal detachment of an unrejected bachelor had for me the air of imparting to these crises, poignant enough in themselves, a touch of invidious dilemma. The delicate question why the felicitator himself—to hypothecate his eligibility—had not been a candidate for the lady's heart, a question answerable, on the lips of her friends, by a theory of self-depreciation, and, on those of her enemies, by one of indifference, remained—unless he chose, as one says, to "give himself away"—incapable of adequate solution.

4TH.—For myself, it is true, by way of a passable solace in this cornucopious predicament, there was my known prejudice, amounting almost, I am told, to a confessed morbidity, in favour of the celibate state. It was still, however, nevertheless, open to the contention of malice that I conceivably might have—whereas, in fact, I had *not*—submitted to the lady's charms, had they—as they apparently had *not*—been of a sufficiently overwhelming nature. But this, relatively, was, after all, a trivial embarrassment, mastered, on more occasions, already, than one, by a delicate subtlety of diction, in which I permit myself to take a pardonable pride.

5TH.—"My dear Miss VIVIEN," I, recalling the terms of a parallel correspondence, had written, "what brings to you, for whom I entertain a so profound regard, brings, to me also, an exquisite joy." And, again, alternatively, and in a phraseology more instinct with poetry and pith—"I, in your gladness, am myself glad." And, once more, with, I confess, a greater aloofness, yet, at the same time, positing, by implication, a plurality of suitors to select from:—"Quite indubitably enviable is the man on whom your choice has fallen."

6TH, 7TH.—But what complicated the situation and left me hesitant between these and, roughly, some nine other openings, was the reflection that, in point of fact, I had never set eyes on the Count, nor yet even heard—and with this my long absence from England must be charged—the lightest tale of him. Mightn't it be, after all, a marriage, purely, I asked myself, of convenience?—wealth, possibly, a title, certainly, exchanged for the asset of youthful bloom? Mightn't it be—and there was recorded precedent for this—that the man, being French, as one gathered, and calling himself by a foreign

title—a protension, commonly, that invited scepticism—had exerted over her some Magic, or even, taking into account both his foreignness and his Countness, as much as Two Magics? Or, again, most deplorable of all, mightn't he have acquired a hold upon her by secret knowledge of some skeleton, as the phrase is, in her private cupboard; an intrigue, let us daringly say, with a former butler, banished for that delinquency and harbouring vengeance against her house by the revelation of her complicity?

8TH.—But here I subconsciously reminded myself that the nicest adepts in abstract psychology may, if they do but sufficiently long address themselves to problems abnormally occult, become the prey of a diseased imagination. And by great good luck the forward movement of my hansom, now disembroiled from the traffic, which had thrown off something of its congestion, caused a current of air which allowed me, the glass being up, a saner purview of the question. "When I reach the Prytaneum, I'll," I said, "look the gentleman up in the *Almanach de Gotha*." This, in fact, had been among the motives, had been, I might even say, the dominating motive, of my visit to the Club.

9TH, 10TH.—That atmosphere of considered serenity which meets one at the very portals of the Prytaneum, and is of an efficacy so paramount for the allaying of neurotic disorders, had already relieved the tension of my introspective mood by the time that I had entered the *fumoir* and rung for cigarettes and mineral water. The greeting, familiarly curt, that reached me from an armchair near the fire, was traceable, it appeared, to GUY MALLABY. Here, I was glad to think, I had found a living supplement to the *Almanach*, for I remembered him to have been a friend, some had even said a blighted admirer, of VIVIEN CHEVELEY. He had married, whether for consolation or from pique, his cook; and I now noticed, in a glance that embraced him cursorily, that his girth had, since his marriage, increased by some four to six inches.

11TH.—It could scarce be more than a rude estimate, viewing the fact that I had no tape-measure about me, an adjunct that I from time to time have found serviceable in cases that apparently, called for mere psychologic diagnosis; nor, had I so had, am I convinced that I should, in this instance, have allowed myself the application of it. Simply I moved towards him, and, at the same time, yielding to the usage which a twelve-months absence requires, held out my hand. He took it with, as I thought, a certain surprise, quickly dissembled, but not, as I repeat, before I'd mentally remarked it.

12TH, 13TH.—At any other juncture I should have been closely tempted to pursue the train of inference suggested by this phenomenon; but just then, for the moment, I was preoccupied. Besides, anyhow, his initial observation proved his astonishment to be derived from a quite transparent, if not altogether venial, cause. "Been out of town," he asked, "for Christmas?" I confess that, though I had the good breeding not to betray it, this speech, the tone of which, under ordinary conditions, would not have affected me to the point of regarding it as a truancy beyond the prescribed bounds of gentlemanly casualness, caused me, having regard to the circumstance of my long absence, a calculable pain in my *amour propre*. Never so vividly had not merely the complexity, almost cosmic, of life in the Metropolis, its multiform interests and issues so exigently absorbing, but also the inconspicuousness of the vacuum created by the withdrawal of any single—in this case my own—personality, been forced upon my attention.

14TH, 15TH.—Here, again, at any other time, I should have found abundant matter for analysis; but the entrance of the waiter with my cigarettes and mineral water, one of the former of which I deliberately lighted, recalled me from this inviting diversion. By a natural process of reaction I become cognisant of the necessity, every moment more pressing, of composing an answer to MALLABY's question.

Scarce anything could have been easier than so to impregnate

my reply with the truth, whole and unadulterated, as to compel, on his side, an embarrassment which I, for one, should have viewed, in the retrospect, as regrettable. Yet, for a full three quarters of a minute, towards the latter half of which period it was evident that MALLABY conceived my memory to have strangely lapsed, the temptation possessed me to follow the course I have just indicated. But, in the issue—whether more from a desire to spare his feelings, or, at least as much, because the practice of *finesse*, even in conjunctions of negligible import, has had for me always a conquering fascination, I cannot determine—I, with a terseness sufficiently antiphonal to his own, replied:—"Yes. Monte Carlo."

16TH.—Then, from an apprehension that he might follow up his enquiries—for my travels had, in actual fact, been confined to Central Asia and the transit there and in an opposite sense—or invite a reciprocal curiosity, on my part, in regard to his Christmas, "By the way," I, as if by a natural continuity of thought, added, "who is this Count RICHARD SANSJAMBES that is to marry Miss CHEVELEY?" At the same time, not to appear too intrigued by the matter in question, I withdrew my cigarette from my mouth, flicked it lightly in air, and then abstractedly replaced it, less the ash. O. S.

(To be continued.)

THE MERRY MOTORIST'S LAMENT.

If you desire to travel fast,
A motor car is unsurpassed;
Should you desire to travel far,
Trust not too much a motor car.

And if you're bold enough to start,
Take duplicates of every part:
Two sparking plugs, and tremblers twain,
But, chief, a double dose of brain.

For foes are many; and, of course,
The worst of all's the brainless horse,
Who fain would crush in malice blind
This coming saviour of his kind.

And rules long made by custom's code
For safer usage of the road
Are broken with sublime disdain
By muffs or masters of the rein.

And children, always out of school,
Make it their one unfailing rule
To dart from wheresoe'er they are
To prance before a motor car.

For this remember: in a town
The street's the only playground known,
Where gambol, deaf to every noise,
The town's whole strength of girls and boys.

And on each adult face is written
The protest of the outraged Briton
When, deeply shocked, he fails to find
Oaths strong enough to ease his mind.



ALAN D.
OUGHT MOTOR CARS TO BE LICENSED AND COMPELLED TO CARRY A DISTINGUISHING NUMBER?

See ambushed flocks of hostile sheep
From every hedge prepared to leap:
See every cow regard askance
This last monstrosity from France!

See goats, ablaze with moral scorn,
Rush butting with too bold a horn:
See dogs, despairful of the age,
Seized with a suicidal rage!

Ware, too, the Peeler: see him stand
Sneaking at milestones, watch in hand,
To swear your pace exceeded far
The pace that's lawful for a car;

That when before the Bench you come
The Court may do a simple sum
To prove a mile in minutes three
More than twelve miles an hour must be!

Drivers may leave their horses' heads,
Or sleep in carts instead of beds,
Butchers may gallop through a town:
But not on these will Justice frown.

No! only motorists inspire
Justice with undiluted ire:
For them alone she weights the
scales,
For them alone no plea avails.

These are the perils, these the woes,
Only the motor-driver knows:
For whom is writ, in earth and air,
One single word, the word *BeWARE!*

"WITHDRAW! WITHDRAW!"—"It has so often been in withdrawals," said the *Times* of October 23, "that he (Sir REDVERS BULLER) has prided himself, when perhaps other men would not have withdrawn." Yes, quite true; and now Sir REDVERS has, on compulsion, withdrawn himself altogether, without having withdrawn anything that he said at the unfortunate banquet on October 10.

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

NO. II.—CORIOLANUS.

An Election Tragedy.

ACT I.—SCENE—A street in Rome. The stage is filled with the usual crowd of idlers which never fails to assemble in any city when a victorious army is returning home from war. The crowd on this occasion is more than usually enthusiastic, since CORIOLANUS is one of the generals in command of the returning troops, and the accounts of his talking of Corioli in the war against the Volscians have fired the popular imagination.

On the outskirts of the crowd stand SICINIUS and BRUTUS, Tribunes of the People and prominent members of the Liberal Opposition. BRUTUS is a fat, rubicund man with a twinkling eye. SICINIUS is lean and saturnine. They note the demeanour of the people critically, considering its bearings upon the fortunes of the political party to which they both belong.

Brutus (turning to his companion with an amused smile). Humph! Looks bad for us, eh?

Sicinius (with a scowl). Bah! The war fever. It won't last.

Bru. It'll last long enough to make him Consul.

Sic. CORIOLANUS?

Bru. Yes. They'll elect him to a certainty.

Sic. (savagely). Not if I can prevent it.

Bru. (shrugging his shoulders). The Khaki vote, my dear fellow.

[The sound of a military band is heard in the distance playing a popular Jingo march.

Sic. (irritably). That infernal tune too!

Bru. The mob like it. We're not a musical nation. Here they come. Stand aside and watch the people cheer their favourite.

[SICINIUS and BRUTUS stand aside. The music grows louder and the procession begins to cross the stage with drums banging, colours flying and all the pomp of a military spectacle. The people cheer from time to time as some incompetent but popular officer rides by. BRUTUS watches the whole procession with the utmost good humour. SICINIUS turns impatiently away.

Sic. How long are they going to keep up this howling?

Bru. (laughing). They've hardly begun yet. Wait till CORIOLANUS appears, and you'll see what cheering is. (A distant roar of "CORIOLANUS!" "CORIOLANUS!" is heard off.) "I told you so.

[The roar of cheering comes nearer until it rises to frantic enthusiasm as a fat, bumptious, red-faced man appears upon the stage riding in a chariot. He passes slowly

across the stage, and the whirlwind of applause passes with him and dies off gradually R.

Sic. All that fuss over a third-rate General!

Bru. If you talk like that, my dear fellow, you'll certainly be mobbed.

Sic. The fools can't hear anything except their own shouting.

Bru. Aren't you rather hard on CORIOLANUS? He's not a genius, of course. None of our generals are. But he's a dashing officer.

Sic. Dashing! He's the worst tactician in the army. The Volscians laugh at him.

Bru. Well, you can't deny his courage. He's been wounded thirty times.

Sic. Then he ought to be cashiered. What business has a general to be wounded? He ought to keep out of range and direct operations.

Bru. (good humouredly). He took Corioli, anyhow.

Sic. Yes. The Volscians ran away, and so CORIOLANUS is a hero—with a title and the thanks of the Senate. The attack ought to have failed by all the rules of war. (Rhetorically.) And what a war! A nation in arms against a handful of farmers!

Bru. Hush, my dear fellow. You'll be heard if you don't take care.

Sic. (losing all sense of prudence, and almost screaming with Pro-Volscian fervour). Heard! So much the better. It is time that someone spoke out. I tell you that CORIOLANUS's generalship is perfectly contemptible, that his troops were guilty of outrages against women and children, and that . . .

[An ominous murmur arises from the crowd, whose attention has wandered now that the last of the procession has passed. Hearing the voice of SICINIUS raised in impassioned oratory, it has gathered round with the ready curiosity of crowds.

A Citizen. What's that he says about CORIOLANUS?

Another Citizen. Slandering the General, is he? Knock his ugly head off.

[The crowd begins to hustle SICINIUS.

BRUTUS tries to get him away.

Bru. Come away, my dear fellow. They're looking dangerous.

Sic. (furiously). I won't! I won't! (At the top of his voice.) Citizens! Hear what I have to say. (To BRUTUS again.) Let me go, BRUTUS.

Bru. (shrugging his shoulders). Very well. But don't expect me to back you up. I've no ambition for martyrdom.

[Disappears into the crowd.

Sic. Citizens! I tell you this has been an unjust war, a vile war. . . .

Crowd. Down with him! Down with the traitor! He's a Pro-Volscian! &c., &c.

[The crowd closes round SICINIUS, looking vicious. 4

Sic. (shouting). Back, there! I am SICINIUS, Tribune of the People, and my person is inviolable.

Crowd. We'll see about that. Tribunes be hanged! To the Tiber! Pro-Volscian!

[There is, however, a division of opinion among the crowd. The soberer portion feel obliged to defend the inviolability of a tribune, while the majority are bent on avenging the honour of the army. In the mêlée which follows SICINIUS is more or less severely knocked about. Just as things are getting serious, the inevitable Policeman saunters up.

Policeman. Now then, what's the matter there. Pass along! Pass along!

Crowd. He's a Pro-Volscian! Break his neck! To the Tiber!

Pol. (shouldering his way through the crowd imperturbably, and wrenching SICINIUS, sadly mauled, out of the hands of his tormentors). Hands off, there! You'll kill the man!

Crowd (taking up the cry). Kill him! Kill him!

[The crowd make another ugly rush in the direction of the wretched Tribune and his protector. The Policeman blows his whistle. A dozen constables run up from all sides; truncheons are drawn; there is a scrimmage, and the mob are driven off. The Policeman props SICINIUS in a sitting posture against a wall. Enter BRUTUS I. He strolls up and contemplates his friend dispassionately.

Bru. Close shave that, officer.

Pol. Yes, Sir. Friend of your's, Sir?

Bru. Yes. No bones broken, I suppose?

Pol. (feeling him over). Not this time, Sir.

Bru. That's lucky. My friend was expressing some opinions which happen to be not very popular with the people just now.

Pol. (with a twinkle in his eye). So I supposed, Sir.

Bru. It's just as well you turned up when you did. (Giving him money.) You can leave him to me now.

Pol. Very well, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

[Exit Policeman.

Bru. (to SICINIUS). You look pretty bad. Can you move, do you think?

Sic. (groaning). I feel as if there wasn't a whole bone in my body.

Bru. Poor fellow. I told you what would happen if you tried to hold a Stop-the-War meeting here to-day.

Sic. (sulkily). Well, you seem safe enough.

Bru. (cheerfully). I should think so. I'm not an absolute fool. If you'd seen me shouting "Down with the Volscians!" and "CORIOLANUS for ever!" ten minutes ago you wouldn't have known me.

Sic. You did that?

Bru. Of course I did. You don't want all the Pro-Volsians in this city trampled to death by the mob on the same day, do you? If you and I had both been killed, who would have led the Party?

Sic. (faintly). That's true.

[Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA, a popular and amiable member of the Conservative Party.]

Menenius. Hullo BRUTUS! SICINIUS too? Been making a speech to the League of Romans against Aggression and Militarism? (*SICINIUS turns away his head impatiently.*) By the way, how is the League? At the last meeting I heard that the speakers had to retire by a back door under the protection of the Police. (*Looking at SICINIUS curiously.*) On this occasion you really do seem to have been rather battered.

Bru. My dear MENENIUS, don't be brutal.

Men. He's not seriously hurt, is he?

Bru. No.

Men. (shaking his head mournfully). I was afraid not.

Sic. (staggering painfully to his feet). It's your Party who have done this! It's a plot, a plot to murder me!

Men. (unruffled). A plot? My dear SICINIUS, what an idea! My poor dear Party isn't capable of plotting. We're far too stupid.

Sic. (with a snarl of rage). It's a lie. You want to get me out of the way in order that CORIOLANUS may be Consul. But you'll fail. He'll never be Consul!

Men. (easily). That is for the people to decide.

Sic. I speak for the people. And I tell you they will never elect CORIOLANUS. Take me away, BRUTUS. Take me home.

[Exit, limping, and leaning on BRUTUS'S arm. MENENIUS looks thoughtfully after them.]

(Curtain.) ST. J. H.

THE FORBIDDEN SCIENCE.

"It was dangerous, in his judgment, to study astronomy, for astronomy killed ambition."—*Lord Rosebery at the Birmingham and Midland Institute.*

You in the future who will bear
Aloft trade banners and its pennants,
Who march its victories to share,
As captains and lieutenants,
Your armour don from head to feet—
Each modern and approved appliance,—
And add, your training to complete,
At least a smattering of science.

Only astronomy I bar,
The universe's contemplation,
Fly not in thought from star to star
(A useless occupation!)

Lest, blinded by the starry dust
That heaven's empyrean spangles,
You turn and eye with deep disgust
Earth's petty trade and party wrangles.



Patient. "WHAT WOULD YOU THINK OF A WARMER CLIMATE FOR ME, DOCTOR?"

Doctor. "GOOD HEAVENS, SIR, THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM TRYING TO SAVE YOU FROM!"

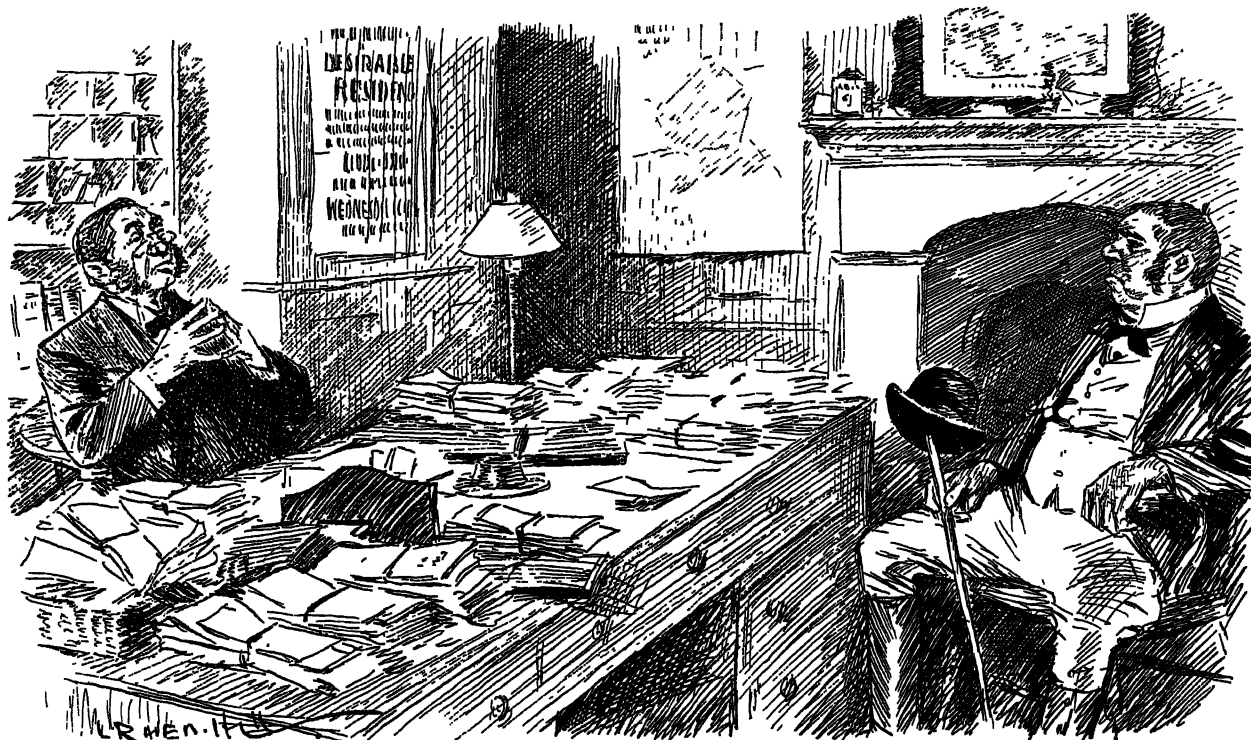
But keep your aims in modest bounds—

To making speeches after dinners,
The Premiership, to ride to hounds,
Or owning Dorby winners;
These, if you learn to edge your wit
With seasonable erudition,
Will offer you, you'll all admit,
An ample scope for your ambition.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Biograph Record of Football Match."
We have here another interesting mediæval survival in this exhibit, which dates from September, 1901. It throws a strong light on the behaviour of professionals and the manners of the crowd at this bygone period. The match in question was between the Hit-and-Punch Hooligans and the Win-Tie-or-Wranglers. There

are several exciting incidents to be noted, as when the goal-keeper is neatly "laid out" by four opponents, and the Hooligans' half-back bites off a Wrangler's nose—of course, only in play—and has his head battered in by way of friendly exchange. Mark also the spirited conduct of the bystanders in stoning a former idol now playing against the home team, and their prompt disapproval of the umpire's verdict in giving a "foul." Towards half-time he is being carried off the ground unconscious, and with a broken spine. No wonder such a stirring game should have been so popular among the more vigorous elements of the British democracy. It was essentially a sport, too, for lookers-on, and, as such, an excellent substitute for a bull-fight.



Solutor. "Now, AS A MATTER OF FACT, WHEN EXPRESSING YOUR OPINION OF YOUR OPPONENT, YOU DID USE A LITTLE STRONG LANGUAGE?"
Client. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW AS I FORGOT ANYTHING!"

WAR OFFICE REFORM.

(Further Regulations under consideration.)

1. THE three consultative bodies, the War Office Council (afterwards called the W. O. C.), the Permanent Executive Committee (afterwards called the P. E. C.), and the Army Board (afterwards called the A. B.), shall meet when and where they please, so long as they assemble in June, not earlier than the 31st of that month, and October, not earlier than the 32nd of that month.

2. All matters of vital importance shall be decided on the 29th of February, when all the consultative bodies shall assemble in Room 4,789 for interchange of opinions.

3. When the Chairman of the W. O. C. is absent, the P. E. C. shall be presided over by the Deputy-Chairman of the A. B. and *vice versa*.

4. When the assistance of the P. E. C. is required by the W. O. C., nothing shall be done until the summoning of the A. B., when the matter under consideration shall be adjourned *sine die*.

5. The Chairman of the W. O. C., after a correspondence with the Deputy-Chairman of the P. E. C. and several lengthy interviews with the Secretary-Deputy-Assistant-Probationer of the A. B., shall bring before the notice of the Deputy Director-General of Ordnance, an officer of the Mobilisation Section of the Department of the Director-General of Military

Intelligence, the Deputy Accountant-General, and a couple of Assistant Accountant-Generals, any cases in which it appears there has been delay in connection with the completion of a subject.

6. A record of all proceedings will be kept by the Assistant Quartermaster-General, the Deputy Inspector-General of Fortifications (selected by the Inspector-General of Fortifications), the Assistant-Director of Contracts, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State, or, in his absence, the Assistant Under-Secretary of State, or, in the absence of all the above officials, away on leave, or for other special reasons, by Mr. TENTERFOR, temporary clerk.

7. All important questions will be brought before the various consultative bodies at times so arranged that Room 4,789 shall be available for the purpose, but also be equally at the service of those high officials who desire to use it as an apartment not accessible to the public, and consequently well adapted to private conversation with relatives and friends.

8. When an important question has been brought before the consultative bodies in the manner indicated, without prejudice to other arrangements hereafter to be considered, then the question shall be discussed with the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, and the Colonial Office (which will take the opinion thereon of the Crown Colonies), and the result shall be attained by the combined action of all the depart-

ments when the subject concerns more than one department.

9. The Secretary of the consultative bodies will carry out the necessary arrangements for preparing reports. Papers containing such reports will be marked in the first instance by the Secretary, and will eventually be closed for him by his great-great-grandson.

10. The War Office will be closed on public holidays, some part of the recess, a portion of the Session, and on other appropriate occasions.

11. The consultative bodies will meet either on Tuesdays and Fridays or Mondays and Wednesdays, or Thursdays and Saturdays, on such dates as may be fixed by the Deputy Director-General, Army Medical Department, or an officer of the Mobilisation Section of the Department of the Director-General of Military Intelligence, or the Deputy Accountant-General, or a couple of Assistant Accountant-Generals, or, in the absence of all the above officers on leave, or for other special purposes, by Mr. TENTERFOR, temporary clerk.

12. The constitution and duties of the W. O. C., the P. E. C., and the A. B. will remain as at present, subject to the following alteration, which has been approved by the Secretary of State, *viz.*, the Director-General, Army Medical Department (Lunacy Section), shall (when not otherwise occupied) be a consultative member.



A MEET IN A FOG.

LORD S.-L.-S.-B.-RY (Master of the Cabinet Hounds, to Huntsman). "WELL, ANYHOW, WE CAN'T SEE AN INCH BEYOND OUR NOSES; BUT NOBODY CAN SAY WE HAVEN'T MET!"

[The first meeting of the Cabinet after the recess was ultimately fixed for the 28th of October.]

THE YOUNG NOVELIST'S GUIDE TO LAW.

BARRISTER. A favourite profession for a hero. He should be pale, clean-shaven, dark, and a cynical smile should play faintly round his lips. When not engaged in making brilliant and impassioned speeches in Court, the barrister devotes his time to giving tea-parties in his chambers. Occasionally he is interrupted by "clients"—i.e. by litigants. The fictional barrister is always delighted to see them, and scorns to ask for the mediation of a mere solicitor. Beautiful young ladies in distress eagerly seek his advice. The villain has secured the services of at least five King's Counsel, but the hero-barrister and the young lady always win their case.

BRIEF. A mysterious thing out of which the barrister makes his fortune. In the case of the barrister-hero, the first brief often is brought to him by his *fiancée*, who carries it about with her in her pocket. It is never marked less than one hundred guineas, and two chapters after receiving it the hero takes silk.

DETECTIVE. A profession which once promised a good opening, but is now distinctly

overcrowded, especially since the firm of SHERLOCK and WATSON have turned their business over to an unlimited company. The detective force, for the novelist's purposes, may be classed under two heads: (1) the free-lance detective, who is phenomenally astute, (2) the official detective, who is incredibly idiotic. When a specimen of the latter class has found three false clues, made four bad blunders, and arrested half-a-dozen entirely innocent and respectable people, the free-lance detective may be brought on the scene. He, of course, will un-

ravel the whole mystery in a couple of pages.

EVIDENCE. Talk about things in general, and a convenient way of putting dull but necessary explanations before the reader. Having arranged for a trial of some sort in your story, you subpoena all the characters as witnesses. Perhaps you will begin with the bluff old Squire, and follow him with the comic rustic witness

to try next day, especially with one of the parties to the suit. So anxious to save trouble, that frequently he will undertake the duties of counsel for the plaintiff or defendant (according to the side the heroine is on) as well as his own. At the end of the book he will take off and wipe his gold-rimmed glasses, and address a few words of paternal advice to the bride and bridegroom.

SOLICITOR. Occasionally a bland and amiable gentleman, but more often a villain of the deepest dye.

TRESPASS. A dreadful crime, for which (in novels) people can be prosecuted and committed to prison on the shortest notice. At the same time, it may be perpetrated in all good faith, so that you may let one of your best characters be guilty of it by accident. Then he will promptly be handcuffed and led away from the heart-broken heroine, and your readers will weep like anything.

WILL. No legal document is so useful to the novelist as this. Be sure to remember that no one in your novel must make a will until they are at the point of death. Then "the family lawyer" is hastily summoned, and, after the will has been signed, it will be placed in one of the usual repositories for



HOW SIR JONATHAN D'OUTRE-MER DESIRED THE SOLE CONTROL OF THE LADY NICOTINE, AND CHALLENGED SIR JOHN DE BULL TO DO BATTLE FOR THIS CAUSE.

—always very popular. After this, amid a low murmur of repressed excitement, the fair young heroine will step into the box. "Madam," the Judge will say, "will you be so good as to favour us with your opinion in regard to this case?" And then in a voice low but clearly audible in every corner of the court, the heroine will talk for the rest of the chapter.

JUDGE. Usually a benevolent old gentleman who has gold-rimmed glasses and a heart several sizes too large for his profession. Is always glad to talk over in his own house a case which he will have

such documents, viz., in a secret drawer which no one knows of, in the coal-scuttle, which will be sold (with the will inside it) upon the testator's death, or in the breast-pocket of the nearest villain. In the first case, the heroine will accidentally touch the spring of the secret drawer ten years afterwards; in the second, a mysterious figure will appear to the hero at midnight, bidding him buy the coal-scuttle at any cost; in the third, the villain will subsequently die of remorse, and, in a chapter headed "At Last!" the long-sought-for document will reappear. A. C. D.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. ANDREW LANG has contributed *Alfred Tennyson* to Messrs. BLACKWOOD'S new series of *Modern English Writers*. "This brief sketch of the life of TENNYSON," he calls it, on the principle that it adds nothing new to man's knowledge of the theme. Mr. LANG is loftily indifferent to ordinary requirements for such a work. Common people may stoop to narrative and details. He soars aloft in sublime superiority. In the preface, he frankly tells the snubbed reader that he will find nothing in the book that may not be read at fuller length in the Biography the second Lord TENNYSON dutifully laid on his father's tomb. "As to the Life," Mr. LANG writes, "doubtless current anecdotes not given in the Biography are known to me and [now this is condescending] to most people. But as they must also be familiar to the author of the Biography, I have not thought it desirable to give them. The work of the 'localizers' I have not read. The professed commentators I have not consulted." The result of this superfine system is not such that my Baronite can conscientiously recommend it to writers of ordinary calibre. There is nothing new in the book, not even the long quotations from *Idylls of the King* and *In Memoriam*. Mr. LANG, having in the manner indicated barred himself out from the way of the vulgar biographer, and having 230 pages to fill up, has hit upon the device of discovering TENNYSON, explaining to the startled reader the story of the *Idylls*, *In Memoriam*, and some others, quoting passages therefrom, and illuminating them with critical remarks. This is very obliging. But as most of us have TENNYSON on our shelves, if not on the tip of our tongue, we prefer to go to the fountain head and drink as we desire. After all, there is something to be said for ancient ways.

An Occasional Critic in the employment of the Baron ventures to suggest that *The Lords of Life*, written by (presumably) Miss BESSIE DILL, and published by Mr. JOHN LONG (whose name he inadvertently omitted last week as publisher of *The Diva*), is not without its charm. The heroine's character undergoes formation during the course of 356 pages. In page 20 she—at the age of ten—shows traces of agnosticism, and in page 354 informs her first betrothed of her earlier flirtations. The Occasional Critic ventures to recommend *The Lords of Life* to the not too exacting novel-reader.

My Junioresst Baronitess says that, in her opinion, *The Octopus*, by FRANK NORRIS (GRANT RICHARDS), is a most interesting Californian story. It tells of the war that at one time raged between the wheat grower and the Railroad Trust. The principal characters are all well drawn; but the two that make most demand upon the reader's sympathies are, *Annixter* (proprietor of the Quien Sabe Rancho), and *Hilma Tree*, a dairy girl on *Annixter's* ranch. The love scene between these two is quite the prettiest part of the book. The last chapter, where *Behrlam* (the representative of the Pacific and South-Western Railroad) meets his death, is dramatically effective. My Junioresst adds that, as a book of more than mere passing interest, it is worthy of, at least, a permanent place on the top shelf of a library.

The Potter and the Clay first saw the light in the United States, and was brought hither by Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON, who have a keen eye for a promising new writer. It is reported that the author, MAUD HOWARD PETERSON, is still in her teens. That is no particular business of the reader's, who simply wants a good book for his six shillings, even if he has eighteenpence taken off by way of discount. But the fact, if it be one, certainly increases the admiration compelled by a notable piece of work. Miss PETERSON, living in America, is evidently old enough to have visited Scotland, both on the East and West Coast. If she has not also been to India, she has a remarkable gift for assimilating information. Her picture of the plague-stricken barracks and village is

remarkably vivid. As to the moving story, it is hard to realise a man of *Robert Trevelyan's* proved courage deliberately malinger in order to escape the danger of leading a forlorn hope, a prize pressed upon his acceptance to the envy of his fellow officers. He confesses that he was suddenly transformed into a coward for very love. If he went forth he might (a) get shot; (b) death might ensue; (c) being a corpse, all hope of marrying *Cary* was lost. Q. E. D. But who shall say what more man is not capable of when his actions are devised in the imagination of a woman. Probabilities apart, Miss PETERSON makes a fine study of the desperation and remorse of *Trevelyan*, of the unselfish heroism of *John Stewart*, and of the wavering affection of *Cary*, loved from childhood by both. For a first novel it is notable. My Baronite sees in it the promise of even more excellent things to follow.

For *Our Lady of Deliverance* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. JOHN OXENHAM has utilised the tragedy of DREYFUS, to whom the book is inscribed. It is, however, only the main fact of an officer in the French Army being falsely accused of treason that is borrowed. Mr. OXENHAM invents his own machinery for the vindication and triumph of the victim. It is a little crude, falling away from the workmanship of an excellent start. Oddly enough, he does not explain how the mad painter came to have sittings from Mademoiselle, why he turned up at the Chateau, or why, indeed, he came into the story at all. My Baronite recognises in the bulldog the best-drawn character in the book.

The Baron has just got through *The Real Christian*, by LUCAS CLEEVE (JOHN LONG), and has come out alive. *The Real Christian*—not the "ideal" you will understand, no, nor anything like it—is apparently a rather muddle-headed barrister who refuses to defend his client imprisoned on a charge of murder, because he happens to have been present when said prisoner talked and walked in his sleep, and in that slate acted the crime he had committed just as did *Matthias* in the ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN story of *Le Juif Polonais*. This very unprofessional barrister, *Harold*, not "Skimpole" but *Trafford*, falls in love with a girl who by mistake marries somebody else; whereupon he becomes a Catholic priest, in which character, being even more dunder-headed than he was as a barrister, he wears the *soutane*, believes in nothing in particular, not much in himself, and dies suddenly "on the hillside outside" ("hillside outside" sounds odd, rather suggestive of "inside outside," some mysterious sort of complicated complaint) "a country town," where he is preaching to a crowd of "upturned faces." Only "faces," no bodies to speak of. This is the sort of person whom LUCAS CLEEVE sets before us as "*The Real Christian*." If we are to have law or theology in a novel, its author should first satisfy legal or qualified theological examiners as to his proficiency or soundness. But amateur law, or, what is more mischievous, amateur theology, ought to be entirely avoided.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P. S.—With the prospect of Christmas before them, the publishers (RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS) have not forgotten to specially cater for the children. There is a "Painting Book," entitled *Father Tuck's "Little Artists" Series*, which will undoubtedly fill the heart of every child with joy. Moreover, it will prove a boon to parents, for it is calculated to keep the noisiest of children quiet for any length of time; and they will remember it in their pleasant dreams when Tuck'd into their little beds.

"TWEEDLE-DUM AND TWEEDLE-DEE;" OR, LORD ROSEBERY AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ON "HARRIS TWEEDS,"—though his Lordship can hardly be styled "Tweedle-dumb." Pity that neither of them showed their proficiency as students of DICKENS by bringing in any allusion to *Betsey Prig*, who, as she didn't believe as there were no such a person as *Mrs. Harris*, couldn't have trusted the tweeds of that name.

THE DIARY OF AN AUTHOR.

Monday.—Shouted first two chapters of *Melissa and the Madman* into phonograph during bath. Secretary read excerpts from half-a-dozen minor poets while dressing. Very inferior stuff. Dictated half column review. Was interviewed at breakfast by *Daily Diddler*. Polished off two hundred and fifty requests for autographs, and read my press cuttings. Public losing sight of me. Must do some-

fast. Sales of last book hanging fire. Will accept offer to recite a few chapters of it at Syndicate Music Hall. Also arrange for the tour in States to lecture on, "Why I am such a Genius." Accept invitation to open a bazaar. Send fifty copies of last romance, autographed, for sale at same. Decide to give away prizes Ditchwater College. Write a few letters to the papers about myself generally.

Thursday.—Finish article for *Literary Chat*: "What it feels like to be so

rich, flexible baritone. Should be able to debate well. Must remember to look up Politics in *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Will make *Melissa and the Madman* a political novel.

Saturday.—Decide to go to Cape Town. A book on the war seems expected of me. Arrange to send letters to half a dozen papers. If this doesn't give my books a fillip I don't know what to do. At any rate I shall be able to give Lord KITCHENER a helping hand.



"THE GOSSIP OF POLITICAL GRAVE-DIGGERS."

G-rye W-ndh-m, Prince of Denmark. "NOW THEN, YOU TWO, NOT SO MUCH CHATTER DOWN THERE! WE WANT TO CONCENTRATE OUR THOUGHTS ON THE MILITARY PROBLEM!"

thing. Will consent to give my name to new kind of motor air-cycle. Ought to influence my sales in right direction.

Tuesday.—Was photographed in twenty-five capital positions. Wrote testimonials for typewriters, phonographs, moustache-curlers, and fountain pens. Man called from *Silly Bits* and photographed back garden. Another from some other magazine and snapped me in mountaineering costume, with cycle. Rather effective picture, I thought. Dictated "Boyhood Memories" for a Christmas Annual.

Wednesday.—Breathed patriotic poem into phonograph while waiting for break-

clever." Publisher's statement of accounts still far from satisfactory. Find I am only making bare £15,000 a year. Think seriously of going on the stage. Experience immense difficulty in keeping my name perpetually before public. Am to open new social club to-night. Will try and make a really ridiculous speech. I can be exceptionally foolish when I try. Intend to write two or three plays next week.

Friday.—After repeated refusals have at length agreed to stand for Parliament. M.P.—look well on title-page. Thanks to doing all my "literary" work *viva voce*, through megaphone, to secretaries, or into phonograph, have developed quite a

WAITS—BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

At the first night at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday, there were signs of impatience in the gallery at the long waits between the Acts of *The Last of the Dandies*. This was a little unreasonable, as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE gave full notice of exceptional extension of the customary intervals. On the programmes it was expressly stated that "An interval of one day takes place between Acts II. and III., and of two years between Acts III. and IV." After all, it was not nearly as bad as that.

THOMPSON ON "TINNED COW."

I.

TIN LIN CHOW was his proper name, but we called him "Tinned Cow," though he never much liked it, and said that his father, who was a Mandarin, or some such thing, would have made it hot for us if we had been in China. But we were at Merivale School in England, so we reckoned that "Tinned Cow" was near enough, that being good English anyway.

The chap was exactly the same colour as the stomach of "Corkey" Minor's guinea-pig; and his father was allowed to wear a gold button in his hat, so he said, that being a sign of a man who wrote books in China. He wrote Chinese books for a living, and when we asked "Tinned Cow" if his father could turn out stuff a patch on HENRY or MAINE REID, he said much better. But he had to confess afterwards that his father was only doing a history of China in a hundred volumes, or some such muck; so evidently he was no real good, for all his gold button.

When the kid first came to learn English and get English ideas—owing to his father having convinced himself that Chinese customs were rotten—he rather gave himself airs, and seemed to think because he was somebody at Pekin he must be at Merivale; but the only person who made anything of him was the Doctor. He used to bring everything round to China—even arithmetic, and he evidently thought it was rather fine to have a Mandarin's son in the school. Especially as "Tinned Cow" had brothers coming on, who might follow. What a Mandarin is exactly, "Tinned Cow" didn't know himself; but he seemed to think they were about equal to Dukes, which must be rot, because Dukes can be Kings in time, whereas Mandarins can't be Emperors. In fact, the only Mandarins I ever heard of till then were oranges.

He was a frightful liar, but good as a maker of kites. And BROWNE, the classical master in the Third and Lower Fourth, said that both things were common to the Chinese character. For mere lies we had FOWLE and STEGGLES, and others, even better than "Tinned Cow," because his knowledge of English wasn't up to lying without being found out for some terms; but at kites he could smash anybody. His kites, in fact, were corkers, and he taught us to kite-fight, which is not bad sport when there's nothing better on. Chinese kites are very light, and all made of tissue-paper and cane, or bamboo, split up fine. For a cane, "Tinned Cow" had the beautiful cheek to go into Doctor DUNSTAN's study, when he was reading prayers in the chapel, and rout about in the cane-corner and steal a good specimen, and hide it in the gym. That was the first thing that made me like the kid. But he said it was nothing, and seemed surprised that I thought much of it. He also said that over the pictures in a huge *Shakspeare* the Doctor had, was tissue-paper of such a choice kind that it must undoubtedly be Chinese, and that, if so, it was the best in the world for kites. He said that if I would allow him to be my chum, he would get several sheets of this paper in a quiet moment, and make me the best kite he had yet made. Well, I never guessed then what a Chinese kid really is in the way of being a worm, so I agreed, provided he made two kites and put my initials on them in silver paper from a packet of cigarettes—the initials, of course, being J. H. T. They stand for JOHN HENNING THOMPSON—merely THOMPSON now, but THOMPSON Major next term, when my young brother comes to Merivale.

The chap was so frightfully keen to become my chum (my being captain of the second footer eleven) that he agreed to the two kites without a murmur, and stole the tissue-paper and used the cane for the framework. So, rather curiously, the tissue-paper from a swaggy *Shakspeare* and a bit of one of old DUNSTAN's canes soared up to a frightful height over the school; and it happened that the Doctor saw it, and, little dreaming of the materials, patted "Tinned Cow" on the head, and greatly praised him, and said that the art of kite-flying in China was

tremendously ancient, and that in the matter of kites, as well as many other more important things, China had instructed the world. Yet, when FULLER tried to sneak a quill pen for a private purpose, believing the Doctor was not in the study at the time, whereas he had merely gone behind a screen to find a book, FULLER got five hundred lines and the Eighth Commandment to translate into Latin and Greek, and French and German. Which shows that to be found out is its own punishment, as STEGGLES told FULLER afterwards.

Well, I let "Tinned Cow" be my chum, and found him fairly decent, considering he was a heathen, for two terms. Then he began to settle down and learn English and football, and say that Merivale was better by long chalks than China. In fact, he rather hated China really, and said, except for toys and sweets and fireworks, that England was really better. I may mention that his feet were small, but not like pictures, and he said that only wretched girls had their feet squashed in his country. He had a sister whose feet were squashed, and he said that she was pretty, which must have been rot; but he had to admit that English girls were prettier, because MATHERS made him, and said that he'd tattoo a lion and unicorn on the middle of his chest if he didn't. So he yielded; in fact, he always yielded very readily to force, though I often tried to arrange a fight for him. He had no idea even of doubling a decent fist, and said that only wild beasts fight without proper weapons. But once he took on BRAY with single-sticks, and they chose a half-holiday and went into the wood by the cricket-ground and fought well for two hours and a half; and a bruise on a Chinese skin is very interesting to see. BRAY turned yellow, then blue, that deepened to black on the fourth day; but "Tinned Cow," from the usual putty-like tint of his body, went lead-colour where BRAY whacked his arm and leg. And "Tinned Cow's" bravery surprised me; but it was a draw, and he assured me that he didn't care a bit about being alive, and would have gone on hammering and being hammered until BRAY had killed him if necessary. He said that in his country, when two chaps are going to fight, they begin by cutting frightful attitudes, and standing in rum and awful positions, and sticking out their muscles and making faces, like Ajax defying the lightning in SMITH's *Dictionary of Antiquities*. This the idiots do, each hoping to terrify the other chap, and funk him, and so defeat him without striking a blow. "Tinned Cow" said that most battles were settled in this way; and once, when MARTIN Minimus called him a yellow weasel, he puffed out his cheeks and frowned, as well as you can without eyebrows, and crooked his hands like a bird's claws and tried to horrify MARTIN Minimus, which he did; but it was young MARTIN's first term, and the kid was barely eight years old.

Now I come to that little brute MILLY DUNSTAN, the Doctor's youngest daughter. She didn't care much about "Tinned Cow" at first, for she always takes about three terms to see what a new chap's like; but after the Mandarin in China had sent Doctor DUNSTAN a gift of some rusty armour and screens and old religious books—more like window-blinds than decent books—and a live Chinese dog with a tongue like as if it had been licking ink, then MILLY, who's the greediest little hateful wretch, even for a girl, I ever saw, suddenly dropped MATHERS, whose father was merely a lawyer, and began to encourage "Tinned Cow" like anything. He didn't understand her character as I and a few other chaps did. TOMKINS and MATHERS and FORDYCE know her real nature, because she had pretty well absorbed all their pocket money for term after term; and so I told "Tinned Cow" that her blue eyes and curls and ways generally were simply a white-washed sepulchre, and certainly wouldn't last longer than a hamper from Pekin; which, I told him, he'd jolly soon find out. But there's nothing so obstinate as the Chinese nation; and if she'd asked him for his pigtail, I believe "Tinned Cow" would have chopped it off for her, though he would not have dared to return home to his own country after that till he'd grown a new one.

It seemed rather a horrid thing, MATHERS said, for a Christian girl to encourage a chap the colour of parsnips, not to mention his eyes, which were like button-holes: but that was only because MILLY had chucked MATHERS; and we all knew what she really was; and, as YATES said, she'd have sacrificed her whole family for a new sort of lemon drop; and of course when "Tinned Cow" found out how mad she was after sweets, he wrote to China, to his mother, for the best sweets in Pekin; which she sent. But while he was waiting for them, the Chinese dog got homesick or something, and bit the boot-boy and was poisoned painlessly. Still, MILLY stuck to "Tinned Cow," and walked openly about the playing fields on match-days with him. And people said it was just like Doctor DUNSTAN's dear little girl to encourage a poor, lonely, foreign kid; but we knew what she was waiting for well enough.

In fact, "Tinned Cow" had translated part of his letter home to me. It was in Chinese characters, and went down the paper instead of along, and looked as if you'd dipped a grasshopper in ink and then put him out to dry. But his mother evidently understood, and sent such sweets as were never before sucked in England—since the Christian era very likely. And "Tinned Cow" had also asked for one of his mother's rings for MILLY; but this he didn't much expect her to send; and she didn't. So he bought MILLY a ring from a proper ring-shop with three weeks' pocket money; which, seeing that he had the huge sum of ten bob a week, amounted to thirty shillings, and it had a real precious stone in it, though no one exactly knew what.

Anyway, MILLY wore it at chapel, and flashed it at "Tinned Cow" when the Doctor had his back turned saying the Litany. And MATHERS said the flash of it was like a knife in his heart. Which shows what a footling ass MATHERS was over this wretched girl. I warned "Tinned Cow," all the same, that he'd simply chucked thirty bob away; because she'd change again the moment his Chinese sweets were finished. And she never gave back presents when she changed; as MILLBROOK had found to his cost, being an awfully rich chap, who gave her a bracelet that cost three pounds ten. And when she threw him over and wouldn't give it up, MILLBROOK, who was certainly rich but a frightful hound, went to the Doctor. So he got his bracelet and left soon afterwards; and MILLY, much to her horror, was sent to a boarding school for a term or two. But then old DUNSTAN, who is simply an infant in MILLY's hands, gave way and let her come home again because she cried over a letter and splashed it with tears, or, more likely, common water, and told him that nobody in the world could teach her Greek but him. Which shows

the cunningness of her. And many such-like things she did, of which I will tell you later.

E. P.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

MISS SNIPPET.

"I CAN'T think why I go on paying that wretched little dressmaker half-a-crown a day to give me a figure like this," said GWENDOLEN, regarding herself ruefully in the over-mantel mirror. "I'm a cross between RICHARD THE THIRD and the scarecrow."

"Darling, you look nice in anything."

"Oh, rubbish! Really, it's quite pro-

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception.)



"LEST WE FORGET."

Rudyard Kipling

posteros. Let me see. She's been here a week. That's six half-crowns. How many pounds is that, JACK?"

"Six half-crowns?" I prepared to tackle the problem.

"Oh, well, never mind! Anyway, it's far too much money to waste on Miss SNIPPET, besides food and—things. And you know you don't like having her in the house."

"Well, I confess I shouldn't mind getting back to my study."

"I knew she was getting on your nerves. You were perfectly horrid at luncheon."

"My dear, when the same face appears every day at every meal—when it isn't yours, that is to say—"

"Well, you shan't have it any more, dear. I'm going to give up the SNIPPET thing, and make my dresses myself. It'll

save—oh, pounds and pounds, JACK! And then we'll be able to get that sweet little Chippendale book-case we saw the other day in Wardour Street."

Bent on her policy of peace, retrenchment and reform, GWENDOLEN proposed that very evening that we should run up to town next day and purchase the raw material for the experiment. A long afternoon was spent in the purlieus of Piccadilly. Hitherto we had patronised Oxford Street, but, as GWENDOLEN pointed out, we could now afford the most expensive stuffs, as it was the making that cost, and that was to cost nothing. So many purchases were made that we lost our last train home. That, however, mattered the less as I wanted to see the new piece at the Lyceum, which I thought might give me some ideas for the tragedy I was writing; and as we had half-an-hour to put in before dinner, we strolled along to Wardour Street to have another look at the book-case.

GWENDOLEN eyed it longingly. "Oh, JACK! Think of our Aldines in those shelves!"

"Yes, and the Elzevirs!"

"Wouldn't it just make the study?"

"It most certainly would."

"How many half-crowns are there in thirty pounds?"

I took out a piece of paper, and was preparing to multiply by twenty, twelve and four, when suddenly I felt GWENDOLEN clutch me nervously by the arm.

"JACK!" she whispered. "He's asking about it!"

"Who, dear?"

"That man."

I looked round. Whilst I had been deep in my calculation, a customer had entered the shop. Not a moment was to be lost. Quick as thought, GWENDOLEN drew her hand from my arm and followed him. A minute later, the book-case was ours.

As we discussed a little supper after the play that night, GWENDOLEN suddenly turned on me indignant. "JACK," she said, "you're thinking!"

"My dear," I protested.

"Don't try to deny it! You know I don't allow it at meals. Now, what was it all about?"

"Well," I admitted, "I believe I was thinking in a hazy sort of way what a blessing it is to have an economical wife."

GWENDOLEN smiled.

"We've had a day in town, an excellent dinner, stalls at the theatre, a capital supper—"

"And the book-case—"

"Yes, to be sure; and as far as I can make out it all costs us less than nothing."

"Of course it does. It will all be saved out of Miss SNIPPET; and you shall see I'm going to be dressed far better than ever."

(To be continued.)

"THE SITE OF THE ALBERT HALL." (A Suggestion for an Epilogue to "The Last of the Dandies.")

SCENE—A room, subsequently demolished to make way for the Horticultural Gardens. TIME—earlier half of the nineteenth century. The Count discovered slumbering in the costume of the period.

Count (speaking in his sleep, after recovering from a trance). I think I have fairly caught the local colouring! Yes, yes! the local colouring.

Shade of Toll-Keeper (appearing). Haven't you forgotten me? I who used to live in the Turnpike House at the top of Hyde Park Gate South?

Count. To be sure, Hyde Park Gate South, the home of COPE the Elder, COOK, these a painter, and THACKERAY's and POLICEMAN N's friend, "A BECKETT the Beak." Yes, yes, yes!

Shade of Soyer (following suit). And couldn't you have said something prophetically about my taking Gore House and turning it into a cheap restaurant?

Count. Certainly. You did very well, and covered the walls with caricatures by GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Shade of Parton. And if you were to foretell the immediate future, why not refer to the Crystal Palace of 1851 built opposite?

Count. Why, yes—the same period as the chef of the Reform Club. Yes, yes! The Crystal Palace of 1851—suggested by the glass at Chatsworth.

Shade of Cook. And a little later you might have produced a plan of the Hippodrome, now occupied by De Vere Gardens.

Count. Quite so. A very different sort of institution to the one near Leicester Square. Ah, yes—I remember, I remember!

Shade of a Burglar. And, guv'nor, 'ow about Jennings's Buildings? Within 'ail of Gore 'Ouse—weren't they?

Count. You are right. I remember, the worst rookery in Suburban London. A couple of Peckers were afraid to walk through it unless accompanied by a third.

Shade of Pre-Crimean Cavalryman. And our barracks? Don't you remember them, Gen'ral? At the entrance of Kensington Gardens?

Count. Over the way? Yes, over the way!

Shade of a Pig. And don't you call to mind my grunts?

Count. To be sure! You used to live in

a sty in a narrow alley, a few yards from Lady BLESSINGTON's, called either Park or Gore Lane.

Shade of N. the Third. And pray, why was I not allowed to have a speaking part?

Count. Oh, Sire, we couldn't get in everybody. Surely Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON and Mr. DISRAELI were sufficiently near to modern times to satisfy a modern audience; and, remember, when you lived in King Street, St. James's, and turned out as a special, you were only an Imperial



EVIDENT ERROR.

OUR ARTIST INFORMS US THAT HE MEANS THIS PICTURE TO REPRESENT A "MISTRESS ENGAGING PLAIN COOK," AND THEN, OF COURSE, FOLLOWED SOME AMUSING DIALOGUE, WHICH WE OMIT, IT BEING PERFECTLY CLEAR TO EVERY ONE THAT THE TITLE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN

PLAIN MISTRESS ENGAGING COOK.

WE DOUBT, TAKING EVERYTHING INTO CONSIDERATION, WHETHER SHE IS AT ALL LIKELY TO OBTAIN THE SITUATION.

Highness by courtesy. And, Sire, you were specially referred to in the last Act.

All the Shades (in chorus). Again we demand, why are we omitted?

Count (confused). Really, really, the last of the dandies can't be bullied in this fashion! I refer you to Mr. FITCH. (Waking.) Ah, a vision! But still, I think we might work 'em in. Although I have got the atmosphere pretty right, I think they would make the ensemble more complete.

All the Shades (in chorus, heard without). Much, much more complete! [Curtain.

DE PRO-FUND-IS.

School Room
(with 1 eye on STOGGINS,
our Form-master.)

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—Ass other people are raising Funds for Soldiers' Cumferts for those at the Frunt we thought we'd get up a Fund, two. It is corded the "Fellers Feeld Force Fund," and, altho your not strictly speaking one of the Fellers, there woodent be enny objection to you sending us a sub-skription.

Well, we've dun pretty well up to now, colleckting. Last week I collecktid ROBINSON Major's new winter socks, six pares, witch he hassent even mist yet; then BLINKER collerd the gardiner's old trousers, witch heed quite dun with; and wen old STOGGINS confish-caketted a box of siggerettes he saw SMITH Minor playing with, I waited till STOGGINS had left the desk and then a-next them for the Fund.

BLINKER's own contriibution is a cricket batt with brokin handel, and sum stumse—he wood have sent a borl ass well, but thinks he mite want it himself next season.

Young FATTY BOWDEN sends a Bathing costume witch has srunk so mutch he carnt get into it. SIMMONS (the wun who squince), sum sented note paper witch he took from his sister's desk. MR, the M.S. of an original melon-Dramer witch the Officersers mite like to akt at Xmas time.

Weeve orlso collecktid old STOGGINS's great coat, he canot possbly want it, ass he never goes outside in the winter, and it wood be a reel cumfert for enny Sentry on a cold night. In this matter STOGGINS is doing a good deed without knowing it.

You mite send a hamper of apples and pares ass well ass a small doughnation in tin. BLINKER sends love.

Your affeckshunt
nephew, MAX.

P.S.—Jest as I close this theres an orle row becos wun of the littel fellers carnt come inter the Class Room to "Absence" Call, ass weeve collecktid orl his nickkerbockers for the Soldiers' Cumferts Fund—he hassent enny trousers—and old STOG threttens to keep us orl in next harf holiday. Everywun looks gluemy; even our brave Difenders will sufer, ass we shall doutless have to return the nickkerbockers.

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

No. II.—CORIOLANUS.

ACT II., SCENE I.—CORIOLANUS'S Committee Room on the eve of the Consular Elections. CORIOLANUS has been duly chosen for the Consulship by the Senate, and it only remains to have that choice confirmed by the People. The candidate himself and a number of his principal Conservative supporters are discovered in consultation. Among the latter are MENENIUS and COMINIUS.

Menenius (persuasively). My dear fellow, I assure you it's always done.

Coriolanus. What! go down to the Forum and beg votes of frouzy plebeians? Couldn't do it, by Jove!

Cominius (yawning). It's only a matter of form.

Cor. Deuced bad form, I call it. High time it was given up.

Men. (testily). Very likely. But this is hardly a favourable moment for making the innovation.

Cor. Yes, but dash it, man, I can't! I'm not accustomed—haw—to beg. I am accustomed to command.

Com. (aside). Ass! (turns away impatiently.)

Cor. (brightening). I tell you what I'll do. I'll make 'em a speech, if you like.

Men. (seriously alarmed). Not for the world, my dear fellow. Generals should never make speeches.

Cor. (huffed). What do you want me to do then?

Men. Only to be civil to them. Say you'll redress their grievances. They always have grievances, confound them!

Cor. (grumbling). Well, you'll have to coach me, that's all. I don't know what the beggars want.

Com. (to MENENIUS). There's the Money-lenders' Bill. He might try them on that?

Men. Yes. That will do. Tell them if they elect you they won't have to pay their debts. They'll like that. Then there's the Corn Laws. Tell them about the inalienable right of every citizen to be fed at someone else's expense. And the Franchise,—say you believe in One Man One Vote and One Vote One Value.

Cor. (scratching his head). And what may that mean?

Com. (impatiently). Why, that every man can sell his vote for five shillings, of course.

Cor. (to whom this sounds an eminently reasonable measure of reform). Is that all? I don't mind promising my support to that.

Men. Then there's Taxation of Ground Values and Equal Electoral Areas and Agricultural Holdings. (Cheerfully.) You'll do all right.

Cor. (doubtfully). But I don't know anything about all this. It's Greek to me. I wish you'd let me make 'em a rousing speech about the war.

Men. (hastily). No, no! For Heaven's sake! No more speeches, my dear fellow.

Cor. (obstinately). I believe you're wrong. Just you let me tell 'em how I took Corioli! (With immense gusto.) It was this way. There was the town hang

to hear about "our valiant soldiery." If you tell them they ran like hares you won't get a single vote.

Cor. (with some heat). It's true, Sir, true, every word of it.

Com. (drily). That's no reason for telling it to them. Truth is out of place at an election.

Cor. (sulkily). If you want someone who will truckle to the fellows, you'd better go elsewhere, dash me!

Men. (soothing him). COMINIUS only means that in describing our soldiers you should make the best of things and gloss over any little defects. The people will like it better.

Cor. (wavering). Yes, but—'pon my soul, I don't half like the business. I'm a plain soldier—haw. Hang all politicians.

Men. By all means. And politicians—when you're Consul. Come, you'll conciliate them, to oblige me?

Cor. (ungraciously). Very well. But it's a dashed undignified position for a soldier to occupy, let me tell you. The regiment won't half like it. You'd better come with me to prompt me if I get stuck.

[Swaggerers out tugging at his whiskers.

Com. (with a sigh of relief). That's done, thank goodness.

Men. Yes. Let's hope he'll keep a civil tongue in his head. You can't ride roughshod over the electorate nowadays.

Com. Worse luck!

Men. If he tries to bully them, it's all up with him.

Com. Couldn't you have got a more tractable candidate?

Men. No use. The only chance for the Party was to put up a popular general.

Com. That's true. It's a pity he's such a dolt. A man with his reputation might re-

establish the power of the Senate, and put those rascally tribunes in their places—if he could only keep his mouth shut!

Men. If! (Rising.) Well, I must go after him and try and prevent his making a fool of himself. [Exit after CORIOLANUS.

SCENE II.—The Forum. A few representatives of the Sovereign People lounging in the streets. Enter SICIINIUS and BRUTUS, the two Radical Tribunes. The former has the remains of a blackeye. The latter looks as fat and well-liking as ever.

Brutus (glancing at the people). A thin house!

Sicinius. Yes. The war fever is over. A fortnight ago they would have assembled in thousands if there was a chance of seeing CORIOLANUS.



"CORIOLANUS."

(Sir Edmr B-L as he appeared in this Shakspearian character.)

in front of us. We'd brought up our siege train during the night. The battering rams, under CRASSUS of the 56th, were on the right. CATO, of our's, with the Sappers and four catapults, was on the left. The bugles sounded the charge. My men advanced at the double. The enemy poured in a murderous fire of javelins. My men wavered, then broke and ran. Bolted, by Jove! I drew my sword and galloped to the front. "Come on, you dashed white-livered cowards!" I cried. That rallied 'em! They turned. We rushed the North Gate, and in half an hour Corioli was ours, Sir!

[Wipes his brow after the exertions of description.

Men. But, my dear fellow, you mustn't talk to them like that. The people want

Bru. It has been a short boom.

Sic. Fortunately for us. Here he comes.

[Enter CORIOLANUS R., looking half fierce, half sheepish. As he appears a faint cheer goes up from the crowd.]

Cor. (to himself). What the deuce am I to say to the beggars? Why doesn't MENENIUS come? He ought to be at my elbow to prompt me. How on earth am I to begin. (Clears his throat.) Um—haw—Citizens . . .

Crowd. Hear! hear!

Cor. (to himself). I wish MENENIUS would hurry up. (Aloud.) Citizens, I have come to—er—solicit your voices for the Consulship, haw!

A Small Boy. Brayvo!

Cor. My credentials—haw—are pretty good, I fancy. At the storming of Corioli—(to himself)—dash it! they said I wasn't to talk about that. (Aloud.) Citizens, as I have said, I come to offer myself for the Consulship.

Small B. (encouragingly). Say it again, Governor.

Cor. (glaring in his direction). And, as I was about to remark—er—when that excessively ill-mannered young person interrupted me, at the taking of Corioli—

Small B. Haw!

[The crowd giggles furtively. Someone makes a dart at Small Boy, who vanishes.]

First Cit. Look here, Governor. Never mind about the taking of Corioli. What we want to know is, what are you going to do for us?

Cor. (losing the thread of his remarks at this unlooked for heckling). I don't—haw—understand you.

First Cit. Are you in favour of extending the Franchise, for instance?

Cor. (forgetting his cue). Certainly not, Sir! There are too many idle rascals with votes already!

First Cit. Then you don't have my voice!

Cor. (amused). Do you mean to tell me—haw—my man, that you refuse to support a man who has fought and bled for his country—bled profusely, by Jove!—because of some beggarly fad about the Franchise?

[Murmurs in the crowd which has gradually increased in numbers.]

Second Cit. Come, General, no offensive expressions.

Cor. (losing his temper). Offensive expressions! Death and Furies, Sir! do you know who I am? If you were in one of my regiments, by Jove, I'd teach you to talk to me about offensive expressions!

[The murmurs of the crowd grow louder. Some booing is heard.]

Sic. (to BRUTUS). It's all over with him. [BRUTUS nods.]

[Enter MENENIUS. He takes in the situation at a glance and hurries to CORIOLANUS's side.]

Men. (aside to Cor.). Gently, gently. Keep your temper or you're lost.

Cor. (losing all self-control). Keep my temper! Dash me if I ever heard such a request! An unwashed dog of a plebeian stands up and bandies words with me in the open Forum, and I'm to keep my temper! (The sound of booing grows louder. CORIOLANUS raises his voice in fury.) Let me tell you, you blackguards, if I'd half a cohort of my legionaries here, I'd cut the throat of every mother's son of you and rid the world of a lot of pestilent loafers. As for your Consulship, if you want someone who'll cringe to you for it, you'd better go elsewhere. (Advancing on the crowd which actually retreats before his fury.) Out of my way, you rabble, and make a Consul out of the first rascal who takes your fancy!

[Exit through the crowd, which makes way for him, followed by MENENIUS trying to soothe him. The mob gaze after them in blank astonishment, forgetting even to hoot.]

Sic. That settles CORIOLANUS.

Bru. Yes. I'm almost sorry. That last outburst was magnificent.

Sic. (grimly). Yes. But it wasn't politics.

(Curtain.) St. J. H.

"TO MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—According to a morning paper, after the discovery of a recent plot against the SHAH, one of the prominent personages implicated in the conspiracy was punished by being paraded stark-naked through the streets of Teheran.

An excellent idea! Surely there is much to be said for its application to English political and other misdemeanours. The Secretary for War, for example—for weeks the Radical Press have been demanding his head on a charger, naturally in vain. Mr. BRODRICK's head remains where it has always been, on his own shoulders.

But if the *Daily News* had demanded that Mr. BRODRICK should be escorted down Piccadilly by the police, clad only in his shirt, their demand would have been at once more picturesque and more reasonable.

This policy has already been tried on a small scale in this country with conspicuous success. Was not Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN on one occasion, when imprisoned for his devotion to Erin, deprived of his trousers? And what is good for an Irish patriot is surely good enough for a brutal Saxon!

Let us take example from Persia without delay. Let all generals who in future make indiscreet speeches be exhibited to the people, in Trafalgar Square, clothed mainly in their socks. Let Cabinet

Ministers whose policy does not meet with the approval of the popular press attend at the Palace of Westminster in a bathing costume. And let undistinguished members of the Opposition who are in the habit of addressing public meetings in the Boer interest be compelled to make those speeches in pyjamas.

In this manner military discipline will be maintained, political efficiency secured, and treasonable utterances discounted.—Yours, dear Mr. P.,

TOM NODDY.

WHERE'S AIR?

LET faddists declare

The delights of fresh air,

Their throats to the knife of the East let them bare,

And revel at will

In the draughts that blow shrill

With a swirl and a rush through the roots of their hair.

But I, if you please,

Beg to differ from these,

When the fogs of November teach mortals to wheeze,

And a thousand aches seize

On one's elbows and knees,

And one's marrow doth freeze,

And life's one long wheeze,

And with horror one sees

Emerge by degrees,

Thick as bees

In lime-trees,

Or as mites in a cheese,

The palpable symptoms of every disease, That was ever invented by learned M.D.'s.

Then my windows I close

Ere I seek my repose,

And I use every means ingenuity knows

To shut out the fog

That would poison a dog—

'Tis a death one would spare to one's bitterest foes.

Yes, though we are told

That fresh air is as gold,

Worth more than the costliest gems that are sold,

Though its praise be extolled,

Though the faddists may scold

At my notions of old,

I will not be cajoled,

But be bold

To uphold

That a man with a cold

Had better by far in his blankets be rolled Than breathing the microbes that lurk in each fold

Of a "London particular," yellow as gold.

SHORT TALE OF A TIGER.

"I must put in my 'operative claws,'"

As the tiger said to the Solicitor;

"Agree with you I don't!" cried the student of laws;

"But you will!" growled the tiger. End of visitor. *Jingle Jungle Rhymes.*



CORONA FINIT OPUS.

Mary Anne. "WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO START THIS ARMY REFORM THEY TALK SUCH A LOT ABOUT!"
Private Atkins. "WHY BLESS YOUR 'EART, IT'S ALL DONE! LOOK AT OUR NEW CAPS!"

NEGOTIATE.

WEEK some foreign city far away
Is much in default and will not pay

Its interest up to date:
With coupons terribly overdue.
What is the thing you decide to do?
You say, "I'll put on a bit of screw."

They answer:—"Negotiate."
That is the thing they are bound to say.
In far Cordoba or Santa Fé—
"Now, just in a quiet, friendly way.
Pray let us negotiate."

But years go by, and it's still the same.
They play an extremely artful game
At bluffing your delegate.
At last with life you are almost through.
And thinking of probate nearly due,
Well, what is the course you then pursue?
You have to negotiate.
And when you're dead, to your heirs they
say,
In far Cordoba or Santa Fé—
"Now, just in a quiet, friendly way.
Pray let us negotiate."

"NONE FOR THE BRAVE."

(Military Sketch according to Regulations.)

THE Nominator had exhausted his list.
He had summoned all and every, and
scores, nay hundreds, nay thousands, had
appeared in his catalogue as worthy of a
medal.

"Yes," said he, "I think we have got
all we can. We allowed the man who
had seen the engagement through a tele-
scope at a distance of fifteen miles?"

"We did, Sir."

"And we made no objection to the man
who reached the scene of action the next
day when all the fighting was over. We
allowed him too?"

"We did, Sir. You decided that the
unpunctuality of a train should not be
permitted to rob a warrior of his just
reward."

"Quite right. Well, now I think we
can close the office and go home."

"I beg your pardon."

A weather-worn, war-worn veteran
stood at the door. He had but one leg
and his left arm was in a sling.

"Well, Sir. What can I do for you?"

"I have come to know if I may have a
medal, Sir?"

"Have you the qualifications? Were
you in the neighbourhood of the fight?"

"I was at the front of the battle from
morning until night—from the sound of
the first shot to the call for cease firing."

"That sounds all right. I wonder why
I have not got your name. Pray let me
shake hands with you."

"I must give you my left hand, Sir,
which is still a little shaky. My right
has been amputated."

"You were badly wounded in the
engagement?"



A SEVERE TEST.

Miss Sedgwick who has just taken off her muckintosh—to attend whatever. "Look! they're away! Do just stuff this thing into your pocket. I'm sure I shan't want it again!"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But not
worse than others. Fortunately it was
quite at the end when I got knocked over.
Until then I saved a good many poor
fellows by carrying them out of action."

"Worthy of the Victoria Cross!"

"Well, scarcely. Certainly other
fellows have got it for less, but that
doesn't matter. I have come only for a
medal."

"And, my brave fellow, you seem to
have deserved it. What's your name?"

"BURLEIGH FORBES RUSSELL STEVENS
HENTY WILLIAMS JONES. A good many
names, but all of them appropriate."

"Oh, certainly. And now for your
regiment?"

The veteran paused for a moment and
then the blood in his cheeks deepened in
their red. "I have no regiment, Sir. I
did my duty as a member of the Press."

"As a member of the Press!" cried
the Nominator. "Asking for a medal as
a member of the Press! Too absurd!
Why we don't give medals to members of
the Press."

"It's a crying shame that you
don't!"

But the Nominator, being accustomed
to the eloquence of Fleet Street, merely
nodded. Then he looked cheerfully to-
wards his visitor and observed, "Next,
please! May I trouble you, as you leave,
to close the door."

The Veteran courteously obeyed, and
the Press were shut out. But not shut up.

OPINION OF ONE WHO HAS TASTED IT.—
"Boek" is pleasant; "Jam" is sweet;
but the Boer compound of the two is
painfully unpleasant.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

SECOND SERIES.

X.—THE HENRY JAMES SECTION.

(Continued from October.)

17TH.—I'd scarce done asking myself whether I'd formulated my enquiry into the identity of this SANSJAMBES, who was to marry VIVIEN CHEVELEY, with an air of sufficient detachment, or, in default of this, had so clearly underlined the suggestion of indifference by my manner of manipulating my cigarette as to assure myself against the possible suspicion, easily avoidable, I had hoped, of a too immediately concerned curiosity, when "Ah! the fellow without legs!" replied MALLABY, with, as it, perhaps unwarrantably, seemed to me, a levity so flippant that it might have appalled a controversialist less seasoned by practice than I'd the permissible satisfaction of crediting myself with the reputation of being.

"But you have not then lost it?" I threw off, on a note of implicit irony.

"Lost what?" he asked.

"Your old facility, of course, in *jeu d'esprit*," I explained.

"On the contrary," he replied, "my translation of SANSJAMBES is not more literal than the facts themselves!"

18TH.—His answer was so quite what I had not foreseen, that I was surprised, as by a sudden reflex jerk of the muscles, into an unwonted lucidity of diction.

"How did he lose them?" I asked.

"He didn't; he never had any to lose!" MALLABY, with unnecessary brutality, replied. "An early ancestor lost his under the walls of Acre. Pre-natal influences affected his first-born, and ever since then the family has had no legs in the direct line."

"But the title?"—I was still too altogether the sport of surexcitation nicely to weigh my words.

"The gallant ancestor's own choice—prior, naturally, to the birth of his heir—to perpetuate the deed of prowess that won it. And his descendants take it on as a matter of pride."

19TH.—By this I'd sufficiently recovered my habitual *aplomb* to be in a position, while reserving my perfected conclusions for a less disturbing occasion, to collate, as I sipped my drink, a few notes on the comparative periods of sustained effervescence in the cases, respectively, of Seltzer and Salutaris.

"And the cause you assign to this projected marriage?" I then, less with a desire for enlightenment, asked, than, my own judgment being made up to the point of finality, to seem to flatter him by an appeal to his.

"Oh, there's money, of course," he answered. "But that isn't all. It's the old tale—Eve, apple, curiosity, with a touch of the brute thrown in!"

20TH.—You could have knocked me down, in the vulgar phrase, with a feather. Here was GUY MALLABY, immeasurably my unequal in fineness of spirit, laying his fat finger plumb on the open offence, while I was still complacently nosing it on a false scent of Womanly Pity. True, he had enjoyed a three-months start of me in the running down of a mystery that doubled too distractingly on its traces for that instinctive *flair* to which I hitherto had urged a predominant claim; or was it the cook-wife that had piqued, through the stomach's Sacred Fount, his intellectual appetite? Gratuitously to admit him my superior on the strength of a forestalled judgment was the last of a quite surprising number of alternatives that just then occurred to me. "I'm going to look in on Lady JANE," I made evasion. "She'll, if she's honest, endorse my conjecture; she's a woman!" he, without hesitation, observed.

21ST, 22ND.—More interestingly stimulated than I could, at the moment, remember to have been by any previous visit to the Prytaneum, I made my way westward down the Mall of St. James's Park, taking the broad boulevard on the left. In

the particular atmosphere of exaltation by which I perceived myself to be environed, it was easy to image these widowed avenues in their midsummer fulness, to revive their inarticulate romance, to restore, in the grand style, the pomp of their verdurous pageantry. Oh, there was quite enough of analogy to reclothe a whole Arden of *As you like it*! It was really portentous on what a vista of alluring speculations I'd all but originally stumbled; virgin forest, in fact, before the temerity of just one pioneer, and that a woman, had stripped it this very summer so pitilessly bare. With how fine an abstraction from the moralities I'd, in the way of pure analysis, have probed its fungus-roots, have dissected its saffron-bellied toads, have sampled its ambiguous spices. And to have utilised a legless abortion for the genius of its lush undergrowths!

23RD, 24TH.—But I soon became aware of an appreciable recoil from the first poignancy of self-reproach at being anticipated by the author of *Sir Richard Calmady*, when, upon a more meticulous reflection—for, by this time, I'd arrived opposite the footpath leading over the bridge that commands the lake and its collection, recognisably unique, of water-fowl—I'd convinced myself how little of consonance was to be found between this theme and the general trend of my predilections. About the loves of a so ineffable prodigy—and to differentiate them as lawful or lawless didn't, for me, modify the fact of their uniform repulsiveness—I detected a quality something too preposterously flagrant, an element *un peu trop criant* of pungent indelicacy. It needed only this flash of recognition at once to disabuse me of all regret for having been forestalled in the treatment of a subject of which the narrow scope it offered for the play of hypersensitized subtlety remained the incurably fatal defect.

25TH.—So immediate, indeed, and so absolute was my mental recovery that I had scarce cleared the façade of Buckingham Palace and addressed myself to what I have, from time to time, regarded as the almost contemptibly easy ascent of Constitution Hill, before I had in mind to rush to the opposite extreme, totally, in fact, to disregard the relation of legs to the question at issue. I won't, I said, allow the hereditary absence of this feature from the Count's *ensemble* to prejudice, one way or another, the solution, which I hope ultimately to achieve, of the original problem, namely, should I, or shouldn't I, offer my congratulations to VIVIEN CHEVELEY; and that second problem, subordinately associated with the first, namely, what form, if any, should those congratulations assume?

26TH, 27TH.—But I was instantly to perceive the super-precipitancy of my revulsion. It imposed itself, and with a clarity past all possible ignoring, that in this matter of the Count's legs, the introduction of a new element—or, to be accurate, the withdrawal of an old one, so usual as to have been carelessly assumed—was bound, whatever dissimulation was attempted, to command notice. The gentleman's lower limbs were, to an undeniably overwhelming degree, conspicuous, as the phrase runs, by their absence. A fresh condition, as unique as it was unforeseen, had, with a disturbing vitality, invaded what had given promise, in the now remote outset, of being an argument on merely abstract and impersonal lines. For, even if one postulated in the bride the delicatest of motives, a passion, let us assume, to repair a defect of Nature, as much as to say, figuratively, "You that are blind shall see through my eyes," or, more literally, "You, having no legs to speak of, are to find in me a vicarious locomotion," even so a sensitive creature might wince at the suspicion that the language of congratulation was but a stammering tribute to the quality, in her, of inscrutable heroism. And there was still an equal apprehension to deplore, should it appear that it was to an artistic faculty, on the lady's part, capable, imaginatively, of reconstructing, from the fragmentary outlines of his descendant, the originally unimpaired completeness of the gallant ancestor—much as the old moon shows dimly perfect in the hollow of the young crescent—that the Count owed his acceptability in her eyes.

28TH.—"There it is!" I said, and at the same moment

inadvertently grasped the extended hand a constable at the corner of Hamilton Place: "there's no escaping from the obsession of this inexorable fact. It colours the whole abstract problem only a little less irritatingly than, I can well believe, it has coloured the poor Count's existence." And I'd scarce so much as begun to exhaust the possible bearings of the case in their absorbing relation to simply *me*, as distinct from the parties more deeply committed and so, presumably, exposed to the impact of yet other considerations.

29TH.—For, what lent a further complexity to the situation was that, even to suppose me arrived at the conclusion, effectively supported, that *her* motive for this so painfully truncated alliance was commendable, it still left her the liberty, accentuated by the conditions at which I have glanced, to misinterpret *mine* in congratulating her upon it. And if, on the other hand, her engagement were attributable to unworthy or frivolous causes, wouldn't the consciousness of this, on *her* side, give even stronger countenance to a suspicion of mere impertinence on *mine*?

30TH.—That her motive indeed had been no better than one of curiosity—mother EVE'S, in fact, for exploring the apple-tree—was the contention of MALLABY, and by him expressed with so resolved an assurance that it had, as I only now remembered, won me over, at the time, by its convincing probability. Hadn't his confidence even gone the length of claiming Lady JANE as of the same camp? And this recalled for me, what I had temporarily ignored in the so conflicting rush of ideas, the primary objective of my present excursion. I'd overlooked the bifurcation of ways where the traverse to South Audley Street leads in the direction of Lady JANE'S house; and now was poised irresolutely before crossing at the convergence of Upper Brook Street and Park Lane.

31ST.—But after all, I asked myself, was a woman's final word really just the thing I stood in dearest need of in so nice a hesitancy? If I was conscious of a certain strain in seeking to confine this incident of freakish abbreviation to its properly obscure place in the picture, would not *she*, with all her sex's reluctance to attack any question from an abstract standpoint, experience an insuperable difficulty in assigning to the Count's deficiency its relative "value"? And mightn't I, in a moment of unguarded gallantry, of simulated deference, let me put it, to her assumption of a larger knowledge of women, or, say, simply a more profound intimacy with the particular woman, be carried away, against what I foresaw, even at this incipient stage of my reflections, would, in the event, turn out to be my better judgment, on a veritable whirl of grossly material considerations? At



Officer (to Irish sentry on guard tent). "WHY DON'T YOU FACE YOUR PROPER FRONT, SENTRY?"

Sentry. "SURE, YER HONOUR, THE TINT'S ROUND. DIVIL A FRONT IT'S GOT!"

worst, after all, there's still, I said, the last resort of an answer in the third person, declining the wedding invitation on a plea, strictly untrue, of an earlier engagement. Meantime, while so many hitherto unregarded aspects of the matter called on my intelligence for their dues, the fabric of my problem was, I told myself, of a delicacy too exquisite for—

[Left reflecting on curbstone.

O. S.

VIDE "TIMES," OCTOBER 28. — "CIVIS BRITANNICUS," in his remarks on Mr. THOMAS G. BOWLES' suggestions as to the

KING'S presence at a Cabinet Council, observed, "Execution is for the Crown." So CROMWELL thought; and so, consequently, CHARLES THE FIRST was brought to the block.

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

Lady Customer (to grocer). I see, Mr. PHIGGS, that you have charged me with English Cheddar, and what you sent was undoubtedly Canadian.

Mr. Phiggs. Well, Ma'am, it was such a beautiful imitation that I was deceived by it myself. I cannot say more.

Lady Customer. No But you will take less.

THE CURSE OF EDUCATION.

SCENE—A Scotch Moor.

TIME.—During the Recess recently interrupted by a Cabinet.

Chorus of Ministers.

WHEN, at length, our toils are ended,
Passing sweet to lie extended,
With a glass of "finest blended,"

'Mid our bulging bags of grouse :
'Passing sweet in halcyon weather,
Thus to lie and lunch together
Here amid the purple heather.

All oblivious of the House.

Passing sweet, too, this reflection,
Adding zest to our refection,
As we con the recollection

Of our midnight labours past :
By our prudent legislation,
We have saved the English nation
From the curse of education—
She is safe and sound at last.

Enter Chorus of Bairns.

Wee bit bairns frae schule are we—
Good little bairns as bairns can be ;
Learnin' the rudiments o' A B C—
Wee bittie bairns frae schule.

First Min. They sing, no doubt, expressing jubilation

To us who have effected their salvation
And saved them from the curse of
education.

Chorus of Bairns.

We are wantin' fine tae ken
Buiks an' a' thae things, for then.
Teacher says, we'll be guid men—
Wee bittie bairns frae schule.

First Min. What! you like school where you are caned and shaken?

Dear children, you are woefully mistaken!
We are your friends, and mean to fill
your cup

Of happiness by shutting schoolrooms up.

In good Queen BESS's golden days
No School Boards did their standards
raise.

The girls were merry maidens then,
And did not ape the ways of men ;
They did not trip to short-hand schools,
And type all day on office stools ;
They were not taught at school to dance,
Nor mispronounce the tongue of France.
They learnt to sew and scrub the floor,
And if they learn these things once
more,

So bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in Queen BESS's glorious days.

The boys were not all anxious then
To wield a junior-clerkly pen ;
They did not all to London come
To live in crowded court and slum ;
They did not starve on huns and teas
At inexpensive A. B. C.'s ;
They were not half of them *de trop*,
And all too old at forty—No !

They learnt to plough and saw and plane,
And if they learn these things again,
So bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in Queen BESS's glorious days.

Enter Chorus of Scotch Professors.

False Ministers, hold !

We have heard what you say,
And the views you unfold

Make our hair turn to grey ;
But we have a word for the children
Whom you would send empty away.

You would make us all ignorant, all,
As an ox that is kept in a stall,
But, thanks to CARNEGIE, your policy
plaguy

Is destined to come by a fall.

He's given us plenty of gold,
And so you will find yourselves sold,
For, in spite of your preaching, we'll
still go on teaching

Whatever there is to be told.

And unless you see fit to take heed
Of England's more clamorous need,
All Cabinet work'll be kept in a circle
That hails from the North of the Tweed.

First Min. Pooh! brats like those in ragged clothes?

A fig for your suggestion!

To think of these as sworn P.C.'s

Is quite beyond the question.

But let that be. This thought had we—

To save the British nation

From those pitfalls which HAROLD calls

The curse of education.

But since the sum is not to come

From us, why, spend your dollars

As suits your taste; yes, even waste

Them all upon your scholars!

[Exeunt Ministers.]

First Prof. We will! And you may go your ways,

Ye wicked old detractors!

Come, bairns, and join the song of praise

That unto thee we gladly raise,

O Prince of benefactors!

Long live the man whose noble plan

Has saved us from the chance

Of those pitfalls which Wisdom calls

The curse of ignorance.

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE—The Library at Hatfield. Discovered, Lord SALISBURY. To him enter A. W., exactly in the manner of W. A. in the "Pall Mall Magazine."

A. W. Good morning, my Lord. I hope I don't disturb you.

Lord S. Not at all. I was only having my usual doze after breakfast. But I always wake up about this time. What have you come for?

A. W. Oh, only for a little chat about things in general.

Lord S. That's very nice, I'm sure. I shall be delighted to hear anything you have to say.

A. W. It's the other way about. If you don't mind speaking, I'll listen.

Lord S. Oh, that's it, is it? What am I to speak about?

A. W. (eagerly). Well, my Lord, if you could give me your ideas on the situation?

Lord S. The situation of this house? As you see, it is not unpleasant. It would not become me to praise it in remarks intended for publication. In speeches it is usual for the speaker to refer to his "humble abode."

A. W. Oh, my Lord, you could hardly do that! When I said the situation, I meant public affairs.

Lord S. Taverns, and licences, and teetotalism, and such things? I really don't know much about them. A friend of my mine, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN—you may have heard of him—might give you some information. I believe there is a large establishment of the kind on some land of mine in London.

A. W. Yes, the Hotel Cecil. Talking of that, there was a very disrespectful application of that name to the Cabinet.

Lord S. Was there? What cabinet?

A. W. Your Cabinet, my Lord. But I really couldn't repeat it. As for the Cabinet—

Lord S. If you're interested in furniture, I've got some rather nice old cabinets in this house. The butler would show them to you.

A. W. You're very kind. But, as I was saying, as for the Cabinet and that idea of BOWLES—

Lord S. Ah, now you come to playing at bowls, I must confess I never cared for it. A nephew of mine, ARTHUR BALFOUR—you may have heard of him—is rather keen on games, and might give you some information. If I ever went to see a game I should fall asleep directly. The only thing that keeps me awake is a Brass-band Competition, or, perhaps, a Military Tournament.

A. W. As you mention military affairs, what do you think about BULL—?

Lord S. Talking about a bull, did you see the account of the one at Chelmsford which ran upstairs to the first floor of a house and tried to play on the piano?

A. W. (with concealed impatience). I did. But, as I was saying, what do you think about military matters? Have you studied those very complicated questions of War Office administration, and appointments to the commands of the three Army Corps? Do you still advocate rifle clubs? Have you thought out all these problems at Beaulieu? (A pause.) Why, I believe he's asleep.

Lord S. (opening his eyes). Beaulieu, did you say? Yes, it is a nice place. So quiet. Excuse me, what were you saying? I thought I was in the House of Lords, and you were making a speech.

A. W. Do you still advocate rifle clubs?

Lord S. I? I don't know anything about rifles. As for clubs, I sometimes go and have a little doze at the Carlton. It's so quiet.

A. W. Then, after rifle clubs, you were interested in the British Constitution.

Lord S. Ah yes. On an average it's a very good one. Of course there are invalids in all countries, but the people of these islands have a good constitution as a rule. Look how they stand extremes of climate in the colonies.

A. W. Talking of health, are you a conscientious objector yourself, and is Mr. BALFOUR one?

Lord S. Dear me, no! I never object to anything. Nor does ARTHUR. Much too much trouble.

A. W. And talking of colonies, it takes a long time to settle the fighting in South Africa. When do you think it will be finished? Probably you have abandoned the theory that it is already over. No doubt it is difficult to conquer what the *Times*, in the leading articles, always calls "guerrillas." One might mistake it for "gorillas." Of course the *Times* means "guerrilleros," only it doesn't know any Spanish. (A pause.) Dash it, he's asleep again!

Lord S. (opening his eyes). Spanish, did you say? You should see my Spanish onions. The finest in the county. The head gardener would show them to you.

A. W. (impatiently). Oh, thank you! But, as regards Spanish affairs, do you still think the same about decaying—?

Lord S. My Spanish onions aren't decaying. They're as strong as possible.

A. W. (growing desperate). I fear I weary you, without gaining much information. I should like to ask one more question. What about China?

Lord S. Well, there are some rather nice pieces in the other rooms. The housekeeper would show them to you.

A. W. No, no! I meant the Chinese Empire. I have read Pekin—

Lord S. Ah, I believe mine are Nankin Blue.

A. W. I fear I must be going.

Lord S. Must you really? So sorry you have to hurry away. I have quite enjoyed our little chat. Don't forget to see the pigs at the Home Farm as you go out. They're splendid. The finest in the county. Goodbye!

[Exit A. W.
H. D. B.]

DECLINING FORTUNES.

WHEN first to SWISH's we were sent,
Mere babes that scarce could stammer,
Our infant minds were ever bent
On Greek and Latin grammar;
And since that exercise in tense,
Life, with its pains and racks, is
One chapter long of accident
With lots of sin and taxes.



Miss Young (to Brown, who has just returned from his holidays). "BUT DID YOU NOT FEEL LONELY DOWN AT DESERT FARM?"

Brown. "OH NO. IT IS A CHARMING PLACE. BESIDES, I DID NOT GET UP BEFORE LUNCH. AND I SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY IN TOWN!"

Then *ho, ho*, to was all the go,
And though, when we had conned it,
We passed to other things, I know
Some never got beyond it.
What boots it that my classic quill
Pens essays bright and shining?
I find the editors are still
The articles declining.

If publishers I ask to con
The pick of my productions,
Their answers read like THOMSON on
The negative constructions.

Mere Jacks-in-office—well I know
The vanity that eats them—
Who lightly give a verdict, though
To parse a sentence beats them.

When all is wrong and credit low,
And dismal is existence,
Then to my maiden aunt I go
And beg for some assistance;
And when she hears my piteous cry,
Although, of course, she needn't,
This relative's attracted by
Its gentle Aunty-cedent.



Conductor (on "Elephant and Castle" route). "FARES, PLEASE!"
Fare. "TWO ELEPHANTS!"

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

NO. IV.—HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER.

(Concluded.)

IN many most alluring things
At which a mild man winces
He shone, this intimate of kings,
This bosom-friend of princes.
In fact, of those who played with Fate,
And boldly sought to boss it e'er,
No man was ever half so great
As HERBERT WELLESLEY ROSSITER.
He owned a private troupe of Poers,
And many a trick he taught them;
He always thought in hemispheres,
And very often bought them.
He took a massive size in hats,
His head was so Titanic;
He drank his beer and wine from vats;
His feasts were Aldormanic.
He travelled fast in special trains
Wherever he was able;

While other men wore Albert chains,
He much preferred a cable.
Time had a value in his eyes,
And so its course he reckon'd
By watches of a soup-plate size
That struck each separate second.
Some simple thing like "dash" or
"zounds"

He said—he found it noted:
He would have paid a million pounds
To be less widely quoted.
If ever he should chance to chaff,
Or if his looks seemed solemn,
In paragraph on paragraph
And column after column
He found it down as "Painful News,"
Or "Smiles that may console us,"
Or thus—"The Banner interviews
The Owner of Pactolus."
His team of minor poets hymned
His praise in rather puny verse:
If anything, their efforts dimmed
A man who ran the universe.

If asked to read their stuff himself,
He muttered fiercely, "Slow it!"
As great men do, he paid the pelf,
But much despised the poet.
Though other folk he far surpassed,
He did not ask to do so:
He had no wish to grow so vast;
He simply went and grew so.
He never knew a single need;
Some men whose day is over
Must go to grass or run to seed:—
He always lived in clover.
At last, while all men owned him great,
His very greatness bored him;
Of fame and wealth this overweight
No pleasure could afford him.
"My millions I must spend," said he;
"No more I'll try to pillo' em."
He went and built a gallery,
And founded an asylum.
He made a little private war,
And very ill he made it;
His army was a large one, for
He punctually paid it.
He advertised himself as one
Who answered begging letters;
He gave a cheque to every dun
Who troubled needy debtors.
He took a trip to Monaco,
And, though he had no mascot,
He couldn't waste enough, and so
He tried his luck at Ascot.
And yet he failed to tire his star,
Although the man was clever,
And, as I write, is richer far
And wretcheder than ever.

R. C. L.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Military Pantechnicon, with Contents."
One of the regulation furniture-removing
vans which used to form part of a
British mobile column. It will be observed
that this indispensable regimental adjunct
contains every requisite necessary to the
success of a flying expedition from a social
and sporting point of view. It weighs
barely forty tons, and was a marvel of
departmental forethought. Every taste
was catered for. We may note a couple
of billiard tables (one English and the
other foreign, for prisoners' amusement),
a water-roller for cricket pitches, a steam
roundabout, and boat-swings for juvenile
and female enemies, an orchestra for
"sing-songs," a complete set of the
Encyclopædia Britannica, and all the back
files of the *Times* for the studious, a
SMITH'S bookstall for the more frivolous,
a Christmas-tree for children "on the
strength," and a number of sets of a game
known as "ping-pong," which seemingly
enjoyed great popularity about this time.
The whole appears to have been drawn by
a couple of traction-engines, and to have
contributed not a little to the entertain-
ment of all parties. This exhibit was
recaptured from a Boer laager five miles
from Cape Town.



London, November 6, 1901.

THE GUILDHALL BANQUET;

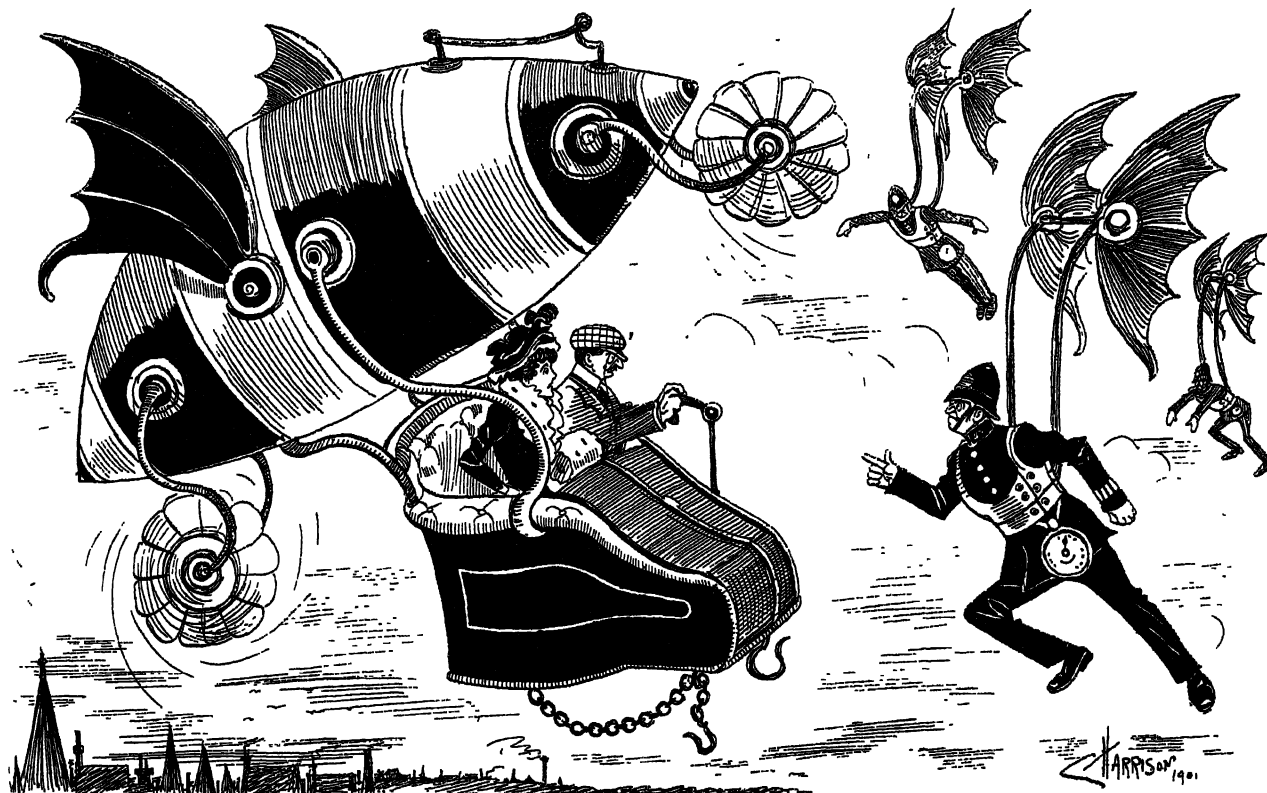
OR, THE SPEECH REHEARSED.

Lord Burleigh . . LORD S-L-S-E RY. Sneer . . SIR H. C-M-P-B-L-L-B-N-N-R-M-A-N. Puff . . MR. J-S-P-H C-H-M-B-E-L-N.

(Lord Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and exit.)

SNEER. "NOW, PRAY WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?"

PUFF. "WHY, BY THAT SHAKE OF THE HEAD HE GAVE YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT EVEN THOUGH THEY HAD MORE JUSTICE IN THEIR CAUSE AND WISDOM IN THEIR MEASURES, YET, IF THERE WAS NOT A GREATER SPIRIT SHOWN ON THE PART OF THE PEOPLE, THE COUNTRY WOULD AT LAST FALL A SACRIFICE TO THE HOSTILE AMBITION OF THEIR ENEMIES."—*The Critic*, Act III., Scene 1.



INCREASED ACTIVITY OF THE POLICE.

A Possibility of the very near future.

P.C. X. (of the A. or Aerial Division.) "NOW THEN, THIRTY MILES AN HOUR WON'T DO UP HERE! I'VE TIMED YOU WITH MY ANEROID BAROMETRICAL CHECK CLOCK, AND YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN TO THE STATION!"

PARTURIUNT MONTES.

[The Playgoers have at last selected the play which Mr. ALEXANDER is to produce according to agreement. According to the President, it makes some small approach to human nature.]

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed desks of Grub Street bear:
Full many a play is typed to blush unseen,
And waste its Attic wit on garret air.

Beneath obscurity's dark bushel set
What shining lights may burn to little good!
What mute inglorious SHAKESPEARE here may fret,
What BYRON guiltless of his *Manfred's* blood!
But to their names unknown the jealous stage
Her closely-guarded door declines to open;
Chill managers repress their noble rage,
And ruthlessly forbid them e'en to hope.

PINERO, JONES and GRUNDY, who are they
That theirs is fame fast-founded as a rock?
Has Thespis made them his high priests to-day,
And whispered all the secrets of the sock?

Is there none other left that might retrieve
The great traditions of our greatest art?
No SHAKESPEARE, JONSON, MASSINGER, CONGREVE,
In nameless greatness eating out his heart?

PINERO, JONES and GRUNDY, ye shall see
That there are other dramatists than you,
And ye shall yield, monopolising Three,
The greater place to greater genius due.

Your vested interest, and that alone,
The course of merit shall no longer mar,

And youth, to fortune and to fame unknown,
Shall dare to dawn as a dramatic star.

Envoy.

With labour infinite our task is done:
The great unacted have produced a play
Which may be safely guaranteed to run
Unbroken through a trial *matinée*.

[ADVT.]

LOST. AN APPETITE. It was in a normally healthy condition up to the night of Monday last, when, after a late supper it suddenly disappeared, and did not return during the day following. It is a fairly big specimen of its class, and regular in its habits, but, if away from home and not properly treated at stated times, it is apt to become fierce and ravenous. When in this condition it is dangerous to itself, being of suicidal tendencies, as well as to those who may attempt to satisfy its excessive demands. Anyone finding it is entreated to restore it with all possible despatch to its owner, by whom he will be handsomely rewarded. Failing of success in recovering the aforesaid lost appetite (a very good one, and of no possible use to any one except its owner), whoever will provide the present advertiser with a thoroughly fresh, healthy, and first-rate appetite, or with that variety known as a "really splendid appetite," serviceable for all occasions, and ready for active service whenever called upon, without the present advertiser having to walk, or ride, long distances in search of it, will receive a *carte blanche* invitation for one year to all the dinners given by "GOURMET." Address, "Stuffard Hall, Monmouth."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



Renaissance Types, by W. S. LILLY (T. FISHER UNWIN), has given us a most interesting work, written in a thoroughly judicial spirit. Each character is summed up with perfect impartiality. Of the five "types," the one that above all others must appeal to everyone, no matter what may be his nationality or his religion, is Sir THOMAS MORE, the touching story of whose simple faith and loyalty is here admirably given as a plain unvarnished tale which none can read unmoved. The calm, unostentatious way in which Mr. LILLY occasionally turns aside to give Mr. FROUDE a severe rap over the knuckles and sometimes "one for his nob"—well deserved in every instance—serves as a light diversion to the reader from the more serious matter in hand. His MICHAEL ANGELO is picturesque without sacrificing truth to effect; "while Mr. LILLY on LUTHER reminds me," quoth the Baron, "of that 'honest chronicler,' GRIFFITH, pronouncing his epitaph on Cardinal WOLSEY."

Cavalier and Puritan (SMITH ELDER) presents an interesting page of history compiled from the private papers and diary of Sir RICHARD NEWDIGATE. It is supplemented by extracts from MS. news-letters addressed to him from London between the years 1675 and 1689. There is nothing new under the sun, not even the ubiquitous London Correspondent. My Baronite finds the progenitor of the artist of to-day sitting down in his favourite coffee-house, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, inditing his weekly or fortnightly letter. These were not published in the provincial press for the reason that, like the Spanish Fleet on a critical occasion, "it was not yet in sight." The subscribers were country gentlemen desirous of being kept informed how the world wagged in the great Metropolis, and ready to pay for the luxury at the rate of 25s. a quarter. The extracts made by Lady NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE are profoundly interesting, by simplest touches lifting the veil from social life in England when CHARLES THE SECOND was king. Drinking, duelling, varied by the diversion of assassination, were the principal occupations of the gentlemen of England. Here is a specimen of the news of the day and of the severely unadorned style of the London Correspondent in 1675:—"A gentleman this evening was brought by a coach to the Castle Tavern door, in Fleet Street, who, going into the house before he had satisfied the coachman, he called on the gentleman for his money, who, instead thereof, killed him, and is committed to prison." The nominatives are a little mixed. But the "instead thereof" rivals the famous "instead of which, you go about the country stealing ducks" of the English judge. The fascinating volume is enriched by an engraving of a portrait of Sir RICHARD, painted by Sir PETER LELY. From a letter cited, it appears that Sir PETER's price for such work was £40. But then "becfe is now at the dearest; one with another it is three pence halfe peny a pound."

Who among the Baron's friends will not be grateful to him for telling them where they will be certain to enjoy a hearty laugh? So not to keep them in suspense, the Baron hastens to assure them that they cannot do better than become the happy possessors of *Light Freights*, by W. W. JACOBS (METHUEN & Co.), which is a "jolly companion volume" to the same amusing author's inimitable *Many Cargoes*. No one equals, much less surpasses, Mr. JACOBS in this line of business, which he has made peculiarly his own. If the Baron has previously come across some of them, he is only too delighted to renew their acquaintance in such excellent company. It is one of the most laughter-moving books the Baron has come across since he read the same author's *Sea Urchins* and afore-mentioned *Many Cargoes*. The only grim intruder into this merry company is "Jerry Bundler," a story that might have been omitted with advantage.

For a well-told and exciting story, which can be picked up and read within the limits of a wet day, or on the night of a fine one, *A Social Pretender*, by WINIFRED GRAHAM (JOHN LONG), can be recommended by my Junioresst Baronitess. The interest is, on the whole, well sustained, in spite of the story being rather spun out.

Mexico as I Saw It (HURST AND BLACKETT) is the title of the record of Mrs. ALCO TWEEDIE's latest jaunt. She "saw it" under exceedingly favourable circumstances. Armed with an introduction to the President, she was welcomed with more than Mexican warmth. Not content with offering the hospitality of the Presidential residence, the President communicated with the authorities on the traveller's route up country, with the result that she was received with almost regal honours. Naturally, she has a high opinion of the President, whom she hails as "the greatest man of the nineteenth century." A born traveller, ready, when occasion compelled, to put up with hardships and short commons, Mrs. TWEEDIE took cheerfully to the private cars provided for her on the railways, to the semi-official banquets, and to life in palaces. She travelled all over Mexico, as usual with her eyes wide open. Her pictures of home life and street life are made more vivid by a collection of admirable photographs taken on the spot. Travellers who may not have Mrs. TWEEDIE's exceptional advantages will be comforted to learn that the best written chapter in the book is the second, giving an account of life on a Mexican ranch. That was written on the threshold of the journey, before discovery was made of the supremacy of President DIAZ.

Barbara West, by KEIGHLEY SNOWDON (JOHN LONG), would be a pathetic story were not the heroine, *Barbara*, a poor creature obviously responsible for her own misfortunes. Her redeeming quality is her generous disposition. My Junioresst Baronitess can see neither point nor moral in this novel, which, after all, is of a rather commonplace character.

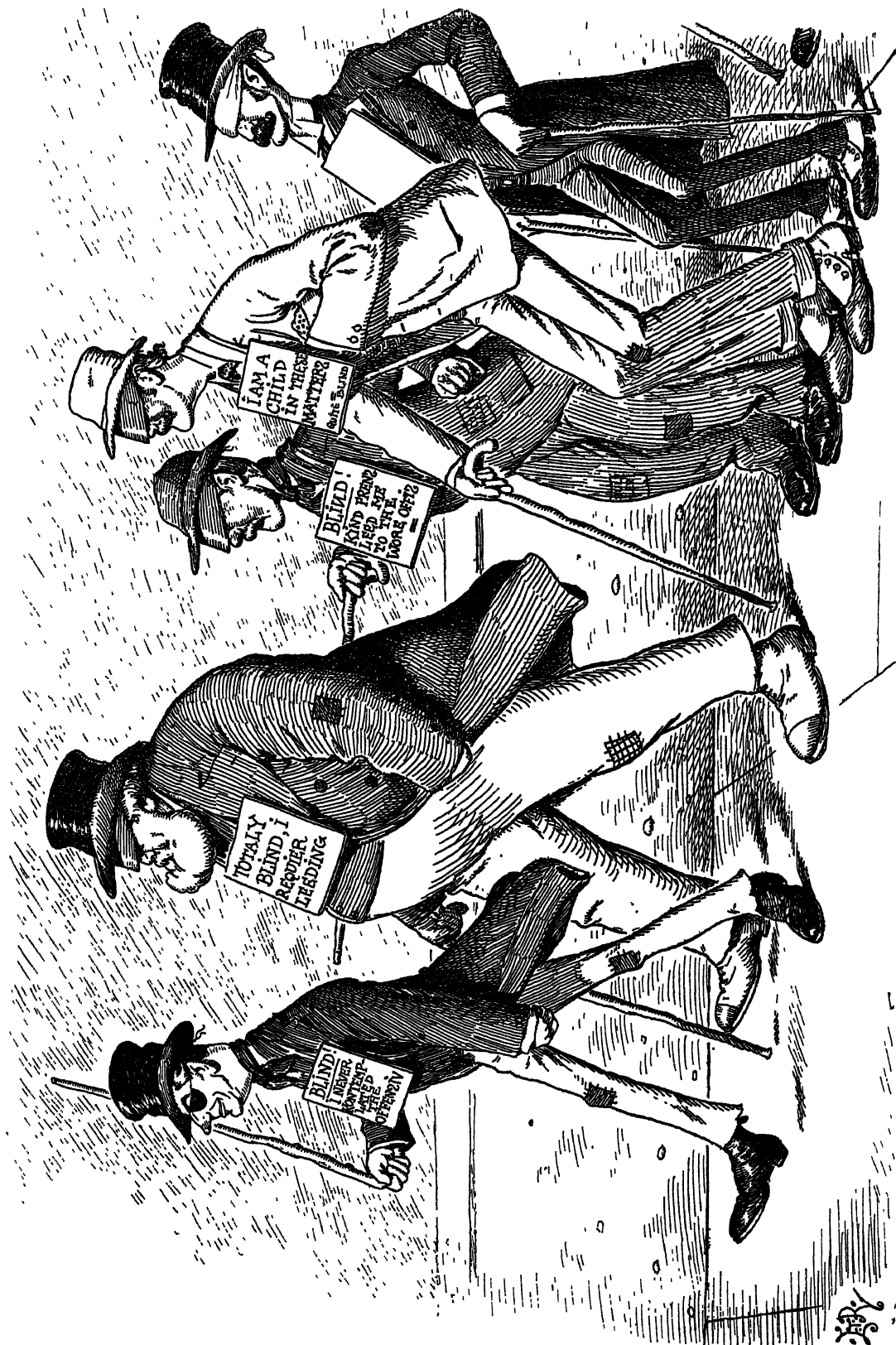
An Occasional Critic in the employment of the Baron asks permission to say that he has read *The Glowworm*, by MAY BATEMAN (WILLIAM HEINEMANN), with a great deal of pleasure. Here and there a little mystical and not quite so luminous as its title would suggest. But on the whole, a clever, well-written story. The Occasional Critic humbly adds his meed of praise. Miss MAY BATEMAN will do better work in the future. For the moment, however, her present is open to some criticism—but not much.

Not a few Burlesque imitations of GEORGE MEREDITH, the Great Involvolist's peculiar style, have from time to time appeared,—and to note this fact is to pay an unmistakable tribute to the ever-increasing popularity of this masterful novelist,—but the Baron can only recall a passage in one of them so perfect as is Mr. R. C. LEHMANN's brief and most absurdly nonsensical "per-version," entitled *Lord Ormont's Mate*, which, with *The Adventures of Picklock Holes* (from *Punch*) and *The Pink Hippopotamus*, now appears in one volume, published by Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co. The book is humorously illustrated by the much daring E. T. REED, and the carefully comic E. J. WHEELER. THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—Somestudious little bookworm will be fascinated with *The Reign of King Cole* (J. M. DENT & Co.), edited by J. M. GIBBON; containing as it does "the true annals of Fairyland." To the much-discussed Fiddlers Three is credited the singing or relating of these tales at ye court of the merriest monarch of ancient renown. This erudite collection possesses the charm of finding old friends bound together anew in the happiest style. There are delightful pictures in nearly every page by CHARLES ROBINSON.



QUOTATION WITH OMITTED PUNCTUATION.—"Lest we forget" RUDYARD KIPLING." Not much chance of forgetting Mr. R. K. as long as advertising may be considered as a fine art.



POLITICALLY BLIND OR (UN)INTELLIGENT (NON)ANTICIPATORS.

(As seen by Mr. J-ha M-r-l-y, and, possibly, by others.)

CH-MD-IL-N.

S-L-SB-RY.

BR-DR-CK.

B-U-R.

J-N-D-W-N-E.

"They drifted along to the edge of the black unfathomable abyss in ignorance of where it was they were drifting to. . . . It is true, the Government say, that whenever our foresight and our knowledge could be tested we have shown blindness, short-sightedness at all events, and ignorance. It follows from this that, whenever we cannot be tested in the future, you are bound to trust us implicitly and without asking questions."—Mr J. Morley at *Airbroath*.

THOMPSON ON "TINNED COW."

II.

MYSELF, though I despise all girls, I never hated one worse than this. The least a girl can be at any time is harmless; but MILLY DUNSTAN was brimful of trickery, and, just because her eyes were accidentally blue, thought she could score off everybody and everything. Not that she ever scored off me. She knew that I barred her altogether, and scorned me in consequence, and called me "Master THOMPSON" to make me waxy, me being only about four months younger than her.

She got his mother's pet name for him out of "Tinned Cow," and called him by it in secret. Not that I ever heard it, or wanted to. And she also gave out that anybody calling him "Tinned Cow" any more would be her enemy; and one or two chaps were feeble enough actually to stop.

MILLY DUNSTAN wrecked his character. Before, he'd been as keen as knives about sport and so on, and there is no doubt that he would have got into the second footer team next term if GREGSON Minor had passed his exam. for the "Britannia." But MILLY DUNSTAN didn't care a straw about footer, though she understood cricket fairly well for a girl; and so "Tinned Cow," like a fool, gave up all hope of getting on at footer, at which he promised to be some use, and went in like mad for cricket, at which he never could be any earthly good whatever. And that made another row, because MILLY promised to walk twice round old DUNSTAN's private garden with STREET, the captain of the third eleven (cricket), if he'd give "Tinned Cow" a trial in an unimportant match; and STREET said, "Right." And they went, during prep., and it happened that the Doctor, coming out of his greenhouse, caught them; and STREET got five hundred lines; which naturally made him in such a bate, thinking it was a trap, that he refused to try "Tinned Cow" for ever.

I'm sure I did all I could, for, though I'd lost any feeling for him since he let this girl sit on him, still I was his chum once. And I tried to save him, and asked him, many a time and oft, why he let his life be spoilt by a skimpy girl. And he said that it was her skimpiness he liked, for she put him in mind of his sister—only his sister was smaller, and, of course, had squashed feet. To see a girl who can walk about seems to be a great treat to the Chinese; so what for they let theirs all squash their feet, Heaven only knows.

"Tinned Cow" confessed to me that MILLY DUNSTAN was pretty sharp, and had been reading up all about China in one of the Doctor's books. In fact, he confessed also that she knew a lot more about China in general than he did. And some things she liked, and some she didn't; and especially the marriage customs she didn't like; and she told "Tinned Cow" that unless he let her father marry them in a proper Christian church, it was off. So he promised: and he also promised, though very reluctantly, not to say a word about it to Doctor DUNSTAN until he got to be head of the Sixth and the School. But he knew that at the rate he was going, he would never get there till he was at least fifty years old. And sons of Mandarins marry very early indeed in their own country—as soon as they like, in fact—so "Tinned Cow" promised reluctantly. Then he took to working and swatting; yet all his swatting only got him into the lower Fourth in three terms. Then, seeing what a lot it meant getting into the Sixth, and what a frightful thing it was, especially for a foreigner, to do it, "Tinned Cow" fell back upon the customs of his country; and his methods of cribbing were certainly fine and new. But they couldn't do everything, and he tried still other Chinese customs in an arithmetic exam. and attempted to bribe old THWAITES with two weeks' pocket money—a pound, in fact—if he would arrange to let him get enough marks to go up a form. Of course, everybody knew old THWAITES had a wife and about ten children at Merivale and, though a Sixteenth Wrangler in olden times, was at present frightfully hard up in secret. But what is a paltry pound to a

Sixteenth Wrangler? Anyway THWAITES raged with great fierceness and took "Tinned Cow" to the Doctor: and as the Doctor hates strategy of this kind, he made it hot for "Tinned Cow" and flogged him pretty badly. I asked if it hurt, being the first time the Doctor had ever flogged him, and he said the only thing that hurt was the horrid feeling that he'd offered too little to THWAITES. He said that in his country, and especially among Mandarins, offering too little was almost as great a crime as offering too much, and that he deserved to be flogged on the feet as well as elsewhere. He said that his father was such a good judge of people that he always offered just the right sum; and he felt certain that in the case of THWAITES not a penny less than ten pounds ought to have been offered. It was the known hard-uppishness of THWAITES that made him think a pound would do; but now, seeing what a little way money seemed to go with a man, he felt about the only chap within reach of being bribed was the drill sergeant; and of course he couldn't help "Tinned Cow" to get into the Sixth. Besides, the drill sergeant had fought in China in his young days, and he had a sort of war-like repugnance against "Tinned Cow" that would have taken at least gold to get over.

So things went on until the arrival of the sweets from China; and they were all right, though "Tinned Cow" told me that she wasn't as keen about them as he expected, or at any rate pretended not to be. The truth is that some of the very swaggiest Chinese sweets take nearly a lifetime thoroughly to like; and by the time that MILLY began to feel the remarkable beauty of this sort, she'd finished them. However, she was fairly just—for her, and didn't throw the beggar over before the taste of the last sweet was out of her mouth, as you might have expected. In fact, she kept friendly for a matter of several weeks; and then she began to get rather sick of his Chinese ways—so she said—and cool off towards him, even though in his despair he promised her idols and fireworks and many things that probably wouldn't have been sent even if he'd written home for them.

But Chinese chaps have quite different ideas to English chaps, owing to their bringing-up, and things we utterly bar and consider caddish, such as sneaking, a Chinese chap will do freely without the least idea he is making a beast of himself. I didn't know this, or else I should never have allowed "Tinned Cow" to be my chum, but at last I discovered the fatal truth; and the worst of it was that he sneaked against a bitter enemy of mine, called FORRESTER, thinking that he was doing a right and proper thing towards me.

This chap FORRESTER I hated for many reasons, but chiefly because he'd beaten me, by about ten marks only, in a Scripture exam. owing to knowing the names of the father and mother of MOSES, which are not generally known. I always had a fixed idea, funnily enough, that MOSES was the son of PHARAOH's daughter; and I said so, and I added, as a shot—for shots often come off, though they are dangerous—that Holy Writ was silent concerning the father of MOSES. And the Doctor hates a shot that misses, frightfully, so I had to write out the whole business of MOSES fifty times, till I was sick of the very name of him; whereas FORRESTER won the prize. Well, this FORRESTER kept sardines in his desk and ate them during Monsieur MICHEL's class. But some, already opened, he forgot for several weeks. And these—being doubtful of them when he found them again—he gave to MILLY DUNSTAN's Persian kitten; and "Tinned Cow" saw h.m. Well, the kitten showed that FORRESTER was quite right to be doubtful about the sardines by dying. It disappeared from that very hour, and was believed to have gone next door to die, as cats are generally very unwilling to die in their own homes, and always go next door to do so, curious to say. And MILLY was in an awful bate when "Tinned Cow" told her, thinking it would please me; whereas, if anything could have made me get friends with FORRESTER it would have been to know he'd scored off MILLY DUNSTAN. But her rage against

FORRESTER was pretty frightful—especially, she said, because a boy whose strong point was Scripture could have done this thing; and she made "Tinned Cow" tell the Doctor; and such was his piffing weakness where she was concerned, that he did. But old DUNSTAN, who hated cats, said it was a case of circumstantial evidence—whatever that is—and the proofs of the cat's death were too slight, seeing the body couldn't be found, and remembering a cat's power of eating sardines, even when a bit off. Then he turned against "Tinned Cow," and told him that the character of an informer ill became any pupil of DUNSTAN's, and that to try and undo a fellow-student might be Oriental but was not English, and so on—all in words that you can find in Dictionaries, but nowhere else that I ever heard of.

Which showed the Doctor wasn't so keen about "Tinned Cow" as he used to be, and that was chiefly because "Tinned Cow's" younger brother was not coming to be educated in England after all, as Doctor DUNSTAN had hoped, but was going to Germany instead. E. P.

(To be continued.)

THE ARTIST UP TO DATE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am not alluding to a Royal Academician, or even to a talented scene painter, such as Mr. FRED STOREY or Mr. BANKS, by the above heading, but to the common or garden limner—the latter is a very fitting term, for reasons which I shall now, with your permission, proceed to show, in the fervent hope that you, Sir, may help me to get hold of an automatic or mechanical layer-on of pigment.

It happened a short time ago that the little house which I occupy with my wife and family required, under my lease, an exterior redecoration. I accordingly summoned to my assistance the firm of Messrs. MAHL AND SONS. Five eminent gentlemen appeared on the following morning at the hour of six. They conversed in the tone of voice which distinguishes the melodrama of commerce, and, in so far as I can judge, without laying myself open to an action for libel, breakfasted off the plums and apples in my orchard.

At 8.30, however, my spouse, a nervous woman with a heart like an indifferent telephone, requested me somewhat imperiously to look into the kitchen and ascertain the reason of certain shouts of laughter, not unaccompanied with the rattling of boots, proceeding from the spot of culinary culture. The guild of five artists, when I entered the kitchen, were engaged, together with the cook, housemaid and nurse, in a dance not unlike that known as an Irish jig. Of course, on my appearance these Terpsichorean revels ceased, and the foreman, a most polite personage, assured me that it was only due to the cold condition of the feet of himself and his worthy associates that

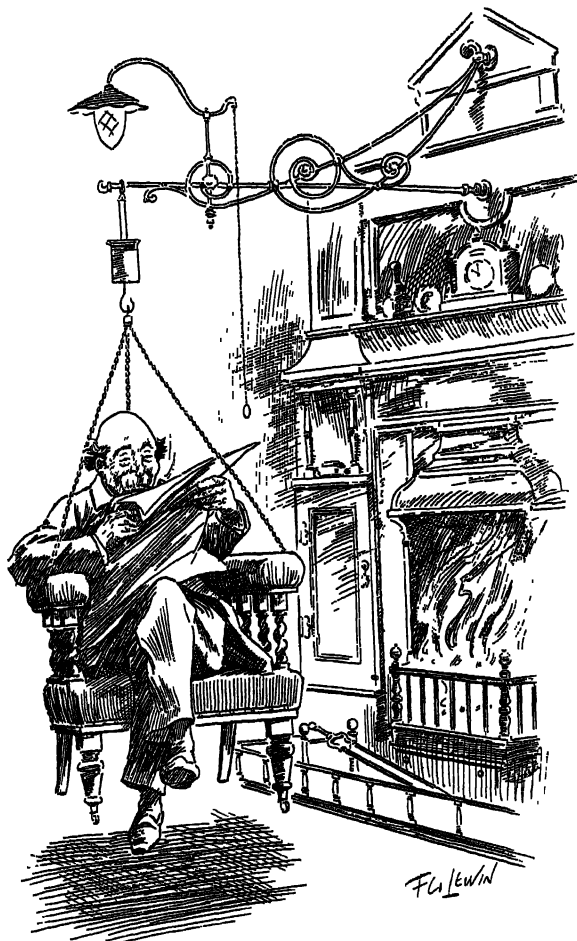
any shuffling of feet had occurred. The smell of hot rashers, the frizzling of eggs and the bubbling of coffee convinced me that this outspoken man was correct in his definition of the atmosphere, which, I am constrained to say, has never changed since that memorable morning, judging by sounds with which I have never ventured to make nearer acquaintance. But it has been impossible for me not to note that the chances of certain race horses (when the artists are wandering about my little pleasure) afford them infinite interest, and I should be lacking in courtesy to the brewer who supplies me with ale if I did

not state that someone other than myself did not appreciate the quality of his malt and hops.

When the probable and possible winners of the races of the day have been discussed and decided, the burst of minstrelsy is unanimous among the festive five, but it is not always harmonious. Two of the limners whistle through their teeth, two others sing selections from the *Emerald Isle*, and the fifth—I think he must be the foreman—has a distant conception of the *Conspirators' Chorus* from *La Fille de Madame Angot*.

I should not complain of the conduct of my pictorial benefactors were it not that they will not go, for the excellent reason that they do not complete their labour. The red-headed foreman has a knack of assembling his four bandit-companions after they lay on a thin coat of evil-smelling material over a shutter, and saying, "Well, boys, how does that look? Give me your opinion." They always do. It means a return to the kitchen and the beer barrel.

You may, perhaps, have remarked that I have no male servant. But since this renovation, the disappearance of my tobacco has been phenomenal. I think that the gentler sex, when in service, is often too generous. Meantime, what am I to do? I can only ask you, Sir, to find the mechanical medium for having a cottage



THE BOTTLE-JACK OVERMANTEL—

ATTACHABLE TO READING OR ANY EASY CHAIR; RECOMMENDED TO THOSE WHO ARE WANTING A LUXURIOUS "ALL-ROUND" WARM AT THE FIRESIDE DURING THE COMING WINTER EVENINGS.

repainted. Will you think this out with Professor EDISON or Sir H. MAXIM? and greatly oblige,

Your distressed Servant,
Bunthorpe Cottage,
East Toad-in-the-Hole, Somersetshire.

OLIVER KANDEL.

NEW LEGAL APPOINTMENTS.—Who are the unfortunate persons whose names are "in the Black Books" of Lincoln's Inn? Let them hasten to secure the good offices of Sir EDWARD CLARKE, who has recently been appointed "Keeper of the Black Books" to this Honourable Society. And, should anyone wish to acquire the graces of deportment when out for a stroll, let him apply for a lesson to Lord MACNAGHTEN, who has been appointed "Master of the Walks."



'OI BE EIGHTY-FOIVE, ZUR."

"DEAR ME! YOU DON'T LOOK IT. AND HOW OLD IS YOUR WIFE?"

"OH, SHE BE EIGHTY-FOIVE TOO. BUT SHE 'VE LOOKED IT FER THE LAST FOWERTY YEAR!"

THE WOOLIN' O'T.

[N rthern Universities address a distinguished individual.]

WITH all our faculties and arts
We come, Sir, courting thee;
Ah! grant the longing of our hearts,
And our Lord Rector be.
Our principals are at thy feet—
Oh! could we only see
From thine the interest so sweet
That ours do take in thee!

O man of steel, be wax to-day!
On thee our hopes are built;

Come, join our company, we pray:
Promote us as thou wilt.
No check that thou canst give will make
Thy woovers draw the line;
Medicine itself will gladly take
A little draught of thine.

Already, Sir, thou art enrolled
Among our LL.D.'s,
And therefore do our hopes grow bold
To win thee by degrees.
The cap is waiting for thy brow,
The robe is ready here—
O peerless in investments thou,
In vestments now appear!

A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

A. and B. meet face to face in St. Martin's Lane.

A. My friend, you look very weary.

B. Yes, I am weary indeed.

A. What is the cause of the deep melancholy that seems to overwhelm you?

B. I have been doing a theatre with a new piece. I am perplexed and fatigued.

A. Ah, then you have seen *The Sentimentalist* at the Duke of York's?

B. I have. It was hard to bear. Very hard indeed when the two heroes—one middle-aged, the other juvenile—told of their early unsatisfactory lives to heroine No. 2.

A. But surely heroine No. 2 was greatly shocked?

B. She could not have been. For according to her own account she had read books—ahem—not usually obtainable at SMITH'S or MUDIE'S.

A. And did not she accept a satyr Duke in revenge?

B. Yes—yes—yes! A sad story. But it was redeemed by the capital murder of the satyr Duke by that most excellent of players, MR. LEWIS WALLER.

A. You say it was a good murder?

B. A very good one indeed. Something in scratches, with a poisoned dagger thrown in. A most excellent murder. The victim died with a cigar in his mouth in great agony. Most effective.

A. And did not heroine No. 1 confess to weighing thirteen stone?

B. Only in the play. In the prologue she was much slimmer. She looked very young—in the prologue.

A. And MR. LEWIS WALLER, did he not look also very young—in the prologue?

B. He looked younger in the play. In the play he might have passed for thirty, or even twenty-five. But he did not look so young in the prologue.

A. Would you care to see the play again?

B. Well, no; although it is well written. Stay—I think I would like to see the murder of the Duke again. It was very effective to see him die with a cigar in his mouth in great agony. It was not totally unlike the death of the fellow in *The Cat and the Cherub*. Yes, I would like to see that again. I would like to see the Duke dying in tortures with a cigar in his mouth.

A. But would you—adopting the Chinese suggestion—like to see that sombre incident twice daily for a thousand years?

B. (after mature deliberation). No, I do not think I would. But now I must leave you. After the dismal play I want cheering up.

A. But where will you go to be cheered up?

B. As I must be cheered up gradually, I shall go—in the first instance—to the School of Mines in Jermyn Street.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

THE YOUNG NOVELIST'S GUIDE TO MEDICINE.

CHLOROFORM. Invaluable to writers of sensational stories. Every high-class fictionary criminal carries a bottle in his pocket. A few drops, spread on a handkerchief and waved within a yard of the hero's nose, will produce a state of complete unconsciousness lasting for several hours, within which time his pockets may be searched at leisure. This property of chloroform, familiar to every expert novelist, seems to have escaped the notice of the medical profession.

CONSUMPTION. The regulation illness for use in tales of mawkish pathos. Very popular some years ago, when the heroine made farewell speeches in blank verse, and died to slow music. Fortunately, however, the public has lost its fondness for work of this sort. Consumption at its last stage is easily curable (in novels) by the re-appearance of a hero supposed to be dead. Two pages later, the heroine will gain strength in a way which her doctors—not unnaturally—will describe as "perfectly marvellous." And in the next chapter the marriage-bells will ring.

DOCTOR. Always include a doctor among your characters. He is quite easy to manage, and invariably will belong to one of these three types: (a) The eminent specialist. Tall, imperturbable, urbane. Only comes incidentally into the story. (b) Young, bustling, energetic. Not much practice, and plenty of time to look after other people's affairs. Hard-headed and practical. Often the hero's college friend. Should be given a pretty girl to marry in the last chapter. (c) The old family doctor. Benevolent, genial, wise. Wears gold spectacles, which he has to take off and wipe at the pathetic parts of the book.

FEVER. A nice, useful term for fictionary illnesses. It is best to avoid mention of specific symptoms, beyond that of "a burning brow," though, if there are any family secrets which need to be revealed, delirium is sure to supervene at a later stage. *Arthur Pendennis*, for instance, had fictional "fever," and baffled doctors have endeavoured ever since to find out what really was the matter with him. "Brain-fever," again, is unknown to the medical faculty, but you may safely afflict your intellectual hero with it. The treatment of fictionary fever is quite simple, consisting solely of frequent doses of grapes and cooling drinks. These will be brought to the sufferer by the heroine, and these simple remedies administered in this way have never been known to fail.

FRACTURE. After one of your characters has come a cropper in the hunting-field he will be taken on a hurdle to the nearest house: usually, by a strange coincidence, the heroine's home. And he

will be said to have sustained "a compound fracture"—a vague description which will quite satisfy your readers.

GOUT. An invaluable disease to the humorist. Remember that heroes and heroines are entirely immune from it, but every rich old uncle is bound to suffer from it. The engagement of his niece to an impecunious young gentleman invariably coincides with a sharp attack of gout. The humour of it all is, perhaps, a little difficult to see, but it never fails to tickle the public.

HEART-DISEASE. An excellent complaint for killing off a villain. If you wish to pave the way for it artistically, this is

the recognised method. On page 100 he will falter in the middle of a sentence, grow pale, and press his hand sharply to his side. In a moment he will have recovered, and will assure his anxious friends that it is nothing. But the reader knows better. He has met the same premonitory symptom in scores of novels, and he will not be in the least surprised when, on the middle of page 250, the villain suddenly drops dead. A. C. D.

A CURIOUS FACT.—Property is generally converted into ducks and drakes by members of the goose family.



"WHAT IS IT, MUMMIE DEAR?"

"A MUMMY, DEAR."

PEGASUS ON THE WAR-PATH.

[The reader is referred to an article in the *Daily Chronicle* of November 6, on "The Question of Mobility: A Comparison of British and Boer Methods."]

DEAR Friend of Animals, I write^{very}
To let you know my parlous plight;
Behold in me a living corse
That used to be a British horse.

You will, I'm sure, be glad to know
Just why my health has got so low;
And how unfair it is to me
To mock my immobility.

At home they kept me sleek and fat,
And stroked me like a pussy-cat;
I never had to sit up late
Or carry any dreadful weight.

They gave me, in between supplies,
A little healthy exercise,
Not more, not even on review,
Than I could comfortably do.

But here I hardly ever feel
Quite certain of a solid meal;
They make me march (this *can't* be right)
At any hour of day or night.

I barely have the breath to groan
Beneath my two-and-twenty stone,
Including blanket, tent, and sack
Of ornamental *bric-à-brac*.

Sometimes, to give the mules a change,
I wear a model kitchen-range,
And count it lucky not to find
A grand piano up behind.

We trek a dozen miles or so
Till dawn reveals the sleeping foe;
Then halt in line, and mustn't stir,
But wait for something to occur.

My rider sits me like a rock
From five to eight (or nine) o'clock;
The rules forbid his getting off
To ease my flanks and let me cough.

My withers wrung, my belly void,
Each minute makes me more annoyed,
Until at last he leaps to earth
Only to tighten up my girth.

After a quiet time in bed
The Boers, by this, have breakfasted;
The same is true of all their gees,
Which makes them feel as fit as fleas.

Refreshed by slumber, grass and meat,
They bustle off in full retreat;
And when they've gone a league or two
We are invited to pursue.

The regulations don't allow
That we should reason why or how;
And so we lurch along their track
With awful aches about the back.

At times I sink my patriot pride
And wish I were the other side;
From all I hear, in point of feed
They do you very well indeed.

Besides, they have a pretty touch,
And never load you overmuch;
The biltong's weight is very small,
And really hardly counts at all.

They ride, in fact, at fourteen *nett*,
And every man is born a vet.;
Some captured ponies whom I know
Distinctly said that this was so.

They ride at large with loosish rein
Which saves the neck from needless pain,
And lets you see the shocking pits
That break our prancers' legs to bits.

A moment's halt behind a kop—
Saddles are off and bridles drop;
And there you browse in perfect ease,
Or sit and smile just where you please.

No doubt, a Dutchman can't afford
Virtues that are their own reward,
But he has learned some little ways
Of showing kindness where it pays.

With us—the boast is often made—
We fight as if upon parade:
From certain silly points of view
This is, unfortunately, true.

Indeed, I heard a foreign blood
(Attached, I think, to REUTER's stud)
Remark with supercilious air:—
"*C'est magnifique, mais pas la guerre!*"

For we are not by any means
Identical with mere machines;
And even they are apt to spoil
For want of proper care and oil.

Dear Mr. Punch, two years are gone,
And still the war goes footling on,
And well it may, till people glean
Some homely truths outside routine.

It's widely known by now that horses
Are useful aids to mounted forces,
And somebody some day will prove
That mobile troops are meant to move!

O. S.

CHANGE AT THE END OF THE CENTURY.

(From the *T-m-s* of 1890.)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR, — As the twentieth century has reached its last decade, I think it's only right to protest in the names, not only of the inhabitants of Greater London—which include the residents at Windsor, Chatham and Maidenhead—but of that even larger multitude, the rest of the civilised world, against the ruthless hand of the Philistine. Rapidly sites hallowed by memories of the past are being put to purposes that rob them of every trace of romance. On the plea that "they are being turned to better account," some of our most cherished possessions are being swept away. I jot down a few chosen at random.

The Exterior of South Kensington Station.—It is proposed to re-erect this interesting building in stone! What can

be more quaint than the low elevation, with its suggestions of zinc roofing and dimly-lighted wooden platforms? What would our ancestors have thought of such a desecration? Our ancestors who regarded it as the starting-point to and the returning-point from their labours in the City! Why, it is more than a century old! Surely its antiquity should protect it!

The Griffin of Temple Bar.—And this is threatened! It is said that it impedes the traffic between the Strand and Fleet Street! A cry reaching back to the Georgian Era! When this splendid work of art was erected, more than a century ago, it was claimed for it that it was the finest product of the sculptor's studio in London. And to-day it retains its title unchallenged.

The Clock at the end of Victoria Street and the commencement of the Vauxhall Bridge Road.—It is proposed to make it double its height! What can be more absurd! When it was erected it was said to be an excellent foil to the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament and the timepiece belonging to Westminster Abbey. And now it serves the same purpose to the black walls (said once to have been bright red brick) of the venerable Westminster Cathedral in once-quite-fashionable Ashley Place. Why remove our ancient land-marks?

But there, I am tired of continuing the list! Electric trams have invaded every pleasant countrified spot. They are spoiling Upham Park Road in the effort to get to Bedford Park, and, it is said, even purpose running round the entire length of Red Lion Square! Where will it all stop? Are our tenderest feelings to be outraged in this fashion for ever? I hope not.

Yours indignantly,

SMYTHE DE JOYNES.

Victoria House,
Croydon Common East,
South Kensington.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

[A Kelmescott Press Chaucer was recently sold at auction for £510.]

YOUR very pen must blush with shame
A cheque for such a sum to draw, Sir;
The wicked waste deserves our blame.
Five hundred guineas for a Chaucer!

Necessity you cannot plead,
Charged with extravagance on this count;
One every bit as good to read
You'd get for three-and-six less discount.

In times like these, when money's tight,
And when Consols are daily falling
And taxes rising, is it right—
A waste so wanton and appalling?

But surely this will make you rue
Your outlay wildly injudicious:
Consider, for the money you
Might buy two '47 Mauritius.



FACING THE FIRE.

The Medmore Chef. "ALTHOUGH I AM NOT UNAWARE THAT A SUPERFLUITY OF CULINARY ASSISTANCE IS APT TO EXERCISE A DETRIMENTAL EFFECT UPON THE CONSUMER, STILL—" [Drops a merry thought into the stock-pot. "I feel that at a crisis in the fortunes of the country, which I am persuaded is grave and daily increasing in gravity, I should put my views into the common stock."—Lord Rosebery at Mentmore.]

HOURS OF IDLENESS.

["Hong Kong appears to be a perfect Paradise for the heads of Government departments. From a local paper we learn that—'Yesterday at the meeting of the Legislative Council there was an Acting Director of Public Works, an Acting Commander of the Forces, an Acting Colonial Treasurer, an Acting Attorney-General, and an Acting Clerk of Council. To-day the Criminal Sessions commenced, and there was an Acting Chief Justice, an Acting Attorney-General, an Acting Captain - Superintendent of Police, an Acting Registrar, an Acting Clerk of Court, and an Acting Supreme Court building.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

ST. ANDREWS, passing cheery

Thy links are said to be
To politicians weary
Beside the Northern sea ;
And Beaulieu one supposes
A Paradise of roses
Where drowsily one dozes,
Secure and fancy-free.

But though one fain would fritter
One's life in such retreat,
Even here the mortal bitter
Is mingled with the sweet ;
Even here black cares afflict you,
And tedious ties restrict you,
For sometimes, *triste dictu*,
Even Cabinets must meet.

Then let not envy covet
The ministerial lot ;
I know a fate above it
That care corrodeeth not ;
Where great officials measure
Their halcyon days in pleasure,
And life is one long leisure
In that Elysian spot.

There nought that 's prejudicial
Can mar one's quiet ; there
The Government official
Is free from carking care ;
There all is peace and plenty,
Hours idle four-and-twenty ;
There *dolce far niente*
Holds empire everywhere.

And thither, always thither
My yearning fancies throng ;
Then come, ye Muses, hither,
Inspire my wistful song ;
And I, with prayers intent, 'll
Desire of Fortune gentle
A billet departmental
In drowsy, sweet Hong Kong.

"FELLERS FEELD FORCE FUND."

Doormatry, School-house.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—I say, weeve not bin well treated at orl over this Fund—Orl the same, thanks orfly for your jenrus doughnation and the pares and apples ass well. I spose Ide better return you the doughnation ass STOGGINS hass stopt the collection for the Fund—or better stil I mite keap it till you want it—at orl evence I wont return it til I heer from you agane.



Old Aunt (despondently). "WELL, I SHALL NOT BE A NUIRANCE TO YOU MUCH LONGER."
Nephew (reassuringly). "DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, AUNT. YOU KNOW YOU WILL!"

Well, look hear, it hapend like this—that sily ass ROBINSON Major kiked up a row and sneaked to STOGGINS simpelly becos weede collektid his winter socks for the Fund—then inkquiries wear maid and STOGGINS dishcovered his winter coat had orlso gorn—then ther was the row about young HIXSON's nikkerbockers and an orfle shindy becos I contribbutid another fellers nightshirt and football jersey. Ass I sed, these things didnt do me any good: I only wanted to bennyfit our brave Difenders at the Frunt: and yet they maikie orl this fuss; I got so enoide; oh, its sikkening.

Rasing sutch obstickles and objektions hass had a most discurridgeing efect upon the pastryotic portion of the school: in fakt most of them gave it up in dispare

and sed, oh blow the Fund—it's an orfle pitty all the same though.

Yours affeckshuntly,
MAX.

P.S.—I rote this yostiddy and this afternoon being a $\frac{1}{2}$ holiday, TOMMY and me, quite forgetting the surcumstances, went to the tuck shop and beeing rarthier short of tin, wee spent about harf of your doughnation in tarts and ices and lemmernade and things. It was dun in compleat absens of mind and I must ajopolise—I meen ajolopise—for the mistake.

NOMENCLATURE *RE* SOUTH AFRICA.—The various political parties are now known as Pro-Boers, Anti-Boers, and Uncle Kruger Boers—all "bores" more or less.



JUSTIFIABLE SLANG.

November 4th, 5th, and 6th.

"BIT THICK, AIN'T IT!"

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

NO. V.—HOMER THEOPHILUS RENTON.

GREATNESS! What is it? To be born a Prince,
To pule in purple swaddling clothes and chew
With toothless gums a natal silver spoon,
Is nothing: any self-respecting babe,
If but his fate shook out the glittering chance,
Could do it, so to speak, upon his head.
How oft, unless our novelists have erred,
The babes of humble ploughmen have been changed
At birth for babes of lordly parents born.
The little changelings looked so much the same,
The high-born and the lowly: both had heads,
Legs, arms, and all that may pertain thereto.
Both had been dipped, it would appear, in port,
And had retained the colour of the wine.
Both closed their fists and in their leisure time
Sparred a brisk round or two with unseen foes.
Both yelled, and took their nourishment with zest,
Had blobs for noses, little beads for eyes,
Bats' wings for ears, and both were formed to be
The fond delight of grandmamas and aunts.
In fact there was no difference, and they grew
Without a murmur to their changed estates.
GILES was a Viscount, but he scared the birds,
Herded the sheep, or drove a team a-field.
The Viscount MONTGELAS, his true name GILES,
Was swished at Eton, went to Trin. Coll. Cam.,
And, later, drove his team to Hurlingham.
He took his swishings like the lord he wasn't,
Became a blood at Cambridge, and was famed

As polo-player, hunting man and shot.
His talents in the House of Lords were such
That he was made an under secretary;
And men remembered his great grandfather,
And hailed him very chip o' the ancient block,—
What time poor GILES, the true-born chip of chips,
Within whose veins the blood of many peers
Blended and ran, was ploughing steadily,
And sowing seed, and bringing up a brood
Of lusty children in his cottage home.
Then came the crash—a foster-mother spoke,
Pricked by her conscience, and revealed the fraud.
And then—but, bah! I'm straying from my task:
I only meant to show that men may be,
If a rash foster-mother should misguide
Their destinies, far greater than themselves
Without so much as lifting up a hand.
These rouse no admiration in my mind,
Although I envy them their wealth and rank,
The gold-topped fittings of their dressing-bags,
Their rent-rolls and their horses and their lands,
And all their store of studs and links and pins,
Their valets and their footmen and their coats,
Their fancy-patterned waistcoats and their ties,
And the meek deference of men they meet;
And, above all, the gay, the reckless ease
With which they put a penny in each slot
At railway stations on bank-holidays.
Oft have I seen them, caring not a whit
Though the false dial should declare their weight
As eighteen stone and then should make it ten,
Or even if the coin that should have drawn
A pure fruit tablet from its coy recess
Produced a box of matches to their grasp.
Yet I admire them not, but I admire
Men who achieve their greatness for themselves:—
Of these was RENTON, HOMER T., the bard.

Poets are made: their wildly rolling eye,
Their hair, the poses which they use to bore us,
Are art's, not nature's, and they give the lie
To what was idly said by ancient FLORUS.
If metric fame from early youth they're bent on,
They make themselves: this was the case with RENTON.

A Rector I have seen in early days:
He wished for things, but, having sent his wish up,
He worked with might and main to win such praise
As might entitle him to be a Bishop,
Until he realised his youthful dreaming,
And blossomed out, lawn-sleeved and bland and beaming.

Jobbers who haunt the Stock Exchange are prone
To raise their voice—they do not often spare it.
From some exalted perch they shout alone;

This is the way in which they millionaire it.
They end, although their manners are not courtly,
Park-Laned and shooting-boxed and very portly.

And I have watched a barrister apply,
His subtle mind to many a complex problem.
The fees were great and his ambitions high;
He knew solicitors and how to noble 'em.
And while his arguments the Court were shaking,
I felt I saw a Law Lord in the making.

All these I knew; but never till I met
HOMER T. RENTON had I watched a poet,
Or seen him keep his plant of metre wet
With studious water that might help to grow it.
He was, in fact, a most industrious climber
Up fame's high hill, this manufactured rhymers.

(To be continued.)

R. C. L.



A MATTER OF HABIT.

Huntsman "WHO'S THIS GENT, TOM, 'AS BEEN OBSTRUCTIN' EVERYTHING ALL MORNIN'?"

Whip. "DON'T KNOW 'IS NAME; BUT I 'EARD SAY AS 'E'S ONE O' THEM IRISH MEMBERS O' PARLIAMENT."

COURTSHIP À LA GALTON;

Or, An Idyll of To-morrow.

[Dr. FRANCIS GALTON, in a recent lecture at the Society of Arts, on "The Possible Improvement of the Human Race," recommended the granting of diplomas of matrimonial fitness to a select Class X of young men and women, adding that personal likes and dislikes would not materially vitiate the success of such unions.]

Enter severally STREPHON and PHYLLIS (strangers to each other).

STREPHON sings:

STAY, maiden, prithee, a word with you—
Not for long will I detain you;
But I have a business plan in view,
That I'm anxious to explain you.
We haven't been introduced as yet—
I don't know your name, I much regret;
But time is pressing, and I must seize
This chance of an interview, if you please,
For Anthropology is the cause
Why here for your kind reply I pause,
And, believe me, I wouldn't the same expect
If I didn't belong to the Class Select
(My diploma has just been granted).
I am one of Class X, to be quite correct—
My meaning I hope you now detect,
Verb. sap. is all that's wanted!

PHYLLIS replies:

You astonished me, Sir, I own, a bit
With your somewhat sudden greeting;
Your name to reveal you still omit
At this our initial meeting!
However, this lapse of etiquette
I will overlook, as although you met
A girl that you doubtless thought alone,
I too have, on paper, a *chaperone*;
I carry it with me where I go,
For when you may want it you never know—
The fact is, I'm also a Galtonite,
And into Class X I passed all right
With honours in ample measure!
An exchange of documents you'd invite?
I gather you'd like of mine a sight—
Very well, here 's mine with pleasure!

Together:

Well { *PHYLLIS* } I'm glad to know your name;
 { *STREPHON* }
Our mission in life appears the same!
Our mutual love or hate—what matter?
No need to quarrel or woo or flatter—
Our union is in Galtonian taste,
So now to the Registry let's make haste! [*Exeunt.*]

NOT NOVEL.

[The reading public . . . is still eagerly devouring the threadbare Russian 'Nihilist novel.'—*Daily Press.*]

"ON THE STEPPES."

A Nihilistic Novel.

HURRYING down the Nevski Prospect, clad in heavy sables, went IVAN BLACKBROWSKI. Snow was falling: Droski drivers were urging along their steeds—always three abreast, always at full gallop, always threatened with the driver's upraised whip (unless the pictures are hopelessly wrong): the sleigh bells made mournful music for the *mujik*—they are all *mujik* in Russia.

At the corner house—a *Pubski*—IVAN BLACKBROWSKI suddenly paused, and turned abruptly in.

But he was not unobserved, and when, an hour later, he emerged, somewhat *squiffski*, from *vodka*, a dark figure followed him on hands and knees, through the deep snow. It was that of an Agent of the Third Section—ALEXIS RUNIMINSKI—an Extra Special constable. Wearing a false nose and whiskers, he knew that he would not be recognised, and therefore kept close to his quarry. RUNIMINSKI was the most celebrated living "Agent of Secret Service" (A.S.S.), and well had he deserved that proud title.

IVAN BLACKBROWSKI had never been an upright man; under the influence of eleven split *vodki*, he was less so now than ever; but he, nevertheless, made rapid progress as he crossed the bridge over the Neva, though he had neva—beg pardon, never—been that way before. The Police Agent kept up with difficulty, by reason of proceeding on hands and knees. "Not a knees-y task!" he muttered, grimly. But soon his patience was rewarded; for BLACKBROWSKI stopped at a house opposite the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul (must drag this in, somehow). Here he paused, irresolute—but a deftly aimed snowball alighting in his left ear, coupled with the ribald laughter of the *smorkadki* who had thrown it, decided him. "I will go on to the Steppes," he murmured. He gave one rap with the knocker, the door opened as though by magic, and the conspirator disappeared within.

The Police Agent smiled grimly.

"He is mine—Siberian mine—for now I know the secret signal. I have captured the knock!"

He grasped his revolver and commenced the ascent of the Steppes. At the top, he seized the knocker and gave a clever imitation of IVAN's summons. Then he turned away and stared up at the grisly fortress opposite.

With equal celerity the door was again opened, and a heavily shod foot came into such violent contact with the rear elevation of the Police Agent, that the latter

was shot sharply down the Steppes, and measured his length upon the snow-white mantlet covering the earth.

The emissary of the Third Section slowly rose and rubbed himself with deep thought and a fur-lined glove.

"Foiled!" he muttered, darkly. "Clearly, when a man walks into a house, in Russia—or at all events, in a 'Russian' novel—there must be danger to the White Tsar." (N.B.—For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may mention that there are no black or coloured Tsars about.) "I will at once inform Prince ORFULTOFF at the Crys—the Winter Palace."

Prince SERGIUS ORFULTOFF was of the bluest blood in Russia: "Blue SERGIUS" was his *sobriquet*. He was very near the Throne (especially when riding a restive horse): he was rich and powerful. He looked from a window of his castle, and said: "As far as eye can reach, all this is mine." It was a lie; but, still, it afforded him a cheap form of entertainment, and he often indulged himself thus.

Equerry and Grand-Hereditary-Trousers-Stretcher to the Tsar, he was proud as Lucifer—for whom he was quite a match.

Revelling in the gorgeous silken cushions on which he reclined, and a twopenny manilla, held lovingly between his white bejewelled fingers, Prince ORFULTOFF was languidly conversing with the Court physician, Dr. KURAKOFF.

"A slump in Nihilism, eh, *mon Prince*?" asked the latter.

"Yes. This week we have only had three attempts on the TSAR's life. I fear he is beginning to miss the daily excitement."

A tap on the door was followed by the appearance of a Secretary.

"Another plot?" asked "Blue SERGIUS" wearily, as he stuck a second, and then a third "twopenny" between his pearly teeth. He lit the cigars with a match drawn from a diamond-covered box, and then said—

"Where are the Police?"

"The Chief Bobbikoff now stands upon the Kurdish doormat, awaiting your pleasure."

Turning to KURAKOFF, the Equerry briefly said—

"Get out." And the Doctor went, hurriedly.

The Chief of the Third Section entered, and struck an attitude.

"I have discovered a plot——"

"Building plot?" queried ORFULTOFF, cynically, and pulling lightly at his three cigars.

"——a plot to assassinate the White Tsar!!!"

"That all? Couldn't you start something more original?" asked the Prince, languidly.

"RUNIMINSKI has followed a notorious Anarchist—at least, we (the Police) don't know anything of him, so we conclude that

he is a notorious Anarchist—to a meeting-place. 'He traced his little footsteps in the snow,'" quoted the Bobbikoff, who was poetical, and sometimes made a few *verst*s himself. He reeked of *vodka*, and the Prince drew back shudderingly—this was a man who always made his presence smelt—felt, we mean.

Then "Blue SERGIUS" aroused himself; "Arrest everybody you happen to see. Lodge them all in the fortress—torture them on Tuesdays and Fridays—have them whipped—your executioner is 'a thing of knout.' And afterwards we will send them to Siberia. Stay—perhaps we had better try them first. Bring the bombs into Court, and——"

"But there are no bombs."

"Get some, then. Stuff some incriminating papers into their pockets. Say they are Polish—probably their speech will be un-polished if they come from the Volga—they are all very Volga there. And now, away! Report to me at the Palace, where I shall be playing half-penny nap with the ROMANOFFS."

And the Bobbikoff awayed.

A month later, included in the chain-gangs wearily tramping the Great Siberian road to Tomkatz, were BLACKBROWSKI and six others captured with him. These seven were a limited company, of whom one DEMETRIUS DIVIDENDSKI was the chairman. This man, together with SACHA KASKOWHISKI—a very ardent spirit—and the beauteous Princess OLGA SOSSIDGESKIN, formed a daring plan of escape. One night, soon after arriving at a dreary post-house, the Chairman rose and said:

"Gentlemen——" when the report of a pistol interrupted him. "We will take the report as read," added DEMETRIUS pleasantly. "Gentlemen, should you persevere in dragging us to the mines we shall at once take possession of them in the name of the company, and issue to you shares (with unlimited liability). Your sole escape from that is to release us—your prisoners—at once. What say you?"

He looked round, but the captives were alone—their guards had fled into the night at the Chairman's threat.

The unhappy prisoners were free. Joyfully they broke into the Russian National Anthem—broke into it so severely, that it was hopelessly shattered. They had escaped "the stepper," and were "On the Steppes."

ON THE UNDERGROUND ELECTRIC SCHEME.

(By a Constant Sufferer in this line of business.)

LET YERKES and PERKS

Provide the works,

And we shall bless the givers

If YERKES and PERKS

Get rid of jerks,

Which now disturb our livers.



PING-PONG IN THE KITCHEN.



Nurse. "OH, DEAR! MISS JANE, AN' JUST AFTER YOU'VE BEEN SAYING YOUR PRAYERS TO BE A GOOD GIRL."

Jane. "WELL, I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO BE"

HUMAN COALFIELDS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A clever statistician has stated that the volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a healthy person in twenty-four hours is about 15,000 cubic inches, containing about six ounces of solid carbon. This is at the rate of 137 pounds avoirdupois annually. Averaging the human race at a thousand millions, the scientist calculates that they breathe out every year sixty-one million tons of solid carbon, or nearly twice as much as the total export of coal from Great Britain.

I write to you, Sir, as the most profound thinker and most enlightened chemist of the day, to know whether you cannot invent a little apparatus to be fitted over the mouth of every human being, thus converting him or her into a personal coal-scuttle? Think of the saving to the pocket of the householder in winter when each member of his family shakes the quantum of carbon into the grate!

And then, how would it not affect the question of marriage? Two healthy young "carbonisers"—title registered—would be much more likely to do well in the world than a couple of sickly individuals

who could not produce enough coal to boil the kettle for breakfast.

Then again, on engaging a servant, the first question put by the mistress of the house would be, "How much carbon did you produce a day in your last situation?"

The despair of Lord LONDONDERRY and other pit-owners would doubtless be very great, but the advantage to the human race would be enormous. For instance, orators might make their own gas and locomotive drivers stoke their own engines. As to the limited companies which could be floated on the scheme, the prospect of these undertakings opens up vistas of, at least, sixty-one million tons of gold—instead of carbon. Do, Sir, put your powerful brain to work and construct the apparatus which I venture to suggest.

In the fairy tales of old beautiful princesses used when they spoke to drop pearls from their rosy lips. Let there fall black diamonds from our dearest and best, and they will be worshipped by

Your obedient Servant,

NEHEMIAH COKE.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

P.S.—The scientist does not seem to give either his name or address, but you know everybody—that is no objection.

DISILLUSIONED!

(A Song of the Strand.)

I MET an ancient in the Strand,
An exile long was he
Abroad far from his native land
In lands beyond the sea.
He marvelled much at what he saw
On every side, and said:
"Does London feed her greedy maw
With loaves of Strand-grown bread?
For here I see the furrows made,
No doubt by some steam plough;
The floors for threshing-floors are laid,
The seed is sown ere now.

"Instead of roads of dirty brown
We shall have fields of corn;
The harvest home of London town
The country put to scorn.
O great and noble thought to bring
The farmer to the Strand:
O L.C.C., of you I'll sing,
A great and noble band."
I undecieved that ancient man,
The upturned soil reviled;
He left me saddened, weird, and wan,
With all his hopes defiled.
The corn lands that he thought so sweet
Made corns alone for weary feet.

THE LATEST NAME FOR A SUBURB SOUTH OF THE THAMES WHERE LARGE BUILDING OPERATIONS ARE GOING ON.—Mortar-and-Brickston.



THE MITYLENE MARCH.

(Solo for the French Horn.)

THE SULTAN. "I DON'T LIKE SOLOS! GIVE ME THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED EUROPEAN CONCERTO!"

DOMESTIC ECONOMIES.

MISS SNIPPET.

GWENDOLEN was resolved to lose no time in setting to work.

"Your study table is the best place in the house, JACK—"

"Then I may as well cycle over to—"

"JACK!"

The reproach in GWENDOLEN'S tone was a slap in the face to me. I had been rather congratulating myself on the good grace with which I agreed to forsake my tragedy for the morning, and here was GWENDOLEN looking at me as if I were the most heartless of monsters.

"My dear," I began, "if you would rather I stayed—"

"I thought you were going to help me."

"Help you? To dressmake?"

"Oh, of course, if you're so superior that you can't condescend to anything lower than blank verse—"

"My dear, you know it is not that. But I simply know nothing about dressmaking. If you will teach me, I will try to learn."

"Ah, that's my own dear JACKUMS!"

"It's perfectly simple," explained GWEN after we had undone our packages. "You just pin on the patterns and then you cut round them."

"I see," said I. "Do I pin them on anywhere? I thought, as there is a pattern on the cloth, perhaps—"

"Perhaps it does," said GWEN.

"I think we had better cut it on the cross," I hazarded.

GWENDOLEN looked at me much impressed. "Where did you learn that, JACK?"

"I believe I saw it in a lady's paper the other day. I thought you might know what it meant."

"I daresay it's all right, but it sounds rather complicated. I think we had better just cut them anyhow."

"Very well," I acquiesced; and, filling my mouth with pins, I proceeded with my work.

"They—they look rather funny, don't they?" asked GWEN, gazing doubtfully at the quaint shapes that bestrewed the floor.

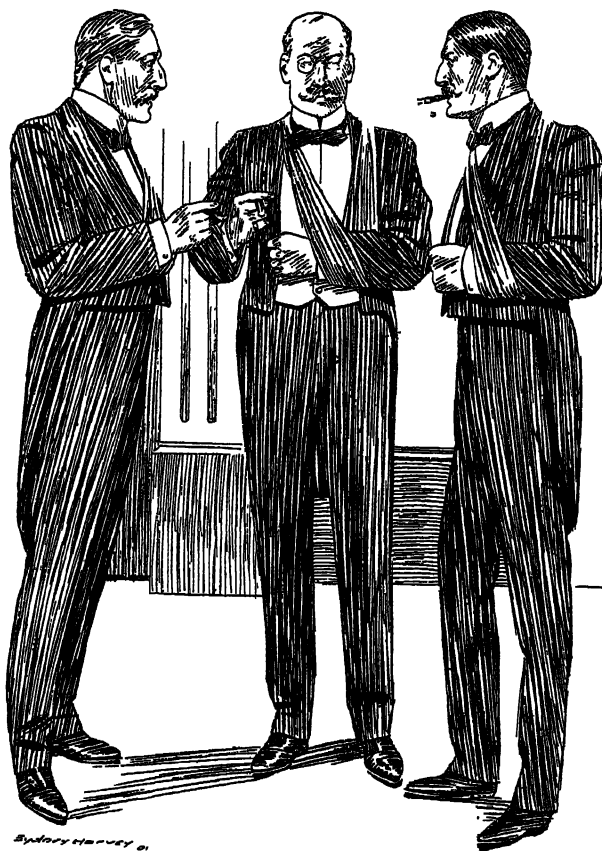
"Very!" I agreed.

"I wonder what this can be?"

"I think it must be the trousers."

"Don't be silly."

I stole a look at GWEN. She was now wearing that serious grim expression



JUST NOW "A TAKING SUBJECT" FOR CONVERSATION.

THESE THREE MEN, JUST BACK FROM THE FRONT, AND RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE SMOKING ROOM OF A WELL-KNOWN SERVICE CLUB, ARE NOT (AS ONE MIGHT POSSIBLY IMAGINE) RELATING THEIR ADVENTURES OF THE CAMPAIGN, BUT ARE DESCRIBING THE HORRORS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE VACCINATIONS.

which betokens that all sense of humour has fled, and that she is not to be trifled with. I remained silent, nervously awaiting developments. GWEN picked up the pieces one by one, and tried to fit them together.

"It's like a horrid Chinese puzzle," she sighed, after many futile efforts.

"Can you see how they go, JACK?"

"My dear, if you can't do it, how can I?"

"You might at least try."

"Very well," I said. But before I had succeeded in piecing two bits together, GWENDOLEN took them from my hands.

"Men are so clumsy," she said.

"You'd better go and smoke."

Delighted at the suggestion, I made towards the door, but paused with my hand on the handle. GWENDOLEN was sighing like a furnace, and her brow was lined with care. "I wonder," I suggested, "if I should ride over for Miss SNIPPET?"

"No!" said GWENDOLEN, with great decision; and, without venturing another word, I slunk from the room.

Some hours passed. Nothing was seen

or heard of GWENDOLEN. I became alarmed, and creeping on tiptoe to the study door, I listened. I heard the sound of sobs. An instant more and GWENDOLEN was in my arms.

"B-b-both the sleeves are for the right arm," she murmured tearfully, "and there isn't any b-b-back to the b-b-b-bodice."

Wondering how even so much had been extracted from the mysterious fragments, I attempted consolation. "We must get some more cloth, love."

"It was the last b-b-bit. It was such a b-b-bargain."

Clearly the case was desperate; and, at any cost, GWEN must be consoled. "Let us give these to the poor," I said, pointing to the fragments; "and GWEN, I've heard there's a very good shop in Bond Street where they make really first-class dresses."

The sobs ceased. "Yes," I continued, "the cloth wears for ever, and the cut is A1. Of course, it's a little bit dearer than Miss SNIPPET; but then you always look decent, and it's really cheaper in the end."

GWEN is, as she said she would be, better dressed than ever; and if we are ever troubled by doubts as to the economy of the change from the SNIPPET to Bond Street, we have only to look at the Chippendale book-case to see what we saved by her dismissal.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Buckler (Early Twentieth Century Model)." An exhibit which exemplifies a curious law of development. In the middle ages it was regarded as a useful means of defence, taking the form of a small circular shield worn by foot-soldiers. After a period of many years' abeyance it reappeared as an item of naval equipment. It was then intended to be of so highly offensive a nature as to be termed a "destroyer." This it undoubtedly turned out to be, though not in the sense proposed. It proved highly offensive to the tax-payer instead of to the enemy. It was so ready to "buckle to" and get to work of its own accord as a submarine, that every specimen, except this model, now lies in two pieces at the bottom of one of the Four Seas within a few cables' length of the shore. Many millions sterling were sunk in this way, the Admiralty professing to regard their wrecks as Britannia's most effective bulwark.

LIGHTER LONDON.

An Improbable Dialogue of the Future.

It was a sunny morning in November. The elderly gentleman from Mwangaboo stepped from the electric train on to the spotless platform of the London terminus. As he did so, another old gentleman, ruddy and jovial, clasped his hand.

"Tom, old fellow," he said, "how glad I am to see you after all these years!"

"Why, it's JACK!" cried the traveller, "bless you, how well you look! Anyone would think you lived in the country. And what weather, you've got! Why, where's the fog?"

"Gone!" said the other, still shaking hands vigorously, "of course, when you went out in command of that batch of rheumatic recruits we were plagued with it still."

"I should think you were," replied the Colonist, "that was in the fifth year of the war."

"I don't remember what year of the war it was," said the Londoner, "for we lost all count of time in that. I remember it was when the income tax was half-a-crown, about the time that someone proposed to put the war into the hands of the London County Council, as a business-like sort of body. But don't let's talk about Queen ANNA, or the war, or anything else that's over and done with at last. Come along home in my motor, and tell me all about Mwangaboo and your commissionership."

So the two walked out into the clean, sunlit station yard, where there was a pleasant breeze, took their seats in the neat little carriage, and sped away over mudless roadways — without a single trench in them — through wide tree-planted streets, lined with white stone houses, gleaming in the autumn sunshine.

The Commissioner of Mwangaboo gazed open-eyed. Then he burst out, "But, I say, what have you done with London? Where's the fog? It seems to me that I must be in Paris, only it's cleaner than Paris used to be in my time. I don't know this part at all. Is it Mayfair altered?"

"Not it!" answered the Londoner, "it's just exactly where Drury Lane used to be. The atmosphere is rather improved, isn't it? People get sunburnt in London in the summer now. Many come up from the country in the autumn to avoid the fogs. Here's my flat, up there on the fifth floor."

"Yes, but how on earth was it done?" asked the Colonist, as they shot up in the lift.

"Sit here," said the other, pointing to an easy chair in the sunny library, "and I'll tell you all about it. You don't mind the sunshine streaming in?"

The Commissioner shifted uneasily. "No, perhaps not," he said; "I should never think of having such a thing in

Mwangaboo. Perhaps that blind might be a little down, the light is so very strong. Thanks. Now I can see you. Well, how was it managed?"

"My dear Tom," said the Londoner, "the simplest thing in the world, when once it was thought of. The County Council of that time began some wonderfully elaborate experiments. They threw up little air balloons, and they fired off little rockets, and they took the temperature of the fog, and they noted whether it was dry or moist, and they calculated how many inches away they could see an omnibus—you remember the old omnibuses? By Jove, how people would laugh if they saw one now, though they could hardly see one then because of the fog! But still nothing happened. Then suddenly it occurred to somebody that there was never a fog when there was a brisk wind. So they fixed big metal fans on the Great Wheel at that rather dismal sort of place called an Exhibition, principally long passages and staircases, and advertisements, don't you remember? Then they sent the Great Wheel round as fast as it would go, and the fog cleared off as far as Kensington High Street. They couldn't get a breeze farther than that. However, the principle of the thing was settled. Of course it was impossible to have such hideous things as Great Wheels all over London. Then somebody invented the Electric Blowers, which now keep the air in movement day and night."

"I understand," said the Commissioner, "how they move the fog. But what takes the smoke right away?"

"Why, the Fog Drain of course," answered the other, "which somebody else got the idea of. There's a great underground tube from the front of the Royal Exchange to somewhere beyond Barking in Essex. It has a sort of metal plug in it, and the plug is moved along somehow by electricity and this makes a vacuum behind it, as far as I understand. Then the fog rushes in and fills the tube, and the plug comes out. Then another plug starts, pushes all this smoky air out beyond Barking, and draws in another tubeful. I believe the idea came from a pneumatic tube. When it was first started some stockbrokers were nearly sucked in from the steps of the Royal Exchange. It is better protected now. Of course there are Smoke Pipes from other parts of London. After that they made Air Tubes on the same system from Knockholt Beches and Box Hill and Harrow. It's a marvellous improvement, isn't it?"

"Well," said the Colonist, "it's very clever and very wonderful, and no doubt it's awfully good for the health. But somehow the old fog used to seem home-like. When I first went to Mwangaboo, with its beastly blue sky and its confounded sunshine, I often longed for a good old 'London Particular'—"

"Stop!" shouted the other, "don't call it that, or you'll be fined. The newspaper writers worked that name so hard that, out of respect for DICKENS and to save people from going crazy, a law was made to inflict a fine of forty shillings on anyone saying or writing that."

"Ah, well," concluded the Commissioner, "you may call it what you please, and very likely it's all for the best. But somehow I seem to miss something."

"By Jove," cried the Londoner, impatiently, "some people are never satisfied!"

H. D. B.

MILK—OH!

[According to the *Daily Graphic* of November 7, whiskers, it appears, form the latest danger to the purity of our morning's milk. The New York Medical Milk Commission state in a report just issued that "the milk from a cow that is milked by a smooth-faced man is purer than the milk from a cow milked by a man with whiskers," the reason being that the whiskers collect microbes from the air, and these are shaken off into the milk during the process of milking.]

THIS is the Milk we pay for.

This is the Cow that wasn't a pump,
Nor over the moon was known to jump,
But provided the Milk we pay for.

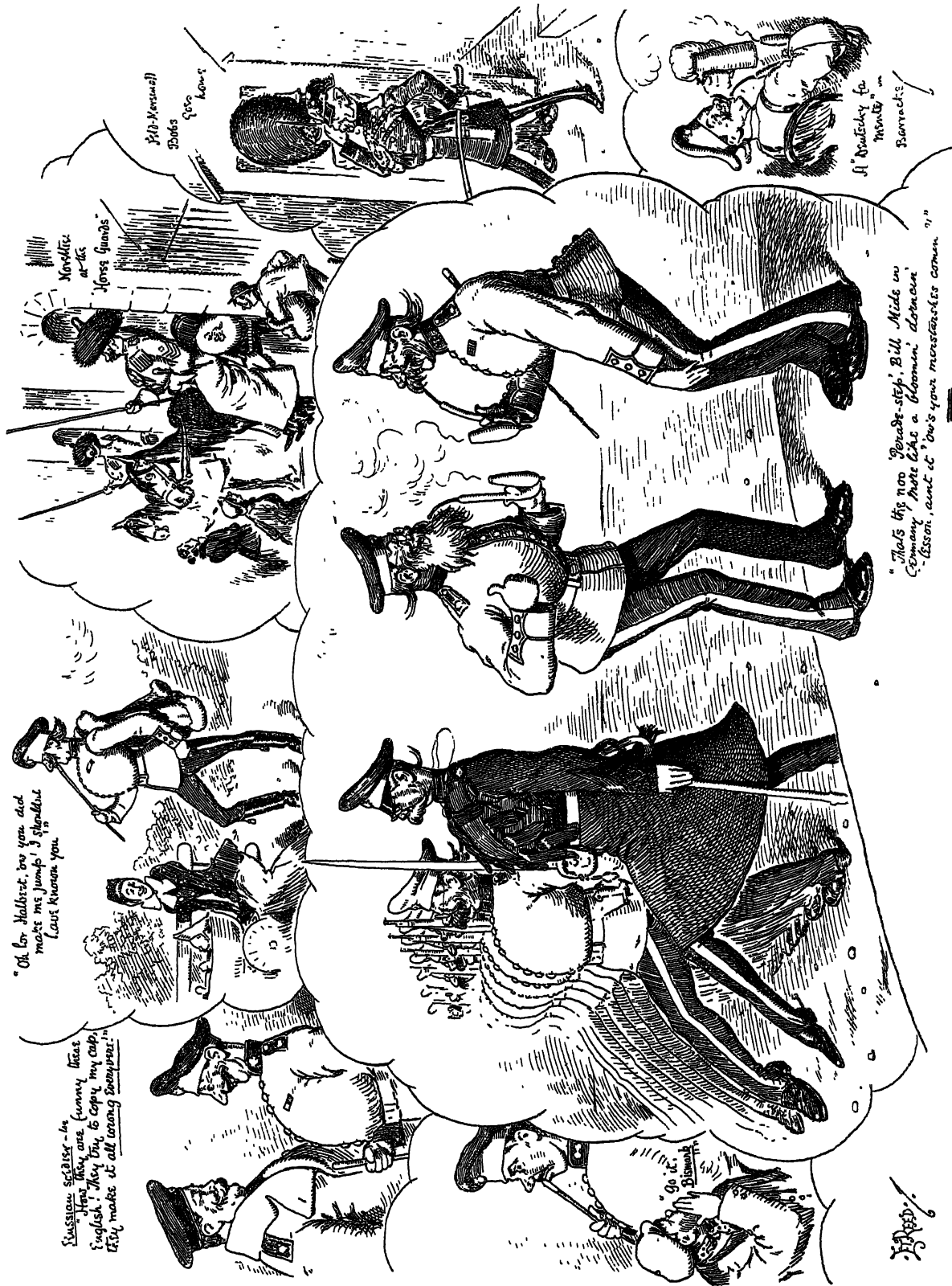
This is the local Dairyman
Who habitually held a pail or can
Underneath the Cow that wasn't a pump,
But much too staid and obese to jump,
While providing the Milk we pay for!

These are the Whiskers that ran to seed
O'er the face (like a patch of garden-weed)
Of the local and innocent Dairyman
Who at cock-crow would hold a pail or can
To comfort the Cow, not to mention the pump
That assisted them o'er the law to jump
And provided the "Milk" we pay for.

These are the Microbes all alive
Which daily delighted to take a dive
In the cream from the Whiskers that ran
to seed
On the face (that resembled a patch of weed)
Of the hairy unwary Dairyman,
Who twice in the day would fill his can
With the aid of the Cow and aforesaid pump,
Until the Inspector would make them jump,
While providing the Milk we pay for.

This is the Baby, five months old,
Who, somewhat disgusted, had to hold
A bottle of Microbes all alive
That had quitted their perch and made a dive
From the Whiskers that ran, as I've said,
to seed
O'er the face (that required a rake to weed)
Of the hirsute and hurtful Dairyman,
Who made it his business to take his can
From the same old Cow to the same old pump,
And rattle his tins till from sleep we jump,
And take in the Skim we pay for.

This is the Milk we'll owe for! A. A. S.



DOMMY VON ADGINZ; OR, WHAT THE BRITISH ARMY MIGHT HAVE BEEN COMING TO!

A Study in Fierm-fection suggested by the expe. ment of the new Scavenger-Gravelotte-Fire-Brigade head-gear of the Guards.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE third volume of the Supplement to the *Dictionary of National Biography* (SMITH, ELDER) brings the annexe of a monumental work down to the letter W. The longest and most important article is that on the late QUEEN, contributed by the Editor. It is marked by that gift of insight and grace of diction that distinguishes Mr. SYDNEY LEE's contributions to this field of literature. It stands and, with limitations necessitated by its condensation, will remain the best thing yet written about Queen VICTORIA. Other articles of interest are those dealing with HUXLEY, WILLIAM MORRIS, JAMES PAYN, RUSKIN, SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and SIR JOHN MILLAIS. Intimate through life, in death these last two are not divided in the volumes of the great Dictionary. A notice of Lord RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN from the pen of his countryman and long-time friend, Lord Justice MATHEW, is a model of conciseness and comprehensiveness. My Baronite turned the pages in search of record of the long, honourable, and useful life of the head of the firm who have endowed the world with this magnificent work. The innate modesty of GEORGE SMITH kept him ever in the background when recognition of merit was to the fore. It is quite conceivable that it is in accordance with his instructions that no room is found in the Dictionary for him. That is, perhaps, excess of modesty. The world could not know too much of the high character and generous nature of the man who, in early life, discovered CHARLOTTE BRONTË, and at the close of his career lavished care and money on an undertaking which, regarded from a commercial point of view, was from the outset hopelessly unremunerative. After all there is a fitness in the state of things. WREN has no monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, nor has GEORGE SMITH a page in the *National Dictionary of Biography*. Those who have the volumes on their library shelves will recall and adapt the closing line of the inscription on WREN's tombstone, *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.

Of Mr. *Punch's Dramatic Sequels*, by ST. JOHN HANKIN (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.), it would scarcely become the Baron, seeing that the *Sequels* bear Mr. *Punch's imprimatur*, to say more than that as many as are not already familiar with these *Sequels* should by no manner of means lose this chance of making their acquaintance in book form; while those who have recently enjoyed them in Mr. *Punch's* pages will do well to develop their appreciation of them by reperusing the artistic carrying out of a decidedly original idea. The likenesses suggested by Mr. E. J. WHEELER's illustrations are quite in keeping with the author's peculiar vein of humour.

"Good morning," he said. "It is good of you to come. I am sorry I haven't been able to shave." Thus on his death-bed spoke *Major Iredale*, who really, though not nominally, is the hero of Miss MONTRESOR's fine story, *The Alien* (METHUEN). The plot is reminiscent of the musty TIOHBORNE case. But it is managed even more skilfully than the Claimant conducted his affair. Whilst the Major is a cleverly-drawn character, a simple-minded, strictly disciplined, slightly selfish, wholly honest soldier, he is not alone in marked individuality. Mrs. Mordant, to whose estate he is heir in law, is moulded with skill and touched with a certain grim humour. On the whole, my Baronite has found the book interesting beyond the average.

In *The Giant's Gate* (CASSELL & Co.) the author, MAX PEMBERTON, not by any means at his best, gives us a rather confusing and considerably over-spun-out yarn, commencing with the invention of a submarine boat, and a trial trip therein, which at once recalls JULES VERNE's *A Hundred Thousand* (or whatever the number was) *Leagues Under the Sea*. After this there are some sensational incidents of a not particularly novel character, which scarcely assist in just keeping alive to the end the reader's waning interest in the story.

My Junioresst Baronitess informs me that WALTER CRANE's beautiful "Picture Book" (JOHN LANE), engraved and printed

by EDMUND EVANS, is a capitally arranged volume of Fairy Tales, with numerous original illustrations and coloured plates. The old favourites, *Goody Two Shoes*, *Aladdin*, and the *Yellow Dwarf*, are comprised in this collection. It will make many little eyes glisten with delight, "and no nursery which respects itself," says B. Junioresst aforesaid, "should be without this fascinating picture-book."

Also, while on the subject, my Junioresst Baronitess has not the slightest hesitation in recommending Miss KATHARINE TYNAN's latest book, entitled *A Girl of Galway* (BLACKIE AND SON), to all young lady readers. The heroine's devices for gaining the love of her miserly and evil-tempered old grandfather are crowned with success; but how she achieves this my Junioresst Baronitess leaves the readers of the story to discover for themselves.

The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton, by FLORENCE WARDEN (JOHN LONG), is, to the Baron's thinking, one of her best. It might have been quite her best but for the lack of originality in the character of Lord Thannington, an inferior variety of the Lord Steyne genus. The very young, very simple, unsuspecting but a trifle too artless Nannie is prettily drawn, while her husband, the youthful solicitor, clever in business, but stupid to a degree as a husband, is an artistic study of character. His mischief-making sister is equally good. The other personages are well drawn, and each one has a distinct mission in carrying out the perfectly simple but well worked out plot of a thoroughly interesting story. FLORENCE WARDEN evidently intends young wives to cull from it an excellent moral, which is, "Never mind how dull you may be at home; never accept any invitations that do not include your husband." And for husbands—

Pray be careful what you're about —
Be generous, kind, and hearty,
But never let your wife dine out
Unless you are one of the party.

And this is a nice domestic moral (after Doctor WATTS' style) of which all Barons will, and of which all Baronesses ought to, highly approve.

It is with the greatest pleasure that the Baron welcomes the appearance of a volume entitled *Then and Now* (HUTCHINSON & Co.), written by Dean HOLE, whom, as companion of MARK LEMON, SHIRLEY BROOKS, DOUGLAS JERROLD and THACKERAY, also as travelling and collaborating with JOHN LEECH in their *Little Tour in Ireland*, and as *æquals* with Sir JOHN TENNIEL, Mr. *Punch* is delighted to reckon among his staunchest friends and earliest contributors. Known to fame not only as a horticulturist specially skilled in rose-growing, but also as a keen observer of men and manners, the amiable and witty Dean button-holes the reader and gives him some of his finest and freshest observations on *Then and Now*, showing how justly he appreciates every varying phase of society without being a mere "*laudator temporis acti*." Not a hint of fogginess about him; but the strong personality of a highly cultivated—and, as a scientific gardener, highly cultivating—genial, Christian gentleman, the best type of an English clergyman of the old school, pervades the book throughout. A few of the many good things in *Then and Now* the Baron is much tempted to quote, but, on consideration, he will not make any cuttings from the rose-growing Dean's book, to which, as to a garden, he prefers directing his readers, as therein they will find, in the setting of pleasant leaves, bright flowers of genuine humour, fragrant with the best and strongest sense.

DOUGLAS JERROLD's immortal *Candle Lectures*, as all the world knows, first appeared in Mr. *Punch's* pages, and there made the most notable success that JERROLD had up to that time achieved, although, according to Mr. SPIELMANN, quoted by Mr. WALTER JERROLD (who has written a preface to this new edition published by BRIMLEY JOHNSON), he "always affected not to think" that they had "added greatly to his reputation." But, with the exception of the drama of *Black-Eyed Susan*, is

there any other work of JERROLD's that has achieved a lasting popularity? None. And specially welcome to those who know their *Caudle* well, and to those who have yet to become acquainted with this happy specimen of an ordinary middle-class couple, will be this collection of the celebrated "curtain lectures," characteristically illustrated by CHARLES KEENE (perfectly at home when engaged on such a subject), with delightfully eccentric "head and tail" pieces by DICKY DOYLE (whether they were "heads or tails" he won with both), and some cuts by JOHN LEECH, who here is not "in it" with CHARLES KEENE. Thoroughly amusing, and therefore highly recommended by
THE BARON DE B.-W.

THOMPSON ON "TINNED COW."

III.

WHEN it was found out that "Tinned Cow" was a sneak—by birth, as you might say—chaps naturally chucked him over; and MAYNARD refused to let the kid fag for him any more; and I, of course, told him I was no longer his chum. He made a frightful fuss about this, and implored me to go on being his chum, and offered me a Chinese charm that had undoubtedly been the eye of a Buddhist idol in its time; but he was such an utter worm, and took such a heathen view of things, that I had to refuse the charm and let him go. He was frightfully down about it, and slunk about in corners and offered to make kites for the smallest kids in the school—simply that he might have somebody friendly to him.

When I think he was beginning to change his mind about England being better than China, the last straw came in the shape of a new boy called VERNON VERRE—a chap of a good age—sixteen at least. He was the grandson of a Viscount, or a Marquis, or some such person, and he explained that with any luck he would be a Marquis himself some day, because his only brother, though older, having shaky lungs, for which he was in the Canary Islands at that moment, might pass away and lose his turn.

I heard what followed from CORKEY Minimus, who was MILLY's spy and carrier, for which he got a peach from the Doctor's orchard-house now and again, but only ones that fell off. He told me that MILLY received no less than three letters from VERNON VERRE before he'd been at Merivale a month. And the third she answered.

So we knew that "Tinned Cow" was done for; and very soon he found it out himself, and then he turned several shades yellower and moped in the gymnasium for hours together, and lost all hope of doing any good at work, and sank down to the bottom of the Lower Third, and spent all his spare time doing impositions. He went about like a dog that's frightened of being kicked; and many chaps did kick him, out of sheer cheerfulness, because he seemed as if he only wanted a kick to complete the picture. Then, one day, very civilly, he asked "Freckles" for his celebrated bowie-knife that he goes bush-ranging with on half-holidays and carries inside his trousers for that purpose. And "Freckles" very kindly lent it, after "Tinned Cow" had promised not to cut anything harder than wood with it. Then "Tinned Cow" thanked him and went into the gym., saying that he only wanted to cut something soft. He didn't come back, and when the bell rang, "Freckles" and I—he being rather anxious about his bowie-knife—went up to the gym. to see what "Tinned Cow" was after. Suddenly "Freckles" shouted out from the shower-bath room, and, hearing him yell, I rushed in. And there was the wretched "Tinned Cow" in a most horrible fix. He'd taken off his shirt and given himself a dig in the ribs, or possibly two, and he was lying in a comfortable position bleeding to death. At least, so he hoped; and he begged us earnestly to mind our own business and leave him to "salute the world," as he said, without any bother. But we hooked it for THWAITES and

BROWNE and JACKSON; and they came and carried him in; and ruined their clothes with Chinese gore.

Of course we all thought "Tinned Cow" was booked, and "Freckles," knowing the sharpness of his knife, said the kid must kick to a certainty if he'd used the knife with proper firmness. Yet, strange to relate, he didn't die, but lived; which seemed to show that the knife of "Freckles" wasn't nearly such a fine one as he fancied. But he said that it only showed "Tinned Cow" had lost his nerve, and funk'd what he was doing at the critical moment.

Two mornings afterwards Dr. DUNSTAN told us all he knew after prayers in his finest style, ending with a sermon.

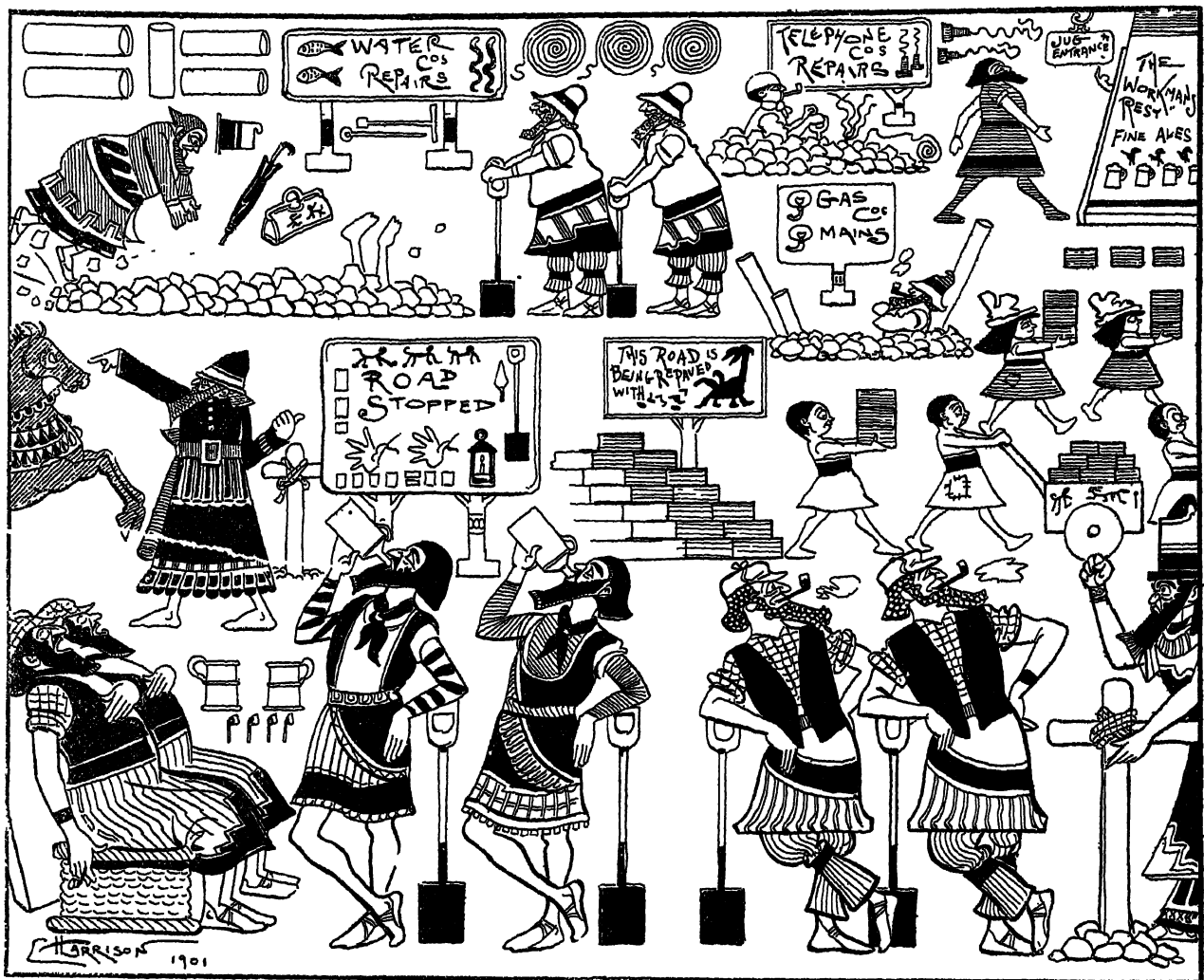
"This unhappy Asiatic, this young Celestial, from the untutored and pagan fastnesses of China, despite months not a few of tuition in this our manly and civilised atmosphere of Merivale, has relapsed upon the degraded and barbaric customs of his benighted country—a proof of heredity and the natural cowardice and baseness of the human heart when unilluminated by the light of Christianity. The vain folly which led him to his rash act is not for your ears. Let it suffice that TIN LIN CHOW, in a fit of mental infirmity, not to say active insanity, sought to deliver himself from imaginary miseries by the act of self-destruction—the Harri-Kari of his country, or Happy Despatch, as we may translate it. Thanks to tear at the crucial moment, or an ignorance of his own anatomy, or, as we must rather believe, the direct interposition of a merciful Providence, TIN LIN CHOW failed of his fearful project and is now out of danger. For the rest, I may inform you that the lad, when fit to travel, will return to his native land, and I can only hope and pray that the traditions of Merivale, its teaching and its tone, will cleave to him; but I fear that TIN will all too soon relapse into the pristine paganism of his unhappy country."

Here he went on with the sermon part, which I forget.

Of course the thing that "was not for our ears" was the reason why this little Chinese idiot had tried to kill himself. And that was because MILLY DUNSTAN and everybody had chucked him, but especially MILLY. Anyway, his vitals healed up in a fortnight, and after six weeks or so had passed by he was back at school again. But only for a few days. Then a ship sailed from London for China and, as STEGGLES very truly said, the only Happy Despatch that "Tinned Cow" got was a despatch back to his native land. And probably he liked it better than England, when all was said and done; because the schools out there have got no Sixth Forms, so he told us. Therefore he'll be all right very likely—and live to thank his stars that he didn't kill himself after all. Though myself, I think he honestly tried and the fault was in the knife. Still, after two such sickening failures—I mean MILLY DUNSTAN, and the attempt to slay himself—I expect the kid won't ever want to make friends with girls again, or try to Harri-Kari his wretched stomach, but just lead an ordinary sort of life without fuss, like other people do.

I made it up with him in a sort of way after his attempt to kill himself failed; and he explained to me how he ought to have done it; but the details were no use to me, because I wouldn't kill myself for all the girls in the world. Then "Tinned Cow" left, and he seemed sorry to go, if you will believe it, at the last moment; and he promised to send me materials for birds'-nest soup and other interesting things. But he never did; and I never thought he would, and didn't count upon it in the least, because, once back in his own country, where everybody tells lies from morning till night, simply from the habit of centuries and centuries, owing to China being the birthplace of civilisation, you couldn't expect the beggar to keep his word. And nobody in this country will ever hear of him again. Not that that matters. But if I ever go to China, which I very likely shall, I may look him up, I think, just to see if he got any good from coming over here or has "relapsed into his pristine paganism," as old DUNSTAN bet he would.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.



THE ROADS WERE ALWAYS "UP" EVEN IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

The above hieroglyphics have been recently discovered by our Student in Egyptology.

TO PHYLLIS—FROM A MILLIONAIRE.

PHYLLIS! I am a four-fold millionaire,
Three castles and a moated grange are mine,
Besides a gorgeous palace in Mayfair
Of rich design.

And I have galleries hung with pictures rare,
And gems outnumbering all the numbered stars,
And priceless fabrics, glass and golden ware,
And motor cars.

I am a man of many-sovereign power;
My minted sauce of life do not disdain,
And I will on thee all my substance shower—
A golden rain.

And thou shalt delve in Afric's glittering mines,
And pluck red nuggets from Australia's breast,
While travelling on our private railway lines
Marked with our crest.

And we will sprinkle with a generous hand
Our golden crumbs—park, library or school,
And fling a coin of vantage o'er the land
We hope to fool.

There is a cosy corner in my heart
Larger than that I late in tallow made,
Furnished throughout by Love, and set apart
For thee, sweet maid!

I am a man of goodly company,
In which the great and rich would hold a share,
But all to thee I'll give an thou be my
Director fair.

In me thy charms, thy happiness invest,
And thou Love's daily dividends shalt draw,
Our Mutual Trust shall be the very best
Man ever saw.

W. H. M.

Overheard in the Squashtub Club.

First Member. Now, my good friend, answer me this question.
Is Sir THOMAS LIPTON a Liberal or a Conservative?

Second Member. I regret deeply that I cannot oblige you.
I'm sure I don't know to what party he belongs.

Third Member. What! you don't know! Well, I do. He's
a capital fellow and a good sportsman, and he belongs to the
most peaceful party possible—the tea-party, of course.

A LIKENESS OF A LIKENESS.

(By a Theatre-visiting Impressionist.)

AT the St. James's. A well-written play excellently acted and perfectly staged. All of the best. Mrs. KENDAL exquisite. Full of charm always, and in the second act powerful to a degree, and in the third tear-compelling. At her best. Mr. KENDAL smooth, suave, delightful. The easy man of the world, who would pass as "a good chap." When the time arrives for pathos, pathetic. At his best. Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE worthy third of an admirable trio. At her best. Carefully selected company. Miss KATE BISHOP—recalling by her pleasing presence recollections of romantic domestic drama when she played in *About Town* at the first Royal Court Theatre, well, some years ago—good as ever. At her best. In fact, all in all, nothing could be better than *The Likeness of the Night*.

But. Is there a but? Well, the story. What about the story? A good-natured kind of man marries for money. He is absolutely correct in his conduct to his wife. No "cruelty" of any kind that Sir FRANCIS JUNE would recognise. Well-conducted *ménage* in Onslow Gardens, but a trifle *triste*. Possibly enervating effect of South Kensington air, said to be relaxing. Second *ménage* at Hampstead. Wife discovers the secret and then commits suicide. Widower marries at Hampstead. Second wife the earliest love of his heart. Would have married her at first had it not been that the lady had passed out of his life when the temptation of a perfectly suitable wife with an equally suitable banking account crossed him. Then the suitable wife commits suicide, and lets the newly-married pair know the manner of her death. A pleasant legacy!

And what do the newly-married pair say? Something to the effect that a pale face peering from the waves (the vindictive wife had thrown herself into the sea) will separate them for ever. Nonsense. Probably, in this prosaic age, the husband would have observed, "My own, of course we are very sorry indeed about poor dear fanciful MILDRED. But really, take it all round, we did our level best to behave well under the peculiar circumstances of the case. You tried to avoid wounding her feelings—so did I. You cooped yourself up at Hampstead, seeing no one, and I suffered martyrdom in attending the dreariest of five-o'clock teas at Onslow Gardens. If it had not been for your well-conducted dinners I don't know what I should have done. At last, when I thought all was going well, she passes away in the most natural manner in the world. Everything comes right, when she lets us know—I can't help saying, a bit spitefully—that she has committed suicide. If she had really loved me, I don't think she



Gent (rushing out of club in a terrific hurry). "I SAY, CABBY, DRIVE AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO WATERLOO—LEATHERHEAD!"

Cabby. "'ERE, I SAY, NOT SO MUCH OF YOUR LEATHER'ED, IF YOU PLEASE!"

[Goes off grumbling.]

would have done that." "Yes," wife No. 2 would have replied, "I don't think it was quite nice of her. Don't let us think any more about her." And probably she would have gone from their memory.

METEOROLOGICAL MUSIC.—That eminent entertainer, composer, actor and vocalist, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, would be well advised were he to adapt as a solo to the requirements of the barometer in continuously wet weather his capital song of "You can't get a rise out of I."

PROBABLE RESULT OF A TRIP OF THE AERO CLUB.—(Balloon rises and reaches Jupiter.) Sentry. Where do you come from? Guide-in-chief (in car). Why, from the Earth—the World. Sentry. From where? Guide-in-chief (repeating). From the Earth, you know, near the planet Mars. The Earth—the World! Sentry. The Earth, the World? Never heard of them! Can't rest here! Clear! [Balloon descends.]

A TIP.—"Rather a sore point with some people"—the nose in very cold weather.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

I.

AT THE CARLTON RESTAURANT.

YES, as you justly say, the times are bad,
And yield a very bitter food for thought
To whoso loves his country. Take this war
Whereof the promised end is still to seek.
I miss that manhood's rage of sacrifice
Responsive on the instant call to arms
Which sent us out one-third per cent., no less,
Of all our able-bodied—I myself,
Though bachelor, in what request you know,
Had most indubitably volunteered
But for the claims of service nearer home,
A mine to run, a broad estate to nurse,
A thousand faithful workmen's throats to fill,
Capital's task that keeps our England great
By those same means that made us what we are.
(Waiter! another Veuve, the '91.)

And here's this public, zealous-hot of late,
Incurious now how long the business lasts,
Impatient only of the tardy end
When it awakes at intervals to note
Its pockets nearly touched—not theirs alone,
The plutocrats', but such as yours and mine,
The not-too-grasping (try those ortolans!)
Who own a paltry million, say, apiece,
And shrewdly feel the pinch of imminent need,
Being mulct i' th' matter o' duty laid on coal,
Or tax on income earned by sweat of brow.
You blame the Government, and rightly too—
Supposed expert at rounding off a war,
And kept for just that end by you and me,
Who pay them amply, getting no results.

And these young carpet captains, blue of blood,
Sleek idlers, players o' polo, sporting lights,
Pets of the women, pampered, overfed—
(You pass the *soufflé*? 'Tis the local *chef's*
Unique creation!)—overfed, I say,
Gapingly void of what intelligence
The leadership of fighting men demands!
Why, there's a scandal exigent of reform!
Bravo, are they? Well, and what of that? say I;
It's in the incurable English bones of us.
Instance what courage served i' th' face of odds
To lift our parents up the primal rungs
O' th' ladders you and I command to-day;—
Sheer dogged pluck! but, look you, closely wed
With craftsman's wit, eye ope and ear alert
On track o' th' main chance, unattainable else.
Plain working virtues these, and left intact
To us the inheritors, who need them less
Yet use them still to keep the thing they won!

Pass, next, to art and letters; how explain
The mediocrity that gets us known
For "Europe's Suburb" (good PINERO's phrase),
Save on the ground of overflowing wealth,
Luxury's curse (a kummel with your ice?
It aids digestion!) luxury's curse that kills
These soft creative fancies in the bud?
Not so with our superb commercial gifts!
For where, by now, had England's name declined
Had we, the heirs of easy competence,
So far forgot the duty owed ourselves
As to repose our talents under earth
In lieu of turning them to noble ends,
Divinely discontent with what we have,
Insatiate of extracting more from much?

Thank Heaven! the Stock Exchange is with us still,
A Spartan remedy good against the germs
Of general dissolution. This away,
I dare not think what fate should overwhelm
A land so sunk in comfortable sloth.

Another peach? You're sure? Then we'll adjourn
To th' hall below for coffee and cigars.
Where did we take it last the Turkish way?
Ah, yes, the Place Vendôme! You run across
From time to time to patronise the Ritz?
I also; still, for ordinary use,
Being a busy man with simple tastes,
I find the Carlton good enough for me.

O. S.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

(NOTE FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY M.P.)

SCENE—A churchyard sloping down to the English Channel. A church of hoary age, famous for its collection of skulls dating back to the era of the Saxon invasion. A still, late autumn evening. In the distance, painted ships upon a painted ocean. In the near foreground, two children playing hide-and-seek round an upright tombstone. Two old women, in rusty black frocks with ancient shawls, stroll into view. One walks with a crutch which serves to keep her foot out of an open grave dug this morning.

First Old Woman (looking sharply at the open grave). JANE MARIA FAGG doesn't mind it now. I remember me when she was always up here on Sunday afternoons putting flowers on his grave.

Second Old Woman. Ah, but 'e's been there a long time now.
[They seat themselves on a tombstone.]

First O. W. Some folk don't seem to like churchyards. I must say I allus do.

Second O. W. Yes, it's so quiet.

First O. W. It's getting very crowded.

Second O. W. And it's only ten year last Michaelmas they took in a bit of the medder.

First O. W. I'm told that they're buryin' them three deep now.

Second O. W. Aye, that'll make a nice difference. I was going to be buried up to Burntwood. It's a nice place to lie in, but it's a long way off for your friends afterwards. I'm going to lie atop of my sister and her husband over there.

[Nodding with pleased appreciation at a neighbouring grave.]

First O. W. (cheerfully). I do trust they're not dug up. You know, ground being scarce, they have to make room.

Second O. W. (chuckling). Aye, they've got to keep the crypt up.

First O. W. (suspecting there's a joke somewhere, and, not seeing it, inclined to be nasty). Drat them childer, they're pulling a 'sturtion. (After a pause.) What do you mean by yer crypt?

Second O. W. Why, you know, where they keep the bones of the early Saxons killed at Waterloo; naterally they crumble away and must be kept up.

First O. W. Just so. Was yer parents buried here?

Second O. W. Only my father, and that's sixty years ago. He's over there. [Nodding towards the bleak side of the church.]

First O. W. (firmly). He's been dug up by this.

Second O. W. Sure to.

First O. W. (after a prolonged pause). I do say, whatever others may think, I like sittin' in the evenin' in the churchyard.

Second O. W. Yes. After a cup of tea it's soothing like.

HISTORICAL ACCURACY.—It is not encouraging to the character of the City of London for commercial honesty that its first Lord Mayor (*vide* letter to the *Times*, Nov. 13) was, in the Old English spelling of the word, a "Legge."



TRAFFIC-EOTOMY.

Dr. L.-nd-n C.-nty C.-nd-l (to his patient, Father London). "FEEL A CHOKING SENSATION, EH? AH—A BIT CONGESTED. YOU SMOKE TOO MUCH. WHAT YOU WANT IS A LITTLE SYSTEM OF TUBES—QUITE A SIMPLE OPERATION!"

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

No. V.—HOMER THEOPHILUS RENTON.

(Concluded.)

A DINING club there was of men
Prepared to puff their fellows ;
Whoever wielded brush or pen,
The rest applied the bellows.

Young RENTON needed wind to fan
His dull poetic embers ;
He much approved the puffing plan,
And so he joined the members.

His early efforts were not high—
A Triolet, or Sonnet,
An Ode to ARAMINTA'S Eye,
A Ballade on her Bonnet.

These little tricks of sentiment
Were voted fine, but finer
His "Stanzas to our President
Considered as a Diner."

He exercised his intellect
On "CELIA going Shrimping,"
In thirty lines of poor effect,
As limp as they were limping.

He hymned her pink and tender toes
Divested of their stocking
(Of course the beggar called it "hose,"
And seemed to think it shocking).

He praised her ankle trim and neat,
And said, about her tootsies,
How sweet a sight a pair of feet
Without a pair of boots is.

Next he composed a Villanelle
(He knew that if you rub men
The right way down you please them
well)
On all his fellow club-men.

His fellow club-men cheered the lad,
His praise with praises matching ;
They scratched his back, for each one
had
A back that wanted scratching.

And so in time he came to be,
Although he did his work ill,
The poet of a coterie,
The singer of a circle.

But soon he felt ambition stir ;
Such private praise seemed stinted ;
He found a pliant publisher,
And got his poems printed.

Some poets, men of heart and soul,
The sort that fame is bright with,
Have private stacks of native coal
To keep their fire alight with.

They count no cost, but feed the flame,
However small their earning,
And give no heed to praise or blame
If but the fire keeps burning.

Our hero worked in other ways
To eke his bardic fate out :
Where others heaped with coal the
blaze
He went and raked the grate out.



C. C. STAMP

Miss Featherhead. "I HOPE YOU ARE FEELING BETTER TO-DAY, MR. BOREHAM ?"

Mr. B. "No, I'M VERY DULL AND LOW-SPIRITED."

Miss F. "Ah, BUT YOU SEEM MORE YOURSELF !"

Then, sifting through his metric sieves
These literary cinders,
He took some good infinitives
And split them into finders.

(You see I drop the metaphor,
But metaphors are vexing ;
To keep them up grows more and more
Unspeakably perplexing.)

Of random rhymes he had a pack
By which he was outwitted
And dragged—he couldn't call them
back—

Beyond what sense permitted.

Nay, sometimes he was cockneyfied,
And when the day was "dawning,"
The poet all the rules defied,
And made it rhyme with "morning."

Some ravening critics left their cage—
They bared their teeth for tearing—
And took each palpitating page
And rent it past repairing.

They plied their most sarcastic pens
To make the poet rue it ;
ROMEIKE sent the specimens,
And so the author knew it.

Nothing availed this first defeat
To keep the man from fighting :
He owned a bullet-proof conceit,
And simply went on writing.

Let Culture, when she hears his name,
Deny his reputation,—
A sort of poet he became
By force of iteration.

And, quoted in no causerie,
Nor talked about in leaders,
By some strange chance he seems to be
A man of many readers. R. C. L.

SUGGESTED MOTTO OF THE NEW PRINCE
AND PRINCESS OF WALES (in view of the
many banquets to which they have been
bidden). "I, dine," instead of "Ich dien."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As the hand of the dyer is subdued to the colour of the liquid he works in, so is the pen of Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN steeped in the colour of the old French Court. *Count Hannibal* (SMITH, ELDER) presents a series of vivid pictures of the Court of CHARLES THE NINTH, and of life beyond its precincts. The story opens with a dramatic scene in the Louvre on the eve of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. That long-drawn tragedy is dashed on the pages in all its lurid terror. Interest properly centres round the hero, *Count Hannibal*, a ruthless soldier, lured first by passion, gradually enchained in the links of love. The strange thing in the Court of CHARLES THE NINTH is the circumstance that the object of his affection is his wedded wife. The wedding, like the wooing, is an affair that deepens my Baronite's longing for the good old times. *Count Hannibal* is, at least to begin with, what we in these days should call a ruffian. So skilful is the art of Mr. STANLEY WEYMAN that the fierce Count gradually wins his way into the reader's esteem, as, after picturesque vicissitudes, he does into his wife's heart. This original and striking character is cleverly contrasted with the Huguenot lover, a well-intentioned but wavering reed.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY's work possesses, as a rule, the definite charm of individuality. Her latest novel, *The Spindle and Plough* (HEINEMANN), is bright and attractively interesting. Though not quite so strong as her *Folly Corner*, it is considerably superior to the ordinary novel. Evidently the gardening mania, which has affected much of the literature this year, has given Mrs. DUDENEY the ingenious idea of making her heroine an uncommon specimen of the "woman gardener." The characters all stand out well defined, but none so absolutely as the feather-headed, vain, elderly mother, from whom the girl learns to regard matrimony with the utmost aversion. Hence the title. A fresh, breezy, healthy story.

The Young Barbarians (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), with whom IAN McLAREN deals, are the boys at Muirtown Seminary. They are real flesh and blood and fist boys. The atmosphere of the school breathes over every page. *Splueg* (Scottish for sparrow), a name bestowed by the boys in recognition of his impudence, his courage, his endurance, his cockiness, and his boundless ingenuity in mischief, is a delightful boy—though not for the best parlour. So, on another level, is *Duncan Robertson*. The account of their rescuing from embrace of the swift Tay the little English boy, *Nestie*, is in its humour and pathos equal to anything IAN McLAREN has written. After all, doubtless unintentionally, possibly unknowingly, the best character in the book is that of the old writing and mathematical master, *Dugald MacKinnon*, known to the boys as "Bulldog." He is almost as good as the Doctor, dear to Drumtochty. My Baronite feels that in the way of praise of portraiture it is difficult to go beyond that admission.

MARION CRAWFORD is at his very best in *Marietta, A Maid of Venice* (MACMILLAN & Co.). It is a powerfully dramatic story of Venice under "The Ten," told in a series of picturesque scenes described in strikingly artistic word-painting, the action being carried on by well-imagined, clearly-defined characters. Perfect is the description of Venice, and of the hour of *Ave Maria*. Hero and heroine are skilfully drawn types; while the quaint old, salt *Pasquale*, retired from active naval service and now gate-porter to *Beroviero*, the celebrated glass-blower, is drawn with the keenest sense of humour. The revenge taken by *Anstarchi*, the pirate, on the Venetian aristocratic dandy, *Contarini*, is deliciously original. Altogether, the Baron has no hesitation in pronouncing this romance equal to the best among the same author's notable contributions to romantic literature.

The Wouldbegoods, by E. NESBIT (T. FISHER UNWIN), is more or less a sequel to the *Treasure Seekers*, which was the starting-point of this interesting yet every-day family of boys and girls. Their further adventures, and the practical formation of their

society of *Wouldbegoods* is full of thrilling interest. A book to be read with pleasure by even those old enough to have passed that period of life when naughtiness has its own peculiar phase of enjoyment. "But," asks the Baron of himself, "what 'period of life' may 'that' be?"

No better gift book could be found for a boy than G. A. HENTY's latest work, entitled *At the Point of the Bayonet*, effectively illustrated by WAL PAGET. It is an exciting tale of the Mahratta War, full of hard fighting, gallant rescues, and narrow escapes. *Harry Lindsay* is a most attractive hero, and one for whom all readers will have an intense admiration. The boys who are so fortunate as to get the book as a Christmas present will enjoy many hours of supreme delight. As for the taking title, it sounds sensational, as naturally would be the position of anyone "at the point of the bayonet." The above and the three following are from Messrs. BLACKIE AND SON.

In the Days of Prince Hal; or, The Little Forester. H. ELINGTON tells a pretty story of a forester's children, *Wat* and *Hal Wainflete*, calculated to please youthful readers. The scene is laid in the New Forest. Encountering many adventures and enduring great misfortune, *Hal* proves himself a thorough hero. My Junioresst Baronitess informs me that she highly commends this tale. *A Little Irish Girl* (J. M. CALLWELL) gives us the story of *Norah O'Brien* and her small brother *Manus*, who, in their encounters with seals, with smugglers, with a hard-hearted uncle, and with a ghost, come off triumphant. Capitally told and well worth reading. *For the Old School*, by FLORENCE COOMBE, is a spirited story for boys, well illustrated by PAUL HARDY, whose name suggests that, were there a Gardeners' Book published regularly every Christmas, this artist should be engaged upon designs in the "Hardy Annual" department.

Mrs. BOYD spent a pleasant *Versailles Christmas-tide* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), and succeeds in drawing the reader within the circle of pleasure. As she confesses, Versailles at Christmas is a hopelessly dull place. But gentle dullness, hard to suffer at close quarters, is agreeable enough to study when chatted of by Mrs. BOYD, her conversation illuminated by the drawings of A. S. B. Of these there are fifty-three, done on the spot, instinct with life and colour, of denizens in the old French town. Mrs. BOYD has a quiet sense of humour, which scintillates over the pages. Any in search of an attractive Christmas present should look up this dainty volume.

Unfortunately for Mr. THOMAS NELSON PAGE, *A Christmas Carol* delighted the world many years before Mr. GRANT RICHARDS published *Santa Claus's Partner*. Undeterred by that circumstance, he has undertaken to write over again CHARLES DICKENS's masterpiece. Rarely has a similar task been carried out with such daringly close parallel. For *Old Scrooge* in his counting house in the heart of the City of London we have *Berryman Livingstone* "seated in his cushioned chair in his inner private office in the best office building in the City" of New York. His over-worked, under-paid clerk is not Bob Cratchit but John Clark. *Tiny Tim* becomes the little daughter of Mr. Clark. For the rest, there is a Christmas Eve party at the house of the poor clerk, into which the rich employer, converted to Christmas, bursts, carries off the little girl in his sledge, buys up the contents of a toy-shop, loads a Christmas-tree, and finally not only pays off the mortgage on his clerk's house, but takes him into partnership. From this it will be perceived that Mr. PAGE is a bold man. My Baronite confesses that, having read both books, he prefers *The Christmas Carol*. All the same, *Santa Claus's Partner* is a very pretty story.

ALLEN UPWARD's romance, entitled *The Ambassador's Adventure* (CASSELL & Co., Limited), would be as much to the taste of the lover of "sensation" as a woodcock in season to the gourmet, were it not that the story suffers, as would the dainty little bird, from being overdone. It has yet another fault, and that is its form, since it is presented to the reader as a narrative told by the Ambassador himself, for no particular purpose, to



M. F. H. "HOLD HARD! HOLD HARD, PLEASE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT BRUTE?"
Diana (plaintively). "I WISH I KNEW!"

an attentive listener, much as the Ancient Mariner button-holed the wedding guest, only that in this case the listener is ready and willing, while the Ambassador is as a "blessed Bendeveer," whose peculiar privilege it was to be loquacious at the expense of a victimised listener. The story, which commences well and fairly excites the curiosity of the reader, acquires, as it proceeds, a flavour of burlesque which is fatal to its realism. A secret anti-Anarchist "Royal Society" is an idea that should prove valuable to a librettist of comic opera, associated with a safely popular composer, but which, worked out as it is by ALLEN UPWARD, is fatal to a romance intended to be taken seriously. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN AFFAIR OF ART.

SCENE—Breakfast Room.

"CURIOUS assembly this, Aunt dear," quoth young LARKYNS, reading the *Times* aloud to his excellent relative: "Many of them emerge for almost the first time from their old homes,"—What a treat for them, poor dears! To see some artistic works? How nice!—"and scarcely any have been seen lately in London"—no indeed! rather too foggy!—"galleries or sale rooms. ROMNEY'S Mrs. Trotter"—ahem! Who is 'ROMNEY'S Mrs. Trotter'? and why isn't she 'Mister TROTTER'S Mrs. TROTTER'? I should like to know! Oh, don't tell me—go on!—"and the Constable"—Good heavens!—"being among the few exceptions."—"Thank you! I don't want any more police news," said Mr. L.'s aunt. "But I must say I am glad that 'Mrs. TROTTER' was trotted off by the constable. Whoever she is, she ought to be ashamed of herself." [Needless perhaps to explain that Mrs. L.'s nephew was giving the old lady an extract from the *Times* report of the GAINSBOROUGHS—"the Dear Duchess" included—and other pictures on view at the Agnew Gallery.]

THE BATTLE OF THE NORTH.

(Suburban Version.)

COME, buckle tight my hauberk on, and reach me down my pike,
My breast to shield from peril, and the enemy to strike,
And, boldly as I venture forth to wage the conflict fell,
Lady, I crave one last fond kiss, and bid one more farewell.

Ho! comrades, muster for the fray, be neither slow nor slack,
Seize every coigne of vantage, and make ready the attack;
And take what cover best ye may to ward off counterblows,
Then on, press onward with the cry, "Confusion to our foes!"

We wage no far-off conflict with Afridi or with Boer,
A present peril we must face, our foes are at the door;
Brave must he be of heart, and as a flint must set his face,
Who in the train at Finsbury Park would struggle for a place.

COMPLIMENTARY CHORUS,

WHICH the worthy *Maestro*, MEYER LUTZ, may arrange as a Complement of the Complimentary Matinée to be given Thursday, 28th November, 1.30 P.M., at the Gaiety Theatre, where for so many many years he, as *Chef d'Orchestre*, conducted his men to victory after victory.

Ensemble.

We give thee all we can! though poor
At best that offering be,
Our hearts to LUTZ go out! Now score
In notes and gold may he!

"So mote it be!" And so, no doubt, will it be. Here's his health, and all their healths, for the "MEYER the Merrier," and may he, the *bénéficiaire*, "live long and prosper!" *Prosit*.

AN OPINION ON PALMISTRY.

I BEG to say that I am flattered to have been desired by the Editor of the leading forensic journal (himself a member of the Bar) to give an opinion upon the merits or demerits—as governed by the incidents of the case—of palmistry. I will not enter into the question whether palmistry comes under the category of obtaining money under false pretences, or any kindred misdemeanour. I will merely use my powers of observation—which may be taken to comprise a trained legal intellect, for I passed, after not a few years of earnest intellectual endeavour, the examination necessary to securing my admission to the Outer Bar, and kept all my dining terms with the same object—to the sifting of the *bonâ fides* of the palmist *qua* palmist, and not *qua* possible infringer of the laws of the country. For the sake of convenience and also to render my opinion more palatable to the general reader I will break up my “points” under italic side-headings.

Personal Appearance of the Palmist.—Decidedly prepossessing. Costume in excellent taste. Just a touch of the Oriental in the shape of an Egyptian necklace and a *souppçon* of the barbaric in the gold-mounted shark’s-tooth brooch. Soft voice—softer touch.

Mode of Procedure.—She begged me to show her both my hands. First she examined them palms uppermost, then palms reversed. Then she pondered and told me I had been married. She added that I would be married again. This saddened me, as I have kept my silver wedding, and would be glad to celebrate the golden or even diamond anniversary of my nuptials.

True Indications of my Disposition.—She said I am “generous to a fault.” I am. I gave sixpence to a crossing sweeper one Christmas Eve ten or eleven years ago. That I am “almost too conscientious.” I am. The assessor of income tax is entirely wrong, or nearly entirely wrong, in the view he has taken for many years past concerning my return. I am “very fond of dress.” I am. I have kept a favourite frock coat in constant use for the last ten years. I am very fond of it. “When once I make up my mind to anything, I do it.” Absolutely correct. The more so that I never make up my mind about anything. If I did, of course I should do it.

Questionable indications.—My delineator informed me that I was “cut out to be a soldier.” This may be so, but it is only right to say that when I joined the Inns of Court Rifle Volunteers I never succeeded in getting my dismissal from drill. The military evolution technically known as “forming fours” was an insuperable difficulty to my advancement. However, if I had received rapid promotion and

had become Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, there is no knowing what I might have done. I am very fair as a tactician as may be gathered from the fact that I am frequently successful in a game of draughts. I am also a dangerous opponent—when my player is not too strong—at dominoes. On the other side, it is only right to admit that I know very little of chess, and am an unpopular partner at bridge.

Final impression.—There is something in it. I was led to this conclusion by the palmist (who did not, however, pretend to reveal the secrets of the future) informing me that it was “highly probable that I should some day become Lord Chancellor.” This has been my opinion for the last thirty years—in fact, since the date of my “call” supper. And that I have made considerable progress in this direction may be assumed by the layman. To my colleagues at the Bar I can adduce a few facts in support of my contention. I may mention for their information that during last term I made no less than three applications—certainly in the same action, but the action is one of very considerable importance—to a Master in Chambers, and already this term have been entrusted with the responsible office of holding a watching brief.

And with this observation I conclude my opinion. My impression of palmistry may be summed up in five words—there is something in it.

(Signed) A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

*Pumphandle Court,
November 18, 1901.*

THE FLIGHT OF FANCY.

I THINK the joke extremely good And marvel at my buoyant mood ; The point is clear, the humour terse, I’ll sketch it in an easy verse.

The joke is good ; I think how JONES Will greet it with his cheery tones : I laugh to think how many times JONES has exploded at my rhymes.

Still, as I think, the joke somehow Less rich in humour seems to grow ; The point so clear, the wit so terse Seems less adapted to a verse.

The subtle point so deftly made Within my mind begins to fade. The quaint allusions cease to lend Charm to an unexpected end.

I take it from another view, I turn it round—it will not do ; The parts I most had chuckled at Appear now singularly flat.

Yet still the joke I ponder o’er, Though now to me a joke no more, Though blurred by every changing mood,—

And still I think the joke was good.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF THE FOG.

“TRUTH is stranger than fiction,” and especially strange are the truths recorded hereunder, and based upon accounts which are but now beginning to come in, relating to the late awful visitation of fog. Amongst them we learn that:—

The skipper of a cargo boat feeling her way up the Thames was shot overboard by the sudden blowing of the syren. Of course, the unfortunate man was drowned: this was a fog-horn—beg pardon, fore-gone conclusion.

In the heavy murk of Regent Street, one gentleman’s hand was found in another’s watch-pocket. Questioned by a constable, he said that he had not the remotest notion how it got there. The constable said that that was “too thin”; and, subsequently, the magistrate said, “three months.”

One gentleman was actually obliged to go to bed in his boots, as the fog made it quite impossible for him to find his own feet.

There have been several well authenticated instances of men who—owing to the thickness of the fog—actually annexed their neighbours’ drinks whilst standing in Fleet Street bars.

Several curious mistakes have been made at the clubs over umbrellas and overcoats, all the more remarkable as in nearly every instance members took new articles, leaving behind them old and worn-out ones.

Fog was responsible for a singular mistake in the neighbourhood of Lancaster Gate, where a person was seen to climb up over the portico and enter a house by the first-floor window. His subsequent explanation to the policeman was that he was under the impression that it was his own house, and that, for the sake of exercise, he was always in the habit of entering in that way. Without going so far as to reject this explanation, the learned magistrate thought that during a seven days’ remand matters of interest on the subject of this gentleman’s antecedents might possibly come to light, and so, for the present, the case stands. The police at large are earnestly hoping that we may have no more serious visitations of the fog fiend this side of Christmas.

“AYE, AYE, SIR!”—The announcement that ANDERSON CRITCHETT, the well-known oculist, has recently received the honour of knighthood is “a sight for sore eyes.” Sir ANDERSON, or rather Sir ANDY, is indeed one of the best practical illustrations of “Tho’ Andy Man” in his particular line that Mr. Punch can call to mind. So Mr. P., raising his glass to his eye, previous to lowering it to his lips, says heartily, “Congratulations to you, my dear ‘Sir’!”



Young Lady. "I DO THINK YOU ARE CLEVER, AUNT, TO BE ABLE TO ARGUE WITH THE DOCTOR ABOUT SOCIOLOGY!"
Aunt. "I'VE ONLY BEEN CONCEALING MY IGNORANCE, DEAR."
Dr. Bilks (gallantly). "OH NO, MISS KNOWLES, QUITE THE CONTRARY!"



Parson. "WHY, JOHN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"

John. "IT BE TOO WET TO WORK, ZUR."

Parson. "WELL, IF IT'S TOO WET TO WORK, WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?"

John. "WULL, MY OLD 'OOMAN, SHE DO JAW SO!"

THE HERMIT OF SAINT ROUIN.

["Saint Rouin, the place of pilgrimage in Argonne, is without a hermit. The last of these anchorites was not exactly an object of veneration to the faithful of the neighbourhood. This old Zouave was not averse to using bad language, or to begging in the village and apostrophising in lurid French mixed with Arabic those who refused him alms. Moreover, he was rather too fond of the bottle. On his death the Bishop of Verdun deemed it advisable not to nominate a successor."—*Magasin Pittoresque*.]

To sit in solitary spot
With contemplative air,
This is the unexciting lot
That hermits love to bear,
And prayer
Should be their constant care.

But he was of another hue:
Your alms he would implore,
And if you offered him a sou
With oaths he asked for more.
O Lor'!
How shockingly he swore!

Nor had he that ascetic turn
A hermit ought to sport:

For alcohol his soul did yearn—
Beer, brandy, sherry, port.

In short
He worshipped every sort.
With many a pilgrim passing by
Was many a bottle cracked,
And many a double-seeing eye
This holy hermit blacked.

In fact
There's scarce a crime he lacked.
At last this anchorite became
Of nuisances the chief,
And when he left his mortal frame
The sighs for him were brief.

Relief
Was felt instead of grief.
And now beside Saint Rouin fair
Good pilgrims feel no qualms
To see a drunken hermit there
Stretch forth his grimy palms
For alms
With oaths instead of psalms.

And in this tragic tale, I vow,
A moral one may see
For all who are good hermits now
Or ever hope to be—

i.e.
They ought to be T.T.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"Bill of Fare (from the Archives of a London Restaurant.)" This quaint document has been supposed by philologists to be written in a kind of French. There appears to have been a superstition of some tenacity that dishes would taste inadequately or indelicately if labelled in the vulgar tongue. Thanks, however, to the labours of the various Professors of Cookery at the Universities of Peckham, Joeburg, Toowoomba, Oklahoma and Medicine Hat, the resources of the Anglaustriamercan language have long been found equal to the task.

NOT THE FASHION IN NATAL.

THERE was a young lady of Durban,
Who imported a Paris-made turban.
It was blue, green and red,
But the natives all said
That the style was remote and suburban.

Compassionate Gentleman (to bandaged stranger). I'm afraid you've been badly wounded in the war, my poor fellow!
Bandaged Stranger. No. I got a trifle knocked in our last football match!



DISSEMBLED LOVE.

"IT IS A MATTER FOR CONGRATULATION THAT WE HAVE FOUND SUCH A KINDLY FEELING AND SUCH A CORRECT ATTITUDE ON THE PART OF ALL THE GREAT POWERS."—Lord Salisbury's Speech at the Guildhall.

[Effigies of the Colonial Secretary have recently been burnt on the Continent."—*Daily Paper*.]

A "SORT" OF INTERNICOTINE WAR.
(Telegrams from Our Special Fumiste at the Front.)

Nov. 7.—Trouble has been brewing upon the Guinea Gold Coast for several weeks past. The Pigaden tribe left Somaliland last September, under the leadership of a new headman (known, curiously enough, by the English title of "Duke"), with the avowed object of raiding British territory.

Nov. 8.—It has now transpired that quite a month ago certain emissaries of the Pigadens in disguise were especially active in endeavouring to win adherents among the more influential members of the British mercantile community. These enterprising advance agents appear to have been amply supplied with funds, but failed to shake the loyalty of our compatriots.

Nov. 9.—The "Duke" or Khalifa of the Pigadens has to-day reached the British frontier. His manner is distinctly minatory, and his followers are openly defiant.

Nov. 9 (later).—The Pigadens have just forwarded an ultimatum to the effect that the British territory will be invaded in force unless the whole plant, assets and control of every

factory within the same be handed over to them before the expiry of the next twenty-four hours. Our authorities, as usual, have only just woke up to the necessity of a counter-move, and an Imperial force is on the march in the direction of . . . (here follows a blank, deleted by the Censor.)

Nov. 10.—No answer having been received to the ultimatum, the terms of which are considered in the capital to be wantonly provocative by all except a

small Pro-Pigaden faction who advocate a "climb-down," the enemy has proclaimed a "Jehad," or Holy War. This means that they will fight to the death, and give no quarter. Their flag is a crude combination of red and white bars with a number of white patches on a blue ground in one of the upper corners. It is reported that the

Nov. 12.—The enemy have reached the capital, and have signalled the event by issuing a list of persons captured, which fills three whole pages of an evening journal. The Philippinos have promptly replied with a patriotic counterblast spread over four pages of a rival print, without, however, specifying any "bag" of prisoners. The Imperial commander-in-chief appears to be playing a waiting game.

Nov. 13.—Smoke-creating tactics have been adopted by both sides, leaving the issue at present obscure. A general engagement is in progress, and the war promises to be interminable. The Pigadens have now declared for annexation pure and simple, while the Imperialists are fighting for independence. There is an enormous output of nicotine and deadly explosives of a similar kind, which evenurchins of tender years are being taught to handle. Some of the captured traders are beginning to complain of the rigours of the invaders' concentration camps.

Nov. 14.—The Pro-Pigadens and Pipe-of-Peace Clique are making frantic efforts, but without success, to induce the patriotic party to throw up the sponge. Their efforts to bring

Nov. 15.—This war, in a formal sense—Hullo, they're turning the lights out in the smoking-room of my club, and I must catch the last bus home to the suburbs. . . A. A. S.



H.R.H. GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES.

"I KNOW, SIR, THAT YOU WILL MAINTAIN THE PRESTIGE OF THE TITLE. IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO INCREASE IT."

Pigaden watch-word is "Trust or Bust."

Nov. 11.—The Imperial combined columns have at last taken the field against the invaders, but their mobility leaves something to be . . . (passage struck out by Censor). They have been reinforced by the Philippinos, a contingent that are quite English, in spite of their designation. A number of small traders, I regret to say, have gone over to the Pro-Pigaden party, and probably other waverers will follow.

about a conference between the opposing generals have so far ended in smoke.

Nov. 15.—This war, in a formal sense—Hullo, they're turning the lights out in the smoking-room of my club, and I must catch the last bus home to the suburbs. . .

A. A. S.

SOMETIMES in good and sometimes in bad temper,

"*Fœmina varium et mutabile semper.*"

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE—Mr. A. J. BALFOUR's London house. The Right Honourable gentleman's bedroom. Discovered, Mr. BALFOUR in bed. To him enter A. W.

A. W. Good morning, Mr. BALFOUR. I am very sorry indeed to find that you are ill.

Mr. B. (*yawning*). On the contrary I'm in the best of health. But I don't get up so ridiculously early as some fellows. It's only half past eleven now. What have you come about? I hope you don't want a literary pension from the Civil List. One of those wretched things gave me an immense amount of trouble some time ago.

A. W. No, thank you. I only wanted a little chat on public affairs.

Mr. B. Oh, that's all right. Please chat about anything you like, except golf. Nothing annoys me more than a man talking golf unless he understands it perfectly. Some fellows are always talking golf. Besides, one must have some recreation. That's why I devote part of my leisure to statesmanship. It bores me horribly, but it is a change from golf. You won't mind if I finish this novel while you're chatting? It's one of GYP's last. How dreadfully poor her books have been since she first dragged in politics! She's really quite tedious now. What were you saying?

A. W. I wasn't saying anything. I was delighted to hear your views on current literature.

Mr. B. I'm glad you think the same. And BOURGET is so long-winded, and ZOLA is still more long-winded and quite impossible with all his surgical horrors, and PIERRE LOTI writes in newspapers, and the brothers MARGUERITE bore one with war news of 1870, still more like newspapers, only old ones. Really I think I shall have to try MARIE CORELLI.

A. W. When I came in, and saw you in bed, I was afraid you were suffering from vaccination. In fact, I hoped I should hear your views on the "conscientious objector." I believe you started that name. (*A pause.*) Can he be asleep?

[Mr. BALFOUR's book falls with a crash on the floor.

Mr. B. (*starting up*). What's that? Oh, I beg your pardon! That's the worst of reading in bed. One's almost sure to fall asleep. It always seems so snug, but it isn't really very comfortable after all. If you lie on your back you can't see properly, and the book slips forward on your nose, and if you lie on your side you get pins and needles in your arm. It is difficult to get a really comfortable position anywhere, isn't it? In the House I put my feet on the table, but the edge of that's very sharp against one's ankles. We ought to have sofas, only the space is so cramped. I'll just ring for my man to

pick up that book. Oh, please don't! You really are too kind. It's so difficult to lean out of bed to pick up a book. One's apt to fall out after it, and that is so very uncomfortable. I'm afraid I interrupted you.

A. W. I was only asking your views on vaccination.

Mr. B. Ah, that's a thing I really know nothing about. I believe there was some talk about it some time ago. I never can remember statistics and that sort of thing. They bore me dreadfully. But there's somebody called BERNARD SHAW, who wrote a book, or a treatise, or something on the subject, called *Arms and the Man*. That ought to tell you all about it. I have an idea he considers himself an expert on the subject. Come to that, why not consult your own doctor? I've only one more page left.

A. W. (*with hesitation*). If it is not asking you to reveal state secrets I should be so glad if you could give me any idea of the character of the mysterious information about the war which was hinted at by Lord SALISBURY at the Guildhall. But please don't let me appear inquisitive. In fact, in reference to the situation in South Africa, you might prefer to give me your private opinion in vague terms.

Mr. B. (*flinging the book on the floor*). Worse and worse!

A. W. (*excitedly*). What? You don't mean to say it's as bad as that? And everyone hoping it was getting near the end.

Mr. B. It's finished, thank goodness!

A. W. (*indignantly*). How can you say that? It's what you've been saying all along. Really, Mr. BALFOUR, you must excuse me if I say that something ought to be done.

Mr. B. (*drowsily*). Done, did you say? What can be done?

A. W. (*more indignantly*). You ask me that? How on earth should I know? It's as bad as that senseless—excuse me, that strange remark about the Man in the Street. If you and the others don't know what to do, with all the wonderful secret information you have, or ought to have, how can I? Really, I must say there never can have been a more absent-minded collection of dreamers. But it's no use talking, there must be something (*emphatically*) to be done.

Mr. B. (*waking up with a start*). There! you said it again. But what can be done? The only way is not to bother about such tedious twaddle.

A. W. (*still more indignantly*). Tedious twaddle, you call it? Really, Mr. BALFOUR, it is difficult to find words to express what I think.

Mr. B. Oh, come now, it's not so bad as that. She's a clever woman, only she has written less well since she thought she was carried off to the suburbs of Paris, and munched that carrot out in the fields.

A. W. What woman? What carrot?

Mr. B. Why, GYP, of course.

A. W. I wasn't talking about GYP, but about the war.

Mr. B. (*drowsily*). Oh, if it's anything about a war, you must ask my friend BRODRICK. I'm a perfect ignoramus in such matters. They bore me dreadfully if I even think about them. So I don't. Don't you see?

A. W. If that's the case I have nothing more to ask. Good-bye. (*A pause.*) He's asleep again. (*Loudly.*) Good-bye, Mr. BALFOUR.

Mr. B. (*drowsily*). Oh, good - night! Good-bye, I mean. [*Exit A. W.*]

[*The scene and Mr. BALFOUR's eyes close simultaneously.* H. D. B.]

A PRECIOUS TEAR.

[*"An American woman carries about with her a crystal locket in which she claims that one of M. PADREWSKI's tears is enshrined."*—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN the day is dark and dreary,
And my heart is worn and weary,
Then I fumble in my dress about the rear,
Till I find the cunning pocket
Whence I take this crystal locket,
And I gaze on PADREWSKI's precious tear.

Women friends to whom I've shown it
Say they'd give the world to own it,
And they offer me the ransom of a peer—
Which they'd give with satisfaction
For a teeny weeny fraction
Of my master PADREWSKI's precious tear.

And they come in hundreds thronging,
And they gaze with eyes of longing
On the relic in its crystal bright and clear;
But although they madly covet,
Far too dearly do I love it
To distribute PADREWSKI's precious tear.

For I watched it slowly straying
Down his nose as he was playing,
And I vowed a vow 'twixt trembling hope
and fear—

If I caught it I would perish
Ere I ever ceased to cherish
In its crystal PADREWSKI's precious tear.

So when Philistines unsouly
Come and mock my relic holy
With a vulgar jest and idiotic sneer,
Then again I seek the pocket
And restore the crystal locket
Which contains my PADREWSKI's precious tear.

MEDITATIONS.—"Screwed as an owl" is a simile certainly not founded on fact. Birds, beasts and fishes do not, as a rule, become intoxicated by drink. If a "grig" be merry, yet he remains sober. "Drunk as a fly" is the only exception; flies being undoubtedly easily overcome, as, too, in a less degree, are wasps and drones, unable to resist a sweetened beer trap. There is one exception to the rule of equine sobriety, and that is a horse when he's "groggy."



THE RETURN OF THE "LITTLE MINISTER."—A SEQUEL.

(With apologies to Mr. J. M. Barrie.)

THE REV. GAVIN DISHART ROSEBERRY RECEIVES BACK THE KEYS OF THE "MANSE." HIS RECEPTION BY THE ELDERS, HOWEVER, IS NOT EXACTLY OF WHAT YOU WOULD CALL A UNANIMOUS OR AN UPROARIOUSLY ENTHUSIASTIC CHARACTER.

JACOB AND HIS MASTER.

PART I.

THE dreadful and dreaded funeral ceremony was at an end; the friends and relatives of the deceased—distant relatives, most of them, who had come from a distance—were dispersing; the will, which disposed of a most exiguous estate, had been duly read; the chief mourner, accompanied by the only friend left to him in the wide world, slipped softly out of the grim, grey house and sat himself down on the outskirts of an adjoining pine-copse to think things over. A mournful little chief mourner he was (though with a stout heart beneath his waistcoat and a sensible head under his cap), and his only friend, pressed close to him by an encircling arm, knew better than to attempt boisterous consolation. Even in those early days of excitable puppyhood that true and shaggy friend of his had grave moods, as well as profound instincts. Airdale terriers, indeed, are almost always prone to contemplate life in its more serious aspects.

BOB CRACROFT's life, as it presented itself to him on that windy March afternoon, offered a picture, present and future, which looked serious enough. He had been very fond of his father, who had met with instantaneous death in the hunting-field only a few days before, and whose obsequies he had been summoned by telegraph to attend—so fond, that he had to bite his lips and postpone reflections upon that subject until friendly darkness and bed-time should supervene. He wished just now to bring his mind, if he could, to bear upon the question of what was going to become of him. To this he had been unable to disentangle any lucid reply from the puzzling phraseology of the legal document which had been recited in his presence; only he had gathered from sundry whispered remarks that there would be very little money for him and no home. Something had been audibly said about the necessity of letting Kirkhall, and the probable difficulty of discovering a tenant for the place. Poor little grey Kirkhall!—wild and forbidding on its bleak hillside, under the low northern sky, yet dear from its association with many happy holidays—small likelihood, in truth, was there of eager competition for such a residence. The thought might not have been wholly discomfiting, had Kirkhall been BOB's own property; but that, he supposed, could not be the case.

That, however, was the case; and his uncle, THEODORE CRACROFT, having descried him from the dining-room window, was even now stepping lightly across the grass to inform him that he was, amongst other things, a landowner *in statu pupillari*. This tall, slim, carefully-attired gentleman, with whom his elder brother, a man wholly addicted to field sports, had never cared to maintain close relations, was known to BOB only by name and by vague, unflattering reputation. In circles less rustic THEODORE CRACROFT enjoyed some considerable reputation as a rising barrister and a not ungraceful contributor to contemporary literature. If at that particular moment he looked a little cross and impatient, excuses must be made for him. Who, after a long journey into stern, northern wilds, terminating with a funeral and with the agreeable discovery that he has been constituted sole guardian of an ill-provided-for orphan, can be expected to look pleased? But THEODORE endeavoured to make the best of a bad job. He said, in a tone of kindly remonstrance:

"My dear boy, this really isn't weather for sitting out of doors. Jump up before the east wind freezes the marrow of your bones!"

BOB rose slowly. "I don't mind it, thanks," he answered; "I rather like it."

"Do you indeed? I wish I did! Is that queer-looking mongrel yours?"

BOB was too much shocked and taken aback to make any immediate reply. That that flat head, that long muzzle, that perfect blue-grey and tan coat, those strong, straight legs and round feet should be pronounced the attributes of a "queer-

looking mongrel" was indeed a startling revelation of ignorance! The only rejoinder that could be made was, "I suppose you don't know much about Airdales."

"Absolutely nothing," Mr. CRACROFT confessed, good-humouredly enough. "If he is a prize specimen of the breed, I beg to offer him my apologies. What do you call him?"

"Jacob Faithful," answered the boy, adding explanatorily: "I named him after a favourite character of mine in a book."

"Oh, yes," said the other, laughing. "I am acquainted with the book. One has heard of Captain MARRYAT, though one isn't familiar with the points of an Airdale. I'm glad you have a liking for sea stories; you can't do better than stick to the sea—can't do better!"

What he meant was, that the boy could not do better than adopt a profession which would render him as little as possible of a nuisance to his guardian. "But," he resumed, pinching his chin meditatively, "I presume that you won't be allowed to take Mr. Jacob Faithful back to the *Britannia* with you?"

"Oh, no," answered BOB, with a sorrowful shake of the head; "that isn't allowed."

"H'm!—and as your home henceforth, during the holidays, will have to be my London chambers——"

"Am I to live with you, Sir?" asked the boy quickly.

THEODORE responded by a shrug of the shoulders, which seemed to imply pretty plainly that the arrangement was not one of his seeking. He laid bare the situation in a few concise sentences. "Your poor father seems, unfortunately, to have lived for many years beyond the limits of his small income. He has left some money—just enough, perhaps, to defray the expenses of your education and give you a start in life. As for this modest estate, which is to be held in trust for you until you come of age, I am afraid it is likely to cost all that it will bring in. Well, one must take things as they come. I don't suppose you will like London at first; but, in the ordinary course of matters, you will be going to sea before very long."

"What about Jake, though?" BOB anxiously inquired.

"Oh, Jacob Faithful, eh? Well—upon my word, I hardly know——"

He was almost inclined to say that he would take charge of the dog, whose rough head he stooped down to pat; but, unluckily, Jacob, who, for all his tact and wisdom, was still very young, misinterpreted this advance and jumped to unwarranted conclusions. He had, of course, heard his name, and had very likely divined that his fate was under discussion: he settled it by flinging himself impulsively upon the stranger and barking aloud, as who should say, "I thank you, Sir; you are a better fellow than I took you for, after all!"

"Get down, you brute!" called out Mr. CRACROFT, stepping back and brushing the imprint of muddy paws off his black coat. To the boy he said, "Dogs are out of the question in London, you know—a burden to themselves and everybody else. You will have to part with this one, I'm afraid."

"He's an awfully obedient dog," BOB remarked, with the air of one who merely states a fact and asks no favour.

"I doubt whether I should find him so. Besides, I couldn't spare time to give him the exercise necessary to keep him in health. There really isn't room for a dog in my very occupied life."

"I suppose," said BOB, "he couldn't be left here, could he?"

"Not very well; we hope to let the house, you see. You had better, I should say, present Jacob Faithful to somebody in the neighbourhood who will be kind to him."

"All right," answered the boy.

He himself was obedient and accustomed to discipline: also he was proud and a bit of a stoic: furthermore, he had taken stock of his guardian, who struck him as ill-adapted to exercise control over a high-spirited animal. THEODORE CRACROFT, pleased and somewhat surprised by BOB's ready submission, patted him on the shoulder, said a few words which were

intended to be approving and encouraging, mentioned that they would both have to leave on the morrow, and presently retired into the house. He must write some letters before the post went out, he remarked—perhaps as a hint that he did not wish to be disturbed.

BOB was innocent of any desire to intrude upon his guardian, whose back he was relieved to see. He consulted the silver watch which his father had given him on his last birthday, found that there would be plenty of time to walk over to Horsley Park upon an errand which had become imperative, and started across the fields towards his destination with plodding

grounds would be a rare bit of luck, and he was conscious of not being at present in luck's way. Luck, however, is of all phenomena the most capricious, and he had not trudged many yards along one of the shrubberies which surrounded the imposing white mansion before he found himself face to face with PHYLLIS DUNCOMBE herself, unattended (oh, joy!) by the formidable German lady whose duty it was to keep a vigilant eye upon her movements.

"BOB!" exclaimed the little girl, throwing out both her hands towards him with an impulsive gesture of pity and sympathy; "I was just thinking about you. I—I'm so dreadfully sorry!"



THE FIRST SETTLERS IN AMERICA.

[According to the *Daily Mail*, there is evidence to show that the Welsh discovered America a long time before Columbus.]

steps and a rather heavy heart, *Jacob Faithful* trotting quietly at his heels.

"Hold up, *Jacob*," he said presently; "don't be dismal, old man. It's going to be all right for you."

So *Jacob* ranged on ahead, affecting an access of high spirits and pursuing invisible rabbits. It was quite true that he was a very obedient dog.

Horsley Park, the residence of Mr. DUNCOMBE, M.P., was situated at a distance of some four miles from Kirkhall as the crow flies. Within an hour BOB had reached the confines of the extensive gardens and, dropping his elbows upon an iron railing which separated these from the park, paused to consider. He did not very much want to present himself at the front door and be stared at by the butler and a couple of cheeky footmen; but that, in all probability, was what he would have to do. To come across PHYLLIS and her governess somewhere in the

The boy nodded, tightened the set of his mouth and grasped the little hands extended to him in his own rather big and red ones. He understood, and he was grateful; but there are subjects which cannot be talked about without danger of incurring personal disgrace. So all he said was:

"I thought I would just come up and see if you were anywhere about. I want you to do me a favour, if you will."

"Oh, but of course I will do anything I can for you, BOB—anything!" the girl cried, with shining eyes.

She was a very pretty little girl, and her grey eyes were most pleasant to look upon. BOB thought so, and had always thought so; although it had never before been his privilege to gaze into them at such close quarters, for Miss PHYLLIS knew how to keep admirers in their proper place. Just then, no doubt, she was moved by compassion, and willing, perhaps, to unbend to an extent of which no gentleman ought to take advantage.

Realising this, BOB relinquished her hands, sighed and went on: "It's only about *Jake*. Will you have him? He's no trouble in the house, and he never fights unless he's attacked. He ought to have bones sometimes for the sake of his teeth; but I wouldn't give him any meat, if I were you. You'll find him awfully affectionate."

"You are never going to part with *Jacob*!" exclaimed the girl.

"Well, I must, you see. I'm under orders from an uncle of mine who lives in London, and who isn't particularly fond of dogs. And I don't know," added BOB meditatively, "that I should care about trusting him with a dog even if he was. Now you *do* know a well-bred one from a mongrel; so I should feel a lot happier if *Jake* were yours."

"*Jake* will never be anybody's but yours," Miss PHYLLIS declared; "but I'll take care of him for you—oh, I'll take the greatest care of him!—until you have a home of your own again and send for him."

Jacob, who had seated himself between the couple, and had been turning his head from one to the other during the above dialogue, looked wistfully up at her. She stooped and kissed him, receiving a huge lick in return. BOB also kissed the dog: if he selected the same spot for his salute as had been hallowed by the touch of PHYLLIS's lips, that may have been a mere coincidence. At any rate, the gruff, rather husky accents in which he presently addressed her were suggestive of no silly sentimentality.

"I suppose you haven't got such a thing as a pair of scissors about you, have you?"

PHYLLIS was sorry that she had not.

"Oh, well, never mind! I'll manage it with my knife. I only wanted a bit of the old chap's hair, in case I shouldn't ever see him again."

He managed it with his knife—which was a blunt one—while *Jacob*, without a whimper of remonstrance, wagged his stump of a tail up and down. One of *Jacob*'s idiosyncrasies (unique in the experience of the present historian) was that he always wagged his tail perpendicularly, instead of horizontally. This, somehow or other, lent a certain dignity to the demonstration and seemed to accord with the serious trend of his character. It was with his honest, anxious, yellowish eyes that he was wont to smile, and the smile so plainly visible therein now was full of anxiety. Too full of it to be contemplated by BOB, who hastily averted his head and turned once more to the little girl.

"I say," he began.

"Well," she returned, "what do you say?"

"I suppose you wouldn't—you'll think me no end of an ass, I expect—but, might I have a bit of yours too?"

"A bit of what?" PHYLLIS innocently inquired; though she knew well enough.

"You've got a tremendous lot of it, you know," BOB urged; "you wouldn't miss just a scrap of it off the ends."

She had, indeed, a tremendous lot of it for her age; it fell in a thick golden-bronze shower below her waist, and often, while it was being combed, she lamented its abnormal density.

Yet she could not, even to please a poor boy who had just lost his father and was about to lose his dog, make the implored sacrifice without a little more pressure. Although she was only fourteen, she was not ignorant of the powers and prerogatives which are the birthrights of her sex.

"Oh, BOBBY," she expostulated laughingly, "don't be ridiculous!"

BOB could not bear to be called BOBBY, and was not fond of being thought ridiculous; but, as he wanted that lock of hair rather badly, he had the courage to persist. After some further debate, he carried his point; the blunt instrument was once more called into requisition and a treasure, which was destined to remain with him for many years to come, was safely stowed away in his waistcoat pocket. Then, in answer to PHYLLIS's queries, he drew a succinct anticipatory sketch of his coming career, so far as it admitted of forecast. In about eighteen months he would pass out of the *Britannia*—as midshipman, he hoped—and would at once proceed to sea. He would, he said,

have "precious little to live upon" beyond his pay; but sooner or later a big war was bound to come and bring rapid promotion to those who survived it. Anyhow, there were always little wars going on, and in these a Naval Brigade was always engaged. With ordinary luck, a fellow might expect to be posted before his beard was grey, and then—

"What then?" PHYLLIS inquired.

"Then," answered the boy, with determination, "I shall settle down at Kirkhall. That is, of course, between my commands."

"It seems rather a long time to wait," observed PHYLLIS pensively. "Let me see; you are fifteen now"—she began checking off the decades on her fingers—"twenty-five, thirty-five, forty-five—thirty years! *Jacob* won't be here when you come back to live at Kirkhall."

"No, nor you either," returned BOB sadly. "Well, it can't be helped. Don't forget a fellow, that's all!"

She gave him an unhesitating promise that she would never do that; she even (but this is a great secret) bestowed upon him at the last moment an intoxicating pledge of remembrance which went near to depriving him of his wits. However, he had presence of mind enough to return it with interest. Then he took the dog's chin in his hand and said, in a hoarse, but steady voice:

"*Jacob Faithful*, this is your mistress. You are going to live with her now; you don't belong to me any more. Be a good dog, and stay where you are. Goodbye, dear old chap—goodbye!"

BOB left rather abruptly, without once looking back; the laurels and the rhododendrons soon concealed him from view, and *Jacob* made no attempt to follow him.

Jacob, fully realising the situation, remained squatted upon his haunches, threw up his nose and gave one long, low moan; while the little girl, flinging herself upon her knees beside him, pressed him to her heart and wept aloud.

W. E. N.

(To be continued.)



QUITE THE RIGHT SORT OF LINK-BOY.

WINTER RESORTS.

SLACKTON-ON-SEA.

WEATHER of the most varied description — best described as samples — can be obtained here now, suiting every taste. The visitor to this highly-favoured locality usually has the double advantage resulting from heat and cold, applied alternately. Thus, those who enjoy a warm, genial air, generally obtain their desire — often accompanied by a strong, life-giving gale: later in the day quite a St. Moritz turn is taken by the weather: and those who like a cold frosty temperature — coupled in most cases with a thick fog — can revel in the atmospheric conditions offered them. The inhabitants have a never-failing source of amusement here in the constant change from summer to winter clothing, necessitated by the charming inconsistency of things meteorological. The band now performs once a day only, in deference to the wishes of both visitors and residents, who got up a joint petition to the authorities declaring that they, the said petitioners, could not stand it oftener.

DEADLEIGH.

Wintry weather has given place to a pleasant thick fog, which local practitioners consider very health-giving. The Chrysanthemum Show would have been a great success had people been able to find it; as it was, only eight people arrived there during the day, the Mayor and Mayoress driving some seventeen times round the town before discovering where they were. The Lord-Lieutenant would have opened the show but for the fact that he emphatically declined to do anything of the sort when requested.

BRIKAMORTARVILLE.

There has been no complaint of monotony at this rising young town during the last week, for what with sleet, snow, rain, frost, fog and hail, we have been favoured with an endless and charming variety that must attract all lovers of change. A company of amateur actors has been performing at the Town Hall, but ceased somewhat hurriedly on the third night, and left the place contemporaneously with the arrival of a large consignment of shop eggs from abroad.

A bazaar here would have been opened by Lord Kitchener but for his presence in South Africa.

The Mayor will give a vegetarian and teetotal banquet on December 23rd. Invitations are being accepted somewhat languidly.

MUDDIFORD.

Another visitor arrived the day before yesterday in the town, and was at once called upon by the Mayor and most of the Aldermen. Several of the principal inhabitants followed suit on the same afternoon. An entertainment was given in the



Pantomime Child (to admiring friend). "YUS, AND THERE'S ANOTHER HADVANTAGE IN BEIN' A HACTRESS. YOU GET YER FORTYGRAPHS TOOK FOR NOFFINK!"

market square yesterday, with the aid of a monkey and a barrel organ. This most interesting exhibition was witnessed by a large crowd, almost the whole of Muddiford turning out *en masse* to watch the monkey's eccentric evolutions.

A section of the new drainage scheme has now been commenced.

At the College, on Monday, the wife of the Headmaster held a reception, and afterwards an adjournment was made to the schoolroom for the prize-giving. The prizes would have been distributed by the Duke of DITCHWATER but that, when approached on the subject, His Grace said he would see them — about it later on.

THE MOST POPULAR "JOKE" ON RECORD. — The one about there being many "a slip" between Sir THOMAS LIP-TON and the America Cup. "Slip" and "Lip," don't you see? Oh, rare! "Rare!" we wish it were, as no less than 3,610 variations of this amusing jest have been already received at 10, Bouverie Street. It has quite taken the place of "When is a door not a door?" which admirable witticism may be once again revived after the "slip and Lip" drollery has been uttered for the last time.

DEFINITION OF THE BAR (by an unlucky suitor). — Silk, stuff, and nonsense.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

II.

IN PARK LANE.

AND so your neighbour charmed you? 'Tis a type
Instinct with sound commercial qualities,
And dowered with every solid bridal grace
Good to restore the fortunes of a line
Noble in name but out at elbow-joint,
Groggy o' thews, thin-marrowed, run to seed
For lack of lusty graft on senile stock,
Yet keeping what of wit sufficed to know
The price of antique curios cornered tight,
Intrinsic worth of crusted quarterings,
And what the legend's tag was like to fetch—
How goes it? "*Foy et loy*"—old Norman style.
And so you found her charming? What! I'm wrong?
'Twas not the Countess pleased your sense of style,
But just your other neighbour? Why, my friend,
That was the governess, called at sudden pinch
From meal i' th' nursery regions—tea and eggs—
To supplement our numbers, thirteen else.
O but of course a lady, need I say?
A thing imperative for the children's sake,
Who ask correction, being apt to lean
Too much for speech and manners on the maids.
Good family—goes back, I understand,
Five hundred years or more—stout yeoman stuff.
Had chance of title, but declined the same
On ground of being unversed in brewers' ways;
Nay, more, concealed the offer so refused,
A case of false pride, happily rare enough
In business circles. Brief, their fortunes fell
(Value o' land depressed, the old excuse)
On indigence, the genteel-piteous kind,
Bringing the eldest daughter down to this,
A post of five-and-forty pound a year
With beer-allowance. Sweaters' wage, you'll say,
And scarce a third of salary paid my cook?
Why, there I'm with you, were I free to waive
What rules, imposed by economic law;
Provide a check for thoughtless altruism,
Which else had rashly pauperised the girl
Or spoilt the market-rates for poorer men.

But to resume our Countess. 'Tis a type
Instinct, I said, with sound commercial sense,
In whose "combine" with yonder belted Earl
You have a sign o' th' times who runs may read;
Our ancient orders, visibly corrupt—
How says the Laureate?—yielding place to new!
Alchemy's trick of good red blood infused
In old nobility's veins; fresh Phoenix-flights
Of fowl revived—the Eastern fable serves—
By breath o' th' spirit o' commerce blown on ash.

Frankly it is a patriot's part they play,
Our merchant-princes, who restore the breed
By taking noblemen for sons-in-law!
How else re-galvanise the Upper House
Closed, this long while, against commercial claims,
Letting what prime financiers prop the state
Go unennobled, save by Nature's work?
Ay, there's the price we placid Tories pay,
And something too serenely, through the nose,
For huge majorities, not greatly prone
I' th' naughty pride of numbers to recall
By just what manner o' process they arrived.
Were I indifferent to my country's weal,
Or less the loyalist you know me for,

Almost I might be moved to shift my flag
Into the camp of men so deep in need,
The battlements they storm, so steep to win,
And, being narrowly won, so hard to hold,
They could not well afford to disallow
Its due equivalent to service done!

Well, well, one rambles on in idle talk.
The wine is with you. No? Then, if you please,
We'll join the ladies. You shall prove me right
Who praised the Countess. 'Tis a type, I said,
Instinct with sound com— What? The governess!
I fear you must excuse her. She withdraws
Straight from the table to her proper place
On these occasions, by my wife's desire,
Who shrinks to trespass on her leisure time. O. S.

TO WOULD-BE STATESMEN.

THE following appears in a Liverpool paper:

BAR, PULPIT, PARLIAMENT, MUNICIPAL.—Speeches on any subject.
Either side of the Political Hemisphere; Conservative, Liberal,
Nationalist, &c. Oratory, Eloquence, Wit. Sermons written from 21s. each.
Politics taught. The best way of getting Parliamentary and Municipal
Reforms explained. Vocabulary, Pronunciation, and Gesture. Ready-made
Toasts, Responses, &c. Law of Procedure. Rules of Debate. Duties of
Chairman, &c. Terms from 21s. per hour. London, Manchester, Liverpool,
and districts visited each week. Address, &c.

If you're anxious for to shine in the public-speaking line as a
man of gifts and power,
You should come and learn from me at the very modest fee of
one pound one per hour;
For at such a small expense I will teach you eloquence, wit,
humour, terse and pithy,
And on any subject stated an impromptu animated that's dis-
tinctly SYDNEY-SMITHY.

And every one will say,
As you walk your brilliant way,
"If this young man can think of things which never would
occur to me,
Why, what a very singularly smart young man this smart young
man must be!"

I have toasts all ready-made which I'll send you, postage paid,
on receipt of my small fee,
Little delicate orations full of sparkling scintillations and
brilliant repartee;
And when you slowly rise with a twinkle in your eyes, and
up to puns you soar,
As you puff a cigarette, you are guaranteed to set the table in
a roar.

And every one will say,
As you walk your envied way,
"If he can make a speech like that, which simply ex-
cruciates me,
Why, what a most astonishingly brilliant man this brilliant
man must be!"

I will teach you to deplore this interminable war, with its
blood and treasure spent,
And your thunderbolts to forge, à la LABBY and LLOYD-GEORGE,
against the Government;
Or, if it is your glory to be rated as a Tory, I will make it clear
and plain
That the one chance of salvation for the British, as a nation,
is in JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

And every one will say,
As you walk your lucid way,
"If he can see these things so well, which are not so clear
to me,
Why, what a most astonishingly great young man this great
young man must be!"



COLONEL JONATHAN J. BULL;

OR, WHAT JOHN B. MAY COME TO.



The General. 'AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, YOUNG MAN?'
Bobbie. "WELL, I CAN'T QUITE MAKE UP MY MIND. I DON'T KNOW WHICH WOULD BE NICEST—A SOLDIER, LIKE YOU, OR A SAILOR, LIKE MR. SMITHERS."

PATTERING FEET.

SOMETHING'S afoot; beware, beware!
 Something is climbing the bedroom stair.
 With here a stumble and there a slip,
 Into the passage—trip, trip, trip.
 Sharp little footfalls queer and quick,
 Never a careful step they pick.
 Quaintly marking a morning song,
 Hurry-scurry they rush along.
 Tripping bright on the passage floor,
 Up they come to your bedroom door.
 Never was music half so sweet
 As the pit-a-pat patter of tiny feet.
 Dear little voices, high and clear,
 Ring like a bell in the sleeper's ear.
 Small hands pluck at his tousled head,
 "Daddy, oh Daddy, get out of bed!"
 Keeping the rules—it's all a game—
 Out they patter as in they came,
 But somehow the song moves rather slow,
 As down the passage and off they go.
 And it's oh for the years that have passed away,
 And the feet that pattered at break of day.
 Now they are heavily booted feet,
 And they tramp and stamp in the busy street.
 And some of them seemed to tire of fun,
 So they wandered away till they met the sun;
 But he sends them sliding along his beams,
 To patter again in your morning dreams.

"HOOD'S OWN" AT THE SAVOY.

NEITHER *Ib* and *Little Christina*—in which title the first name is not, we believe, a familiar abbreviation of "IBSEN"—nor *The Willow Pattern*, both by Captain BASIL HOOD, have we, as yet, seen at the Savoy; only, on reading a notice of the latter trifle in *The Times*, where the writer referred to *A Tale of Old China*, as played by the German Reed's Company years ago at the Gallery of Illustration, it occurred to the present reader and writer, "two single gentlemen rolled into one," that *The Willow Pattern* had served ALBERT SMITH and collaborators very many years ago as the subject for an excellent extravaganza at the Haymarket, with a full description of action as represented on the plate itself, which was painted on the "act drop," and spoken by one of the authors (WILLIAM BROUGH it might have been), who stood in front, as a lecturer with a wand, pointing out the figures and situations as portrayed on the plate, and identifying them with what the audience would see when the curtain should rise and the action should commence. There has been quite a market for Old China recently in the way of musical pieces, ballets, and so forth; perhaps the above-mentioned old extravaganza, "served up" with new music and modern improvements in costumes and scenery, might yet serve the turn of some enterprising manager.

EXERCISE RECOMMENDED TO THIN PERSONS IN ORDER TO ACHIEVE CORPULENCE.—Select a nice soft grass-plat. Then, being quite thin, jump up in the air and let yourself fall, not on your feet of course. The thinnest man, who has carefully followed this advice, will at the very second of his descent discover that he has come down plump on the grass. Nothing further is required.

AUTHORESSES.

[“Madame KAISAROV, who died lately in St. Petersburg, has left behind an immense library of a curiously unique character. It consists of nearly 18,000 volumes, and every work in the collection was the product of a female author. She would never permit any book from a masculine pen to ‘unsex’ her shelves.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

NO SHAKESPEARE here hath quibbled
In jests best left unsaid;
No CONGREVE waxes ribald
In plays that can't be read;
But here the heart may gladden
The hours that such would sadden
With ANNIE SWAN, Miss BRADDON
And Mrs. WARD instead.

No wild Byronic passion
In this chaste study rings;
No KEATS in dubious fashion
Proclaimeth dubious things;
Yet need we not man's pity,
For hark, how sweetly pretty
The pure and pious ditty
That holy HEMANS sings!

With firmness all unyielding
Far from our shelves we spurn
The wicked works of FIELDRING.
SWIFT, RICHARDSON and STERNE.
No gorged digestion sickens
On THACKERAY or DICKENS;
To Mother CAREY's chickens
For lighter food we turn.

Consistent still we banish
Man-writers of to-day;
Q., HOPE and KIPLING vanish
Far from our shelves away;
For wherefore should we need a
PETT-RIDGE while we can read a
CORELLI, GRAND, or OUIDA,
A GYP or MAXWELL GRAY?

Here in this haunt of virtue,
Here in this Vestal shrine,
No work of man shall hurt you
With humour masculine:
This pure and chaste collection
Owes all its sweet perfection
And virtuous complexion
To fingers feminine.

ATHENS v. CORINTH.

[The *Daily Express* publishes an Athens telegram stating that “the Minister of Instruction will submit a Bill to the Chamber of Deputies, making compulsory in Greek schools the game of cricket, which he claims to be an ancient Greek game.” The following extract from a recently-discovered Greek MS. seems to substantiate this view.]

“... PENTHEUS therefore, the egg of a waterfowl having been secured⁽¹⁾, came back into the building, the crowd indeed shouting, not as those who grant applause, but as making ridicule. Next in turn it behoved LYSIAS, good at shaking trees⁽²⁾, to sally forth. First then he, his armour fastened about his limbs, made supplica-

tion to the gods, saying: ‘Grant, O ye Gods! that CHIRON, whose gentle casting of the ball is no less dear to me than honey of Hymettus, be not compelled to cease from his task, and let the fingers of those situated in rural districts be well-spread with rich butter.’⁽³⁾ So saying, he ceased; and, having sacrificed a cock and a sheep, sped forth into the midst of the field.

“Forthwith then CHIRON, good at fracturing the lower limbs⁽⁴⁾, seized the ball and propelled it dexterously. It coming, LYSIAS smote, not gently indeed, but with the utmost force. As a bird in early morning soars gladly far above the heads of men, not otherwise the ball, LYSIAS having struck, sought the upper air. Awaiting its return stood a man of Athens, situated in the lengthy pasturage⁽⁵⁾, his hands outspread. But him the ball eluded, falling headlong to the earth; cries of derision also being uttered by the spectators. And the leader of the Athenians, grieved as to his dear heart, spake winged words, saying, ‘Your clumsiness is excessively annoying.’⁽⁶⁾ But the other answered that he was not to blame, Phœbus Apollo having blinded his eyes. Then CHIRON once more propelling the ball, it struck LYSIAS on the elbow, passing thence into the hands of the guardian of the gate⁽⁷⁾. He, turning about to the arbitrator, good at judgments, cried aloud: ‘Publish unto us, O arbitrator, thine opinion.’ Now the arbitrator, himself an Athenian, chanced to have a wager of several drachmæ on the contest. Wherefore he replied: ‘O men and citizens, very much especially indeed it befits that LYSIAS should depart.’ LYSIAS, therefore, his heart being grieved, went back into the building; and then, pointing to the arbitrator, he said to his companions——’⁽⁸⁾

Notes by our Classical Editor.

(1) An obscure phrase. POFFENDORF plausibly conjectures that the egg was taken as refreshment by one of the protagonists.

(2) Another difficult sentence. Literally, it means “a skilful willow-handler,” but this seems pointless.

(3) Lit. “The fingers of the men in the country”—apparently a pious prayer for the agricultural population of the neighbourhood.

(4) Lit. “skilled at leg-breaking.” POFFENDORF traces the epithet to the speed with which CHIRON could throw the ball. But LYSIAS (*cf supra*) speaks of him as casting it “gently.”

(5) Some scholars translate: “in the long field.” My rendering, I think, is more poetic.

(6) I have ventured thus briefly to paraphrase a vituperative speech of considerable length.

(7) A difficult sentence. How could the ball travel from LYSIAS' elbow all the way to the keeper of the gate, or wicket? POFFENDORF conjectures, rather inanely, that the gate was in the centre of the field.

(8) Out of regard for the feelings of my readers, I cannot translate the passage which follows.

A. C. D.

IN PRAISE OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

ENGLAND, when your star grows dim,
And when troubles gather round,
When about you, fierce and “slim,”
Cruel enemies abound—
Nought their onset need affect you,
With your “Dailies” to protect you.
What though Premiers waver still,
And your ministers prove frail;
Though your statesmen lose their skill,
Or in times of peril fail?—
Chiding, teaching, prosing, warning,
You have “leaders” every morning.
If red tape the soldier clogs;
At a pace that none may stop
If the army, neck and crop,
Daily rushes to the dogs—
Diagnoses analytic
Gives “Our Military Critic.”

Then if crimes your peace should vex—
Scatheless if the culprit roams—
Mysteries that would perplex
Scotland Yard or *Sherlock Holmes*
Yield their key to one still greater—
“Our own Crime Investigator.”

So, though army and police
Fail you in your hour of need,
Let your sad forebodings cease,
Public, for you need not heed
Periods of storm and stress
While you have a Daily Press.

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE—The Library at Devonshire House.
Discovered, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE,
asleep in an easy chair. Enter A. W.

A. W. I'm very much obliged to your Grace— Why, here's another sleeper! Ahem!

The Duke (without opening his eyes). What's won?

A. W. (*aside*). He must think I'm a pupil-teacher, coming to be examined. (*Loudly*.) One is a cardinal number.

The Duke. You needn't shout. Never heard of *Cardinal Number*. Funny name for a horse! Some outsider. (*Opens his eyes*.) Hullo, who are you?

A. W. Your Grace was kind enough to give me an appointment for a little conversation.

The Duke. I remember. You don't happen to know the name of the winner, do you? By the way, are you fond of racing? Keep any horses?

A. W. That is beyond the dreams of literature. Only a publisher or a theatrical manager could run to that. A popular novelist or dramatist hardly could. Even the author of *Lord Quex*—

The Duke. That's one of mine.

A. W. Excuse me, I think it's PINERO'S.

The Duke. You're quite mistaken. *Lord Quex* is a horse of mine.

A. W. Oh, indeed! I meant the play. I must confess I know nothing of racing.

The Duke. My goodness! How do you amuse yourself?

A. W. I get along somehow. I occupy myself with books.

The Duke (suddenly, sitting bolt upright). You don't mean to say you're a bookie? And yet you know nothing about racing?

A. W. Nor do I. I mean reading and studying.

The Duke. Oh lord! A sort of school-master. Not Board School, I hope?

A. W. Oh no! Talking of amusement, might I ask what your Grace is most fond of doing?

The Duke. Nothing.

A. W. I mean, what is your favourite recreation?

The Duke. I've told you. Doing nothing.

A. W. Ah, I understand! Naturally a Minister, weighed down with the cares of office and all the responsibilities of this vast empire, must at times have complete repose. He cannot have the physical strength to devote himself without intermission to the intellectual advancement of the human race—

The Duke (sleepily). Eh? At Nottingham or Leicester?

A. W. Excuse me, I don't think any of the Ministers live at either of those places. Nor, as I was saying, can he give up every moment of his life even to those mighty schemes, those grand national ideals—

The Duke (opening his eyes). What? The Grand National isn't now! It's in March!

A. W. What has marching to do with it? Oh, your Grace is thinking of military progress. Well, so far, the only thing altered is the soldier's head-dress. It's not beautiful, but perhaps—why, he's asleep!—(loudly)—perhaps it's a handy cap.

The Duke (drowsily). Manchester Handicap? You're thinking of my Transparency.

A. W. (confused). Your Transparency? Is that a Chinese title?

The Duke (almost asleep). Or else—oh, I am sleepy! Or else Baldoye, as they said in some—some—some papers. [Nods.]

A. W. Boiled oil. What a horrible idea! Is it a Chinese torture? Talking of China, do you think the Yang-tse-Kiang arrangement will open up a new market?

The Duke (thoroughly aroused). Eh? Newmarket? Do you know it? Jolly place, isn't it? I go there whenever I can. Never feel so well anywhere. So different to London, where you never see a race-horse. Funny place, London! I suppose it's full of schoolmasters like you.

A. W. I'm not a schoolmaster.

The Duke. Why, you said you studied books, so I thought you must be. Sometimes I go to the Education Department. Bore me awfully. They're all schoolmasters. Don't know a horse from a motor car. I can't ever understand what they're talking about.



Uncle. "Yes, CHARLES. I LAID THE FOUNDATION OF MY FORTUNE BY SAVING CAB-FARES." *Spendthrift Nephew.* "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU EVER DROVE ONE, UNCLE!"

A. W. That reminds me your Grace is President of the Board of Education.

The Duke. Dear me, I believe I am! Now you mention it I remember something of the sort. But I know nothing about it at all. Never understand a word anybody says on the subject. That's a very good reason why I never say a word about it myself. Perfect gibberish to me. But I wish you wouldn't make me talk so much. I'm supposed to be having a rest.

A. W. I beg your pardon. I had hoped to find you primed to the finger-tips.

The Duke (drowsily). Tips? Ah now, if you were a racing man, you might be able to give me some.

A. W. What sort of sum? I was always bad at arithmetic. I'm not like your Grace's subordinates in the Board Schools.

The Duke. Do they bet? If so, you in proportion—

A. W. In proportion? Well, let us say, as ten is to one, so is—

The Duke. If that was the betting, I hope you put your money on another horse. But, I say, do finish your ques-

tions as soon as you can. I'm awfully tired. I shall get no sleep this morning.

A. W. Well, as to the war, if you could give me your views—

The Duke. I haven't any.

A. W. I mean, if you have studied—

The Duke. I don't study.

A. W. Well, let's say your opinion—

The Duke. I never have one.

A. W. Dear, dear! Don't you know what the other Ministers think?

The Duke. Not I.

A. W. Or what is to be done?

The Duke. I haven't the faintest idea.

A. W. Might I venture to ask what induced you to become a Minister?

The Duke. I'm sure I don't know. [Nods.]

A. W. Aren't you all trembling at the thought of Lord ROSEBURY smashing you at Derby, or somewhere in that county, next month?

The Duke (hardly awake). ROSEBURY? Try for the Derby again? Possibly. But that's—that's—that's not for six months. Good-bye. [Falls asleep. Exit A. W.]

H. D. B.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

(A Hors-d'œuvre.)

WFL! Yes? What is it? I can't hear a word.
Oh, bother! What d'you want? What do you want?
Open the door then. Open the door, I said.
Open the—can't! I'm shaving. Don't come in.
Look here, I've nothing on. Dash! I mean d—.
Sorry I spoke, my dear, but you're enough
To make a saint—yes, yes, I know I did:
To open it, not to come in. Oh, yes!
I only meant—now where's that cotton-wool?
I'm bleeding like—those wretched maids of yours
Hide all my things. They do. Well, someone does,
You and the girls are every bit as bad.
I know I had some. Clara? Then I wish
To goodness Clara wouldn't; What on earth—
Why can't she stuff her shoes with something else?
I don't take her things. Bosh! You seem to think
My dressing-room's a sort of Westbourne Grove.
What's that? Oh, cotton-wool. I've got some, thanks.
Yes, yes, confound—I mean, I've found it now.
Oh, yes, it's better.

Now then, fire away.

What was it you were going to—oh, look here!
It really is too bad. Who is supposed
To mend my things? Is anyone? What? Who?
Well then, she doesn't. Why there's—hang the girl!
There's not a single one that I can wear.
One, two, three—look! It surely doesn't take
A week to sew a button on a—what?
You can't. There isn't time. I'll cut a hole
And shove a stud through. There! Well, now, my dear,
What was it—

Well! Of course! I might have known!
Now where the—where on earth—oh, nothing, thanks!
My only decent set of studs. That's all.
Someone—I know I left them on the glass:
I always do. I'm sure—of course I've looked.
What shirt? Why should I leave them in my shirt?
I never do: I nev—er, well, my dear,
What was it you were going to say?

Eh, what?

What studs? 'Oh, those. Yes, thanks, I've found 'em now.
Exactly, in the shirt. You told me so?
You did. You always do. You are a—woman:
And I'm—well, yes, no doubt I am a man,
But also, as I was about to say,
An angel. Any ordinary man
Would certainly have lost his—hang it all!
I say, I've lost my braces now. I'll swear—
I wish you wouldn't interrupt. I'll swear
I put them here. No, here. Why, so they are.
Now how the Dickens—well, it's very odd,
However—how's the time? By Jove, we're late!

You ready? Got a pin? Do hurry up.
This beastly tie's all cockeye. Here, look out!
Don't stick it in my neck! Yes, that'll do.
Now then, the other. Thanks. Oh, yes, don't fuss;
You'll make us late. What is it? Oh, your dress?
Yes, pretty well. Not bad. It looks all right,
As far as I'm—hullo! why, what's the row?
Unkind? What, me? My dear, you really are!
Why can't you keep your temper to yourself,
Instead of—well, I like that. I was? When?
I wasn't. Do shut up. Here, dry your eyes,
I hate to see a woman crying. There,
That's better. Please don't argue any more.
No, I insist. You shall not spoil my dinner.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIETY;

Or, What the Future has in store.

["The successful society of the future will depend in the main on an intelligent, scientific middle-class, strenuous, efficient, serious, and highly educated. Aristocracy and plutocracy there will still be, but since in the scientific states of the future training and efficiency will count for everything, those who rely on money and birth cannot play the part that they played in simpler organisations. They will tend more and more to supply the decorative, non-efficient side of life, unless, indeed, luxury and ease spoil them for any serious purpose whatever."—*Popular Evening Paper*.]

The scene is at the house of CUTPRISE, Chief Director of the Tinned Tomato Trust. The room is severely and uncomfortably furnished. Books, official documents, mechanical appliances and nerve tonics are conspicuous objets d'art. An air of restlessness, seriousness, business and electricity hangs pall-like over everything. In the background are open folding-doors. Within is seen a sumptuous office about which highly-educated and gloomy officials flit. In front of a fireplace, in a big armchair, is seated THOMASINE, a pale, nervous girl. She is in out-door costume and pince-nez. Enter from office, CUTPRISE, a lean, yellow-faced, weak-eyed, intelligent, scientific, strenuous, efficient, serious and highly-educated automaton of the middle-class. The folding-doors close. THOMASINE rises wearily and gives him a limp hand, which CUTPRISE takes without emotion.

Cutprise (in business-like tones). And you are to give me your answer to-day?

Thomasine. Yes, before I go.

[Casts furtive glance at folding-doors.]

Cut. You had no ulterior motive in coming here?

Thom. What motive should I have?

Cut. (guzzled). I hardly know. Yet—business success has taught me that human nature is subject to fluctuation. I want to guard against a slump. If I thought that you—

Thom. Why these suspicions? The sexes are equal. Two can suspect.

Cut. True. Forgive me if I appear a little strenuous. (Goes to fire and speaks into it.) From every point of view our marriage would be a thoroughly sound transaction. We are both middle class and leaders of society. Intelligent enough to know that love is not a practical asset of every-day life, and sufficiently serious and sensible to desire above all things—(repeats emphatically)—above all things, I say, worldly success and a premier position in society. (Girl winces.) I began, as you know, as a vendor of ha'penny papers in the gutters, but by indomitable push I got on and on, until now—see (waves his hand round room). I determined I would win for myself a place in successful society. I have done it; but one false step, even now, would send me down into the submerged circles of the decorative aristocrat or the non-efficient plutocrat. And your case?

Thom. Yes, substantially, mine is the same. The terrible beginning at the hairpin factory; toil, night and day, till by assiduity I worked my way into the patching department of a West-End tailor's. Then more strenuous efforts, self-education before breakfast, a scholarship at the Bermondsey Industrial University, and then the first marmalade factory. Now they spread far and wide, and I manufacture sufficient marmalade each year to spread over Wales.

Cut. And all this triumph you may retain by marrying me. You hear?

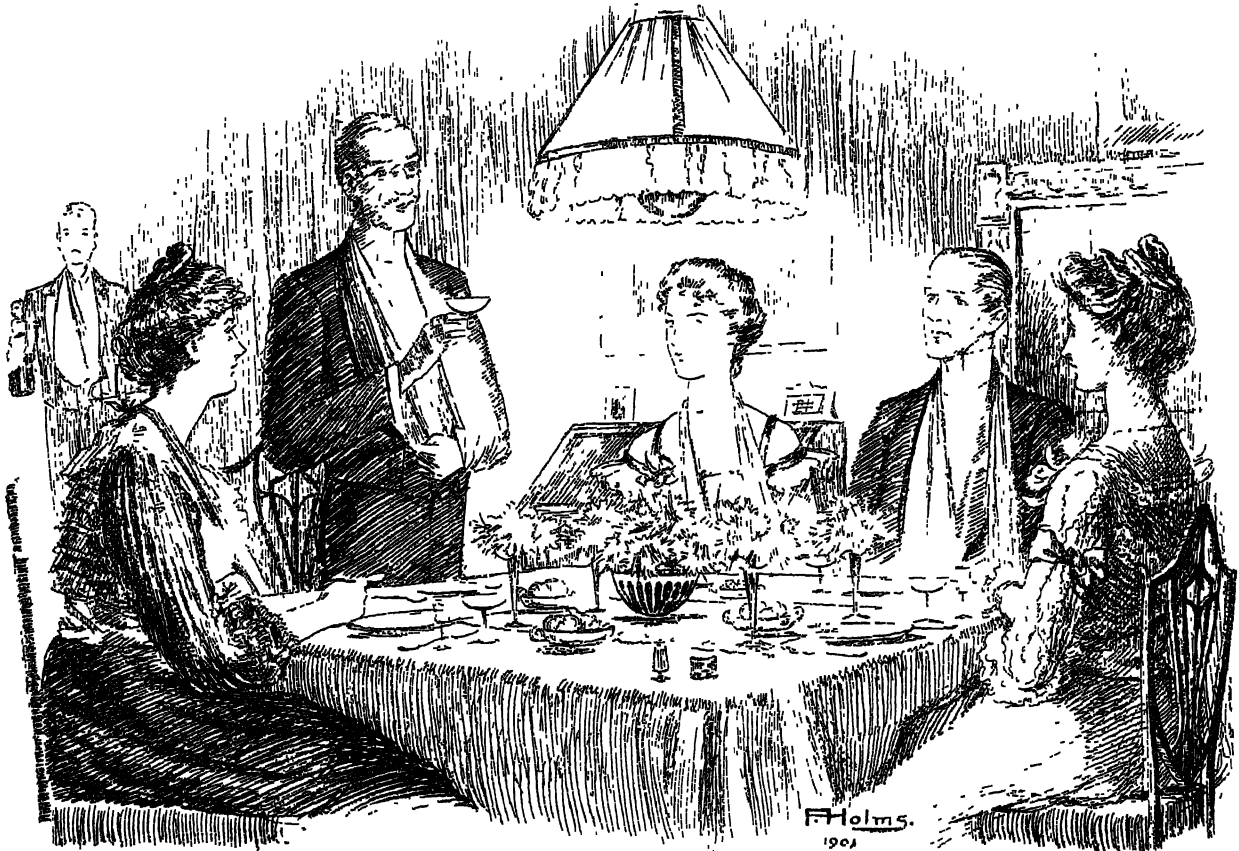
Thom. Yes, I know.

Cut. Think it well over. Your place in society! What man is worth giving up for that?

[The curtain is lowered for a few minutes. When it rises GERALD, an employé of CUTPRISE, is discovered gazing affectionately into the wan face of THOMASINE.]

Gerald. You were to give me your answer to-day!

Thom. (her eyes light up for a second). Yes. Oh, if I dared, if I dared—



"SUCCESS TO OUR ARMS!"

(Toast for the Vaccinated.)

Ger. Be brave—

Thom. If I could get rid of the awful suspicions.

Ger. (starting). Suspicions?

Thom. Yes. You are different from most men. Fresh-complexioned, white-handed, gentle-mannered, and free from the efficient strenuity that characterises the potent forces of our modern civilisation. I sometimes think, forgive me, that although an employé here you are not a member of the middle class. Think what it means! (GERALD starts.) I can only live in society. Assure me you are middle-class and I will say Yes.

Ger. (trembling). THOMASINE—

Thom. You hesitate. I am right, you are an aristocrat? Tell me, tell me—

Ger. Ah! I have renounced all that—

Thom. Impossible. There are too many vigilant eyes ready to detect aristocratic interlopers. Tell me you have no blue blood, that you sprung from nothing.

[GERALD waves his hands despondently. He struggles with his feelings, gasps, and then nerves himself to speak out.

Ger. (with calm despair). I cannot deceive you. I am a duke!

Thom. (with cry of horror). A duke! Ah! My worst fears. The very word is enough. A duke! Oh, it's too awful! We must never see one another again. It's impossible. Me—a duchess! Oh, it's too horrible! I can't think of it!

[The curtain is lowered for a few minutes. When it is raised another employé is sitting facing THOMASINE, again tranquil.

Second Em. You were to give me your answer to-day!

Thom. (rising and walking up stage rapidly). What you have

told me makes it impossible that anything but the most distant nodding acquaintance can subsist between us.

Second Em. Ah! you have no pity.

Thom. Do not let us prolong the interview which must be so distasteful to both of us—

Second Em. (in anguish). Was it any fault of mine that my father died a millionaire? I was reared in luxury; before I was of an age to realise the awful fortune to which I was born the insidious habit of comfort had got too firm a hold on my system. The loathed name of plutocrat (THOMASINE shivers) became early attached to me, and with the awful curse of a hundred thousand a year I have dragged my dreadful and luxurious way through life, scorned, slighted and taboed by the cream of successful society.

Thom. And you ask me to link my name with one who is the constant theme of social condemnation and the subject of democratic meetings!

Second Em. I have tried to work, but having been educated at a University, I find I know nothing. But I am already very strenuous. I am now a supernumerary tomato-tin-opener. Give me a chance and I will work my way up. With my money—

Thom. Your money! your money!

Second Em. (grimly). You are right. I must be content to remain a mere decoration on the fringe of so—so—society, to be for ever a submerged plutocrat. You are right.

[Head sinks on his breast. The curtain is again lowered.

When it is raised OUTPRISE is being formally accepted by THOMASINE. The folding doors are open and the two employés are seen breaking up the office furniture in the twentieth century dramatic style. The curtain then falls, marking the end of the play.

W. H. M.



"NUTS FOR THE MONKEYS, SIR? BUY A BAG O' NUTS FOR THE MONKEYS!"

"I'M NOT GOING TO THE ZOO."

"AH, WELL, SIR, HAVE SOME TO TAKE HOME TO THE CHILDREN!"

IN IMAGINATION.

[“Miss MARIE CORFELLY read an interesting address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society last evening on what she called ‘The Vanishing Gift.’ The vanishing gift meant imagination.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

(An Imaginary Address to Mæcenæus.)

ALL writers have this fault—that when a score
Of novels they have written, to the fore
They needs must press in other walks of life.
Perchance attempt on streams of party strife
To pour their midnight oil, perchance to lend
A helping hand to some politic friend.
Empyrean fire disdaining, glad they fight
To be espied in an Imperial light.
And while much thought they give to other woes,
Their crippled grammar unattended goes.
In short, each writer strives to attain the end
Of national guide, philosopher and friend.

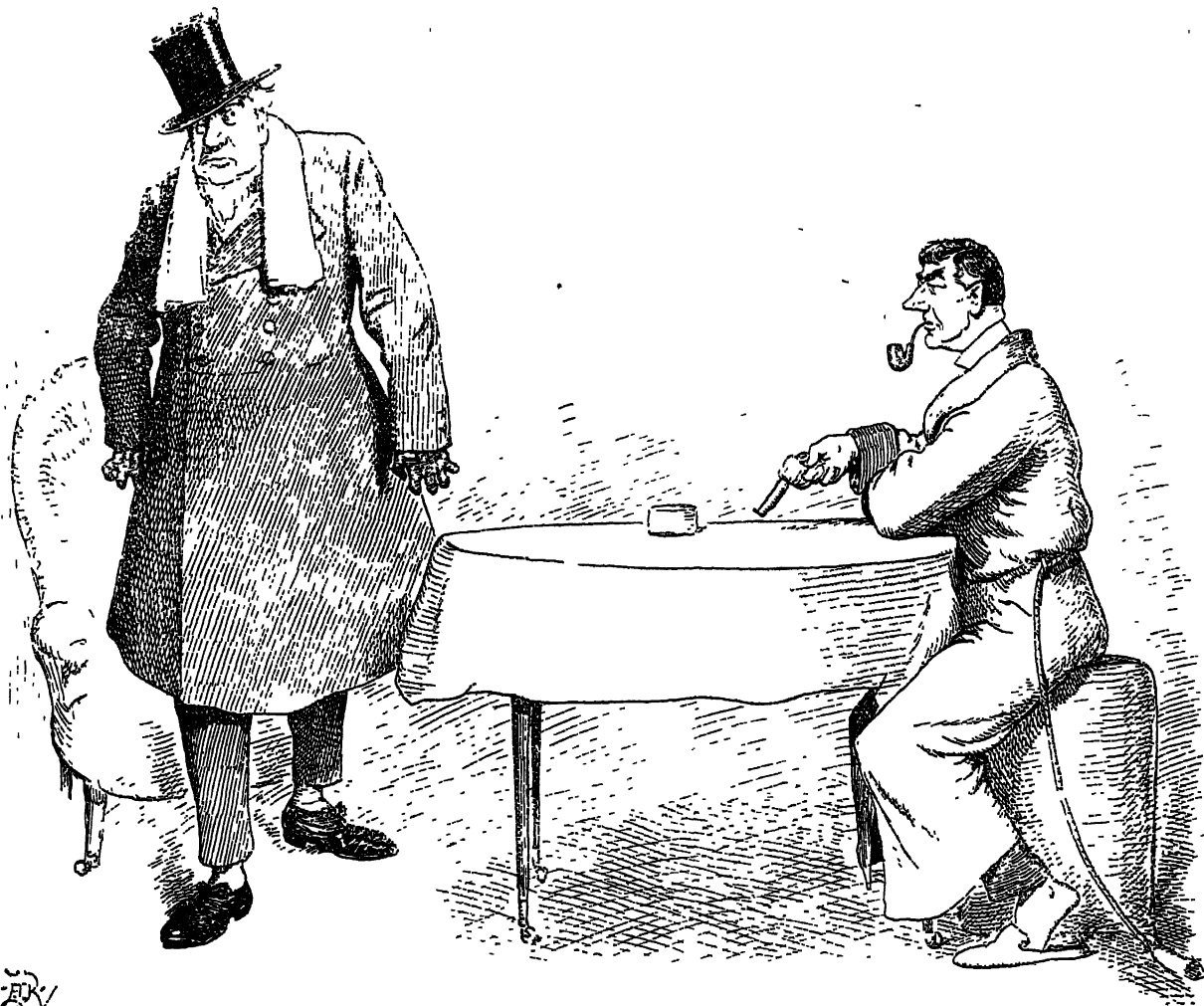
MÆCENÆUS, wouldst thou know the writer's art
By which he plays so various a part,
By which he feels himself innately fit
To be at once SCOTT, SHAKESPEARE, ELIOT, PIT?
Know that this gift, this spirit of self-elation
Springs from a rich and strong imagination!

Imagination! lovely, laughing fay!
How wonderful the tricks thou lov'st to play!
The nodding clerk sinks back in soft repose
Before his figures long unadded rows,
By thee persuaded he has earned his wage
In languor lolls upon the ledger's page.
By thee the hungry, when he shall partake
Of—what is not too rare—a toughish steak,
Beguiled, shall swear 'tis tender as can be,
And prove a martyr to the steak—and thee!
The densest fog that veils the winter's skies
Before a strong imagination flies,
Unless it happen ere the charm be tried
One doth with some belated friend collide,
When each shall greet the other with an oath,
To dwell on which imagination 's loath.
And on me it has ever been my way
To let imagination have full play.
What am I? Be my talents great or small,
With imagery I can colour all
Till I shall seem, by virtue of my stories,
The height of England's literary glories,
The pride, the honour of the British nation,
All this, MÆCENÆUS—in imagination!



CROSS CURRENTS.

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BENNETT (speaking). "FOR MY PART, I WILL DO ALL I CAN TO KEEP THE PROW OF THE SHIP STRAIGHT."
Vide his speech at Plymouth.



SHERLOCK HOLMES ADAPTED.—No. 1.

1899.—PROFESSOR MORIARTY KRUGER HAS A LITTLE INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH SHERLOCK HOLMES.

TELEPHONIC TALK.

*(When the new regulations come into force.)**Edwin (aged twenty-five).* Are you there, sweetheart?*Angelina (ditto).* Yes, darling.*Edw.* I am so very pleased to find that I shall be able to dine at home to-night after all.*Ang.* Oh, I am so glad.*Edw.* I knew you would be. Yes, I have been able to put off the business dinner. It might have led to a little profit, but what would that have been compared with our usual delightful tête-à-tête?*Ang.* Dearest!*Edw.* So we have postponed it indefinitely. Something will come along just as good. After all, we must keep the *vie intime* sacred.*Ang.* Yes, darling; but you must not let your love for our dear happy little home stand in the way of our advancement.*Edw.* Clever little woman!*Ang.* Your happiness and mine is my first and only care. We must be economical. And that reminds me that we are paying a penny for this chat.*Edw.* And cheap at the price!

[Communication cut off.]

* * * * *

Edw. (aged forty-five). Are you there?*Ang. (ditto).* Yes. What is it?*Edw.* Can't stand any more home dinners. Shall dine at the club to-night!*Ang.* Fancy wasting a penny to tell me that!*Edw.* Quite so. A penny for a talk with you! Dear at the price!

[Communication cut off.]

THE Queen-Mother of Holland must be an inveterate card-player, as she spends so much of her time at Loo. Whether limited or unlimited is not stated.

THE "OFF" SEASON.

DAPHNE, that day

Do you remember

(Then it was May.

Now it's November)

Plighting our troth

Nothing should sever;

Binding us both

Firmly, for ever?

Yes, I allow

STREPHON's more showy;—

As for me, now

I prefer CHLOE.

Yet, if men say

"Fickle," remember

Then it was May,

Now it's November.

SUGGESTED NAME FOR AN ASSOCIATION DEVOTED TO THE PRESENT POPULAR CARD-CRAZE.—The London Bridge Club.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



DEALING with *The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen* (SMITH, EDER), MR. BARRY O'BRIEN has the advantage of personal intimacy with the subject of his essay. In the case of the late Lord Chief Justice, that is a condition more than customarily essential to success. To the outside world, not excepting the Bar, RUSSELL's leading characteristics (apart from his genius) were his short temper and his sharp speech. He was truly, as the cabman said of JOHN FOSTER "a harbitrary gent." But behind a frowning countenance he, not always successfully, concealed the kindest of hearts. There were two CHARLES RUSSELLS, one in wig and gown, facing meanness and untruthfulness in the witness box, or confronted by stupidity on the part of whatsoever hapless person; the other beaming in a circle of intimate friends, or the centre of the happy family circle. My Baronite was privileged to know him at Tadworth Court, where the real man was disclosed. Mr. O'BRIEN touches a chord in the home life when he quotes the letter written to Lord RUSSELL's daughter, MAY, when she finally resolved to take the veil. Perhaps never has so beautiful and tender an epistle been written under the formidable headline, "Royal Courts of Justice." RUSSELL was entirely a self-made man, shouldering his way to the front, and holding his place there by sheer capacity. His crowning triumph came at the end, when he stepped from the Bar to the Bench. Everyone admitted his supremacy as an advocate. Many, including faithful friends, feared that what should be the judicial serenity of the Bench would, when he sat upon it, be disturbed by occasional outbursts of angry impatience. Before RUSSELL had worn the ermine six months, the point of controversy was whether he was not greater as a Judge than he had been supreme as an advocate. He leaves behind him the memory of a strenuous life, a brilliant career. The value of Mr. O'BRIEN's admirable record is enhanced by a photogravure of Mr. SARGENT's painting of the Lord Chief Justice—a masterpiece of portraiture.

Up-to-date boys, on seeing the representation, on the cover, of a proud but wily "Heathen Chinese" with a drawn sword, may be sure that *The Dragon of Peking*, by Captain F. S. BERESFORD, R.A.M.C. (BLACKIE AND SON, Ltd.), is an exciting story of the late Boxer Rebellion. Two English boys, with the daring only to be found in the youthful heroes in Christmas books, after varied hairbreadth escapes, manage not only to get into the Legations, but out again, and finally reach Tientsin! Their enemy, the villain *Sung*, dies tragically at the hands of his own Boxers.

SAMUEL MERWIN is a name unfamiliar to the Baron, who, in making this candid admission, lays himself open to the obvious retort that not to know MERWIN argues himself unknown. But "that 's as may be," and the Baron is glad to have this opportunity of making Mr. MERWIN's literary acquaintance through the medium of his most excellent romance, entitled *The Road to Frontenac*, which is not a guide book, although the publisher is MURRAY. As the romances writ in Indian ink by FENIMORE COOPER were to an earlier generation, so ought the stories by SAMUEL MERWIN to be to the present, that is, should he continue in the line of romance business whereof the *Road to Frontenac* is a first-rate specimen. The descriptions are vividly picturesque, the actors stirring dramatic, and the reader's interest in the adventures is never allowed to flag for one single second.

In writing his autobiography *Before I Forget* (FISHER UNWIN), Mr. CHEVALIER discloses the secret of his brilliant success. He just thinks and works—thinks incessantly, works patiently. He is, in a literal sense, what some years ago Mr. Punch dubbed him, a *Chevalier d'industrie*. When it is done, it seems easy to do "the pearls," and sing "My Old Dutch" so

as to bring both tears and laughter to the countenance of the audience. The spell is wrought by CHEVALIER only after profound study of the original and the exercise of that intuition of human nature which is recognised as genius. The popular singer-in-character is the product of the penny reading craze of thirty years ago. His first engagement on the stage was as one of the boys in TOM TAYLOR's comedy *To Parents and Guardians*. Ten shillings a week was his salary, an assured fortune upon which he must have looked back with regret when, some years later, on tour with JOHN DEACCHAMP, their total receipt at Northampton on Bank Holiday night was one shilling. Amongst the charges brought against members of the theatrical profession is that of inordinate personal vanity. There may be some modern memoirs—wild horses would not drag from my Baronite identification—wherein the charge is sustained. A charm about Mr. CHEVALIER's tale is the unaffected modesty of the narrator. The only people he extols are those with whom he has worked, and the one or two who helped him when he could not help himself, an epoch, not too thickly peopled, to which all successful men look back with gratitude. Shrewd observation, a keen sense of humour, wide experience, enable him to write a book at once entertaining and instructive. Its pages are illuminated with many photographs of the songster in his most popular characters on the music-hall stage.

"It is to be hoped," says my Right Reverend Bishop-Baronite, "that the Aldine House publishers of the pocketable *Temple Bible*, whereof the first two books, eruditely edited by Drs. SAYCE and KENNEDY, have already appeared, will include *The Apocrypha* in their excellently got-up re-issue, as being of considerable interest to the biblical student."

In *The Temple Classics* series (DENT & Co.) the Baron has just been reading that most delightful of all books of Eastern travel, CHARLES KINGLAKE's *Eöthen*. Written light-heartedly in the early forties of last century, its matter and style are as fresh as on the first day of its publication; more so, indeed, if that were possible, seeing that the interest having been allowed to increase (as in the mysterious East it ever will) at compound rate, the record of his tour is more valuable than ever; while the buoyant spirit of this keen observer and most candid raconteur having lost none of its "go," the book will always be an admirable model for literary tourists.

"I'm bound to say," quoth the Baron—"aye, and as handsomely bound as are the two volumes of *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare* (RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS, Ltd.), with introductions and additions (but no 'subtractions' thank goodness!) by F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A. Camb., charmingly illustrated by HAROLD COPPING,—that no more perfect present as a Christmas book for all, whether young, middle-aged, or old, can be found than these dear old familiar tales (with new heads and bodies supplied by artist) by sweet MARY LAMB and her delightful brother CHARLES."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



After a Visit to the Bond Street Gallery.

(By Our Inspired One.)

THERE 's no mistaking that great painter's touches
In this our Long-Lost but Re-Gained's-borough's Duchess!

"SOLA! SOLA!"—Last Thursday was given (that is, for payment), at the Royal Albert Hall, "The only PATTI concert of the season." Thus was it advertised. And rightly. As long as Baroness CEDERSTRÖM will permit our ADELINA to sing in public, so long will she ever remain "the only PATTI" (as advertised) without the "concert." *À la santé de Madame la Baronne!*



*Irish Chambermaid (indignantly, to gay Lothario who has tried to snatch a kiss and been foiled),
I'D KICK YE DOWNSTAIRS!*

JACOB AND HIS MASTER.

PART II.

THE beautiful Miss DUNCOMBE was eighteen years of age when she dawned resplendently upon the highest society in her native land, and if she did not at once become engaged to a peer of the realm or a South African millionaire, the fault lay neither with her parents nor with eager postulants for her hand. It was disappointing for the postulants, but scarcely disquieting to Mr. and Mrs. DUNCOMBE, that she saw fit to decline all offers during her first London season; for indeed she was pretty enough and charming enough to claim the right of taking her time. PHYLLIS was wayward and fastidious; but that really did not matter, since several years of ample opportunity lay evidently before her. Now it came to pass, one evening in the course of her second season, that she was taken in to dinner by Mr. THEODORE CRACROFT, a comparatively young politician who had already made his mark in the House, and who was destined—so well-informed persons predicted—to go far in public life. She did not pay her neighbour's preliminary remarks the compliment of listening to them, but as soon as she had finished her soup she turned her lovely face towards him and said:

"This is a stroke of good fortune for me, Mr. CRACROFT; you are the one person whom I have been wanting to meet for ever so long, and I was beginning to be afraid that our paths would never cross."

"I am more than flattered," smilingly returned the well-served gentleman with the short brown beard who sat on her left. "May I venture to hope that my little volume of verse has found favour in your eyes, then?"

"I won't deceive you," answered the young lady composedly; "I will confess, to my shame, that I didn't even know you had composed a little volume of verse."

"Poor, unappreciated me! So you take an intelligent interest in contemporary politics, I suppose?"

"Not more than is unavoidable from the fact that my father is a Member of Parliament. You belong to his party, I believe, and my sympathies are with you both, little as I understand what all the fuss is about. But I do take an immense interest in your nephew BOB. How is BOB?—and where is he?—and why does he never so much as send a message to his old friends?"

Mr. CRACROFT laughed. "Oh, BOB is all right; he has been in the Mediterranean for some time past; but he is on his way home now, and I expect him to turn up in London any day. I am sure he will be proud to hear that you remember his existence."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself if he has ever doubted that, and still more ashamed if he has forgotten mine and Jacob's."

"Jacob's?" repeated Mr. CRACROFT interrogatively. Then, with a sudden flash of memory, "Oh, the dog, to be sure! *Jacob Faithful*, yes! Dear me! What a long time it seems since that bitter March afternoon of my poor brother's funeral when the boy tramped over to your place, taking the four-footed friend whom I really couldn't offer to adopt with him! *Jacob Faithful* survives, does he?"

"Of course he does; he is in the prime of life. Now tell me all about BOB, please."

There was not a great deal to be told; but what there was redounded entirely to BOB's credit. He had given his uncle and guardian no sort of trouble; he was getting on capitally in his profession; he was quite as likely as not to die in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. He had never, Mr. CRACROFT generously admitted, been in any sort of way a bore. That he ended, on this particular evening, by becoming somewhat of a bore was due only to Miss DUNCOMBE's persistency in talking about him—for which he could not fairly be blamed. But in truth it was very pleasant to be honoured with Miss

DUNCOMBE's undivided attention, upon no matter what pretext; so the self-complacent THEODORE (many great ladies, and some great men, had given this budding statesman excuse for self-complacency) harboured no ill-will against his nephew. To be jealous of a mere boy like BOB would be too absurd; yet it did occur to THEODORE CRACROFT, when he returned to his luxurious chambers at a late hour, that he could quite easily learn to feel jealous of anybody whom PHYLLIS DUNCOMBE might be pleased to favour. He was ambitious, sybaritic, by no means as well off as he would have liked to be: it obviously behoved him to espouse some heiress or wealthy widow. But, unluckily for him, he had refined, fastidious tastes, while his heart was a somewhat susceptible one. Therefore the thought of Miss PHYLLIS—so pretty, so fascinating, so well-connected, so admirably qualified to secure and retain social recognition for her future husband!—drew several profound sighs from him. For although Mr. DUNCOMBE was a rich man, he had a large family and could scarcely be expected to bestow more than a modest marriage-portion upon his daughter.

THEODORE unlocked one of the drawers of the writing-table and took therefrom certain letters which he had already perused more than once. They related to the recent discovery that coal lay beneath the surface of the hitherto barely remunerative Kirkhall estate, and they contained offers which looked highly advantageous to the proprietor of that estate. The proprietor had not as yet been made acquainted with them, inasmuch as he had only within the last few days come of age, and his guardian had very properly hesitated to make arrangements on his behalf. But he would soon be in London now, and his guardian had already ceased to possess legal control over him. Fortunate young beggar!—more fortunate than grateful, no doubt. His property had been well and carefully administered for him during his minority; but that he would see in that circumstance any reason for allowing the administrator a share in his luck was, of course, most improbable. One cannot be a barrister, much less a politician, for a considerable number of years, without recognising the melancholy truth that ours is an inherently selfish race. So Mr. THEODORE CRACROFT, M.P., sighed once more, put away his papers and went to bed. The drawer contained other documents—offensive documents, setting forth, most of them, the curt statement of "account rendered"—which he wisely refrained from examining. He was desirous of forgetting them, and fairly successful, as a rule, in so doing.

A day or two later his nephew, just arrived from Portsmouth, strode in upon him—a brown-faced, well-knit young fellow, with white teeth, clear eyes, and a breezy manner.

"Well," Uncle THEODORE, said he, "here I am, you see! Off your hands at last, and ready to take over my title-deeds, which are worth about twopence half-penny a year, I suppose, eh?"

"Oh, you will find them worth rather more than that, I hope," answered the older man, smiling; "but we won't discuss business matters until after dinner."

His ward and he had seldom met since the former had first gone to sea, and had corresponded only at rare intervals. They had not much in common; still, their relations had always been amicable, and they had a species of distant mutual regard. This, naturally, grew somewhat warmer after an excellent dinner, accompanied by a sufficiency of champagne; so that when the time came for Mr. CRACROFT to render an account of his stewardship, he was in the presence of an indulgent and amenable auditor.

"Well, you see how it is," he wound up a full and lucid narrative by saying: "there is the chance, which we must not venture to call more than a chance, that this coal mine may prove highly remunerative; but then again, there is the contrary possibility to be considered. I need scarcely point out to you how important it is, in such cases, that the owner should be upon the spot to look after his interests, and"—

"Oh, I can't be upon the spot," interrupted BOB; "I'm as good as booked for West Africa now, I believe."

"That a man should be sentenced to the West African station, and look as if he liked it! Well! well! tastes differ."

"It's a beastly climate of course; but there's every prospect of fighting in those parts just now," BOB explained. "At least, so they say."

"H'm! I can only repeat that tastes differ. But to return to what we were talking about. Quite the best thing you could do, I should say, would be to sell Kirkhall, if a purchaser were discoverable. The place, now that the existence of coal is an ascertained fact, should be worth something substantial—five or six thousand pounds, perhaps."

BOB opened his eyes and his mouth; the sun named sounded to him a very substantial one indeed; though, if he had been better informed, he would have known that his patrimony must either be worth considerably less or a great deal more. "Do you suppose I could get hold of a purchaser at that figure?" he asked.

A would-be purchaser was not far to seek. BOB's uncle was quite open and straightforward about it; he pointed out that his position as an ex-trustee might lay him open to subsequent criticism of an unfavourable character, that he might make an uncommonly good bargain by paying £5,000—which was the highest price he felt justified in offering—for the Kirkhall estate, and that the owner, before deciding to sell, ought certainly to see all the correspondence which had passed upon the subject of the proposed mining operations. But BOB declared that five thousand down was good enough for him. "If you think it worth your while to take the place off my hands on spec, Uncle THEODORE, it's yours; and the more you profit by the transaction, the better I shall be pleased. I used to think, when I was a youngster—"

"Good heavens! what are you now?"

"I shall be a flag-lieutenant before you know where you are,"



He. "MY PEOPLE ARE BOTHERING ME TO MARRY MISS MAYFORD."

She. "YOU'D BE VERY LUCKY IF YOU DID. SHE IS VERY CLEVER AND VERY BEAUTIFUL—"

He. "OH! I DON'T WANT TO MARRY BRAINS AND BEAUTY. I WANT TO MARRY YOU."

answered BOB, with a grin. "I was going to say that I used to think I should rather like to end my days at Kirkhall; but I expect that's past praying for now. Most of the things that one used to dream about in one's puppyhood are past praying for." He added, after a moment of silence, "I suppose you never hear or see anything of the DUNCOMBES, do you?"

"I had the pleasure of meeting them at dinner not long ago," Mr. CRACROFT made honest reply.

"Miss DUNCOMBE inquired about you; she has developed into a smart young lady and a famous beauty."

"The deuce she has! I wonder whether she would condescend to receive me if I looked her up."

"I daresay she and her mother would be happy to receive you, if they happened to be at home; but I am not sure that I should advise you to call.

People of the class to which they belong are apt to be discourteously patronising to the likes of us, and what is the use of inviting a snub?"

Notwithstanding this discouragement, which he recognised as being kindly meant, BOB betook himself on the following afternoon to Mr. DUNCOMBE'S town residence in Eaton Square. He said to himself that, after all, his old playmate was not likely to insult him, and that, even if she should, his shoulders were broad enough to bear any burden that might be laid upon them. He met with the good fortune which proverbially favours the audacious. Mrs. DUNCOMBE, he was informed, was not at home; but Miss DUNCOMBE, for whom he promptly asked, was, and no sooner had she received his card than she summoned him by a most cordial message to her presence.

He found her in the great, cool, flower-scented drawing-room all alone, save for the shaggy companion who was ever at her side—found her and fell, so to speak, prostrate before her then and there. Literally, he stood bolt upright and shook hands in an awkward manner (being more than a little shy); but if he had flattered himself that his boyish passion for PHYLLIS DUNCOMBE

was a thing of the past, he was at once undeceived. For the girl who smiled so brightly upon him was the old PHYLLIS, idealised; the same (only more so) in face, in voice, nay, even—so she gave him to understand—in constancy to the absent. To be upbraided with his own lack of constancy, reproached for having never once written during all those long years, and accused of having no heart at all was infinitely more delightful than the kindest welcome would have been to him. And then *Jacob Faithful*, who scrutinised him doubtfully, with ears cocked and head on one side, until he spoke, leapt on a sudden on to his knees and overwhelmed him with rapturous caresses.

Well, that sort of thing was enough to turn any young man's head, and if, in the agitation of the moment, BOB gave utterance to some extravagant assertions, no doubt Miss DUNCOMBE pardoned them. She was also pleased to pardon his past offences of omission when it had been made clear to her that these had been due to an excessive and misplaced humility; only she could not allow him to say that it was impossible for the dog to know him again after such a lapse of time, because nothing was more evident than that the dog did know him again.

"I have never known *Jacob* make advances to a stranger," she declared. "He is always polite, both to human beings and to other dogs, and he only fights when he is attacked; but he doesn't encourage familiarity, much less obtrude it."

"Good old *Jake*! He sounds rather as if he took after his former master."

"His former master might do worse than take after him—has done worse, indeed, in some respects. That is, if you allude to yourself. But let me remind you, as he is doing his best to remind you, that he hasn't ceased to belong to you, notwithstanding all your neglect and indifference, and you can resume possession of him now if you like."

"Do you mean to say that you would like that?" BOB reproachfully asked.

"No; I don't mean to say that I should like it, but I am almost afraid he would. Just look at him! Isn't he saying as plainly as possible that no dog can serve two masters?"

He really did seem to be saying something to that effect. He was apologetic about it; he went to PHYLLIS when she called him, soon returning, however, to BOB, who did not call him. His manner implied that a compromise might be arranged and that, although allegiance to two masters was incompatible with self-respect, he was prepared to accept the joint sway of

a master and a mistress. But canine intelligence is more direct than human in its conclusions, and, despite this clear encouragement, Lieutenant CRACROFT, R.N., refrained from putting forward preposterous suggestions. He only begged Miss DUNCOMBE to be so very kind as to keep his dog for him a little longer, in consideration of the notorious insalubrity of the West African climate.

This, naturally enough, led to a prolonged discussion of the perils belonging to the young man's destined station and to expressions of deep regret that he should have applied—as he confessed he had done—for employment in so deadly a region.

No wonder that young man left Eaton Square in an elated frame of mind, with *Jake* trotting at his heels. For *Jake*'s mistress insisted upon resigning her charge during the brief period of BOB's stay in London, and that remarkable dog acquiesced in the proposed arrangement as a matter of course. The ways of dogs are past finding out; and so, alas! are those of women. Still, if BOB had had a little more experience of the latter, he would doubtless have divined that all this extreme amiability on Miss PHYLLIS's part was anything but a hopeful sign.

W. E. N.

(To be continued.)

"ON A COUNT."—Judging by the name, as we have neither his face nor hands from which to read his character, the appointment of Count CZECCSEN as the new Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Vatican is most felicitous. Astutely diplomatic, the Count will know what to keep to himself and what to ferret out, and will have power to add

to his title as "Count Hide-and-Czeccsen." What he doesn't know won't be worth knowing. His leisure hours may be devoted to Bézique, when he will be "Count B. Czeccsen." If he has had the advantage of an English legal training, then, when giving his professional opinion, he would also sign "Count Czeccsen eightpence."

PROBLEMS.—"Of what use is it," writes to us a "THOROUGH TORY," "to give a boy a 'liberal' education if he finishes as a Conservative?" On the other hand, we ask this "T. T.," should the youth be going in for Parliament, wouldn't you expect him, after being liberally brought up, to turn out a Conservative?

VACCINATION MOTTO (for anybody classically inclined).—"Arma virum—que cano!" "Arms, and the virus! I sing out!" The foregoing is an illustration of "*Sors Virgiliana*."



WE HEAR A GOOD DEAL NOW OF THE "SUBMARINE," BUT NO ONE HAS YET SUGGESTED HOW HE CAN GET ANYTHING STRONGER THAN *AQUA PURA* "DOWN BELOW." SOMETHING ON THE LINES OF THE PNEUMATIC PUMP MAY BE USEFUL TO INTENDING LICENSED VITUALIERS IN LOW WATER.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

III.—THE STORY OF THE ONE-EYED DUCK.

(Continued from page 307.)

"CHILDREN would get on very well if there were no nursemaids," said the one-eyed duck grumpily.

"Nursemaids," chirped a perky-looking sparrow, "were invented to provide conversation for the military."

The one-eyed duck looked with ruffled disgust at the interrunder, but she only said, "Fly away, there's a good chap, I'm telling my friend a story, though, if you like to hear it . . ."

"Can't stop!" cut in the sparrow. "A pal of mine has told me of some splendid place where you can get one of the best crumb suppers in London. You let me have a note of it later."

"Yes, yes," said the duck, then observed in a low tone to her companion: "Have to keep on good terms with the little good-for-nothing. He's undertaken to edit my reminiscences."

"Well," observed the friend rather impatiently, "let's have the story. There's fog coming, and I shall go to sleep at sunset."

"I can't be flurried!" said the one-eyed duck. "But when you're sleepy we'll adjourn. The other day when the peahen was telling you about her love affair I noticed you were asleep the whole time."

"If you'd been a confidante so often as I have, you'd do the same," returned her friend. "I'm rather anxious to learn how you got that eye damaged."

"Because I saved a child's life." And she plumed her feathers with an impressive air.

"Unnecessary! There are too many about as it is."

"'Twas quite accidental," explained the narrator. "The fact is, the silly little thing had dropped a doll in the water. I swam up—"

"You thought the doll was something tasty, I suppose?"

"Our best motives, our noblest impulses, are perhaps tainted by a thought of self," said the one-eyed duck reflectively.

Her friend made no reply. Philosophy always bored her, and she proceeded to conduct minute investigations somewhat on the lines of *Calverley's* dog. The effort proved exhausting.

"You're asleep," said the one-eyed duck. "To-morrow at ten—by the fountains." (To be continued.)



"THICK? IT AIN'T ANYTHIN' LIKE IT WAS THIS MORNIN'. WHY, BLESS YOU, SIR, I COULDN'T SEE MY FEET!"

A REAL USE FOR FOG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have invented an ingenious machine for utilising London fogs, and I should be glad if you would bring it to the notice of the authorities, as it is not only effective but economical. By its use the fog is cut into slabs of solid material, which can be employed for paving or building purposes. My invention should also commend itself to the London County Council, the more so as it can slice the solid atmosphere into smaller blocks, which make most excellent fuel. This Christmas I intend to burn a Yule log fashioned from this neglected material. All the nonsense written about fans and steam-blasts does not commend itself to

Your obedient Servant,

FERDINAND FOGGY

(Sole Patentee of the London and Provincial Fogometer).

The Inventories, S.W.

P.S.—If you know of any enterprising capitalists, I should be very willing to let them find the money wherewith to syndicate my invaluable invention.

LOVE'S SPELL.

IN CELIA's ear I breathed a tale
Of youth and rosy love,
But nothing did my sweets avail,
Her heart I could not move.

All unconcerned she heard me out,
Serene and self-possessed,
And in her two lips' budding pout
My failure stood confessed.

Love's magic spell in vain I wove,
The charmed circle drew,
With honey-dropping words I strove
Her coldness to subdue.

The letters four I bade her range—
L-O-V-E, to tell
The truth, I prayed her heart would
change

Beneath the mystic spell.

With languid hand she idly traced,
A graceful L, and then
Across the letter's slender waist
She twice drew cruel pen.

I saw then why my tale of love
Void of enchantment fell.

For CELIA, as her L did prove,
Love had a different spell!

WALKER WELL IN THE RUNNING.

SINCE Mr. Punch no longer issues His Own Private Pocket-Book, profusely illustrated, he is willing to admit that the Pocket Books and Diaries of WALKER & Co. (Farringdon House) are among some of the next best things to the above-mentioned unique little volume. These for 1902 are no way inferior to those of former years, and being more or less on the old form, present no startling novelty, except here and there in the catalogued description, as, for example, a "Fast" diary, which Mr. P. would be curious to see when filled up (by any one "fast") in the course of the next twelve months. There is something in the names of the varieties, as, for example, a "solid Pigskin" diary is suggestive of the record of a very obstinate person; an "Orient Limp" might be suitable to a Pasha quite overcome by the heat; a "Medium Octavo" would suit a professional Spiritualist for jotting down engagements; while "A Quarterly Pocket Diary" is evidently suitable for those fortunate annuitants who are sure of making an entry every quarter.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

III.—WITH THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PORKMONGERS.

How do you call the book? *Our Uncrowned Kings*?
 'Tis new to me, who have but little time
 Reserved from higher claims to keep abreast
 With novel lines in literary goods.
 A satire? Ah! I never greatly cared
 For humour, notably such as leaves the mind
 Vaguely aware of swift allusions lost,
 Impalpable airy flights supposed of wit;
 Clearly a state obnoxious to repose,
 Being apt to cause diversion o' blood to brain,
 Needed elsewhere to aid the liver's work
 After your dinner, Nature's only hour
 For reading. What? It's clever stuff, you say,
 And levelled at the new plutocracy?
 Well, 'tis the penalty we have to pay,
 We of the wealth that tickles envy's ire,
 Harmless, I hope, for whoso has his feet
 So firmly planted he can well consent
 To pay what silent pity greatness owes
 To ignorant detraction found i' th' mouth
 Of who, poor devils, after all must live.
 Doubtless they have their figure, not too long,
 If one but cared enough to buy them out.

Young D'ARCY wrote it? Why, I know the man;
 Dined with us in the Lane—Lord only knows
 Just where the women pick these scribblers up!
 Came in and out, a tolerated guest,
 Till he forgot his manners, had the face
 To please my daughter, and was shown the door.
 That's how, being entertained on sufferance,
 They glean what little lore they boast to have
 Of good society, and go their ways
 And shamelessly profane its mysteries
 In books like this! I say, you're never safe
 If once your footmen let them pass the hall.

Mind, I distinguish. I refer to men
 Professed of letters, not the other sort,
 Mere social mercenaries I employ
 (Paid by the Press in cash, by me in kind—
 A dance, a dinner, even a simple crush)
 To make a paragraph's advertisement,
 Telling an eager public how I dine,
 Who—and their jewels' value—graced my board,
 Or under what unequalled wealth of flowers
 The staircase laboured when my wife received.
 With such I make no war; they earn their feed;
 And, though they use what tact the case demands,
 Impose on none that moves within the pale.
 But when I see an open welcome given
 To struggling men of literary tricks
 In houses commonly assumed select,
 Why, there's a snobbery finds me justly wroth,
 Who recognise that subtlest form of pride
 Which bids remark its status how secure,
 How unassailably proof against assault,
 Since it allows itself to ope its doors
 (No man's opinion asked) to whom it will,
 Highway or hedge, made worthy for the nonce
 By that approving seal the house confers.
 Rank snobbery, so say I!

Yet here again
 I make a nice distinction, please to note;
 Holding that even writers may be classed
 In different ranks according to deserts.
 How judge this difference, otherwise obscure,
 Save as we millionaires apprise success

By tangible results that take the eye?
 Thus there are authors, as I understand,
 So skilled to gauge the reading public's views,
 And what new turn the market's like to take,
 Making supply anticipate demand
 Upon a scale so noble, that their art
 Assumes proportions almost fit to wear
 The higher style and dignity attached
 To Commerce proper. Such a type as this,
 Since prejudice is impotent to floor
 The unanswerable logic of results,
 I'd not refuse to meet, no matter where;
 Nor would our Chairman, having thrice my wealth,
 Yet strangely free from pride for one so great.
 Rumour indeed alleges he was born
 With literary tastes he might have turned
 To lucrative employ, yet chose to be
 The amateur and gentleman he is.
 You'll see him soon with what fine modesty,
 As though oblivious how the nations gape
 For awe of private monarchs like himself,
 He bids you charge your glass to drink the KING! O. S.

APOSTROPHES!

TO A BLACK CAT.

"Wisdom embodied sits upon thy brow,
 And long-drawn music lingers in thy 'meow.'"
Pasam's Poems.

HAIL! cat of ebony hue, and golden orbs
 That gaze serenely on this nether world.
 What thoughts are thine, the while with dext'rous paw
 Thou add'st a lustre to thy furry face?
 Dost thou hark back to Ancient Egypt's clime,
 Where cats were sacred, and the mummied frame
 Of many a mouser slept the dreamless sleep?
 Doth thy mind loiter on that later age
 When witch and wizard wrought unholy spells
 With such as thee to aid? I may not know.
 Perchance thy fancies do not range beyond
 Careering mice and luscious bowls of milk;
 But this I see, and marvel more and more,
 Thou art a miracle of grace and power.
 How lithe thy limbs, how beautiful thy paws,
 How like an ebony angel is thy form!
 To watch thy sweet contentment is a joy,
 And doubtless thou art crammed with mystic lore.
 If only I could read thy restless brain,
 The World would be rewarded. Wondrous cat,
 Thy lives are nine, thy tail is only one,
 Thou art not of the cat-o'-nine-tails breed,
 And yet, methinks, thou couldst a tale unfold
 Would . . . hullo! what's that you say, MATILDA?
 Killed my canary? Mangled its remains?
 Confound the horrid, vicious, ugly beast!
 Let me get at it with a poker . . . gone!
 And I am left to "dree my weird" and mourn.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Suburban Water-Cart." This playful toy, which dates from the mismanagement period of London streets (first decade of twentieth century) was remarkable for its capricious and unexpected habits. Its chief accomplishment was to irrigate the gutters and kerbstones in a leisurely way, and now and then display a freakish humour by suddenly spraying over foot-passengers' boots. It was a sworn foe to cyclists and positively revelled in causing side-slips. On a rainy day, however, the perambulating whimsicality was at its best, when it delighted to show off in the middle of the road and add its quota to the seas of mud. Much of the dislocation of London traffic was caused by these wayward, if well-meaning, obstructions.



THE PERFIDIOUS SHEEP-DOG.

Sheep. "HERE, I SAY, KEEP HIM OFF! KEEP HIM OFF!"
Sheep-dog. "'KEEP HIM OFF?' WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW WE 'VE JUST GONE INTO PARTNERSHIP?"



BY THE COVERT SIDE.

Fred (a notorious funk). "BAI JOVE! JACK, I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST MY NERVE THIS SEASON!"
Jack. "HAVE YOU? DOOSID SORRY FOR THE POOR BEGGAR WHO FINDS IT!"

CRICKET À LA GRECQUE.

(Some "στίχοι πολιτικοί" to the Greek ex-Minister of Instruction.)

Καλῶς and Μπράβο, MR. STAIS! (although the late imbroglio At Athens has resulted in the loss of your portfolio). Your native metre let us use—if English and prosaic, Excuse it, as we're sadly out of practice in Romaic! And when all Europe can't or won't see any good in Britain, Believing every calumny our own pro-Boers have written, You'd compliment Old England at this somewhat overcast time By borrowing for the young Hellene JOHN BULL's especial pas-time,

E'en though you *did*, on evidence that's rather esoteric, Claim for our local *τίτ-ανδ ρόν* an origin Homeric!

Are you quite right to trace it from Nausicaa's game of rounders, Or rank the mythic GRACES Three among its early founders? The first *club*—*did* it take its name from Hercules, its wielder, Or was the Styx the sticks beheld by each Elysian Fielder? Still, that's as may be—all the same, we'd wish you luck with "κρίκετ,"

And would give something to be there when first you pitched your wicket.

Where would the rival "Ενδεκα's, we wonder, greatly daring, Beneath your most pellucid sky be giv'n their premier airing? Would they, for instance, bowl against the few remaining columns

Of Zeus Olympius, till with byes through Hadrian's Arch the ball hums,

Or, delicately marching, field where scanty lawns environ The marble Hellas, maiden fond that pats the head of BYRON;

With "θρόν-μαν" in the theatre named after Dionysus And "λόγγ-λεγ" in the Stadion across the brook Ilissus? Would they for lost ball wildly hunt on "Madmen's Hill" (Hymettus)

Or cut the daisies, if they grow, on stony Lycabettus? (Though Athens may be "violet-crowned," her verdure's pretty arid—

There was no grass at all when there the other day we tarried). Well, if you ever want a "coach," we English won't be stingy—

We'll even lend our champion *φρδι* or *Πρόκηψ Παντζητσίντζη*! And you shall send a "τῆμ" to Lord's before ten years are ended, And hear us shout "οὐ's θάτ;" "νότ οὐτ'" "οὐέλλ πλαίεθ,"—or "well intended!"

A. A. S.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Collection of Parlour Games (temp. 1901)." We learn from contemporary records that at this time there was a perfect outbreak of childish contrivances to dissipate *ennui*. It is supposed that Society, having lost the power to appreciate the value of intellectual recreation, betook itself, in its efforts to escape the dread demon of boredom, to the pleasures of the kindergarten. Those who inspect this odd congeries will be astonished at the marvellous number of combinations into which the principle of the tip-cat, the battledore, the button, the marble, and the pea-shooter entered. It is said that the middle-aged devotees of these pastimes were so delighted in the re-discovery of their juvenility that the fact that England was at war was completely forgotten, until the conscription of the younger generation put things in a different light.

THE IDEAL STATESMAN.

["According to a German scientist, the moral qualities have serums with which patients may be profitably inoculated."—*Daily Paper.*]

FAITH, hope and charity, love, hate,
Ambition, envy, gall—

Whatever moralists may state—
Are microbes one and all.

Each has its serum which you can

Inoculate: *e.g.*,

To make a perfect public man

Be this your recipe:

Take a man in the street, the first one that you meet—it really
don't matter much who.

For the truth to confess, he can hardly know less than our
Cabinet Ministers do—

To fill him with nerve, *espèglerie*, *verve*, dose him well with a
serum of S-L-SB-RY;

If he wants situations for all his relations, correct with a
virus of H-LSB-RY.

If modesty, tact and good breeding are lacked, if his language
is vulgar and low,

These faults, I am sure, you will easily cure with a serum of
Gentleman JOE.

If he's limp in the back and inclined to be slack, of a dry
academic complexion,

And inclining to shirk Parliamentary work, dose him well with
a B-LF-R injection.

If his somnolent mind is to slumber inclined, if he yawns when
his speech is begun,

A D-V-NSH-RE serum will certainly clear him from dozing until
it is done;

While if he is found to be feeble all round, and on nothing
especially strong,

These faults to correct you need only inject a double strong
serum of L-NG.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BELOVED SHADE,—I like to think of you, now that you have
put away the stress and fret of life, and have been rapt from
us to the society of the mighty dead, your meet companions
who went before you and hailed you as your ghostly feet
touched the borders of their glorious country. I like to
imagine you, I say, stretched at ease in the meadow of asphodel,
with FIELDING and SCOTT and DICKENS and THACKERAY,
and the great DUMAS, the beneficent thunder-shaking giant,
to bear you company. There is no envy, nor hatred, nor
malice, nor any uncharitableness, but a deep glow of happy
contentment is over all. You are warriors who have fought
your fight amongst us and have gone to your rest, leaving to
us not only your pleasant voices, the nightingales that are
still awake with us, but high and noble lessons of courage
and endurance and kindness and humanity, to sustain our
faltering efforts. Sometimes you speak and again you listen,
now compelling silence, now compelled to it, emulous only in
great and kindly thoughts, and the high peaks echo and
re-echo with your laughter. It is a heathen fancy, but let it
pass. Be sure of this, at any rate: we, who still live out our
little lives in the busy haunts of men, and whose tired minds
turn for refreshment to romance and poetry, and the eternal
records of heroism and faith and gallant deeds, we love
you as of old and reverence your name. Of all the gay and
splendid souls that have flashed across our sky with a trail of
glory, none was more vivid than yours, none has left a more
enduring memory. Your company of brave men and noble
women are still our friends. We leave with them the beaten
round of our daily lives, and plunge into magic regions,
watching with a still breathless interest their efforts, hear-
ing them strike their blows and speak their sounding
phrases, and following them, foiled or triumphant, to the end.

Man may be a vain thing, a purposeless shadow flitting across
his little tract of earth, but the creatures of man's imagination,
the shapes he calls into being, breathing the breath of life into
their lungs, these remain with us and fill our minds. So Hector
and Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses live, while HOMER is no more
than a name to be quarrelled over by pedants and archæologists.

In one sense you are more, in another, perhaps, less, fortunate
than HOMER. Your life has been written, and all men can learn
what manner of man you were. Those who were your friends
and loved you may renew their memories of your presence,
your cheerful talk, and your astounding achievements with that
magician's wand, your pen. They, and those who knew only
your fame and had not clasped your hand, can follow you in
your cousin's authentic pages from infancy to middle age
through all the varying scenes of your high-spirited and
adventurous life. It is a pious book, compiled and written with
zeal and discretion, and the picture it gives is that of a real
man, not a mere image made up of proof sheets and printer's
ink. The tone is kindly and generous, as the tone of such a
book ought to be. That you were a man and that, being a man,
you had your moments of weakness, of uncompleted effort, nay,
of entire failure and warping error, who shall deny? But what
of that? We are such as God made us, who made it our lot to
rise, our own strenuous vigour helping, through misery and
despair to success and triumph and the praise of men. So you,
it seems, rose, a bright and soaring spirit, cleaving your way to
the stars, disdaining to be drawn down by the weakness of the
flesh and its sufferings. That is enough, and for the rest I say—

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

And now let me end with a story for your private ear. There
was once a man—let us say he was moulded after your fashion,
and lived and died much as you did. After his death the world
went on reading his books, and his friends talked of him and
wrote of him, holding that it was good for the world to know
what a noble and delightful fellow he had been and how cheer-
fully he had looked out upon mankind, even through the mists
of approaching death. But one fine day there came along a
rough and blustering sort of companion, and, "By heaven,"
says he, "what a pother they are all making about one who
was after all a very poor and ordinary creature! Why, I was
the man who helped him along; but for me he had never done
a hand's turn to deserve fame, and, if you'll believe me, he
requited me, as he did all others, most scurvily. He outsoared
us, actually outsoared us all, won his way to glory while we,
his betters, were left flapping ineffectual wings. As for writing
books, have not others written much better books and earned a
smaller reward? And as for the man himself as he lived among
his friends, all I can say is, he was often petty and dismal and
conceited and pragmatical—so much so, that some who knew
him would describe him by a word of three letters (oaf, fop,
cad, ass, don—the field is open for pleasant conjecture, and
you may make your own choice) that would make him turn in
his grave could he hear it. Pooh! I call him an Anxious
Egotist, a Shorter Catechist, an unfriendly and forgetting
friend, a being deteriorating from fault to fault—until
I ceased to care for the man, so little was there in him
to care for or reverence or praise. Not if I can help it
shall his frailties be hidden, so here you have them." And,
having finished, away he goes in a fine frenzy of self-righteous
indignation. But the oddest part of the tale is yet to come.
This indignant follower of the veracities was one whom the
dead man held to be his friend, of whom he never spoke, so far
as public records may guide us, without kindness and affection.
What think you of this? For myself, I think it was not
STEVENSON'S way, nor ought it to be the way of any man who,
having loved a friend, has lost him.

Farewell, and own me YOUR ADMIRER.



RATHER HANDY WITH AN EXCUSE.

Jalous Wife. "MY DEAR FRED, AT YOUR AGE YOU OUGHT REALLY TO BE QUITE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! YOU ARE ALWAYS RUNNING AFTER ALL THE PRETTY LADIES!"

Fred (quick at a repartee). "MY DEAR! MY DEAR! THAT OUGHT TO PUT YOU QUITE AT YOUR EASE. IT ONLY PROVES THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM ME!"

THE HOUSE AND THE HOTEL. (A Suggestion for a Yule-tide Story.)

"I DON'T think you will like it," said the good manager seated behind the desk in the bureau.

"That is all you know about it," replied the husband. "House-keeping has become intolerable."

"Yes, intolerable," echoed the wife.

"But there are so many drawbacks," urged the good manager. "For instance, I am going to put you into a room with a dead wall in front of you."

"Well, I rather like dead walls," observed the husband, "there is a novelty about them. Besides, they shut out an ugly prospect."

"Yes," chimed in the wife, "such as trees without leaves, or houses with inquisitive neighbours seated for ever at the windows."

"Then I don't think you will care about the food," went on the good manager, "it's very rich, and after three days you get to know all the items of the

menu by heart. We try to change twice a week."

"Well, that is better than a joint," returned the husband.

"Yes," added the wife, "a joint that passes through the stages of hot, cold and hashed."

"But we do something in the line of comestible development ourselves. You will find that the 'grand piece' of to-day is the *fricandeau* of to-morrow. Besides, I am sure you won't care about the head-waiter."

"On the contrary, they are always exceedingly civil," put in the gentleman.

"Yes, very polite," added the lady.

"But ours is an exception to the rule," explained the good manager. "He will give you a table that you won't like, and not alter it for a fortnight."

"But even that will be better than our own monotonous dining-room."

"As you will," said the good manager with a sigh. "I have warned you. Number 2,496."

So the husband and the wife entered

the lift, went up and up until they reached the top floor.

Twenty-four hours later they were once again in the bureau.

"You are quite right," said the husband, "I prefer our small and not too comfortable home."

"They did not call us at the right hour, and they put us at a table with four other people."

"And the soup was cold, and we had to wait ten minutes between the courses."

"And I think the sheets were damp."

"And I couldn't find any daily papers in the smoking-room."

"And so you are going home, sweet home," cried the good manager, beaming.

"Yes," they answered together, "you have reconciled us to the home that is our very own."

So after they had spent a small fortune in tips they entered the cab.

"Good bye, my dear friends," cried the proprietor of the hotel.

And the husband and the wife blessed the philanthropist through the window.

OUR PUP.

WHEN GWENDOLEN expressed a desire for a little Aberdeen terrier with a kind face, I knew in my heart of hearts that before many weeks were past a pup would be amongst our *Penates*; but at the same time I felt it my duty to point out the difficulties of keeping such a pet in a small flat, in order that, when the hour came, I might have the smug satisfaction of feeling—I should never venture to say it—"I told you so."

"My dear," I objected, "you know that our lease specially prohibits dogs."

"And I know that every tenant in the mansions keeps one."

This was true. I had often watched the guilty procession of men and maids that at ten o'clock every evening stole down the stairs like so many conspirators; each leading his contraband property on a leash. At such a time the party-wall of stiff reserve that prevented No. 28 speaking to No. 29 was broken down, and the owner of the yellow dachshund might be seen exchanging amenities with the master of the black poodle or listening to the basement expounding the points of his nondescript cur. Occasionally, too, the dogs exchanged amenities as well as their masters, and when the Irish terrier met the bull on the first landing, only pepper and lighted vestas could part their warm embrace.

"You needn't be afraid of fights, JACK," broke in GWENDOLEN, who had evidently been following the train of my thoughts.

"Afraid, my dear?"

"Well, you know you went quite pale when the porter asked you to catch hold of Paddy's tail."

"It was a disgusting sight," I replied, my heart palpitating at the recollection.

"So it was," agreed GWEN; "but, at any rate, the pup won't fight."

"Not till he becomes a dog. Then there's AUGUSTA. Doesn't she object to dogs?"

GWENDOLEN frowned. Time and again had our general expressed in no measured terms her hatred of all four-legged things. "We must keep the pup out of her way, JACK."

"In our flat?" I laughed.

"Of course. It will be perfectly simple."

I whistled.

"Don't do that."

"I beg your pardon," said I.

A pause ensued; but apparently GWENDOLEN found my silence as trying as my whistling.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"I was wondering whether we should give the pup our bedroom or the drawing-room."

"Sarcasm——" began GWEN.

"It was anything but sarcasm, darling."

"Then it was simply fatuity."

"On the contrary, my dear. If we can't put the pup in AUGUSTA'S premises, where he would do little harm——"

"We'll put him in the bath-room, where he can do none."

This argument appeared to GWENDOLEN conclusive, and as I dared not whistle again, there was nothing for it but to smile and say, "Very well."

No one treats a fallen foe more generously than GWENDOLEN. In a moment all the fierce battle-lust was forgotten, and, the pros having won the day, she was as willing as I to admit the existence of *cons*.

"But you know, dear," she concluded, "it will be so good for you to take the puppy for its walks. You sit in your study all day long smok—working, and you don't get half enough exercise. Your figure is not quite so athletic as it was when I saw you bump Brasenose, is it? Then it will hardly cost us anything; it will just live on the scraps that would otherwise be wasted. We needn't even get a licence for it till it is six months old, and then you must just write a little doggy poem for the *Spectator*. You'll get no end of copy out of the little fellow, JACK!"

* * * *

"Oh, the darling!" cried GWENDOLEN, when I arrived home one evening with the pup in my arms. "Look at his 'kind boot-buttons,' JACK! Isn't he a dear little thing?"

"Rather!" I replied. He had already cost me five guineas besides his railway fare from Wick, not to mention a cab-fare and compensation for a torn-up cushion. But he looked very sweet and innocent as he nestled in my overcoat, and he put up his baby paw to GWENDOLEN in a way that won her heart at once.

"There is a nice fire in the study. He will be quite happy on the Persian mat."

"Will he?" I asked, vaguely thinking of the bath-room.

"Oh, yes, I think so. See? How perfectly sweet he looks on the crimson ground! But, JACK, they haven't sent the biscuits."

"Haven't they? What a nuisance! I suppose we must just give him some scraps to-night."

"Scraps! They would kill him! I've been getting up Aberdeens, and they must have nothing but puppy biscuits, with some cod-liver oil cakes when they are teething, and popsinated puppy meal if they are 'bad doers.' I've ordered all these from the stores, with some dog soap and towels, and the sweetest little basket and mat that only cost thirty-five shillings. But they haven't come, so you must go and fetch the biscuits at any rate."

"But, my dear, it's just dinner time."

"The stores will be shut if you don't go at once. And JACK! it will save time if you take a cab and bring all the things together."

When I got back, I found the pup the sole occupant of my study. He was very busy on the rug and the floor was strewn with paper. There was a loud yelp and GWENDOLEN came rushing in.

"What are you doing, JACK?"

"My dear, he has eaten an *Elzevir*, and was just starting on an *Aldine*."

GWENDOLEN screwed her courage to the sticking place. "Bad puppy! Naughty! Not to do that!" she reiterated, accompanying the reproaches with gentle smacks.

The pup's ears fell, its tail went down between its legs, and it looked such a dejected little atom that I relented at once. "Don't you think that will do, GWEN? Poor little chap! I daresay he was hungry, and if he had had his biscuits this wouldn't have happened."

After dinner, of which meal the pup was a painfully interested spectator, I felt in good fettle for work, and proposed that I should go into the study, and write a scene of my tragedy. GWENDOLEN usually encourages me in any unwonted efforts of this kind, but to-night she looked serious.

"LYDIA tells me"—LYDIA is a doggy friend of GWEN'S—"that a pup must be taken out every two hours, so I think, JACK, if you don't mind——"

"In this fog?"

"Oh, that won't hurt the pup. LYDIA says it must go out in *all* weathers—from ten minutes to an hour, according to circumstances."

The pup was as loth to go as I. It planted its little broad feet firmly on the floor and refused to budge. Persuasion had no effect whatever except a deprecatory wag of the tail, and I had to drag the struggling mite down the stairs by sheer force. By the time it reached the bottom it was nearly strangled, and then it sat down on the pavement and wagged its tail. I had not the heart to drag it any further, so we stood together shivering and inhaling fog until we thought it time to venture back again.

Very early next morning I was awakened by the sound of energetic scrubbing. GWENDOLEN is not inordinately fond of scrubbing, while as for AUGUSTA—I knew she had far too much self-respect to be anywhere but in bed at such an hour. I rose to see what it was all about, and slipping on my dressing-gown, opened the bath-room door. GWENDOLEN was on her knees scrubbing for dear life, while the pup was dancing round her in high delight, and making dabs at the flying brush.

"My darling!" I exclaimed.

GWENDOLEN looked up. "Oh! JACK, I've got such megrims!"

"Whatever are you doing, dear?"

"Why, you see, JACK. I came in to have a look at the pup, and he must have got his feet dirty last night, or something, for the place was in an awful mess, and I knew that if AUGUSTA saw it——"

"I see, dear. But you really shouldn't—and in that airy costume! I've, at least, got on a dressing-gown."

"Very well," replied GWEN, relinquishing the scrubbing-brush. "But do make haste and get it done before AUGUSTA gets up."

I set to work and finished the job, but not before I had felt the glance of amused contempt which our mistress the servant flung at me as she passed the bathroom on her domestic rounds.

When I came to make the puppy's bed, I found he had not been idle even during the night. My new guinea sponge was torn into a thousand pieces, and my best Turkish towel lay in shreds. I consulted GWENDOLEN, and we agreed that punishment must be administered. I seized a stick and raised a threatening arm. The pup sat down, cocked his head on one side, and cast kind but reproachful glances at me.

"Hit him!" urged GWENDOLEN.

I tried. Thump, thump went the puppy's tail on the ground. I handed the stick to GWEN.

"Well, you are a coward, JACK!"

"Perhaps if we asked AUGUSTA," I suggested.

"How can you be so cruel? AUGUSTA would hurt it."

So the puppy got off scot-free, and in the course of the morning devoured my favourite slippers. But, as GWENDOLEN pointed out, this mattered the less because (as I soon found out) I was seldom to take off my boots again, the exigencies of puppy nature requiring that I should spend most of my life in the open air.

AUGUSTA regards the devotion of GWENDOLEN and myself as mild lunacy—harmless, so long as the pup does not trespass in her kitchen, when she lets him "feel the weight of her hand across his back." She takes no pains to conceal her contempt for my present occupation, though, after all, it is not so very much lower in her esteem than my late profession—the writing of minor verse.

THE BRITISH MANUFACTURER'S APOLOGY.

[A prominent Midland manufacturer states in the *British Weekly* that English goods are actually sold as American, because it is the fashion to talk down one's own country and its productions.]

ALAS! too long (we own with pain)

With patriot ardour have we dreamt

With British fabrics to sustain

Our British trade—a vain attempt—



Little Effie (not at all inclined to go to sleep—to Nurse, who is about to switch off the electric light).

"OH, PLEASE, NANNA DON'T TURN ON THE DARK!"

Only to find Britain prefers
The industries of foreigners.

Lo! England scans each foreign part,
Wealth in their "notions" to invest:
From far Japan she culls her art,
In Paris gowns her dames are dressed;
Whose competition vainly strives
Our peerage to supply with wives.

Then, if to quicken dwindling trade,
A dolly or a tin gee-gee,
Albeit in Whitechapel made,
Is labelled "Made in Germany,"
Public, the harmless fraud forgive—
For even Englishmen must live.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM. — "Miniature Model of Lord Mayor's Show." This exhibit has been added to the collection by way of comic relief, and to show that our ancestors, especially the "City Fathers," could sink to the occasion when necessary. The instincts of the London crowd appear to have craved for an annual and gratis circus display of shivering supers on unsteady perches, and the authorities responded nobly. Nothing equal to the great gilt coach and the magnificent double-chin of its coachman was ever seen in the wildest flights of pantomime.



Giles. "I BE GOT UP HERE, MISTER, BUT I DON'T ZEE 'OW EVER I BE GOIN' TO GET DOWN."

Farmer. "THEE ZHUT THEE EYES AN' WALK ABOUT A BIT, AN' THEE'LL ZOON GET DOWN!"

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

[“Nothing is so pitilessly cruel as cold fact, and the facts of life destroy half its romance. One of these days we shall be solemnly informed that the Sea Serpent and the Big Gooseberry are nothing but myths, and when that unhappy day comes most of us will probably make up our minds that it will be better to believe nothing at all.”—*St. James's Gazette.*]

WRETCHED scribbler, cease to fling
Doubt on every sacred thing
That has to this formal earth
Reconciled us from our birth.
Keep, oh, keep thy hand off the
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Cross with other doubts our mind,
Doubts in men and women kind;
Prove a company's prospectus
Is but made to misdirect us.
But no slander speak of the
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Bid us scout as idle fables
Foreign telegrams and cables;
We will pooh-pooh BROWN's dog stories,
Doubt that at an end the war is,
So you cast no slur on the
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Bid us even relinquish faith!
In some fond domestic wraith

Which for centuries has been
On the stroke of midnight seen.
But renew our faith in the
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Bid us think no genius lies
In the hues of TURNER's skies;
Deemed we ancient SAMSON strong,
Prove by science we were wrong.
But prove nothing about the
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Tell us BACON is the 'pote'
Who the plays of SHAKESPEARE wrote,
Prove that all romance is writ
In an epileptic fit.

But, O science, touch not the
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

BOOKWORMS ALL.

HERE, where old smoke hangs fra-
grant,

Here, where round circles cloak
With cloudlets ever vagrant

The long, dark shelves of oak,
Mid tomes of vellum, yellow
With years and sweetly mellow,
Each dearer than its fellow,
We meditate and smoke.

While leave is ours to burrow
In books, we care no jot

Whether the lonely furrow
Is being ploughed or not;
Nor if Peer-ploughmen, weary
Of furrows lone and dreary,
Should seek a life more cheery
Beside the common pot.

No statesman's lucubrations

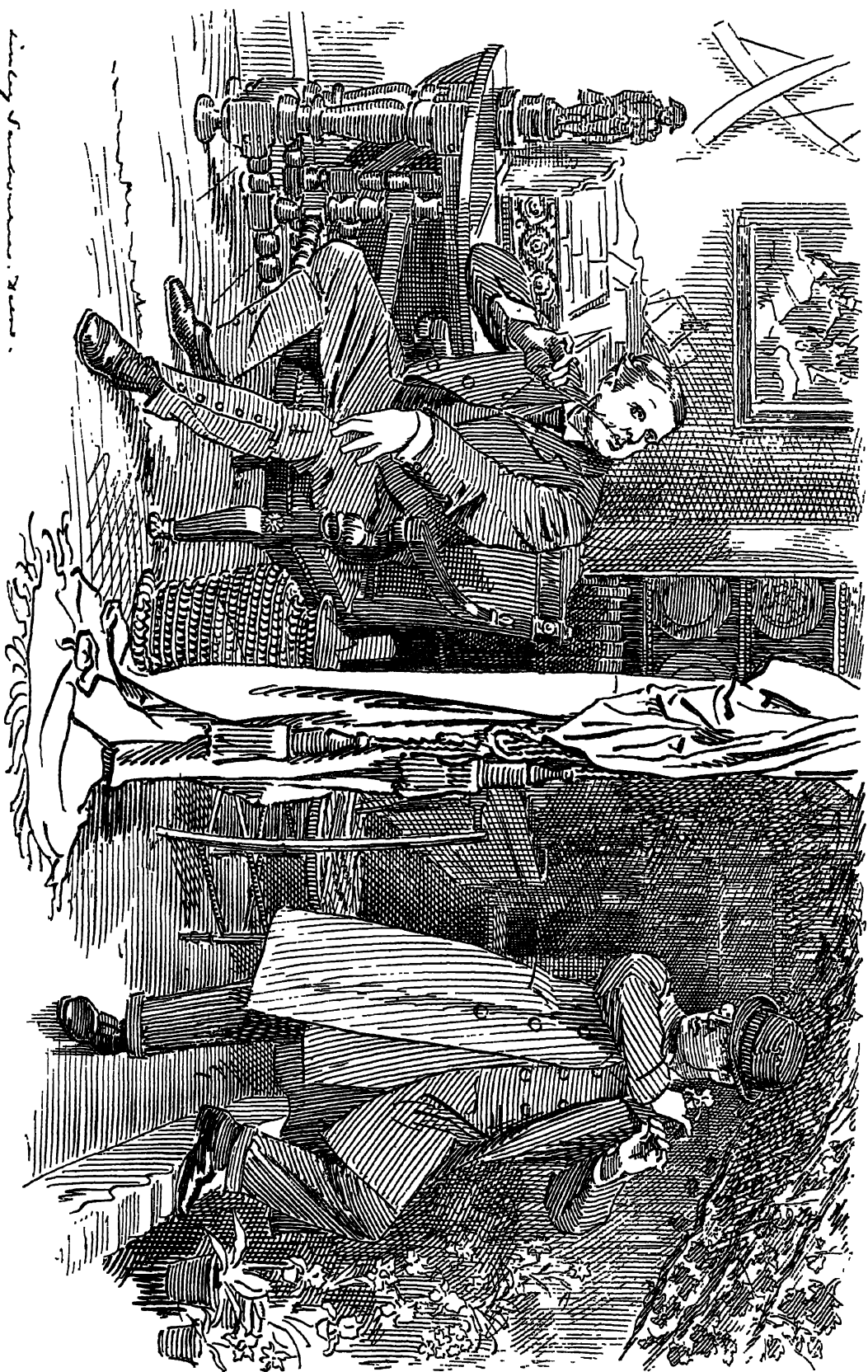
In this retreat read we,—
Not even the orations

Of him they call C.-B.;
But read with glowing wonder
The Demosthenic thunder
That PHILIP trembled under—
Our thoughts are all B.C.

Nor are we ever debtors

To fiction for our ease;
No Garden Books, Love-letters,
Nor Visits here one sees;
The music of CATULLUS,
We much prefer to lull us,
Or FLACCUS, or TIBULLUS,
Or ARISTOPHANES.

Thus, mid old comrades pleasant,
Whose souls so long have fled,
The past alone is present,
The present lies unread;
And in such tranquil setting,
Afar from care and fretting,
We live, the world forgetting,
Among the deathless dead.



PREPARING FOR THE SPEECHES.

LORD R-S-B-R-Y. "T'Y. WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT CHAMBERLAIN?"

THE RIGHT HON. J. CH-M-B-R-Y-N. "I WONDER WHAT ROSEBERY IS GOING TO SAY ABOUT ME?"

[At the luncheon to be given at the Guildhall on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the City, Thursday, December 6, the toast of "The Colonies will be submitted by the Earl of Roseberry; acknowledged by Mr. Chamberlain."—*Daily Telegraph*, November 30.]

A LETTER TO A
YOUNG PUB-
LISHER.

NEARLY a year must have passed, my dear JONES, since I last gave you (through the medium of Mr. Punch's columns) some modest hints on the profession—never, oh! never let it be termed a "trade"—upon which you have embarked. I pointed out, you will remember, how sweet are the uses of advertisement. I showed you how, by the magic of a few hiatus marks, an unfavourable review can be converted into an enthusiastic eulogy; so that, for example, the opinion of the *Piræus*, which ran: "This is a thoroughly good example of a rubbishy class of book," etc., etc., will figure in your advertisement as, "This is a thoroughly good . . . book." But, as you point out to me, there are limits to the usefulness of this method. So grossly prejudiced, it seems, are many

of the critical journals, that, having observed, it may be, your ingenious use of their unfavourable reviews, they have simply desisted from giving reviews of any kind to many of the works which bear your imprint.

And so, I take it, the question you now propound to me is this: "Supposing that the verdicts of the press upon my publications are so worded as to preclude the possibility of their being twisted into laudatory sentences; or, worse still, supposing that there are no press verdicts at all—what am I to do then? For instance, you tell me that all your efforts so far to boom GREGSON'S *Morbidities* have proved futile. Even the *Lower Sloppington Advertiser*, whose critic you had come to count upon for the opinion that "there



A NEW DEPARTURE.

Shade of Charles Lamb. "AT HIS COUNTRY PLACE, AND IN HIS MODERN SUIT, THE BOY MAY BE HAPPIER, BUT HE WILL NOT BE SO PICTURESQUE."

["It is thought probable that the Bluecoat Boys will soon be allowed to adopt modern dress."—*Standard*, November 27.]

is not a dull page in this volume"—a sentence employed by him four or five times in every issue of the paper—even the *Lower Sloppington Advertiser*, you repeat, has had the impudence to slate *Morbidities*. Its sale hangs fire, you have a thousand copies in hand, and (beyond a paltry £40 or £50 you surcharged the author upon "the cost of production") you will make no profit out of it. You suggest, as a last resource, that you should boldly invent flaming eulogies, and father them in your advertisements upon the *Times* and the *Athenæum*.

Candidly, I cannot recommend this plan. For one thing, it is a trifle risky; for another, it is quite unnecessary. "No one," you complain, "will say a good word for the wretched thing." That

is too hasty an assertion. Pause and consider for a moment. Are there no persons who are quite willing to praise it as freely as you could wish? Why, obviously, there are two—GREGSON, its author, and yourself, its publisher. "But," you may object, "I can't quote these opinions as advertisements." My dear JONES, that is precisely what you can and must do. Believe me, you will not be the first to adopt this simple but excellent plan. Take a column of next week's *Piræus*, and fill it with announcements—in heavily-leaded type—of this kind:

"MORBIDITIES."

—Of this work Mr. GREGSON writes: "I have never done anything so fine. The book fairly took away my breath while I was writing it. Simple regard for truth compels me to pronounce it a colossal masterpiece. No one can know so

much about a book as its author, and my dispassionate verdict pronounces *Morbidities* a veritable triumph."

"MORBIDITIES."—As the publisher of this remarkable novel, Mr. JONES ventures cordially to endorse the author's opinion of it. It is a superb piece of work. So confident is he that it will be a gigantic success, that he has given instructions to the printers to prepare fifteen more large editions with the utmost speed.

. . . And so on. If space permits, add the opinions of the author's wife and the publisher's second-cousin. The trick is quite simple, you see! A. C. D.

THE LATEST DISEASE IN LONDON (UNDERGROUND).—Tuberculosis.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the absence of Mr. SIDNEY LEE on a well-earned holiday, the Assistant Editor of the *National Dictionary of Biography* writes:—

"In the 'Booking-Office' of your issue of November 13, in an appreciative review of the Supplement to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, I notice that your Baronite states that he has searched Volume III. (HOW-WOODWARD) in vain for a memoir of the proprietor of the *Dictionary*, the late Mr. GEORGE SMITH. No memoir of Mr. SMITH was introduced into the alphabetical series for two reasons. First, because the work terminates with the death of the late Queen VICTORIA. Secondly, because it was thought that the public interest in Mr. GEORGE SMITH, as the founder of the *Dictionary*, and as the publisher who had maintained close personal relations with THACKERAY and LEIGH HUNT, CHARLOTTE BRONTE and Mrs. GASKELL, was sufficient to warrant a somewhat more extended notice than the strict limits of a Dictionary article would permit. Under these circumstances, a detailed memoir was written by the Editor, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, and was prefixed to Volume I. of the Supplement, where it occupies nearly fifty pages. The same volume contains, as frontispiece, a portrait of Mr. SMITH after Mr. G. F. WATTS."

My Baronite did not chance to see the first volume of the Supplement. The third volume, including the letter S, he, in his unimaginative way, looked through to find the name of Mr. SMITH. Failing in the endeavour, he came to the conclusion that, for highly honourable if somewhat quixotic reasons, it was omitted. He does not regret the misunderstanding, since it gave him opportunity of paying a humble tribute to the memory of one of the worthies of the nineteenth century whom, when honours were being distributed among lesser men, the Government of the day systematically ignored. It will be as well, when a second edition of the Supplement is called for, to insert a line in proper place among the S's, guiding the searcher after truth to the GEORGE SMITH memoir.

"JILL generally evinced an amiable readiness to explain any obscurity that might characterise her discourse." Thus it is written in IOTA's latest novel, *The Happenings of Jill* (HUTCHINSON). My Baronite, patiently plodding through the tangles of the story, wishes he could testify that this promise was realised. IOTA, bursting with desire to say something smart, persistently obscures her meaning. If she would only condescend to write unaffectedly, something might have been made of the story and the characters that should live in it. But they must all, especially JILL, sparkle with epigram, even when asking each other to pass the salt. The whole thing is jerky, inconsequential, occasionally unintelligible. The happenings to JILL are nothing compared with what befalls the conscientious reader endeavouring to make out who's who, what they fought each other for, why some make love and others get married. "I think you understand," said JILL to her husband after he had been some months in training. "'Oh, I understand,' he said, very much as though he did not." Which was at least honest of him.

In *Quest of the Giant Sloth* (BLACKIE AND SON, Ltd.), by Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N., is a thorough good tale of a young hero and his friend, ambitious to discover a survival of the by-gone age, who start on an expedition which leads them through strangely marvellous lands in South America. Here they gain more than a peep at the prehistoric Sloth, a large creature of a kindly nature, living chiefly on nuts. Both books are well illustrated. Certainly this nautical and literary Doctor R.N. ought to write a tale of the Horse-Marines. If ever man knew all about these mysterious warriors, that man ought to be the bearer of such a name as "STABLES, R.N."

Few greater literary treats, says my Junioresst Baronitess, could be given to the average girl than to make her a Christmas present of these two beautifully bound books, *A Popular Girl*, by MAY BALDWIN, and *A Nest of Girls*, by E. WESTYN TIMLOW (both from W. & R. CHAMBERS). The first is an interesting and brightly told story of a young English girl's school life in Germany, where to the heroine is unanimously accorded the

distinction of "the most popular girl in the school"; and the second is just the sort to please and fascinate all girl readers. Well illustrated by H. R. RICHARDS.

Pater's Book of Rhymes, by JUDGE PARRY, illustrated by A. RUSDEN (SHERRATT AND HUGHES), is a comical collection of eccentric pictures and nonsensical verses of the "Shockheaded Peter" kind, though not within measurable distance of that immortal work. Good as a present from Santa Claus.

In *The Secret Orchard* (MACMILLAN), AGNES and EGERTON CASSEL have set themselves a delicate task. To bring together under the same roof a loving spotless wife, a faithless husband, and the young girl with whom he has gone astray is a situation that requires supreme skill to make otherwise than revolting. The skill is forthcoming. So deftly do the two authors work the web and woof of their story that there is in the reader's mind no other feeling than one of profound interest. It is a fresh triumph for the system of collaboration. Where AGNES begins and where EGERTON stops my Baronite occasionally fancies he guesses. But "the flats are jined" in such masterful manner that he is probably mistaken. The recurring episodes of the narrative, up to its fine finish, all intensely dramatic, are led up to and out of with consummate power.

My Baronite used to wonder whether, as some said, it is true that a generation has arisen that knows not CHARLES DICKENS. Answer is forthcoming in the fact that during the last year or two more than one popular edition has been liberally welcomed. The best wine is saved to the last. Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL, in collaboration with Mr. HENRY FROWDE, have commenced to issue a copyright edition printed on the incomparable India paper that is the unique trade mark of the Oxford University Press. By its magic art we have beautifully printed in large type, in a dainty volume that will comfortably lurk in the jacket pocket, novels that on their original publication held the world entranced whilst they ran through twelve monthly numbers. In some cases, as in that of *A Tale of Two Cities*, space is found to bind up with it another complete work, to wit, *A Child's History of England*. *Pickwick*, running to 928 pages, has one of the charming volumes all to itself. Increased value is given to the edition by the inclusion of all the original illustrations.

The Sinner and the Problem (MACMILLAN & Co.), by ERIC PARKER, is a slight story, as wholesomely fresh and sweet as its conception and design are original. A mere gossamer thread of plot runs through such pleasant pages as seem to have been written in moments of reposeful leisure,—just as one may jot down the outcome of a reverie, and be surprised to find that what commenced as a mere note had developed into a chapter,—and then, as an afterthought, such chapters had been strung together and connected. For, delightful as it all is, yet is effort apparent in the finishing touch. Has Mr. ERIC PARKER caught unconsciously a trick of PEACOCK in dialogue, of STERNE in occasional abruptness, and of MEREDITH in descriptive colouring? Excellent masters truly; but the student's style is yet to be perfected. The short chapter about the boy's illness is a masterpiece owing nothing to any writer, past or present. After penning this, he must have trembled to know whether he had done ill or well, and nervously, with true artistic instinct, decided to let it stand as it was. A very little more, how little, and it might have become "gush." As to the lovemaking in it—well, the ordinary scenes that elaborately lead up to "proposal" and "acceptance" would have been here utterly out of place; and so, to those who never can have enough of a good thing and who may inquire, as did Mr. Tony Weller regarding his son's valentine, "That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, SAMMY?" the author will have a complete answer, on replying with Sam, "Not a bit on it; she'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'." Substituting "novel" for "letter," there is Mr. ERIC PARKER's last word—and the Baron's—on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



C. S. Brock : 1901

Hostess. "PLEASE DON'T LEAVE OFF, MISS JESSOP."
 Miss J. "BUT SHAN'T I BORE YOU? IT IS POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING, YOU KNOW."
 Hostess. "YES; BUT THAT DOESN'T APPLY TO YOUR PLAYING!"

JACOB AND HIS MASTER.

PART III.

PERHAPS the DUNCOMBES were disposed to give themselves airs; in their own county they were considered to do so, and possibly they were none the less highly thought of on that account. But, be that as it may, anybody could have told BOB that Miss DUNCOMBE was about as likely to bestow her hand upon a juvenile lieutenant in the Royal Navy as upon a crossing-sweeper. There was, however, no need for outsiders to demonstrate a fact which his own common sense very soon rendered obvious to him. A dinner-party and a dance in Eaton Square, to both of which entertainments he was kindly invited, more than sufficed to open his eyes. His eyes were sharp, and ample leisure was afforded to him to use them; for he did not belong to PHYLLIS's world, nor—with such incessant claims upon her—could she be expected to notice how completely he was left out in the cold on these two occasions. So he watched her, and, watching her, made various salutary, if painful, discoveries. Did she, he wondered once or twice, intend him to make them? If so, he bore her no ill-will, recognising that she was cruel only to be kind. It stood to reason that there could be no sort of chance for him, and he doubted whether there was much chance for his uncle (whose ambition he speedily divined) either. Beset by so dense a throng of lords and lordlings, she would not, he imagined, fix her choice upon a mere Member of Parliament who, though getting on in public life, was getting on also in years. He did not, therefore, fall out with that somewhat ridiculous and over-sanguine uncle of his, but maintained a stoical calm which it might under other circumstances have been beyond him to compass. For PHYLLIS in the character of an aunt by marriage was really unthinkable!

So the days slipped away, bringing him no fresh opportunity—it is true that he solicited none—for private intercourse with a young lady whose engagements were very numerous. He met her pretty frequently and she treated him always with the kindness which their bygone intimacy gave him some title to expect; but it was quite evident that his absence would have passed unnoticed by her had he seen fit to sulkily absent himself. Only on the eve of his departure to join his new ship did she of her own accord make an appointment with him. *Jacob* had to be restored to her keeping, and when he mentioned that he would be leaving the dog in Eaton Square that afternoon, she said:

"Bring him at six o'clock, then, and I will give you a farewell cup of tea. I ought to be at a garden-party at that hour, but I think I will have a headache instead, and let my mother represent the family."

Whether her head was actually aching or not when the obedient BOB arrived, she certainly looked as though it might be; for there were dark semi-circles beneath her eyes, and she owned to being rather out of spirits. Every now and again, she explained, life presented itself to her in a difficult and perplexing aspect; every now and again she felt very deeply the need of some disinterested and trustworthy friend to advise her. In other words, she could not make up her mind whether she wanted to marry or not, and her parents, who had quite made up their minds that they wished her to do so, were of little assistance. They left her practical freedom of choice; only they expected her to choose somebody, and entertained no doubt that she would comply with so reasonable a demand.

The above confidence was not, it need scarcely be said, at once reposed in BOB CRACROFT, but was the outcome of a protracted colloquy and of a sober and diffident request on his part that he might be regarded in the light of the desired counsellor. PHYLLIS may not have intended her appeal to be responded to exactly in that spirit—she seemed, indeed, rather to lose interest in the subject from the moment that it began to interest him—yet she could not, surely, have desired him to

make a fool of himself and embarrass her by proclaiming sentiments of which she was far too clear-sighted to be ignorant. Such, at any rate, was his belief, and he was not ungrateful to her for the delicacy with which she had nipped his nascent and manifestly unrealisable hopes in the bud. She, for her part, was grateful to him—or declared she was—when he placed himself without reserve at her disposal.

"Drop me a line at any time," said he, "and you shall have an honest opinion by return of post. I don't pretend to know much of the world, and the odds are that I shall know nothing at all about the men who may want to marry you; but if you'll tell me just how you feel, I shall understand fast enough what advice to give you. Everything is sure to depend, you see, upon your own feeling."

Everything was, in truth, so sure to depend upon that that the necessity for an adviser was not altogether conspicuous; still, most of us, when we request advice, only mean that we should be glad of support, and very likely that was what Miss PHYLLIS meant when she wound up with: "Well, I shall be guided by you, then. Anyhow, I shall take no decisive step without consulting you. I can't tell you what a relief it is to feel that there is somebody in the world who can contemplate me and my poor little affairs in such a thoroughly friendly, unselfish, dispassionate way! *Jacob* is a great comfort; but then *Jacob*, I am afraid, is hardly as unselfish or as dispassionate as he ought to be."

Dispassionate the poor dog was not; for he had deep affections and invincible prejudices. Nevertheless, she might have allowed him some credit for unselfishness, considering how strongly it was in his mind to share the fortunes of his recovered master and how submissively he obeyed that master's orders to remain where he was, in charge of his mistress. As on a previous occasion, BOB kissed him at parting, and it may be that, after BOB had left, the precedent of that dim and distant occasion was followed by the pair who remained behind, all by themselves.

* * * * *

THEODORE CRACROFT was a clever man, and a successful one; but he was not much of a shot. One cannot expect to have everything, and he was conscious of having obtained more than he had any business to expect when he was invited to stay at Horsley Park during the shooting season. The fact of his being so indifferent a performer with his gun was, indeed, rather a matter of congratulation than otherwise, affording him, as it did, an excuse for remaining at home with the ladies and proving, as it certainly seemed to do, that his presence was desired on other grounds than those to which his fellow-guests were indebted for Mr. DUNCOMBE's hospitality. His suit, in short, was progressing and prospering; PHYLLIS, during the week which he had already spent under her father's roof, had bestowed upon him some marked signs of favour; while her parents, if not enthusiastic, had the air of being resigned to probable future developments. Her parents, he perceived, would never offer serious opposition to a will stronger than their own, and although he was no catch in a pecuniary sense, he began to see his way to a largely increased income. For the Kirkhall coal-mine held out every promise of paying handsomely. It was, therefore, with a light heart that he lay in wait for and overtook Miss DUNCOMBE in the park one bright, frosty autumn afternoon, and it was with some discomposure that he heard the abrupt query which his appearance drew from her.

"Oh, Mr. CRACROFT," said she, "is what they tell me true? Is it a fact that you have bought Kirkhall from your nephew for a few thousand pounds, and that this horrid coal mine, which is going to disfigure the neighbourhood, will make a millionaire of you?"

THEODORE smiled and replied that he was afraid it would fall very far short of doing that. He admitted, however, having purchased the estate—"for which," he added, "I paid BOB his own price. Of course, it was a mere speculation on

my part, and whether it will turn out well or badly for me is still quite uncertain."

"My father says," observed the girl, "that it is quite certain to turn out most profitably for you. He also says that you are an uncommonly sharp hand at doing a stroke of business—which seems to be true. Only I can't admire you as much as he does on that account."

"My dear Miss DUNCOMBE, are you accusing me of having swindled my nephew?"

"Swindle is an ugly word, Mr. CRACROFT; I haven't used it. But to do so extremely well for yourself at the expense of a mere boy, and of one who was your ward only the other day, too—well, frankly, that does not strike me as pretty behaviour."

THEODORE was no fool. He saw at once that there was but a single safe course for him to adopt, and he took it without hesitation.

"I am not in the least ashamed of anything that I have done," was his calm response; "yet I must own that I have felt sundry qualms of conscience about it of late, and what you say confirms me in an intention which I had already almost formed. I shall write to BOB immediately and offer to let him off his bargain."

This was bold strategy (for, although BOB was very unlikely to take him at his word, there is never any knowing what youth may not do when ex-

posed to powerful temptation), but it achieved its purpose triumphantly, so far as PHYLLIS DUNCOMBE was concerned. A bright smile and an outstretched hand gave prompt reward to the magnanimous proprietor of Kirkhall.

"I was sure," she declared, "that you would act like a gentleman!"

She had been sure of no such thing; but it may be that she was glad to have assurance forced upon her. Whether she was glad to receive further prompt and ardent assurances, which she was unable to check, is another question; they did not, in any case, take her by surprise. For some time past she had been perfectly cognizant of THEODORE CRACROFT's wishes, and, upon the whole, she rather liked and admired the man. That is to say that she admired his talents and liked his manners, which were suave and urbane. She was not, to be sure, in love with him; but that was a consideration of small importance, for she had arrived at the conclusion that it was not in her to fall in love with anybody.

Nevertheless, she temporised.

Mr. CRACROFT, she said, must wait for a final answer—would have to wait several weeks; five or six, perhaps. ("How long," she inwardly wondered, "does it take to get an answer from West Africa?") But although she could not consent to an immediate engagement, she did not mind telling him that, as at present advised, she would a little rather marry him than anybody else whom she knew.

Pressed to give reasons for the very long delay which she demanded, she ended by avowing that she wished to take the opinion of a friend who happened to be away from England.

Naturally, she declined to mention that friend's name, and

THEODORE was left a prey to more or less vague conjecture. W. E. N.

(To be continued.)

RECIPROCITY.

(Latest phase dated ten years hence.)

THE Emigrant neared New York. There were tears in his eyes as he thought of the British nation he had left behind him in Australia.

"Now for the Yankee drawl and the Transatlantic twang!"

He left the gangway, and for the first time trod the soil of the United States.

"You require a hotel?" The question was asked in perfect English.

"Will you go by the tram, Sir, or do you prefer a cab?"

Again the English tongue was spoken, and in perfect purity.

"This is only

the voice of an exception. I soon shall find the pure American."

But he was mistaken. Go where he would, do what he would, it was English and only English.

"How is this?" he asked at last. "I expected to find nothing but Americans here, but, as a matter of fact, there are none but Englishmen."

"My good friend, you must have been away from town for some time. Fact is we have been crowded out of Europe. Our places are taken in England by our American cousins, and as there seemed to be some doubt about the accommodation for any one else, we have come over."

"You don't say so?"

"I do. There are now so few native-born Americans in New York that the attempt to get up a dinner of Americans in their native country failed."

"Like Londoners in London."

And so the matter ended.



Photographer (on tour, absent-mindedly). "NOW SMILE, PLEASE!"

AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE—The Office of Works. Discovered, Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS, industriously rubbing out a large pencil-drawing. To him enter A. W.

A. W. Good morning! I'm afraid you're very busy.

Mr. A.-D. What is it now? I'm worried to death. Never had such a time in my life! Have you come for a design?

A. W. No, for a little conversation.

Mr. A.-D. My dear Sir, I haven't a moment. But, I say, do you know anything about architecture? We've started designing all the new Government offices here. I thought the clerks would be able to do it all. Save architect's fees. Do you know the Record Office?

A. W. Oh yes! In Chancery Lane. A hideous building.

Mr. A.-D. You know nothing about it. We're awfully proud of it here. The clerks designed it. But they get stuck over this work, so it falls upon me. Look here, do help me a little! You'll find a lot of indiarubber in that basket. Just help me with this design. There now, I've rubbed a hole right through the paper! Hang this architecture! I shall have to take a fresh sheet of paper, and HICKS-BEACH will be in an awful state if we don't keep the cost of the new buildings as low as possible. We had to pay such a lot for those old ones on Salisbury Plain.

A. W. I had no idea any of the Cabinet worked so hard. Some of them seem to do too little, and others too much.

Mr. A.-D. Three feet seven and five feet six make nine feet one. What did you say? By the way, what height ought a room to be?

A. W. I should think that depends on the length and width.

Mr. A.-D. Oh no, it doesn't! As far as I remember, they're all twenty feet high at the Record Office. Nine feet one long, and seven feet six wide, and twenty feet high. That'll give plenty of air. I say, what is the pattern of a Corinthian column? There now, I've mislaid my pencil!

A. W. It's in your mouth.

Mr. A.-D. So it is. This work's so distracting. I wish to goodness it was as easy to settle as Piccadilly.

A. W. Ah, I see you've settled that by a compromise.

Mr. A.-D. Three, four, five. Five and two are seven. A compromise? Oh yes! A graceful concession.

A. W. A compromise which will please nobody. You cut little slices off the Green Park as if it were a cake. You can't cut your cake and have it. There'll be a few more aimless curves at Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. A.-D. Oh, don't bother me! What's the width for a door?

A. W. What sort of door?

Mr. A.-D. I said a door. Any door.

A. W. I should think it depends upon whether it's the door of a rabbit-hutch or the door of a furniture warehouse.

but I've just got a grand idea. No public building ever pleases everybody. Even if it's liked at first, it's abused after. The First Commissioner's abused all the time. My idea is to build the new offices of steel framework covered with plaster stuff, like the Paris Exhibition buildings. Then the design could be altered every time there was a change of Government, or a General Election. The clerks would stop in the rooms all the time, as the plaster could be changed in the warm weather when they'd be glad of more air. Isn't it a magnificent notion?

A. W. Perhaps.

Mr. A.-D. I must get to work at once.

A. W. Then I'll be going.

Mr. A.-D. Wait one minute and I'll tell you a secret. I'm going to make a design for the American sky-scraper in the Strand.

A. W. That hideous monstrosity?

Mr. A.-D. It'll all be steel, with stone a few inches thick stuck on all over it. Look as massive as possible. It will be a magnificent building. As high as Queen Anne's Mansions and five times as wide.

A. W. Horrible!

Mr. A.-D. They'll have to get an Act of Parliament before they can build it, and so we can make them use my design or chuck out their Bill.

A. W. And what would your design be?

Mr. A.-D. That's another secret. Promise you won't tell anybody. All the other fellows in the Cabinet thought the design awfully handsome. But, of course, they don't know so much about architecture as I do.

A. W. And what is it?

Mr. A.-D. Why, exactly like the Record Office! Only fifteen times the size! I'll show you

my drawing.

A. W. Good heavens! [Exit hastily. H. D. B.]

FANCY CORONATION PORTRAIT.



"BOBS" AS A BOBBIE.

["CORONATION CLAIMS.—There being no succession to certain offices, the appointment thereto rests with HIS MAJESTY, and the following are regarded as probable candidates:—Lord High Constable—The EARL ROBERTS," &c. Vide "Daily Mail," Nov. 19, 1901.]

Mr. A.-D. Nonsense! We have an official size for doors here. I've remembered it now. This is hard work. I say, do you think if I went over to Berlin for a day or two the German Emperor would give me a little help or a few hints? He knows a lot about architecture.

A. W. Does he? But surely a colleague of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would be badly received by those howling Germans.

Mr. A.-D. Ah, yes! I'd forgotten. What disgraceful violence!

A. W. When a German tries to be polite he says "Bitte!" when he wants to enjoy himself he drinks bitter, and when he gets excited he is bitter.

Mr. A.-D. Excuse my interrupting you,

ALLITERATION NOT VEXATION. We observe that Mr. HUGH ST. LEGER, famous, like a Royal Marine, by sea and land, has brought out a very bright book for boys, called *Billets and Bullets*. This is the kind of title which pleases us, and we would venture to suggest that Mr. ST. LEGER might follow it with *Comfort and Cannonballs, Rest and Rifles, Dinner and Dynamite, Lodgings and Lances, Blankets and Bayonets, Meat and Maxims, Sleep and Shrapnels, Hotels and Horse-guns, &c., ad lib.*

A NOBLE OBJECT.

["A well-known young peer is forming a league for the abolition of the present form of men's evening dress. The main object of the league is to differentiate the gentleman from the waiter."—*T. Tatler*.]

WHEN evening dress I don to dine
At A.B.C. or SLATER'S,
My swallowtails and waistcoat fine
Are taken for the waiter's.

I, son of twenty earls, that boast
A marquis for a pater,
Am taken by my very host
Not seldom for the waiter.

In coronet I can't well dine,
Save on occasions greater,
To let the other folk divine
That I am not the waiter.

A Bishop one may know as such
By apron, hat or gaiter,
But I have really nothing much
To show I'm not the waiter.

No doubt, did we but live and move
All "in a state of natur'," *My native nobleness would prove
That I am not the waiter.*

But, hidden in the hideous dress
Of those that carve and cater,
What chance has native nobleness
To show I'm not the waiter?

Ah! would some tailor-genius rise
Before it is much later,
Who would some evening dress devise
To make it clear to all men's eyes
That I, in spite of this disguise,
Am really not the waiter!

A MONEY-NO-OBJECT LESSON.

"You are right, as usual, Mr. JONES—not a halfpenny missing," said the genial Banker to his oldest clerk.

"Thank you, Sir," was the response, "of course it wants a little care to count a couple of thousand pounds in copper."

"And I must tell you that we—self and co-directors—are exceedingly pleased to save at the expense of a new safe. Our shareholders are so sharp about every item nowadays."

"Well, Sir, I must confess that it would have been more satisfactory to me if I had been able to keep the cash in a repository. It's not so much the two thousands in halfpence, but you know there are so many notes. Some of them for five hundred a piece."

"Yes, yes," returned the Bank Manager, "we all know that you have a certain measure of responsibility, but we have every confidence in you."

"You are very good, Sir."

"And now I have quite a pleasant duty to perform. You have been with us five-and-twenty years?"

"Twenty-six years and nine months, Sir."



(Extract from a letter received by Mr. Shootall on the morning when hounds were expected to drive his coons.)

Leadenhall Market, Thursday.

SIR,—YOUR ESTEEMED ORDER TO HAND. WE REGRET THAT WE ARE QUITE OUT OF FOXES AT PRESENT; BUT, AS YOU MENTIONED THEY WERE FOR CHILDREN'S PETS, WE THOUGHT GUINEA PIGS MIGHT DO INSTEAD, SO ARE SENDING HALF A DOZEN TO-DAY. HOPING, &c., &c.

"Ah, so long? Well, it makes our act the more defensible with the shareholders."

"You are very kind, Sir."

"During the last twenty odd years you have been receiving a pound a week, and upon that modest—when we consider your services—sum you have maintained a wife and family."

"Thank you, Sir. Yes, my wife and I have got on very well indeed, and, assisted by the School Board and the churchyard, we have managed to keep our children out of the workhouse."

"Very creditable. But not more than we should have expected from you. Your

connection with the Bank has been conspicuous for its integrity, unselfishness, and, in fact, all the virtues."

"You are most kind, Sir."

"Not at all. And now, to show our appreciation of your efforts and to encourage your juniors to further efforts to secure our approval, we propose to increase your salary. You are now receiving a pound a week. With the new year we shall make it up to a guinea."

And as the oldest clerk read the contents bills of the papers, suggesting breaches of trust amongst bank employees, on his way home that evening, he wondered how such things could be.

THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

IV.

AT AN A.B.C. RESTAURANT.

[For facts relating to the treatment of the employees of this Company, consult the recent correspondence in the *Daily Chronicle*.]

A most engaging fancy, this of yours,
To bid me share your light ascetic meal
Amid these happily airtated haunts
Beloved o' th' people. 'Tis a double boon;
First, to a liver clamorous for repose;
And, next, to that more spiritual self,
The still small inner voice, the mobile breast
Swift to expand in sympathetic mood,
Yearning to know, by contact with its kind
('Tis kind,' I say, since even the self-made man
Must in his humbler moments recognise
The initial aid Divinity confers
On his collaborative handiwork),
What the ideas that actuate the mass,
Our fellow-creatures still, though circumscribed,
Though forced by social usage to exist
Debarred from our communion—float, in fact,
Outside the orbit of our cognisance.

An excellent sausage, and the ginger-beer
Most satisfying. 'Tis a healthy change
Should lend my banquet of to-morrow night
A piquant flavour. No, I never yet
Set foot in one of these refreshment-shops
Frequented by the lower-middle class—
Is that their name? One loses touch of terms
Below a certain grade. I like their look
Of poor but honest; very decent folk.
Oh, not my first experience of the sort,
Who gave, i' th' Duchess' train, an afternoon
To charitable work among the slums;
This, with my canvass at Election-time,
Left me, I hope, sufficiently informed
O' th' life our less ambitious brothers live.

But, to return to this same Company
Whose admirable fare we here consume.
Strangely enough, I had an early stake
I' th' enterprise (what 's that? Oh, very good!
A steak! I follow you; too good, too good!),
Took up, I say, a block of shares at par
Which yield a matter o' forty odd per cent.,
Fair recompense as speculations go;
The one pound shares, however, only stand
At just thirteen, a palpable falling-off
From last year's highest; still, one has to face
These turns of fortune with a manly front!

Nice girls, the waitresses, as you remark:
Neat-handed, quick of foot, and have the air
Of self-dependence good in womankind,
And here a credit to the Management,
Domestic pillars, one may well suppose,
With daughters of their own, and know the needs
Of delicate natures. Ah! you have the facts?
Ten shillings a week at start, and live outside,
Paying for daily dinner, fares and dress,
Save always aprons—these a gift express,
With washing o' same thrown in? God bless my soul,
What would you have? How often must I urge
The peril o' pauperising our employed
By largesse overlaid on market's price?
Already one deplores a growing taste
For lavish luxury in the working class,
Fostered by who-so rashly advocates

A wanton superfluity of wage!
And you, who call yourself philanthropist,
You would divert them down the primrose path
That leads to feathers, ribbons, silken blouse,
Stockings of lattice-work and such-like gauds
Invoked by art to lure the guileless male!
Ten shillings! 'Tis a sum should surely leave
An ample scope for all permissible joys,
After the outlay due for dress and board
And lodging—What? they make them live at home
I' th' family circle? There again you have
A wise provision lets the Company save
What else had gone to waste for weekly rent
In houses possibly inimical
To morals; ay, and so the margin swells,
If not beyond the dreams of avarice,
Yet to a point should well suffice a taste
Bounded by virtue. Here I take my stand
On elevated ground, you 'll please observe,
Contending, past all laboured argument,
How the divine Commercial Principle
And what I deem the true Philanthropy
Work ever—watch but closely—hand in hand.

Pardon! The shilling underneath your plate!
You disregard the notice, clear enough,
Defending all gratuities under pain
Of instant exile. There, once more, I trace
A timely providence exercised to spare
Our clients' pockets, and the self-respect
Of these young women. That 's an honest type,
The girl that takes your money by the door!
Fine drawn, you think, about the face of her?
Effect, perhaps, of forced economies?
Some careless customer who may have passed
Bad money or short; they have to make it good
Out of their wages? Well, and what of that?
The rule is vital, else a perilous field
Were opened up to frailty.

There 's my brougham,
And THOMAS, nose aloft in silent scorn.
Frankly, one trifles with one's dignity,
Dining in these strange places. Take you on?
I want your judgment on a new cigar,
A remnant from the days of Spanish rule,
One eighty-five the hundred, cheap at that.
You 're walking? Well, good night and many thanks.
This dinner of herbs on which digestion waits
Has clarified my system. Don't forget
That point of Commerce and Philanthropy
Working towards millennium hand in hand! O. S.

THE NEW MARTIAL CODE.

(As arranged by Lord H-bh-se.)

Thomas Atkins (*sentry*). Who goes there?

Miss H-bh-se. An enemy!

T. A. What nationality?

Miss H. British!

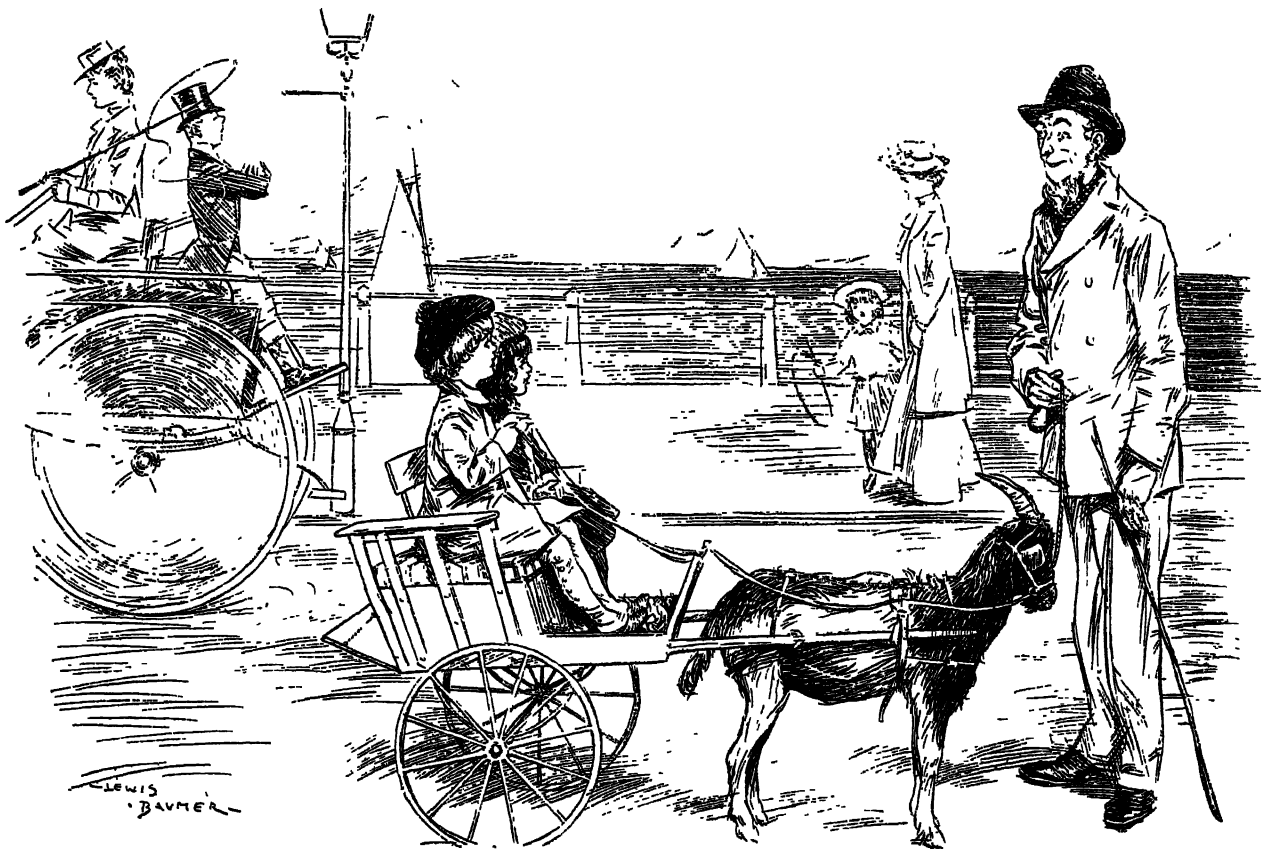
T. A. Pass, enemy of British nationality, and pray don't think
of troubling to give the countersign.

GAMES WITH CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS.—Among the players,
"DELGADO" certainly holds some trumps, as do also "BIRN
BROS.," with their exceptionally dainty specimens. When will
Christmas Cards be played out? We are pretty sure of what
the late TOM HOOD's answer would have been, but the jest is a
bit too serious. Of all the dealers in these cards it may be
said, "Honours easy."



OUT OF DRAWING.

Mr. Bull. "HERE, HANG IT ALL. I'M NOT LIKE *THAT*! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH THOSE GLASSES OF YOURS!"



Little Boy. "I say, MAN, I WISH YOU'D LET GO HIS HEAD AND SQUAT UP BEHIND WITH YOUR ARMS FOLDED AS HIGH UP AS YOU CAN. THEN WE SHALL LOOK EVER SO MUCH BETTER!"

A SPORTING NOVEL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—I'm writing a sporting novvle—the inklosed is the 1st chapter. JONES major red it and sed "Then I hope little be the larst," and he larfed—I spose he thought it funny. I thought it simpelly rood—the fack is hees not Littry, though he just can play football by gum, he got a long rundown larst match, he was playing $\frac{1}{2}$ back, and then he parst the ball to a feller and the feller parst it back and he ran rite into gaol. Well, ass I was saying, I inklose 1st chapter becos you mite like to publitch the novvle when finished—its corled TALLY HOE.

CHAPTER I.

Old Squier FOXFACE lived in a mededevil Castle whose moss covered lichens hung gayly filtring over the battilments.* A mote srouded the old castle and so did the drorbridge. Well, they orl used to hunt like mad, and he had a pack of orfly fine foxhounds. It was sed that Squier FOXHOUND'S Foxfaces—I meen Squier FOXFACE'S Foxhounds—wear the best in the world, and had never bin known to lose a fox. Every fox, in his own mute,

*This dussent look quite natchral, sumhow, uncle CHARLIE. Please put it rite for me. MAX.

damb, langwitch, sed, "I am lorst" ass chassum witch lay acorse his parth. And soon as he was found.

Well, he had one lovely daughter—the Squier, I meen, not the fox—who was a cold, horthy gurl (not littruly cold, of coarse, ass if she haddent enuff close on, or coodent get to the fire, but cold in diss-persisshon.) They orl fell in love with her and side hevilly and orl that sort of rot, you know, for she was butiful and well dowerd, for the old Squier was rich as GREASES, and quite beyond the dreams of average. But she ternd a deff ear to orl.

Aftrer menny years when this pearless buty was getting a bit long in the tooth (ass our coachman ses of the horses) a dashing young feller with curling locks and black eyes—I meen natchral black eyes, of coarse, not the black eye you get when you've bin fting sum feller ariter school—came to hunt with the Squier's sellibrated pack of foxface—oh, blow it, foxhounds I meen. Each day he orlways rode the same coal black stead witch cood unstrip orl competitors. One day when hounds had bin runing for 5 or 6 hours he rained in his horthy stead and terning in the saddle, larfed litely, and sed, "What ho, whoo will follor me over yon feersum gump?" and he pointid to a yorning

not a feller wood.

And the black-eyed Brunette, gathring up his rains with one hand and setting spers to his stead with the other, boley charged the gump and alited safely, but owing to his horse giving way in its bohind legs, the feller slipt litely orl, over his tale, and lay insenselss upon the floor. Instinktivly, the Squier's daughter, whose name, I forgot to mention it before, was LERVINIA, felt that he whoo had unchained her by his oegil glarnce, would come a mucker—and she was round the chassum and on her knees at his side in a momint. He had cot his hed an orlie crak. Willing hands and hearts gently raised him and bored him away. "Take him to the castle," cride the Squier, "he is hartilly welcum to my pore hospital-tality—and see you do not shake him up too mutch."

LERVINEGAR—LERVINIA I meen—nursed him devotedly with the old Housescraper whoo had bin in the Squier's famly for neerly a sentury. He had no bones brokin, but suffered from concushion of the brains, so ass soon ass he cood put it in a sling, he wood dash orf a horn of extrack of beef—the same beasely stuff they made me take wen I had

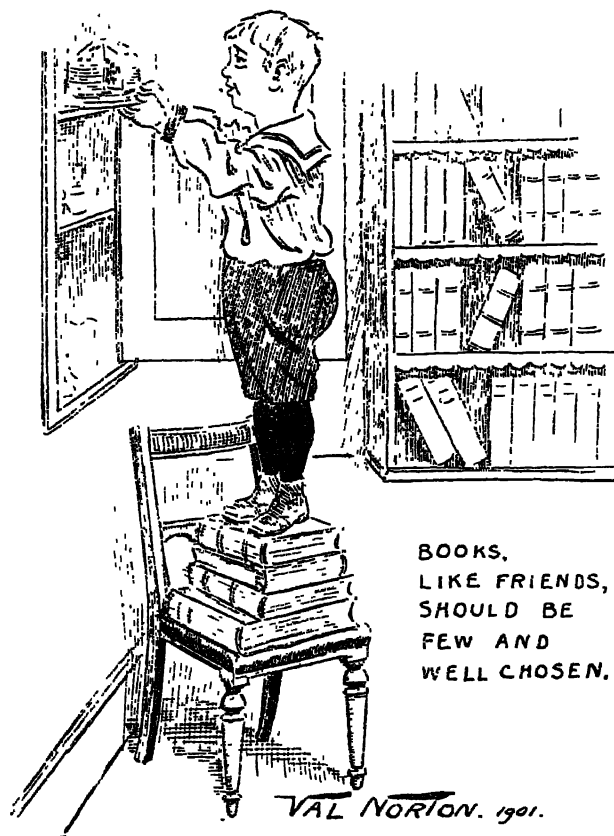
measils—and go to join his fare hostess in the garden, wear he wood breathe humid words of love and orl that rot, into her shell-like ear.

And thus it was that the UNKNOWN black-eyed feller was introjuiced into the old Squier's harth and home.

There, Uncle CHARLIE, that's the 1st chapter. Its rather good, is-sent it? If you care to ask TOMMY and me to stay part of the Xmas holidays, fine shure we cood come. I expect the D. LANE pantermine will be a good one, dont you? the Governor's going abroad, so wont be able to take us—this is a pity, aint it? If you should happen to be going we mite go the same day ass you, mitent we?

Your affeckshunt

MAX.



A LITERARY STANDPOINT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Two dainty and delightful books have lately come from the press. A *Little Book of Light Verse*, with an introduction and notes by A. C. DEANE (METHUEN), and *An Anthology of Humorous Verse*, edited by T. A. COOK (VIRTUE & CO.). The one editor, it will be noted, speaks of "light" verse, the other of "humorous," but, though at first sight it would appear fairly easy to make and keep the distinction, a glance at the two booklets will show how often they have overlapped one another. This fact is not stated as an argument against buying either for the very small price charged by the publishers, but rather as an incentive to the purchase of both, for it may be truly said that both Mr. DEANE and Mr. COOK have performed their tasks with zeal and discretion. No lover of the lighter muse should lose this opportunity of adding to his collection these two examples of infinite riches in a little room.

My Baronite's impression on taking up *Prosperous British India* (FISHER UNWIN) was that Mr. DIGBY had lent the weight of his deservedly high authority to strengthen the common impression that the people of India owe much to British rule. This turns out to be an innocent mistake. Mr. DIGBY, when he talks of prosperous India, "writes sarkastic," as ARTEMUS WARD used to say. In his last Budget speech Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, addressing a hostile critic, observed, "You speak of the increasing impoverishment of India, and the annual drain upon her as steadily and continuously exhausting her resources. I assert you are under a delusion." A similar view of the situation was, at other times, taken by the present VICEROY, and by Sir HENRY FOWLER, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's predecessor at the India Office. Mr. DIGBY undertakes to prove the assertion the Secretary of State combats. This he does by laborious research and voluminous quotation from official papers. He demonstrates that, so far from increasing in prosperity, the people of India are overtaxed beyond compare, and the process of treading them down is going forward with increasing severity. It is a weighty indictment he challenges Lord GEORGE HAMILTON to disprove. Probably the Secretary of State will be too busy to accept the invitation. All directly concerned in the welfare of India will find this remarkable book worth close attention.

Now this, if you like, is a really seasonable book for all Christmases. The name? Why certainly. *Fairy Tales from Hans Andersen* (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO.).

S. BARING-GOULD's latest book, entitled *Grettir the Outlaw* (BLACKIE AND SON), is a capital story for boys. The author recounts most romantic adventures, and every youth of spirit will appreciate such thrilling scenes as "exciting fight of Grettir" with twelve "bearserks!" wrestle with Karr in "the chamber of the dead!!" defence of the dying hero by his younger brother!!! Effective illustrations by M. ZENO DIEMER.

The Firebrand (MACMILLAN & CO.), by S. R. CROCKETT, ought to be welcomed by any melodramatist in search of materials for a stirring sensational drama. Scene, Spain, where the "three musketeers" have their analogues in *El Sarria*, brigand, *Rollo*, the Scottish swashbuckler, and *John Mortimer*, English traveller in search of "good goods." A romance of the early Carlist wars, tempore MENDIZÁBAL, banker, speculator, and Prime Minister. At first, *tout va bien*, then, after three hundred pages or so, when *The Firebrand* begins to flicker, comes the chance for experienced skippers. It is somewhat fatiguing to be always fighting and burning and scragging, capturing, being captured and escaping, and all this interspersed with a little love-making. The dish, as set before the Baron, had it been half the size, with a third of the seasoning, would have been twice as good.

Mr. HARRY FURNISS, like Ulysses, has travelled far, seeing much of cities and men. Unhappily, as appears from *The Confessions of a Caricaturist* (FISHER UNWIN), they have, in the main, failed to please him. Another voyager was "disappointed" with the Atlantic. HARRY FURNISS, surveying mankind from Liverpool to New York, from Adelaide to Dublin, confesses them failures. At home the Royal Academy pleased him not, nor the National Portrait Gallery either. In the United States he couldn't get along with the genial Major POND. As for Australia, "it is patchy. That expresses everything Australian." *Exit Australasia*. But there is compensation, and Mr. FURNISS finds it in turning from other people and their work to pleased reflection upon his own. There is a pathetic chapter in which he demonstrates that *Lika Joka* fizzled out not because it was a failure, but by reason of its success. "My one mistake," he writes, "in publishing was that having started a success, *Lika Joka*, I let it drop to take up another." The other was the *Pall Mall Budget*, which he rechristened *The New Budget*. Following the fashion of successes, it died very few weeks after its birth. When Mr. FURNISS gets away from contemplation of unique example of perfection his

book is amusing and interesting. Its best things are the account of his dealings with LEWIS CARROLL in performance of his commission to illustrate *Sylvie and Bruno*. Here Greek meets Greek, and the native fractiousness of HARRY FURNESS is overwhelmed by the superior quality and persistence of the author of *Alice in Wonderland*. Another excellent study, full of humour, both in the letterpress and the illustrations, is that of the former custodian of the Press Gallery in the House of Commons, in charge when Mr. FURNESS entered upon a scene where he speedily earned renown. Admirably told, too, is the account of his presiding at the dinner of the Thirteen Club, a body of gentlemen who delight in flouting common superstitions, who dine thirteen at table, pass under a ladder on the way to the meal, cross knives and forks, spill salt, and in other fashions defy fortune. The work, with its abundant illustrations, many of them new, is sumptuously produced in two volumes.

The Baron, whose ancestor was in the very front rank of those undaunted warriors who compelled King JOHN to sign the Great Charter, welcomes exuberantly the *English Coronation Records* as brought out in quite royal style by Messrs. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co., Ltd. This is indeed a subject for a Constable to take up. And it is edited by Mr. LEGG, M.A. Which Legg? The right Legg, of course, namely, LEOPOLD G. WICKHAM LEGG, M.A., of New College, Oxford. A Coronational work. Here is given the history of "the Coronation oath." Why was the form sworn to by RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION ever altered? It is good enough in all conscience. But what a mighty trouble! Yet a King who has had such experience in Masonic ritual, having been Grand Master of The Craft, well knows that not one jot or tittle of a ceremonial that occurs but once in a lifetime can be slurred over or omitted. A King, or Queen, of England ought to be, as a first consideration, a patron of the drama, as all the "stage directions" for the Coronation instruct every actor in the pageant as to their "stage-business" in "the theatre!" See page 365, where only the technical abbreviations of R., R.H., etc., L., L.H., etc., are wanting to make the printed and published form of the Coronation "as good as a play." "After all said and done" comes a homely finish, summed up thus, "*Which being done, the Archbishop and Bishops will divest themselves of their copes, and leave them there, proceeding in their usual habits.*" Isn't that a real touch of nature? "Their usual habits." Some Bishops to their homes; some to their friends' houses; some to their hotels; and not a few to the Athenæum, to chat over the chief events within the Abbey on that exceptional day. Then from the library



Golfer. "AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

Caddie. "THEY CA' ME 'BREKKS,' BUT MA MAIDEN NAME IS CHRISTY."

shelves a Right Reverend with a taste for "swate poe-thry" might take down the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and, in "Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation" in 1838, he would read—

"Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up
For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
Saying, 'Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory!
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your
health!'"

Even THACKERAY'S Irish "pomes," as that about the "Crystal Palace" for example, are not "in it" with the delightful Hibernian [rhymings of the Reverend THOMAS BARHAM, at least that is how it strikes the open-minded

BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—In "Our Booking-Office" for November 27, the authorship of a capital up-to-date Christmas story for boys was attributed to "Captain F. S. BERESFORD" (lucky fellow Captain BERESFORD!),

whereas the name ought to have been "Captain FRED S. BRERETON," to whom the Baron here makes the *amende honorable*.

MEM. FOR EVERYBODY.—Do not forget "The Montagu Williams Blanket and Clothing Fund," which of all excellent Christmas charities is one of the very best. Let warm hearts and kind hands forward "the stuff," and Messrs. HADEN CORSER and CLUER, magistrates, will see that every penny goes to comfort the poor and needy this Christmas-tide.

"KISS and be Friends!" says Mr. Punch, in his heartiest style and with his best wishes, to WILHELMINA and HENRY. Bless ye, my children! Be happy together; or, if you don't, Mr. Punch will have to talk to you "like a Dutch uncle!"

THE "IRIS" CLUB.

EVERYONE who has seen Mr. PINERO'S depressing drama, *Iris*, will remember the scene in the last act in which *Maldonado*, transported with rage, destroys the furniture and ornaments in his very unattractive flat. He will recall the sigh of satisfaction which arises from the house as half-a-dozen detestable pieces of china are swept in ruins from the mantelshelf, and an "occasional" chair of detestable design is shattered to fragments.

Where does all this undesirable *bric-à-brac* come from? It is a professional secret: but Mr. *Punch* has no hesitation in revealing it. It comes from the *Iris* Club.

In the early days of the run of the play poor Mr. BOURCHIER was compelled to purchase these articles. Rumour speaks of the genial manager, disguised in a beard and a brown ulster, haunting old furniture shops in Fulham and searching feverishly for "bargains." Finding this too fatiguing, he next endeavoured to arrange a contract with a firm in the Tottenham Court Road for a weekly consignment of them. And when this scheme fell through, an attempt is believed to have been made to lay down a year's supply to mature in the cellars of the Garrick Theatre.

Happily the *Iris* Club came into existence, and Mr. BOURCHIER was saved from all further trouble on this head. The Club undertook to provide cheap chairs and china to any amount for *Maldonado's* flat, on the sole condition that *Maldonado* would break them. The Club now consists of several hundred members, and every member has the privilege of contributing one undesirable object per week from the furniture of his household for *Maldonado's* use.

It is needless to say that the success of the institution has been enormous, and that the secretary is besieged with applications from would-be members. Everybody who has a chair which his wife inherited from an aunt, or a middle-Victorian vase on a pedestal, or a bust of a statesman under a glass case—and who has not?—clamours for admission. It is not too much to say that half the respectable households in London are cursed with the possession of some incubus of this kind which they have not the moral courage to destroy. For these the *Iris* Club is a God-send. A card with the mystic letters I.C. is put in the window, the Club's furniture van calls, and the offending object, which has been surreptitiously placed in the hall, is silently removed. A night or two later the happy owner, lurking at the back of the pit or the stalls, watches with a smile of triumph the destruction of his hated property at the hands of *Maldonado*.

Indeed, so great is the anxiety among Londoners to get rid of their unsightly furniture at Mr. PINERO'S expense, that the entrance-fee of the Club has had to be raised more than once, while owners of more than usually atrocious pieces of china are believed to have attempted to bribe the secretary to procure their admission. It is hardly necessary to say, under these circumstances, that *Maldonado* is at this moment perhaps the most popular character in London.

The only crumple in the rose-leaf of the committee's content arises from this necessity of limiting the membership of the Club. This exclusiveness springs from no paltry spirit of class prejudice. There is no class in London, from the highest to the lowest, which is not blighted with the possession of furniture and *bric-à-brac* which it would be happier without. It is due solely to the inadequate accommodation at the disposal of the Garrick Theatre. From time to time a note, polite but plaintive, arrives from the stage-manager requesting the secretary not to send any more van-loads of *Maldonado* pottery for the present, as there is no room for them. Then a halt has to be called, the Club's vans cease to go their rounds, and no more chairs and tables are despatched until the stock at the theatre has been reduced to more manageable limits.

Meantime, more than one suggestion has been made for dealing with this unfortunate congestion at the Garrick Theatre. One idea is that Mr. PINERO should at once write another play in which furniture is destroyed in every act, but Mr. PINERO is understood to object to this. Another and a more practicable scheme, however, has since been propounded, and this may possibly be carried into effect in the near future. This consists simply in modifying the stage "business" in Act V. so as to widen the area of destruction. Hitherto *Maldonado* has been contented with sweeping off the mantelpiece some few articles of china and breaking a solitary chair. According to the new stage directions he will, on the departure of *Iris*, set to work in a business-like way to demolish the furniture with a hatchet. This will enable him to deal with bulkier articles, and will at the same time provide a more popular ending for the play.

But even without this projected improvement the service rendered by the Club to London aesthetically has been incalculable. The drawing-rooms, and still more the spare bedrooms, of its members have taken on quite an altered appearance since it came into existence, and before the play is taken off it is hoped that the last *Maldonado* vase will have disappeared from their happy homes. Nor will the good work be carried on only in London. For when *Iris* goes on tour affiliated clubs are to be formed in the various provincial

centres, and wherever Mr. PINERO'S play halts for a night or two a selection of the most atrocious furniture and mantelpiece ornaments contained in the town visited will be delivered at the stage door for the use of the company.

St. J. H.

FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

MY NEPHEW'S "BRAKING UP."

Monday.—Letter from MAX "enouncing" (sic) date of Christmas "braking up" entertainment. Formal invitation from School Committee enclosed. Awful nuisance—shall have to go.

Thursday.—School entertainment.—Ushered in to Gymnasium, decorated with evergreens, "Welcome to Our Guests," legends, &c. Sat on wooden form. So hard—reminded one of one's schoolboy days—quite brought the scent of the boot-leather and pewter ink-pots across the gulf of years. Hate sitting on backless bench. So wearing. Sat immediately behind last row of schoolboys. Boys all spotlessly clean and tidy, wearing "Mary Ann" collars and Eton jackets. Noticed that most of them sucked sweetstuff or surreptitiously cracked nuts. Kept sharp look-out for shells.

At eight o'clock precisely (just when one ought to have been commencing cosy dinner, instead of, as in my case, wrestling with indigestion from having dined at six), Head-master, wearing gown and familiar "mortar-board," closely followed by about a dozen assistant masters similarly arrayed, troop on to platform, and sit behind long green-covered table, on which are ranged the prizes. Boys cheer—faintly—as Head-master advances to edge of platform, and with imperious gesture, raises hand for silence.

"Beast!" exclaims boy nearest me in aggressively loud tones—then finding that several people in vicinity are looking to find culprit, little wretch stares hard at me—feel most uncomfortable—wish boys would not do this sort of thing. Head-master, sharply looking at me (why me?), says: "Er—er—er—hrrr! Ladies and Gentlemen. You will doubtless be expecting a few words from me about our School." ("No fear!" from stolid youth, munching bun, "had a jolly sight too much of that, already.") "But, alas! *Tempus fugit*," and of the precious hours, can anything truer be said than '*Pereunt et imputantur*'?" (Head-master evidently very pleased at having so opportunely unburdened himself of some of his superfluous stock of Latin.) "Time will not permit me to do more than tell you of our steady progress. I will just read our Honours List, and then we must proceed to our programme without delay."

"Old rotter!" scornfully murmurs boy with red hair and chubby cheeks, as he pockets half-finished apple.

Brief recital of honours gained by students follows, and then, amid noise of shuffling feet, wooden forms knocked over, etc., some twenty boys rise, leave auditorium and trip over their own feet on to platform. Aggressive air of confidence about them—doubtless inspired by numbers. One boy, with hands in trousers pockets, begins whistling. So friendly. Head-master glares. Boy subsides incontinently.

Consult programme. Item I. — Glee, "My Love's a full-blown rose."

Herr SPLITZEN SELTZER, musical director of school, rushes on and, turning his back to audience, raises baton, with a "pst, pst!" for silence. Boys shuffle feet about afresh, and after a laboured "one, two, tree!" from their leader, whole force of chorus let go concerted howl, lyrically informing us, with quite needless emphasis, that their collective love was a "full-blown rose." After repeating this several times. Tenor (together with truly execrating Alto) shriek:

"My love 's a fool——"

"My love 's a fool——"

"My love 's a fool blown rose!"

The Bassi then corroborate the assertion by growling out:

"A fool . . . blo-o-o-own . . . rose!"

Boys clear off platform, and Master MOODLER, pale youth with generally unwholesome appearance, advances to edge of dais. Master M. clearly nervous. Long time arranging music, persistently dropping one leaf as fast as he picks up another. So harassing. Feel sure MOODLER will break down. Herr SPLITZEN SELTZER, glaring through spectacles, strikes preliminary chords on piano. Find, on referring to programme, that Master M. is to sing "The Good Rhine Wine." By his present appearance should say that the "Good Rhine Wine" had not agreed with him. Master M., in quavering tones, begins. Voice from back row of boys' benches shouts encouragingly, "Cheer up, muttonhead!" and singer at once collapses, bursts into tears, and hurriedly leaves platform. So sad. Recitation next. MAX and TOMMY now come and sit by me. TOMMY says in loud tones, "I say, Uncle CHARLIE, do you see old STOGGINS up there? that chap who looks as if his hair had got moth-eaten?" Try to silence him. No use. "Well, we're going round to serenade him to-night."

"Yes," chimes in MAX, "we're going to sing, 'We'll hang old STOGGINS on a sour apple tree!' You must come with us—you'll enjoy it awfully."

Have since heard that "old STOGGINS's" sister was sitting immediately behind us—so pleasant.

Took earliest opportunity of escaping, and returning home—most wearisome drive and very cold.

Saturday.—Letter from MAX, describing rest of entertainment.



C. F. Brock 1901

Miss Short. "Isn't my name an absurd misfit, Mr. Long?"

Mr. Long (thoughtlessly). "Yes, rather. If you could have mine it would be all right, wouldn't it?"

Miss Short. "Oh, Mr. Long, this is so sudden!"

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE,—When you left, sent word down that heed give us all a BROWN major let off a rossitation, it was sutch orle rot. He stuck out one arm ass stiff as a railway sammyfore and kept saying, about every half minute, "But BRUTTS was an honourable man!"

Well, who sed he wassent? Why did he—I mean BROWN major, not BRUTUS—want to repeat it so often? I did get so enoide at first, but arterwards we all jest yelled with larfter until BROWN simpelly had to shut up. Old STOGGINS was fewrious; he got in an orle rage and

thousand lines. Sum masters are bease, arnt they? Well, we took joly good care to deserve the 1000 lines ennyhow, for droekly it was over and while the Parents and things were stuffing cake and sherry in the tuck room, wee startid out and pulled STOGGINS's gate orf its hinges and chucked it into the swimming bath. Wont he sware! And, ass it was orl done in Smearyun darkness, he carnt possibly spot enny of us fellers who did it!

Your affeckshunt nephew, MAX.



THU MAY
1901

Furious-looking Individual (to mock-looking Stranger). "I'VE JUST HAD TO SMACK A MAN ON THE NOSE FOR TALKING 'ROT' ABOUT BULLER! WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BULLER?"

SOME FURTHER 'CORONATION 'CLAIMS

To be dealt with at the Next Sitting of the Court.

Mr. D-u L-no.—To perform the combined duties of Housebuyer and Huntsman to HIS MAJESTY, and to have all semi-detached villas, bailiffs, landlords, and other ground game as his fee, with the title of "Sweet Sandringham Songster, S.S.S."

Mrs. Dr-ec.—To be Arch-Litigant and Exhumers of Mares'-nests, with all profits (if any) arising therefrom; also Mistress of the King's Horse and Chief Bandier of Epithets with the King's Counsel.

Miss E. S. M. W-lsh-re.—To be Strewer of Tea-leaves in the Royal Corridors, and to have the former, with all Dust and Rubbish thereto appertaining, as her fee.

Mr. H-l C-ne.—To be Master-Key and Winder-Up of the Mind of Man; and Lighter of such a Candle as shall not This Day be Snuffed out, not if he can help it, and to have the Tallow, Wick-ends and Royalties appendant to the office.

The Abbey Cook.—To exercise the office of Pancake-Tosser to the KING, and to toss for his fees, double or quits.

The Broad Sanctuary Crossing-sweeper.—To serve HIS MAJESTY as Balayer-in-Chief and Custos Denariorum after the manner of his Predecessors since the Conquest; and to have the Red Cloth with Jewellery, Garters and Coronets, dropped thereon as his fee.

The Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Town of Snorum Parva to act as Assistants to the Previous Claimants, and to have as fees their respective Admission-Tickets to the Ceremony, with Front Places for their wives.

Mr. Kr-g-r.—To appear as Chief Hindrance to the King's Peace in South Africa, and to receive a Flea in his Ear.

General De W-t.—To disappear as Chief Vanisher-round-the-Corner at the approach of the KING's Body-guard, and to be elected for Galway, vice "Colonel" LYNCH, detained during HIS MAJESTY'S pleasure.

Mrs. Washington de Troit (U.S.A.).—To wear a bigger diamond than Her MAJESTY,

and to get right there with it; if necessary—British subjects only being admitted to Abbey—to divorce husband and purchase English Peer *pro tem*.

Mr. Punch.—To sing with all his heart and voice, "God save the King!"

TO A VIGILANT LADY.

LADY, in a hundred places

You have seen my loving glances—
At the skating-rink, at races,
Dinners, theatres, soirées, dances.
And your presence—unexpected—
With what feelings it can fill me!
Your clear gaze on me directed
Can invariably chill me!

Often on my passion smiling,
With a tender look you greet me;
Oft you deem I'm merely willing
Time away, and then you treat me
Like a boy whose worldly knowledge
Is no more than 's to be found
In the four walls of a college,
Which, you think, is not profound.

In what moods I've found you! Trifling
Time away with idle chatt'ring—
Time, who has a way of rifling
Lovely charms that's far from flatt'ring!
I have seen you palely yawning
At a dreary ball, and rapping
On your fan, as cold the morning
Breaks, and you would fain be napping.

And your multifarious dresses!
Sometimes gorgeous gowns Parisian,
Richly gemmed, and coiffeured tresses
Wafting perfumed airs Elysian.
Other times apparelled sadly
In a sombre black or brown,
Or a grey—which fits so badly—
And with which you wear a frown.

In what guise you have surveyed me
Pleading tremblingly my passion!
What quaint signals have you made me
Not to talk in such a fashion!
My affection as a mother
You have viewed (with consternation)
As some family friend or other,
As an aunt or poor relation.

Lady, what poor verse can measure
Half the riches in your care?
And so well you guard your treasure
As to fill me with despair!
To the loveliest of the Beauties
I have ever gazed upon
How I envy you your duties,
My BELINDA'S chaperon!

"YOU'LL SEE THE PULL OF THESE."—
In the Christmas Crackery Department
Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE & Co.'s are again
to the fore. Our Christmas Commissioner,
having thoroughly examined most of their
wonderful productions, decides that "The
Ornamental Cosaques for table decora-
tions are out and away of the very best!"



HER WORST ENEMY.

PEACE. "YOU MAKE SUCH A NOISE THEY CAN'T HEAR MY VOICE."

MORE BILITE- RAL CYPHERS.

A Startling Discovery.

WE have received the following remarkable communication from a correspondent. As a contribution to the secret history of the present time it appears worthy of the most thoughtful and anxious study. He writes:—

"The other day I took up the *Nineteenth Century* and glanced at an article by Mr. W. H. MALLOCK on *The Biliteral Cypher of Francis Bacon*, a book by Mrs. GALLUP. I should mention that up to that time I had been a light-hearted, easy-going, careless man, plump and rosy, blessed with a healthy appetite and sound sleep, and fond of any exercise in the open air. I read that article once; I read it again carefully; I began for the third time. By degrees it cast a spell over me, and the horrible fascination of those groups of a's and b's caught me in a charmed web from which I could not escape. All night long I struggled with that weird

alphabet, until at last I could write abba, baabb, abbaa, aaba, aabbb. Not many days ago I should have said, jeeringly, that this must be the bleating of a flock of sheep. But now I know that it represents the letters P, V, N, C, H. It is to you, Mr. Abbbabaabbb-aaaaabaabbb, that I reveal my discovery.

"For a week I studied this cypher. I hardly ate, I hardly slept. I became pale, haggard, nervous. After days and nights of almost ceaseless work, I felt the need

of relaxation. My brain whirled. Formerly I never could understand how that could happen, but now I often feel it distinctly. I thought that to read some light literature would divert my thoughts, and I began a leading article in the *Times*. Suddenly I perceived a letter not precisely the same as the others in the line. My brain began to whirl once more, but, after binding a towel soaked in cold water round my head, I started afresh. With a powerful magnifying glass I soon

decide about abababbbbaabbaabb. Tire-some. Telegraph back baababaabba. Letter from ARTHUR at Brighton. Feels aaabababbbababa. So glad. But does not much care for Brighton. Says the town is too bbabbaaaaabbaaaa."

"I must cease writing now as my head is—"

Here our correspondent's letter abruptly ends. The doctor who sends it, says the unfortunate gentleman is quite unable to attend to any business. H. D. B.



SEASONABLE BARGAINS.

Miss Panama. "I ASSURE YOU, SIR, THIS MODEL CANAL ONLY WANTS A LITTLE CAREFUL ATTENTION, AND IT WILL WORK BEAUTIFULLY!"

Uncle Sam. "AH, BUT THIS FIRM RECKONS TO MAKE ME A BRAND NEW ONE FOR LESS MONEY!"

["The Report of the Isthmian Canal Commission favours the Nicaragua route."—*Times*, Dec. 5.]

found more letters, and spelt out, in the Baconian cypher, H. A. T. F. I. E. L. D.

"By this time my head had completely dried my towel, and my eyes swam. I rested for a moment and pondered on this marvellous discovery. The one Minister who avoids speaking, who, when he does speak, says as little as possible, and in that little gives the minimum of information, is not really silent. The descendant of the great BURLEIGH writes, in the cypher of the great BACON, hidden, like his, in contemporary type, a secret diary which future generations may interpret and peruse. To them will be revealed the thoughts, the diplomacy, the intentions of the great statesman. I was staggered! Then I soaked my towel again, rubbed my eyes, and slowly spelt out the following words. Sometimes I could not understand the meaning. In such a case I have given the Baconian letters.

"Hatfield. Fire day. Nice ride on tricycle. Walked round garden. Not many vegetables now. LANSLOWNE telegraphed must

THE DISSIPATED DAMSELS.

OR, A NOVEL WORKING PARTY.

["Novel-writing has become the selected dissipation of the dear devoted woman who in early and even mid Victorian days filled her left-over hours with the construction of blobby wool cushions and slippery bead mats"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

The scene is the drawing-room in Lady CLARICE CULTURE'S town house. It is luxuriantly furnished. Complete silence reigns. Disposed about the room are some dozen small tables, at each of which is seated a young lady. All are in various stages of mental perturbation, seriously engaged in writing novels. Lady CLARICE rises and goes to the sofa, in which she sinks languidly. It is ten minutes to four, and a footman and a maid servant are creeping noiselessly about with tea things. As the sugar-tongs rattle LETTICE, who is writing at a table near the sofa, looks up and glares at the footman. Then she turns towards Lady CLARICE.

Lettice (in a whisper). What an improvement this is on the dreary working parties and unintellectual Sewing Bees of the last century.

Lady C. (pressing her hand affectionately). I'm so glad you like it. How have you got on with your novel?

Lettice. I haven't written a line. I can't decide what kind of dress a middle-aged lady—one of the strongest characters I have ever conceived—ought to commit suicide in.

Lady C. Perhaps after tea—

Lettice (cheerfully). Yes, I'm dying for a cup.

[ENID, a slim, pretty girl, throws down her pen and comes across to Lady CLARICE.

Enid (in undertones). The mood is past. It is useless to sit staring at the paper.

Lady C. What progress?

Enid. I have left the baffled Duke in the absurdest fix. Alfonso, the Italian waiter from the Century Restaurant, the only man in the world who holds the secret of the Pink Pillow-Slip, is dangling over an unfathomable abyss.

Lady C. Cruel girl, to leave them in such difficulties!

Enid (with a faint smile). The exigencies of the story demand that they should both suffer. I would have left them more comfortably situated, but my inspiration has suddenly evaporated. I should like to have killed Alfonso before tea—but he must wait. (With great energy, as tea is announced and a general relaxation of tension takes place.) Won't it make a splendid illustration? Can't you see the yawning chasm, the blue sky, and the fleecy clouds scudding across the mountain tops, and the attenuated form of the parchment-skinned waiter waving slowly,

slowly, in the fitful breeze? (Considering.) Or chill night-wind? I don't quite know which to make it.

Lady C. (sympathetically). Chill night-wind is very poetical.

Enid. Yes, but fitful breeze gives the atmosphere; it is more realistic. You imagine Fate in the gusty breezes, moaning dreadfully as it impatiently shakes the wretched creature, like an avenging angel. You see, the conception is so moral. One has to think of all these things.

Lady C. Of course. It's really wonderful, your talent.

[ENID smiles with approval and superiority, and takes a cup of tea as she moves away. NINA, a smartly attired girl, rushes up to Lady CLARICE, holding several sheets of MS. still wet with ink.

Nina (speaking affectedly). Dear Lady CLARICE, I'm in the utmost difficulties. All the interest in my book is centred in the caprices of Madame Bolero a fashionable Bond Street dressmaker, and really it's too silly, but I simply cannot reconcile her actions with her temperament. And now I must either make her an ordinary private lady or alter the whole plot. Isn't it positively sickening?

Lady C. (assuming a tragic interest). Most perplexing.

Nina (gazing ruefully at MS.). I have been working up in the last fifty pages to a dramatic "curtain," and now, unless I can alter it, I get an anticlimax in the conservatory, where Evadne—I do hope I have made her sympathetic—meets the man whom she thinks is her lover, but who is, of course, the ex-burglar butler decamping with the plate-basket under his Inverness coat.

Lady C. But do butlers—er—wear Inverness coats?

Nina (quite unabashed). Oh! in books, Lady CLARICE, butlers dress absurdly. I shall make him eccentric in other things. (Suddenly looking at MS.) Oh! how stupid! I have made Evadne clutch him by the arm on which is hanging the basket.

Lady C. (with brilliant insight). Of course she would suspect.

Nina. Yes (pondering). Um! Well, I must make her absorbed—

Lady C. What in, dear NINA?

Nina. I—I haven't quite thought, but—er—something. I can see the situation exactly.

[Lady CLARICE rises and approaches ETHEL, who sits dreamily nibbling her fingers.

Lady C. Well, and how are *The Impressions of an Impressionable Girl* getting on?

Ethel (looking up through her glasses). Can you tell me who suggests the covers of the books?

Lady C. The publisher sees to all that, I fancy.

Ethel. So I imagined. In my *Impressions*

I am going to insist on a pale heliotrope cover with a shower of violets. *The Impressions of* will be at the top of the cover, and from the letters the violets will rain down, almost covering *An Impressionable Girl*.

Lady C. But won't it be a little difficult to see what the title is?

Ethel. Possibly. But then, you see, the idea is so intensely artistic. The violets typify the things of the world which play on the emotions. These things so overwhelm the Impressionable Girl that her personal being is drowned in a sea of emotion, and she must be considered not as a girl but as a successive train of sensuous emotions.

Lady C. (totally at a loss to understand the "idea"). How delightfully simple, and so artistic! But will the public see it?

Ethel (scornfully). Dear Lady CLARICE, does the public ever see anything? And—

[Is cut short by footman, who hands a tray. ETHEL takes a cup of coffee, black and strong. Mrs. FENCER, a bright, mature lady, edges her way towards Lady CLARICE and draws her down on the sofa.

Mrs. F. Oh, my dear CLARICE, I've made my hero such a delightful wretch. He falls in love with every female character in the book—novel idea, isn't it?—and swears enough to—(raises her hands and laughs gaily). Of course nothing really bad. But it's such a relief, after receiving notice from one's cook, and being obliged to remain silent through it all, to be able to sit down and have a real good swear—on paper.

Lady C. Dear DORA, your last book, I remember, was very racy, although you didn't find a publisher.

Mrs. F. Oh! they tell me that everybody pays to have their books published nowadays. We poor unknown paupers! The great unprinted!

[Laughs heartily. Lady CLARICE rises to say goodbye to MYRA, a pale, nervous girl with a pinched, wan face.

Lady C. Must you go, MYRA? Have you finished your short story yet?

Myra (in a monotonous, expressionless voice). No. I have only been writing it two years. It will take me five. I do not believe in inspiration. The theme requires the utmost delicacy of treatment. A word too few or too much, a superfluous comma, could mar the whole effect, so subtle is the harmony. The style must be in perfect keeping with the theme, and one such as can alone illustrate it. I study MAUPASSANT and PATER. Goodbye. Next Thursday as usual?

Lady C. Yes, dear.

[MYRA'S departure is the signal for the others to take their leave, and the "novel" working party breaks up as the scene closes. W. H. M.



UNITY AND UNANIMITY.

A MEETING OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION IN THE STONE AGE.

"The Chairman remarked that Liberals had now arrived at a point where they could sink all differences that had occurred between them in the past." The *Daily News* said, "A great victory was won yesterday at Derby for the cause of peace, sobriety, and common-sense."

WHAT RETAIL TRADE IS COMING TO.

"The tendency is towards abolishing the shop and substituting the reception room. From the newest houses of business the counter has disappeared and rounded arm-chairs appear to harmonise with elaborate wall-papers and electric-light brackets."—*Court Journal*.]

"Now," said the lady, when she had settled her feathers, assumed her diamonds, and smoothed out her train, "are you quite sure the drawing-room is in order?"

"Yes, Madam," replied the powdered footman.

"Is the five-o'clock tea ready?"

"Certainly, Madam," returned the neatly attired parlour-maid.

"Is the Yellow-Green Russian Boudoir Band prepared?"

"Assuredly, Madam," responded the conductor, in a handsome uniform, braided with gold and silver and studded with precious stones.

"I suppose in the library all the papers, reviews and magazines are ranged in order?"

"I have seen to that, Madam," smilingly put in the head of the literary department.

"Then may we assume that the Emporium represents a mansion worthy of Grosvenor Square?"

"Absolutely," replied the enormous staff.

"Then open the doors, for at last we

are prepared to sell, amongst other manufactures, a halfpenny reel of cotton."

And the public were admitted.

DECEMBER.

(A slightly previous Poem.)

THE old year is slipping
Away. As he goes,
Jack Frost is a-nipping
Our fingers and toes.*
Now Yuletide reflections,
Box, present (with bill),
And Christmas confections
The atmosphere fill.

The bosom parental
With love doth expand;
The card sentimental
Is sent o'er the land.
Now pantomime's glories
Each schoolboy shall prove,
With horror ghost stories
Their hearers shall move.

The mercury's dropping
Uncommonly low,
Fair damsels are shopping
With cheeks all aglow.
With parcels they're laden,
With wonderful toys
For wee, lisping maiden,
Or rosy-faced boys.

* Is he? but "there's many a slip" between prophecy and fulfilment, and more slips when "Jack F." arrives.

The mistletoe bough doth
From ceiling depend,
And blissfully now doth
A permit extend.
It bids man and maid to
Preserve a quaint custom,
And be not afraid to—
I think we can trust 'em.

The carols are cheering
The night with their lays,
Their music, I'm fearing,
Has seen better days.
The postman is knocking
From morning till night,
The kiddies their stocking
Hang out with delight.

The dancer is gliding
The ball-room around;
The errand-boy's sliding
On slippery ground.
The skater is greasing
With ardour his skates,
The chance of its freezing
He patiently waits.

Now relatives gather
In country and town,
In spite of the weather,
The old year to drown.
Success to such meetings
In cottage or hall!
With true Christmas greetings,
Good luck to us all!

JACOB AND HIS MASTER.

PART IV.

THEODORE'S conjectures, during the evening and night, assumed definite form. Absurd and provoking as it was of the girl, there could be very little doubt but that she proposed to consult BOB, and a less capable Mentor she could hardly have selected! After breakfast, on the following morning, her lover, who knew that she had retired to the library to write letters, took heart of grace to follow her thither, with the intention of temperately pointing out to her how foolish it was to evade responsibility in a matter which concerned herself alone; and an unfortunate thing it was for him that she had been called away the minute before he entered the room, leaving a half-written sheet and a hastily dropped pen upon the blotting-book which at once caught his eye. Why, he subsequently asked himself with much bitterness, did he yield to an ignoble impulse and, snatching up that relinquished document, carry it to the window? Equally informing, equally ignoble—and how much safer!—would it have been to master its contents without laying hands upon it. But, the room being rather dark and his sight none of the best, he acted as described, thus obtaining full confirmation of his suspicions. Miss PHYLLIS reminded her dear BOB of a promise kindly made by him previous to his departure from London, and stated that the emergency to which she had then alluded as not unlikely to arise had now actually arisen. "Yesterday afternoon your uncle honoured me by an offer of marriage, and what reply to give him I don't know. Of course he is not young, and he is no sportsman, and many people would call him rather a bore; yet I am not sure that I should not prefer him in some ways to the rest of them. As far as I can judge, he is an honest, trustworthy sort of person, and—"

At this point the writer had been interrupted, and the mortified reader came perforce to a pause. It was well enough to be deemed honest and trustworthy—even at a moment so ironically inappropriate—but who could be the people who were credited with a disposition to pronounce so brilliant a personage as Mr. THEODORE CRACROFT, M.P., a bore? Never until now had it occurred to him that such people existed, and the mention of them vexed as much as it astonished him.

"Well, well! Listeners hear no good of themselves," he muttered, with a wry smile, and he was about to replace the candidly unflattering letter which he had taken the liberty of examining when he was brought up short by a loud, menacing growl.

"Get out, you ugly brute!" he exclaimed, apostrophising *Jacob Faithful*, who, with bared teeth and a back like a boot-brush, stood facing him. But *Jacob* declined to get out and, what was much more awkward, declined to let Mr. CRACROFT get out either. Always prone to take it for granted that, when left in a room, he was also left in charge of all that it contained, *Jacob* (who, moreover, did not like Mr. CRACROFT) strongly suspected that this was a case of attempted larceny. At any rate, he judged it prudent to keep that gentleman penned into the embrasure of the window during his mistress's absence—which plan of operations he was very well able to execute. Perhaps THEODORE was not a particularly brave man; perhaps most men, situated as he was, would have employed the alternative threats and blandishments to which he had vain recourse before deciding to risk being bitten through the calf of the leg. Be that as it may, he was still a prisoner when PHYLLIS walked in and perceived at a glance what he had been about. She seated herself at the writing-table and, looking the culprit full in the eyes, said composedly, "When you have quite done with my letter, Mr. CRACROFT, perhaps you will kindly give it back to me. It is unfinished, as you see."

There was absolutely no reply to be made, save that which THEODORE, with a sickly grin, did make. "Perhaps you will kindly call your dog off, then; I can't give you anything until I am set at liberty."

"*Jacob*, come in!" said PHYLLIS.

"R-r-r-r-h'm?" growled *Jacob* interrogatively, with his head on one side. "Do you think," he seemed to suggest, "that it is safe to let this miscreant go?"

"Yes," answered PHYLLIS; "he won't run away. You were quite right to detain him, but you can release him now."

She snapped her finger and thumb at *Jacob*, who obediently raised the siege, and Mr. CRACROFT proceeded to make out as good a case for himself as forensic ability could make out of a hopeless one. He received a patient hearing, followed by a polite, but firm, condemnation.

"You have told me all that I wanted to know, thanks," PHYLLIS said, "and I need not now trouble my correspondent. The excuses which you plead may or may not be good ones; it is a matter of taste and opinion, I suppose. But, personally, I should not care to marry a man who holds your ideas of honourable conduct; so we will consider that question finally settled, please."

Being unable to shake her decision, he was fain, in the sequel, to bow to it. All that he obtained from her, before quitting the room and the house, was a promise that she would not betray him, and what he chiefly regretted, while making preparations for departure, was that he had already despatched a Quixotic and uncalled-for epistle to BOB. It was also a pity that he had in that epistle spoken of his engagement to Miss DUNCOMBE as an accomplished fact, although, to be sure, this was unlikely to affect his nephew's reply in an adverse sense. BOB might be a fool, and might be jealous—was, indeed, probably both—but it was to be hoped that he was alike too proud and too much of a gentleman to be spiteful.

As for PHYLLIS, she rubbed her hands and told herself that she had had a lucky escape, while *Jacob* concurred, thumping the floor approvingly with his tail, which he wagged straight up and down, as of yore. She did not, under the circumstances, think it necessary to communicate with BOB, from whom she received, some weeks later, a rather formal missive of congratulation upon her supposed imminent marriage.

"I should have thought," the young man wrote, "that Uncle THEODORE was getting rather long in the tooth for you; but that, of course, is no business of mine. I hope you will both be very happy, and that the Kirkhall mine, which he most generously wants me to take back from him (as if I could possibly accept such an offer!) will make you tremendously rich. Please give my love to old *Jake*. Sir GEORGE DOWNES, who was our Admiral on the Mediterranean Station, and was awfully kind to me, is at Portsmouth now. He thinks he may get me appointed to the command of a gunboat after we have finished this job, and, if so, I should be able to relieve you of the old dog. I daresay you wouldn't be sorry to hand him over; for Uncle THEODORE and he never hit it off particularly well together."

PHYLLIS did not think this a nice letter, and, therefore, took no notice of it. The writer would doubtless soon find out that he had been misinformed with regard to her and his uncle, and in the meantime it was interesting to hear from somebody who had spent the preceding winter at Malta, that Sir GEORGE DOWNES had a remarkably pretty daughter, with whom BOB CRACROFT, amongst many others, was believed to be much smitten. Still more interesting was it to learn, not long afterwards, from the newspapers, that Lieutenant CRACROFT, R.N., who had been hit by a slug in one of those little wars of which the newspapers and the nation take but scant cognizance, had been invalided home, and was making satisfactory progress towards recovery under the hospitable roof of the Admiral commanding-in-chief at Portsmouth.

Now, it so happened that Miss DUNCOMBE had friends in that neighbourhood, who had often asked her to stay with them, and who were only too glad to welcome her and her dog when she made so bold as to offer them a brief visit. Likewise, they willingly placed a carriage at her orders on being casually

informed that she rather wanted to drive into Portsmouth. "In order," she explained, "to look up a sort of *protégé* of mine—a poor boy in the Navy who has been sent home wounded from Sierra Leone or somewhere, and is being taken care of by the Admiral's family." Thus the well-nigh convalescent, but still recumbent, BOB had a delightful surprise one afternoon when good-natured Lady DOWNES threw open the door of the room in which he was lying and announced:

"I have brought an old friend to see you."

The most trusty of old friends, in the person of Jacob, promptly announced himself by leaping on to the sofa and smothering his prostrate master with moist caresses. By the time that he had been persuaded to put some restraint upon his emotions Lady DOWNES had retired, and Miss DUNCOMBE remained the sole claimant upon the invalid's attention.

"How awfully good of you!" he gratefully exclaimed.

It must be owned that PHYLLIS did not at that particular moment look so very good. Her features, it is true, expressed a certain disdainful compassion, but there was a hard light in her eyes, and her words, when she spoke, were not words of pleasantness or peace.

"Oh, not at all," she made cold and careless reply. "I am staying with some people near here, so I thought I might as well take this opportunity of restoring your dog to you. I am glad to see you looking so strong and cheerful; your wound was only a scratch after all, I suppose?"

"Not much more," answered BOB, flushing slightly. "I have had some bother with the surgeons, but I'm getting all right again now. You want me to relieve you of Jake, then?"

"Well, you seemed to take it for granted, when you wrote, that I should be glad to be relieved of him."

"Ah, but that was because I thought—however, I was mistaken, thank goodness! You never answered my letter, by the way."

"Did it require an answer? You will have heard, no doubt, from your uncle that I was not entitled to the congratulations which you were so amiable as to offer me."

BOB nodded. "Yes; he told me the engagement was off."

"Off!—had he the impertinence to pretend that it had ever been on?"

Mr. CRACROFT had been guilty of that impertinence; but her displeasure was so manifest that BOB judged it prudent to evade the query, and crave pardon on his own account. "I say," he pleaded, "I meant no offence, you know."

"I take none. Perhaps it was rather extraordinary of you, and not very flatter-

ing, to imagine—but never mind! Let me tell you that Kirkhall has come back, us talk about something else. What a charmingly pretty girl Miss DOWNES is! after all, to its old owner?" "You don't mean to say so! I thought I saw her for a minute just now, and I quite understood her having worked havoc, as they say she has, with the hearts of so many young naval officers."

"What, VIOLET? Yes; she is a real good sort. But she is going to be married to some fellow who isn't in the service; I forget his name."

So I handed him back his £5,000—luckily, I hadn't spent a penny of the money—and he returned me my title-deeds."

"Oh, BOB! how splendid—and at the



ANCIENT HISTORY.

Visitor. "WELL, JOY, I AM GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU ARE NOT AT ALL SHY." *Joy.* "OH NO, I AM NOT SHY NOW, THANK YOU. BUT I WAS VERY SHY WHEN I WAS BORN!"

In spite of herself, PHYLLIS's face and voice softened perceptibly. "Really! Then I must condole with you; for you are said to be one of her victims."

The young man did not even protest against so ridiculous a charge. "Ah, you know very well whose victim I am, and always shall be," he returned, with a mournful little smile. "Of course I am out of the question; I have understood that all along, and I might have understood that poor old Uncle THEODORE was out of the question too. By-the-by, did

same time how utterly idiotic of you! At this rate, you will certainly die in the workhouse!"

"Not I!" BOB cheerfully declared. "There's still a chance of coal being found on the property, they tell me, though this first venture has failed for some reason or other; besides, I should be all right if I had only my pay to depend upon. I'm sure of a gunboat now, the Admiral says."

"I see," observed PHYLLIS pensively. "And will the Admiral object to your

resuming immediate possession of Jacob, do you suppose?"

"I don't think so. That is, if you really want to part with him."

"It will break my heart to part with him!" the girl suddenly and unexpectedly exclaimed.

BOB raised his brows. "Oh, well, then of course you must keep him. *Jake*, go back to your mistress."

Jacob submissively slipped off the sofa and trotted across to PHYLLIS, who bent over him, gazed for a moment into his wistful face and then remarked: "But he says it will break his heart to part with you."

"Oh, dear, no! He isn't the dog to talk such nonsense as that. He will be sorry for a bit, and so shall I; but——"

"Ah, exactly! That is just where men and beasts of the male sex score! You can do without *Jacob*, and *Jacob* can make shift at a pinch to do without you; whereas I——"

"Eh?" ejaculated BOB, round-eyed and aghast; for he perceived, to his consternation, that Miss DUNCOMBE was upon the brink of tears.

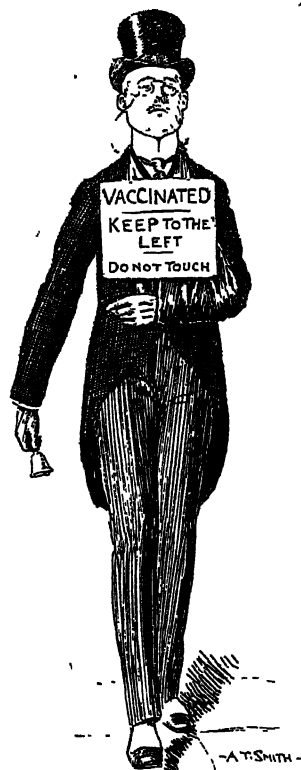
"I am afraid," resumed PHYLLIS, with a tremulous laugh, "that I can't do without either of you; I am afraid I want you both."

She might have added that there was nothing to cry about in that, seeing that she had hitherto invariably obtained, and was likely to go on obtaining, whatever it had pleased her to want. Mr. and Mrs. DUNCOMBE were not precisely overjoyed when they learned that their future son-in-law was to be a juvenile sailor, who had little beyond an unblemished character and a certain reputation for valour to recommend him; but their resistance was of a feeble order, and they are, at the present time of writing, quite reconciled to PHYLLIS's choice. For a fresh and highly remunerative seam of coal was eventually discovered on the Kirkhall estate, and THEODORE CRACROFT, who, in a moment of ill-timed discouragement, allowed wealth to slip through his fingers, is a sad and remorseful man. It may be that he also cherishes a grudge against *Jacob*, now a very old dog; but *Jacob* is civil enough to him when they meet. A really well-bred dog is never rancorous, always satisfied with acknowledged victory.

W. E. NORRIS.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.

"*Tall Hat* (supposed)." This oddly-shaped article was discovered in a semi-petrified condition among the debris of one of the tutelary figures that used to occupy commanding positions on broomsticks in the many English cornfields now gone out of cultivation. Some students of folk-lore maintain that this species of



A SUGGESTION TO THE VACCINATED.

MR. LYMPH'S LITTLE DODGE TO SAFEGUARD HIS VACCINATED ARM IN THE CROWDED THOROUGHFARES OF THE CITY IS TO RING A SMALL BELL AS HE WALKS. THE PLACARD ON HIS CHEST DOES THE REST.

head-dress was found to be the most effective, from its hideousness, in defying the elements and predatory birds. Others lean to the theory that it was introduced by one GRIDO FAWKES, a would-be reformer of dress and other matters. Whatever may be the origin, it is certain that, in spite of its extraordinary vogue throughout the *soi-disant* nineteenth century, no headgear could have been less adapted to withstand sun, rain, wind, sea-water, the casual brickbat, and contact with a cab-roof, or the King's enemies. It seems to have been in such a constant state of collapse that hatters sold it ready crushed for evening entertainments, when etiquette was at a discount. It began to decline in popularity after being officially adopted as the sole item of costume by Uganda headmen; and the last straw was when it was manufactured of that material and worn by coachmen in the Row. It had many nicknames, such as "stove-pipe," "tube," "cylinder," and a depth of absurdity, viz., on the head of the small public school boy, who, it must be admitted, frequently and rightly used it as a football.

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

III.—THE STORY OF THE ONE-EYED DUCK.

(Continued.)

THE journalist, as a rule, pays no heed to that artificial distinction between day and night observed by the majority of men and women. Consequently, when, as a kind of late afterthought, he does take to bed he follows ELLI's excellent advice to linger there and digest his dreams. He may rise early for a lark, but he certainly does not rise with the lark. In this instance, however, I did rise, though it was for a duck and not a lark. I wanted to hear the interrupted story, and, as had it not been for the kind permission of the Hyde Park fairy I should never have heard the story at all, I felt it only courteous to be at the fountains, Kensington Gardens, by ten o'clock. The duck was standing on her head in one of the fountain basins, a proceeding which appeared to refresh her. The friend was waddling round the edge looking very sleepy.

"Tired?" said the one-eyed duck, emerging suddenly from the water. "If so——"

"Never mind, talk away," said her friend, with a brave attempt to look alert. The one-eyed story-teller took another header, and started almost before her beak was out of the water.

"When I swam up to the doll the stupid thing was sinking, and its staring blue eyes made me quite uncomfortable. Then a small child, with long brown feathers—never can understand why human beings have no feathers except on the head—rushed to the edge of the water and made a horrible noise—just like a peacock, my dear. I told her very clearly that I would drag the doll to land, but human beings are so stupid and suspicious. She thought I was hurting it, and squalled again. The squall so shook her that she lost her balance and fell in. All this time the nurse was talking to an ugly thing, something like a robin redbreast swelled out, the military, as the sparrow says; but then he travels so much more than we do. I called out my loudest, and the nurse and the red thing rushed to the water. The nurse seized the child and the red thing poked at me with his stick—I, who had sounded the alarm. And that's how I lost my eye. You don't catch me rescuing children again."

"But you didn't rescue anyone," said the friend, closing one eye.

"Don't quibble," said the one-eyed duck. "I hate quibbling when there's a north-east wind blowing."

"Never thought ducks suffered from nerves," I murmured, as I turned reluctantly to go. But a fresh surprise was in store for me.

(To be continued.)

CININNATUS.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN ENGLAND.

[*Historical Reminder.*—LUCIUS QUINTUS CININNATUS, after being Consul in 460 B.C., retired to his farm and lived in perfect simplicity till he was summoned from the plough to become Dictator and extricate MINUCIUS from a tight corner in which he was being squeezed by the Æqui. After a rapid and brilliant campaign, L. Q. C. returned to his rural pursuits, having been absent only sixteen days.]

I.

THEN out spake CININNATUS,
And smote upon his plough ;—
"What would ye, O Quirites,
What are ye after now?
Has our old friend MINUCIUS
Sustained another rout,
And do you want a man of parts
To go and pull him out?
Great should be his discretion,
High courage his should be!
Can I be right in gathering
That Rome has chosen me?"

Have I not sworn, and often,
By the nine leading gods,
That I, who once was Consul,
Have done with lictors' rods?
Did I not frankly scuttle
To yonder frugal cot,
And state aloud that I was vowed
To plough my lonely plot?"

Still, when I see you standing
In such momentous need,
Looking for someone likely
To rise and take the lead;
If you are short of bulwarks
For Rome to lean upon—
Why, I'm the man to meet your plan,
L. Q., in fact, *is on!*"

Few were the words he wasted,
His tone indeed was blunt,
As on the nail he donned his mail
And started for the front;
And ere ten days were over—
He had the Æquians broke,
And two by two propelled them through
The space beneath the yoke.
Six further days (sixteen in all)—
And he unwreathed his brow,
And turned again, a private swain,
To steer his private plough.
Thenceforth he stuck to furrows,
And only stirred from home
Once, to oblige the nation
And save the life of Rome.

II.

Such was the fair ideal
That fired the people's breast;
And, Saxon, shouldst thou haply deem
The ancient times were best;
Shouldst thou enquire what parallel
Our English annals yield—
I must proceed to cite the deed
Performed at Chesterfield!



Mr. Muddleton (whose day's fox-hunting is becoming quite interesting in the telling). "So I MUST HAVE RIDDEN SOME THIRTY MILES—OVER FENCES, DITCHES, AND EVERYTHING—STRAIGHT ACROSS COUNTRY AS THE FLY CROWS!"

Our modern CININNATUS,
Like him of Roman breed,
He too employed the ploughshare,
He loved the turfy mead;
Ex-Consul, Peer, and archer
Good at the long Scots bow,
Wild horses could not drag him
From where he lay so low.

Then came the cry of England
For action bold and prompt;
He saw our plight, he felt we might
Just any hour be swamped;
It was, he owned, a crisis
That might not brook delays,
And "I'll be with you, Sirs," he said,
"One of these autumn days."

Fast flew the circling seasons,
The last red leaves were gone,
When, "Ho!" he cried, "brave men
and tried,
I'm coming later on!"
And ere the winter ended
He kept that holy vow,
And straightway on the morrow
Was back behind the plough.

Once started, you will notice,
His feat was quickly done;
He brought the ancient record down
From sixteen days to one!

Only—the actual triumph
Omitted to occur;
And friends complained that things
remained
Precisely where they were. O. S.

AN UNDOUBTED CLAIM—IF UNIQUE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I note, in connection with the Coronation, that very many esteemed citizens are anxious to serve the King as Larderers, Butlers, High Pantlers, and the like. I have also a desire to have a claim approved, which for certain reasons I have not submitted to the Court presided over by the Lord Chancellor. It is that of Chief Paragraphist-in-advance. I have written more about the Coronation than any other journalist, without troubling the Lord Chamberlain or any other official. Ought I not to get my reward in all fairness?

Your obedient Servant,
GREGORY GRUB PAPILLON.
British Museum, W.C.

SMALL POTATOES.

Q. Why are regular travellers by the Shepherd's Bush and City Railway like certain vegetables?

A. Because they're "Tubers."

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD.

WELL, JAMES? The Waits? No, tell them not to—oh! It's Mr. WACE. How very . . . How d'ye do? Oh, not at all. Delightful! JAMES, bring tea. You've brought the cold in with you.—Oh! and, JAMES,—Don't go before I've finished speaking, please,—Tell them to air *Miss Fido's* Jaeger sheets, At once. Poor love, she's perished with this weather. Yes, isn't it? Ah yes, the poor. Quite so! They must. I'm sure they do. But you're so wrong, You clergy. Yes, you are. You coddle them. Oh, but you do, you know. You know you do. Won't you sit down? You'll find—oh, no, not there! Take care! My precious *Fido*! Is she hurt? My sainty dainty! How you frightened me. Shall have a biccy, precious. Would you mind? So many thanks. That silver *bonbonnière*. He's werry sorry, pet, so don't be cross. Give him a nice wet kiss.

Ah, here comes tea.

Sugar and cream? One lump? Thanks, not for me. I'll wait, I think, till you have—afterwards. Now tell me, are you fond of—yes? How nice! Well then I must—I wonder if you'd like To see her little things, her odds and ends, And all her clothes—yes, *Fido's*. Sure you would? Yes, get them, JAMES, and don't forget the plates. Oh, yes, her very own. She never eats Off anything but silver,—never has.

Another cup? No? Well, I think you're wise: It does destroy one's appetite for dinner. And—yes, my sweet, what is it? Oh, of course! Her dinner. Yes, she always knows that word. Isn't it sweet of her? Yes, clever one Shall have its little din-din by-and-by. Oh, put them here, JAMES. Yes. And tell the cook To mince *Miss Fido's* kidneys very fine, And send them up directly they are done. She's positively starving, precious love. But—are there really? Children? Very sad! Improvidence, no doubt,—and drink, of course. But still it's most distressing.

Oh, don't go.

It's only parish business, I suppose? To carry lukewarm soup to some old woman, Or—is it that? What nonsense. Let her wait. Sit down again. Now, don't you like this brooch? Sweet, isn't it? Oh, dear me, no, they're real. Yes, diamonds. Let's see. I gave it her This time last year. I made them put the date In pearls. My own design. I always think—Don't you?—that Christmas is the time we ought To give to others of our very best.

Oh, but of course. Your Coal and Clothing Club? Delighted. Now this bangle, don't you think It's rather nice? A cat's-eye. No, quite cheap. Oh, those. Her little indiarubber shoes. Yes, for wet weather. She's so delicate, Poor precious darling. That's her *saut-de-lit*: Real Mechlin, yes. And here, you see, she's got A weeny pocket for her handkerchief. What's this? Oh, no; please wrap it up again. She mustn't see it yet. Her Christmas-box; A little sable coat. I've had it lined With mink. It's—not so very. Thirty pounds I think it was. It's much too cold for her

To be in England now that winter's here. She simply had to have it.

Must you go?

Well, if you really—ah, the Clothing Club! I quite forgot. What did I give last year? Five shillings? Well, I'll—yes, I'll make it ten, And half-a-crown from *Fido*: twelve and six. No, please don't thank me. It's the merest—what? Put *Fido* in your sermon! But how sweet! And what will be your text? "The Children's Bread!" That sounds quite charming, though, I must confess, I don't see what it has to do with dogs. Oh, shall I? Yes, of course I'll come. Goodbye.

G. F. C.

SAVOYAL OF THE FITTEST.

QUITE the best of them—well, at all events, one of the very best of the light, tuneful and sparkling GILBERT-SULLIVAN comic operas—is *Iolanthe*, recently revived at the Savoy Theatre. "After all these many weary years," quavers the shaky, faithful old stage retainer of the very ancient school of drama, "do my eyes again behold my long-lost *Iolanthe*!"

The old typical "first night of a Savoy piece" was also revived, at least, so we gathered from the notice in the leading journal. Alas! not the entire audience of *Iolanthe's* première could be also revived, though it appears they were re-placed.

And what excellent stage-craft, aye, and front-of-the-house-craft too, it was, to point the topical allusion in the sung invocation to Captain SHAW (the distinguished Fire-Brigade Commander of that period, now, it is to be regretted, ex-tinguished as a fireman), by having the noble Captain present in person, hale and hearty, towards whom all eyes were turned and whose presence was acclaimed by the hands that applauded the words, the tune and the vocalisation. Ah! they understand these things down in Savoy.

And was the Captain of the Gallant Extinguishers "put out"? Not a bit of it. A great coup! But how about future performances, when the first fervour of revival shall have somewhat waned? Captain SHAW cannot be present there night after night, and *matinée* after *matinée*? Will a double, "made up" to resemble the Cap'en, be engaged regularly? Or will there be a wax effigy, the very image of the original hero, seated in the stalls, with working interior, after the fashion of the mechanical snuff-taking figure of Mr. COBBETT at Madame TUSSAUD's, to which simple visitors, stumbling over his toes, used to profoundly apologise? However, this extra attraction can be safely left to the ingenuity of the clever management.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

THE Academy of December 7, in quoting Mr. Punch's open letter to ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, added the information—

"Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN has announced his intention of dealing with the subject in his own time, which, we hope, will be soon."

With the Academical Editor Mr. Punch likewise expresses the same hope. But that "Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN has announced his intention" is rather reminiscently suggestive of the street row at Ipswich, *tempore Pickwickiano*, when the poetic Mr. Snodgrass, "in a truly Christian spirit and in order that he might take no one unawares, announced in a very loud tone that he was going to begin, and proceeded to take off his coat with the utmost deliberation."

Perhaps ere this number appears Mr. COLVIN will have gone in for the offender and finally disposed of him. *Sic transit HENLEY!*

**PRINCE GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.**

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (to Welsh Dragon). "COME TO MY ARMS!"

The badge of the Red Dragon is now, by Royal command, added to the "achievement" of the Prince of Wales.]

NON SECUS IN BONIS.

(To the L. C. C.)

DEAR Council, take it not amiss
If I should venture to remind you
Of darker days preceding this,
Of anxious moments left behind you.

When first for London's love you sued,
Your zeal in her affairs professing
The daily paper's attitude
Was just a little bit depressing.

Before the butterfly emerged
The chrysalis was voted evil,
And you were very often urged
To go directly to the D—I.

And yet the self-same Press to-day
Your influence for good rehearses;
Who came to scoff remain to pray,
And blessings fill the room of curses.

Our drains are yours, in every park
With classic melodies you train us,
You quench the flames, you light the dark,
And license things to entertain us.

Now at your banquets not a sound
Is heard that could suggest detraction,
You are, when loving cups go round,
The toast of each opposing faction.

If we embrace Lord ROSEBERY'S view,
Nought is too big for you to handle,
And, in respect of work, to you
The Houses cannot hold a candle.

But, oh—*verb. sap.*—continue good
(Think what a transient joy the rose is!),
Lest your fond parent's praises should
Become his child's apotheosis.

ANY PERSON;

Or Grandmotherly Government.

ON January the First there comes into operation an Act of Parliament whereby "the KING'S Most Excellent Majesty, with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," ordains, by the authority of the same, that "Every holder of a licence who knowingly sells or delivers or allows any person to sell or deliver, save at the residence or working place of the purchaser, any description of intoxicating liquor to any person under the age of fourteen years for consumption by any person on or off the premises, excepting such intoxicating liquors as are sold or delivered in corked and sealed vessels in quantities not less than one reputed pint, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings on the first offence and not exceeding five pounds for any subsequent offence," the same punishments awaiting the senders for refreshment.

The expression "sealed," it is interesting to learn, means secured with any substance "without the destruction of which the cork, plug or stopper cannot be with-



REHEARSAL FOR CHRISTMAS.

Auntie. "WHAT MAKES YOU SO SERIOUS, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "WHY, MA TOLD ME THAT I MUST REMEMBER NOT TO ASK FOR ANYTHING TO EAT, AND I AM TRYING TO REMEMBER IT!"

drawn." As a matter of fact, thin strips of gummed paper are to be the restraining agents, and we can picture POLLY or BOBBY, carelessly removing the wet labels before arriving at the family mansion, and chuckling at the result, forgetful of the parental slap.

But the grand idea of the whole scheme is sublime in its loophole nature. There is absolutely no prohibition to the vendor of intoxicating liquors to send out by means of children under fourteen years of age as much beer, wine or spirits as his

customers demand, to their "residences or working places"! A corps of boy and girl Ale-bearers will surely be instituted and placed at the disposal of every licensed victualler. In the name of common sense, and in the hope that the householders will not be laying in stocks of liquor which they cannot afford to pay for, in order to avoid the "stopper" hindrance, Mr. Punch presents his ideas to the publicans and public, placing them "under flying seal" for the use of everybody, including the Lords Spiritual.

"STREET MUSIC."

"Music hath charms," SO-SHAKESPEARE said,
 "To soothe the savage breast,"
 But I assured a friend one day
 It might become a pest.

My friend, JOHN SCRIBBLES, after this point
 Grew angry, almost coarse;
 Said I talked rot, and had no soul—
 He raved himself quite hoarse.

"Friend," I replied, "I know you live
 In a secluded spot;
 But come and spend some days with me,
 To judge if I talk rot."

Quite late one Saturday he came,
 And said on Sunday night:
 "Excuse me if I early rest,
 To-morrow I must write!"

"My dear old chap," I answered straight,
 "Seek what repose you can,
 It's precious little peace you'll find
 To write in, poor old man!"

We breakfasted at eight next day,
 And as the clock struck nine,
 Said SCRIBBLES, "Ere I set to work
 I'll send my wife a line."

I went into the sitting-room
 Old JOHN not to disturb,
 And, glancing at the window, saw
 An organ near the kerb.

The "Geisha," this was grinding out,
 When came a German band,
 Which rent the air with tunes well known
 To their loved Fatherland.

A few yards lower down the street
 A man on crutches stood,
 Who piped a sorely piercing air
 On instrument of wood.

The organ-man moved further down;
 The band played sadly still,
 A hurdy-gurdy hove in sight,
 And set to with a will!

Then there arrived a pallid youth
 Who grasped a violin,
 He played it opposite our house;—
 Can you conceive the din?

Well, at this juncture it appeared
 SCRIBBLES knocked down his chair,
 He rushed into my sitting-room,
 His hands thrust through his hair!

His language just at first was,—well—
 I'm glad you didn't hear;
 But, strictly now twist you and me,
 For SCRIBBLES' soul I fear!

At last I thought it time to pour
 Into his mind some balm,
 So, giving him an easy chair,
 "SCRIBBLES," quoth I, "be calm!

"I am a fixture here, alas!
 You can reach home to-night;
 Before you go, I think you must
 Admit that I was right?"

"Yes!" SCRIBBLES screamed, "you've
 proved your point;
 Such music (!) is a pest!"
 Home he returned a wiser man
 In search of peace and rest!

M. D. V.

THE LAST (I HOPE) OF THE DANDIES.

A Touching Drama in One Act, by
 Crude Fudge.

SCENE—Bore House, Lady BLESSINGTON's
 famous residence in Kensington. Count
 D'ORSAY and that lady are engaged in
 pinning numbers on the furniture in
 preparation for the auctioneer.

D'Orsay (pausing in his work). Is it
 usual, dear Lady BLESSINGTON, for persons
 in our position, however insolvent, to do
 this kind of thing?

Lady Blessington (meekly). It is an
 American custom, I believe.

D'O. It is excessively fatiguing. (Enter
 Valet.) Well?

Valet. Lord RAOUL ARDALE to see you,
 Sir.

D'O. The young man who saved my life
 yesterday when my horses ran away in
 the Park? Show him up. [Exit Valet.]

Lady B. I will leave you to entertain
 him.

[Lady BLESSINGTON goes out L. as Valet
 enters R. with Lord RAOUL.]

Valet. Lord RAOUL ARDALE. [Exit.]

D'O. My preserver! I am delighted to
 see you. It is true your clothes are de-
 testable, but as you saved my life I will
 overlook it. [Shakes him by the hand.]

Lord Raoul. This friendly attitude is
 very gratifying. It emboldens me to ask
 you for something.

D'O. (alarmed). Not money, I hope?

Lord R. No, only for your assistance
 in persuading Lady BLESSINGTON to let
 me marry her niece.

D'O. Certainly, my dear fellow. Cer-
 tainly.

Lord R. You see, I'm really awfully
 fond of her. And as I've no money what-
 ever, of course I feel I can show my affec-
 tion for her best by asking her to marry
 me.

D'O. Unquestionably. At the same
 time, I don't quite see what you're to
 live on.

Lord R. I thought of selling my Com-
 mission in the Guards. That would keep
 us going for six months.

D'O. I don't think selling your Com-
 mission would help you much. I believe
 some people make a living by selling on
 commission. But it's not considered a
 genteel occupation.

Lord R. I suppose not.

D'O. Under the circumstances your
 marriage would be something of an im-
 prudence?

Lord R. (depressed). So my mother
 thinks.

D'O. Sensible woman! I should like to
 meet her.

Lord R. You can if you like. I left her
 below in the carriage.

D'O. Send her up, my dear fellow.
 Goodbye. I'm afraid I can't shake hands
 with you again. Your clothes are too
 depressing. Goodbye.

[Exit Lord RAOUL. A moment later
 enter Lady SOMERSHIRE.]

Lady Somershire. Good morning, Count
 D'ORSAY!

D'O. Good morning!

Lady S. (sternly). We have met before,
 Count.

D'O. Surely not?

Lady S. (bitterly). Considering that in
 earlier days you seduced me under pro-
 mise of marriage—

D'O. To be sure. So I did. How care-
 less of me to forget. But I have a
 wretched memory. (Aside.) I wonder
 what her name was.

Lady S. But it was not to revive pain-
 ful recollections that I came here. I only
 wish to ask you to use your influence with
 my son to prevent his marrying Lady
 BLESSINGTON's niece. As I have known
 my son for years, while you met him for
 the first time yesterday, your influence
 with him is naturally greater than mine.
 I rely on you to do this.

D'O. I should have thought, dear Lady
 SOMERSHIRE, that you had had enough of
 relying on me.

Lady S. I have. (Darkly.) But there
 is a special reason why you should oblige
 me in this matter.

D'O. And what is that, dear Lady?

Lady S. Well—ahem—it's a delicate
 thing to say; but, you see, RAOUL is your
 son as well as mine.

D'O. God bless my soul, you don't say
 so? Why, I felt drawn to the fellow the
 moment he stopped my runaway horses.
 Wonderful thing paternal instinct!

Lady S. Considering how completely
 you had forgotten his mother the instinct
 is certainly curious.

D'O. Curious, but highly creditable,
 don't you think? Anyhow, I'm sure he'll
 see it in that light, dear fellow!

Lady S. (horried.) He? RAOUL? But
 you mustn't breathe a word of this to him.

D'O. Nottell him? Absurd! Think how
 pleased he'll be! The son of Count
 D'ORSAY! What an honour!

Lady S. (bitterly). After believing all
 his life that he is the legitimate son of a
 nobleman he will certainly be delighted to
 learn that he is the illegitimate son of a
 beggar! People always are.

D'O. (shocked). My dear Lady, what
 expressions!

Lady S. Well, you are a beggar, aren't
 you?

D'O. Don't let us go into that painful
 question. In point of fact, you do not
 think he will be altogether pleased at the
 news?



Slowcoach, Esquire (to Lady, passing him on fast roarer). "I HEARD YOU COMING FROM A LONG DISTANCE!"
Lady. "DID YOU? WELL, NOW YOU'LL SEE ME GOING FROM A MUCH LONGER DISTANCE. GOOD BYE!"

Lady S. I should think he wouldn't!

D'O. This is very disappointing. Must I strangle this nascent paternal affection almost before I have begun to feel it? It seems hard.

Lady S. Nonsense! If you can forget the mother, you can forget the son. Try and exercise a little common sense. And remember that you must prevent this marriage.

D'O. What a task for parental tenderness!

Lady S. Pooh! I'll send him up to you, and you can tell him you can't assist his suit. [Exit.]

D'O. What a woman! She has no heart at all. And to think that twenty years ago I loved her! I wish I could remember what her name was.

Enter Lord RAOUL. He goes up to D'ORSAY eagerly.

Lord Raoul. You are going to plead my cause with Lady BLESSINGTON?

D'O. (aside). Still those terrible clothes! Down, fluttering heart! *(Aloud.)* Well, no, my young friend. To tell you the truth, I have just promised your dear mother to do nothing of the kind.

Lord R. I say, confound it all—

D'O. You see, you've no money.

Lord R. I've twenty pounds in bank notes.

D'O. (eagerly). Have you them about you?

Lord R. Yes; in my pocket.

[Produces them.]

D'O. (taking them). Thanks. A thousand thanks, dear fellow!

Lord R. I say, you mustn't take those. They're all the money I've got in the world.

D'O. They're all the money I've got in the world!

Lord R. (annoyed). Look here! just you give me them back.

D'O. (indignant). Ungrateful son—ahem—I should say man! Do you mean to tell me you don't feel irresistibly impelled to give me these paltry notes?

Lord R. I can't say I do.

D'O. (aside). These instincts of kinship seem curiously one-sided. *(Aloud.)* I have an idea. I'll go to CROCKFORD'S with these, and if I win you shall have the money. That will help you immensely!

Lord R. Noble fellow!

D'O. (proudly). Oh, I'm awfully generous—with CROCKFORD'S money.

Lord R. But what will you do?

D'O. Oh, I'm going abroad. It seems the only honourable course when you owe as much as I do. Lady BLESSINGTON is selling her furniture, and that will pay for my ticket.

Lord R. And after that?

D'O. Oh, I shall settle in Paris.

Lord R. But what will you live on?

D'O. (airily). Art, my dear fellow, Art—and my creditors.

Lord R. (admiringly). You are so full of resources!

D'O. And finally, when I die, I shall die in my best coat and waistcoat, like a gentleman. No gentleman could possibly die in the sort of clothes you have on at this moment. They have no style. I shall stand up before my mirror and make the most extraordinary faces, and then I shall fall dead in the arms of Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. Touching, eh? Good morning!

[Bows him out and thoughtfully pockets the twenty pounds.]

(Curtain.) ST. J. H.

"RECEIPT FOR VALUE."—Received, a stamped envelope, sealed (so that its contents could not be ascertained), and forwarded by Mr. P. to "The Montagu Williams Blanket Fund," from "EDITH MOWNERY," apparently, but signature not clear.

REPUTED QUARTZ.—Gold taken out in pints—according to prospectus.

"I should not have said that. I should have said more things. He said that ever you dream about But it's only fair that folks should know.

Your recipe, when in doubt.

It's quite the thing in financial schools To a "private meeting" hold; For this is the first of a set of rules, And the galls do as they're told.

Then next of "a frugal lunch" they eat.

And gaze on the wine when red, Till at 3 P.M. the others meet To be innocently led.

It's talk, talk, talk, for an hour or more, And when you've had your say, They know as much as they did before, And delightedly go away.

PING-PONG PROPER.

The Scene is in a large hall in an outlying suburb, during the progress of a Ping-Pong Tournament "open to all comers." The hall is furnished with four trestle tables stained dark green, across each of which a white net is adjusted. Surrounding the tables at a little distance from them are two rows of chairs, filled with spectators. At each of the tables men and ladies are playing with a tense seriousness and pent-up anxiety that is almost hysterical. Crowded in the centre of the hall and streaming up and down the avenues between the "courts" is an intensely excited mass of people: local champions with vellum bats protruding from their bosoms; reverend fathers waiting on the victory of their unbeaten youngest; pretty cousins in sables waiting to know when he will play; anxious mamma with flaming cheeks getting hints for future ping-pong parties; besides grave smile-lorn umpires carrying formidable scoring-boards. It is four o'clock. The atmosphere is tropical. There is an incessant ping-pong-ping-pong-ping-pong—not unlike a lull in the Parrot House at the Zoo. Occasional outbursts of clapping and other forms of applause add to the din. At the doorway a slim, ascetic man is accosted by a short, purple-faced boy three sizes too large for his clothes.

Purple-faced Boy. Hullo, STIGGS, you ping-ponging?

Slim Man. Yes. Thought I might as well enter. I—I feel in a ghastly funk.

P.-f. Boy. Funk, I should think so. I've been watching them at No. 2 table, and they're frightfully hot. Do you know who you have to play? (Slim man shakes his head weakly.) The Catford Champion.

One of the hottest men on the cross half-volley shots there is.

Slim man "gives" at the knees.

P.-f. Boy. No drawing-room game this, STIGGS. Serves at a frightful lick, with a tricky back-hand swish-sh.

[Goes through the exact mode with great energy, at which the Slim Man's jaw drops. He fingers his bat nervously.

Slim Man. (with great courage, pulling himself together). I—I wonder where he is?

P.-f. Boy. Come on, we'll go and find him. Long legs—got an en-ormous reach.

[They edge their way through a cluster of people and disappear.

A lean child, with thick legs and a pig-tail, is playing against a tall, gaunt lady, with high eyebrows, in a black dress, with a yellow rosette of the bigness of a soup-plate. Near by is sitting Lean Child's mother, a stout spreading lady of an excitable nature.

Umpire (at side of table, drearily). Seventeen, eighteen.

Mother (clapping furiously, and beaming triumphantly on all within the radius of her smiles). Eighteen! Well-played, CLARA! Well-played! (To a friend.) Twenty's the game. CLARA'S a point ahead. She's playing up. (Confidentially, to another friend.) Never been beaten. We've had all the lady champions up at our place, and CLARRY'S beaten them one after the other.

Umpire. Nineteen—eighteen.

Mother. Nineteen—eighteen, CLARRY! (Appealing distractedly.) A point behind! Give her one of your twisters. Make your balls shoot. You can do it with pa and me.

Umpire (monotonously as before). Nineteen all!

Mother (standing up in perspiration and frenzy). Bra-vo!

Lean Child (with chilling dignity). Ma, do, for goodness' sake, keep calm. You're making me look ridiculous. Remember this is a tournament!

Mother (contritely). Oh, CLARRY! I can't help it. My nerves are all jumpy!

[The Lean Child becomes suddenly disconcerted, and the Gaunt Lady wins. Being a local "fancy," the applause is deafening. The Lean Child is quarrelling with her mother. The mother is expostulating with the Umpire, and the victorious lady is being violently caressed by her "backers" as the crowd surges in and veils them from sight.

A flabby-looking youth, with woe-begone expression, is listening to a bald-headed, thick-set little man, with heavy blonde moustache, who has just beaten his man. Bald-headed Gent. My dear chap, I

played all round him. I took every service. He's got a drive like the Scotch Express, but I took 'em all. And he's one of the hottest men Hackney have. He led me up to ten, I led him at fifteen, and then I got into my stride and simply romped home, twenty—sixteen. What did you do?

Flabby Youth (disconsolately). Gotlicked. Bald-headed Gent. Why, whatever were you doing?

Flabby Youth (slowly drawing from his pocket, like a conjurer, a long parchment bat). Feel that. (Bald-headed Gent rubs his fingers sympathetically over the surface and utters an expression of dismay.) Limp, isn't it? What could you expect? I couldn't get one drive off. Simply couldn't make the blessed pill travel an inch. Worst of these halls where the gas is in the ceiling. How's a fellow to warm up his bat? I went up to the referee and told him. There ought to be a fire. Next tournament I play in I shall stipulate for a fire, or a gas-stove or something, and get my bat taut.

Bald-headed Gent (tapping him on the shoulder, emphatically). My dear boy. Take my tip and get a vellum bat. Those parchment bats are doomed absolutely.

[Violent applause drowns further observations.

There is a sudden movement among the crowd towards No. 4 table. All the chairs become filled, and a general excitement prevails as a tall, long-necked man, in a tennis shirt without a collar, fiercely grasping a uniquely constructed weapon, steps towards the table and lightly tosses a ball up in the air with frightful nerve.

An eager-eyed Girl. Oh! do come, Pa. It's the best match of the whole tournament. He's the South London Champion. Pa (unsympathetically). Don't think much of his looks.

[Another burst of excitement takes place as his rival breaks away from a little feverish group of backers and takes up his position opposite his rival. He is a youth with fan-like ears and a low forehead.

A Curate (gratuitously, to a fervid devotee of the game, seated next to him). These men are supposed to be rather good, aren't they?

Fervid Devotee (almost incoherently). Good! I should just think they were. It'll be a tough fight. (Nods with proud familiarity to new comer.) I know him.

Curate (unimpassioned). Who are they?

Fervid Devotee. Tall chap's BUTCHER, South London Champion. Absolutely unbeaten. Won the Herne Hill Tournament with ease. Nobody got near him. Little chap's TINGLER. Got a forehand drive that simply knocks spots off the best player ever put up against him. Clapham's finest

exponent of game. Look out! They've begun!

[The game proceeds. Every stroke, every movement is rapturously enjoyed. Excitement rises to fever heat. Nerves are stretched to snapping-point as the two doughty champions contend for the honour of their district. Everybody goes mad with excitement, which is only accentuated by the ping-ponging of the bats, the tropical heat, and the desperate character of the game. Everything after this is bathos.

W. H. M.

THE GHOST OF AN IDEA.

DEAR PUNCH.—As I remember years ago you used not to show much apprehension on the appearance of an apparition in white, I venture to address you. I know you won't be frightened of me. I have a complaint to make. I belong to a very respectable corporation, or, perhaps I should call it, in-corporation, of spectres. My friends and myself are really fairly intelligent. We most of us belong to the best families, and this being so, we are greatly disgusted at being credited with the most idiotic proceedings. One of us is said to appear at midnight to shake his head out of a window. Another strides up to a fire and pokes it three times, and then vanishes. Then couples of us walk up and down corridors, and sigh as if we were suffering from a nightmare, possibly created by an indigestible supper. There is no end of the silly things we are supposed to do. And what makes the matter worse is the fact that the slanders are all circulated on hearsay evidence. No one has really seen us making fools of ourselves as recounted. Now, *Punch*—good old *Punch*—this is Christmas-time, when stories of the character to which I have referred will be—to use a colloquialism—all over the shop. Ridicule the cruel custom, my dear friend, and secure the hearty gratitude of

Yours faithfully, A GHOST BOGIE.
The Shades.

THE WICKED WIRE.

[“The telephone may not be an unruined blessing.”—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Author's sanctum. TIME—The hour of inspiration. PRESENT—Gifted Individual.

Gifted Individual (settling himself down to work). Now, I think I have got the second act well in hand. (Referring to mews.) Conversation between hero and heroine. Comic incident. Romantic incident. Excellent curtain. Come, I think I ought to have the act ready for the copyist by four o'clock. (Ring.) Why, it's that telephone!

[Puts ear to receiver.

Voice. Are you Mr. TENNYSON BROWN?



Customer (looking in at door). "Oh, I LL CALL AGAIN LATER!"
Barber. "COME IN, SIR! WON'T KEEP YOU A MINUTE, SIR. THIS WON'T TAKE ME LONG, SIR!"

G. I. Yes. Who are you?

Voice. Well, a great friend of yours who knows you says you are most charitable, and if you would send me a postal order for ten shillings—

G. I. Certainly not. (Drops receiver.) Let me see. Yes, hero and heroine discovered. (Ring.) Well, what is it?

Voice. I say, I have just found your name on the list—how are you?

G. I. Very busy.

Voice. You remember me, don't you? I was at school with you thirty years ago. My name's SCRUBBY—you remember SCRUBBY major, don't you?

G. I. (brutally). No, I don't. (Drops receiver.) Let me see. They are watching the sunset. (Bell.) Well, what is it now?

Voice. How is dear MOPSY?

G. I. Out with the children, and I am really very busy.

Voice. Oh, I wouldn't bother you for a moment, but you are so much nearer Regent Street than I am, that I thought you wouldn't mind calling on BRASS AND ORMOLU the jewellers.

G. I. Sorry, not going out to-day. (Drops receiver.) Now let me see, where was I? Oh, watching the sunset. (Ring.) What is it now?

Voice. My dear son-in-law, you know sweet MOPSY arranged that I should come on a visit.

G. I. (furiously). Oh, did she? Well, I can't settle anything until I see her.

Voice. Then do you mind asking her at once.

G. I. (grimly). Oh, certainly. Just wait until I have found her!

[Cuts wire and completely severs communication. Curtain shuts out a scene of guilty triumph.



MR. MOZAMBIQUE, WHO HAS RENTED LORD NOKASH'S WELL-KNOWN SHOOTING, DRIVES A SELECT PARTY TO THE COVERTS!

THE COUNTRY VISITOR'S DIARY OF THE CATTLE-SHOW WEEK.

Up for the Show, taking DOLLY and ROSE:
Monday—the Hippodrome, Madame Tussaud's,
Tuesday—went shopping all day at the Stores,
Wednesday—had headache, stayed all day indoors,
Thursday—a *matinée*, had to take stalls,
Friday—the Abbey, the Tower, St. Paul's,
Saturday—home again, fagged out. Well, no—
Somehow we couldn't find time for the Show.

PREHISTORIC PEPYS.

(A recently deciphered MS. from Mykenai.)

Lakedaimon, 1199 B.C.—Hearing of the white arms of HELEN, and seeing a great crowd of gallants in the town, all hot on the wench, I also to Court in my best coloured camelot chiton of flowered tabby vest, and did enter my name as a wooer, my wife being in Athens. By-and-by HELEN, the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in all my life, whom I did eye mightily, being dressed this day in fair hair, mighty pretty. With her PENELOPE, a modest maid whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but prudently got further and

further away, and near to ODYSSEUS. And then I fell to gazing on another pretty maid, HELEN's sister; she looked mighty out of humour, seeing AGAMEMNON toy with HELEN's curls.

1196 B.C.—To the market place, and did hear that HELEN, as looked for, was off with PARIS, MENELAUS being absent; whereat much talk of war, some saying that MENELAUS had sent ambassadors to Ilios. Fell in with one from Ithaka and told me ODYSSEUS was mightily against the war, being still in love with his wife, PENELOPE, and would not leave her; and another said AGAMEMNON was in tears in Mykenai because of KLYTEMNAISTRA; he himself was mighty earnest for the wars and another sight of HELEN, and she not.

1195 B.C.—To Aulis, where the greatest concourse that ever I did see in all my life, I in my new suit of armour with the brazen helmet and greaves; cost me thirty oxen and very fine. To MENELAUS's tent, where a great council and many opinions about the war, MENELAUS vowing that it is just and inevitable, and that not only will we punish the evil-doer but also gain PRIAM's gold; but ODYSSEUS saying HELEN was a mighty flirt and jade, ill worth the spending of blood and treasure, being as much in the wrong as

PARIS. Whereat a great shout of "pro-Trojan" and would not hear him more.

1104 B.C.—By water to Ilios. Found that the town has walls and PRIAM fifty sons, and so little fear of HELEN returning yet. Sent to Hellas for battering rams, whereby much delay.

1103 B.C.—Up betimes, hearing that battering-rams have arrived. War, so to speak, over; and so more troops from Hellas.

1100 B.C.—Siege still going on. Many sick with horseflesh, and so dead.

1187 B.C.—Abroad with MENELAUS, and passed by the walls where HELEN, an old hag, ogling HEKTOR; and we falling into discourse on women, I would needs ask him if he still had hankering for the jade, which he denied, but PRIAM's gold.

1185 B.C.—HEKTOR dead, and so wrote my wife to send no more tabby tunics, eager to be gone. Called by AGAMEMNON's tent, and there heard a hundred teachers arriving from Athens, and will, I think, sing the *Harmodios-song* to the young captives. Very expensiveful

"MADE IN GERMANY."—MISTAKES.



THE CHESTERFIELD HAMLET.

LORD R-S-B-RY (in leading rôle)-

"THE 'PARTY'S' OUT OF JOINT:-O, CURSÈD SPITE,
THAT EVER I WAS 'ASKED' TO SET IT RIGHT!"

Act I., Scene 5, Mr. Punch's edition.



THE BRITANNIA FANCY HAIR-DRESSING COMPETITION ;

OR, "METHODS OF BARBER-ISM."

["The Second Annual Exhibition of the Hairdresser's Art was given at the Portman Rooms on Tuesday evening."—*Daily Graphic*.]

WHY NOT?

It will be remembered that not very long ago an American newspaper secured a world-wide advertisement by handing over the editing of its columns for a week to the admired Mr. SHELDON.

A London evening paper, which need not be named here, is following the same policy, and is now announcing (upon the backs of ubiquitous sandwich-men) that it will be edited during Christmas week by the well-known Radical and Labour Agitator, Mr. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

It was not to be supposed that the enterprise of this journal would not find immediate imitators. We are, therefore, able to announce that on the first of April next—

The *Times* will appear under the direction of Mr. DANIEL LENO.

The *Sportsman* will be edited by Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON.

Church Bells will be controlled by Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH. And

The *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette* will be written throughout by Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

Nor is this system of temporary appointments to important positions to be confined to Journalism, since we are officially informed that on the same date—

Mr. BRODRICK's post at the War Office will be occupied by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.

Lord KITCHENER's command will be transferred for twenty-four hours to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.

Lord SALISBURY's place at Downing Street will be filled by Mr. THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES. And

The important duties attaching to the post of Poet Laureate will be discharged by Mrs. JANE OAKLEY.

In this way it is hoped that these painstaking officials will obtain a day's rest,

while new blood will, for one day at least, be infused into the veins of an effete Administration.

FIRE-FANCIES.

In the fire I watch the embers glow,
Snatching at the fancies that they throw,
Till I feel the magic-working blaze
Bringing back the spell of other days—
Wonders dreamt of many years ago!

Gorgeous castles rise: about them, lo!
Knights and ladies hurry to and fro—
One and all they vanish as I gaze
In the fire!

Can I hope—if but a glimpse or so—
Something of these memories to show,
Haloed round with childhood's distant
haze,
In this verse my clumsy pen essays
Thus to fashion?—or, must it, too, go
In the fire?

CHEERFUL CRICKET.

["The Australians are anxious that the test-matches of next season should be 'played to a finish,' and the M.C.C. is considering this proposal."]

THE twenty-seventh day of the first test-match between the English and



Australian elevens was full of interest. The crowd was, perhaps, less dense than when the match was commenced, more than a month ago, but yesterday's play at the Oval must have been watched by at least two dozen spectators. The proceedings commenced fairly punctually at one o'clock, when Messrs. NOBLE and TRUMPER, who have been together at the wickets for the last fortnight or so, resumed their innings. On the second day of the match, it will be remembered, the last English wicket fell with the score at 315. No doubt the total should have been larger, and the extraordinary rashness of our batsmen—who even risked a short run more than once provoked the undisguised amazement of their rivals. For the succeeding twenty-five days, the Australians have retained possession of the wickets, and their methods have been marked by extreme caution. Up to the resumption of play yesterday, they had lost one wicket for 128 runs.

The start of yesterday's play was most exhilarating. Two leg-byes were actually scored in the first over, causing 130 to be hoisted on the telegraph board amid tremendous cheers. And, only twenty minutes later, Mr. TRUMPER made a magnificent snick for a single in the direction of long-slip. This brilliant hitting, as was to be expected, caused an immediate change in the bowling, RHODES being substituted for HARRIS at the Gasworks end. At 1.30 the usual interval for lunch was taken, but the players reappeared with commendable promptitude at 2.45. A spell of quiet play followed, though a finely-executed leg-stroke of Mr. NOBLE'S

very nearly resulted in an addition to the score. When, however, he tried to repeat the manoeuvre with the next ball, he was nearly caught, short-leg having moved up to within a few feet of the striker's bat. At 3.15 the teams retired for a short rest, the score standing at the same figure as at lunch time.

Matters became far more lively when play was once more resumed. Two wides, a bye, and nine singles were registered by the scorer within half-an-hour. Finally, Mr. NOBLE, whose play was of the most brilliant description, lashed out at a ball of HEARNE'S, and drove it to the boundary! It is very many days since such a stroke has been witnessed at the Oval, and it was loudly cheered. So severely was the bowling punished, that eleven more runs were put on before 4.15, when the players adjourned for their well-earned tea. It may be conjectured that the batsmen were then counselled to be prudent for the remainder of the day, since, beyond some brilliant stone-walling by Mr. TRUMPER—who would not be tempted by slow half-volleys to leg—the play after tea was almost dull. The batsmen remained undefeated till five o'clock, when stumps were drawn.

The game will be resumed to-day at the usual hour. As there seems little likelihood that this, the first test-match, will be finished before the end of the cricket-season, we understand that arrangements are being made for its continuance next year.

A. C. D.

THE TALE OF A COD.



["A codfish has been found near Cherbourg by some fishermen. On opening it they discovered a volume of contemporary English poetry. The book was quite undigested."—*Daily Paper*.]

Good people all, both fools and wise,
Come, listen unto me,
And you shall learn what danger lies
In minor poetry.

Near Cherbourg town there lived a cod,
Of youth and promise rare:
All blameless were the paths he trod
Among the codlings there.

The ordinary little sin
To which youth sometimes strays
He never knew: despite his fins
His were not fishy ways.

When low, he sought no fragrant cloud
To solace sorrow's stroke,
Although the bloated herrings vowed
That they were cured by smoke.

He took no alcoholic drink,
Though round the bar he'd stray;
And if a mermaid chanced to wink,
He looked the other way.

So lived he happy in his home
As any fish might be,
Till he was tempted by a tome
Of minor poetry.

A poem from the later quill
Of warlike R-DY-RD K.,
An ode by Sir—or is it still
Mere Mr. ALFRED A. ?—

A shriek from W-TS-N, or a sigh
From SW-NB-RNE's patriot breast,
What codling, scarcely more than fry,
Could possibly digest?

A piece of H-XL-Y kept him long,
Though all his strength he plied;
But when at last he reach a song
Of M-R-D-TH, he died.

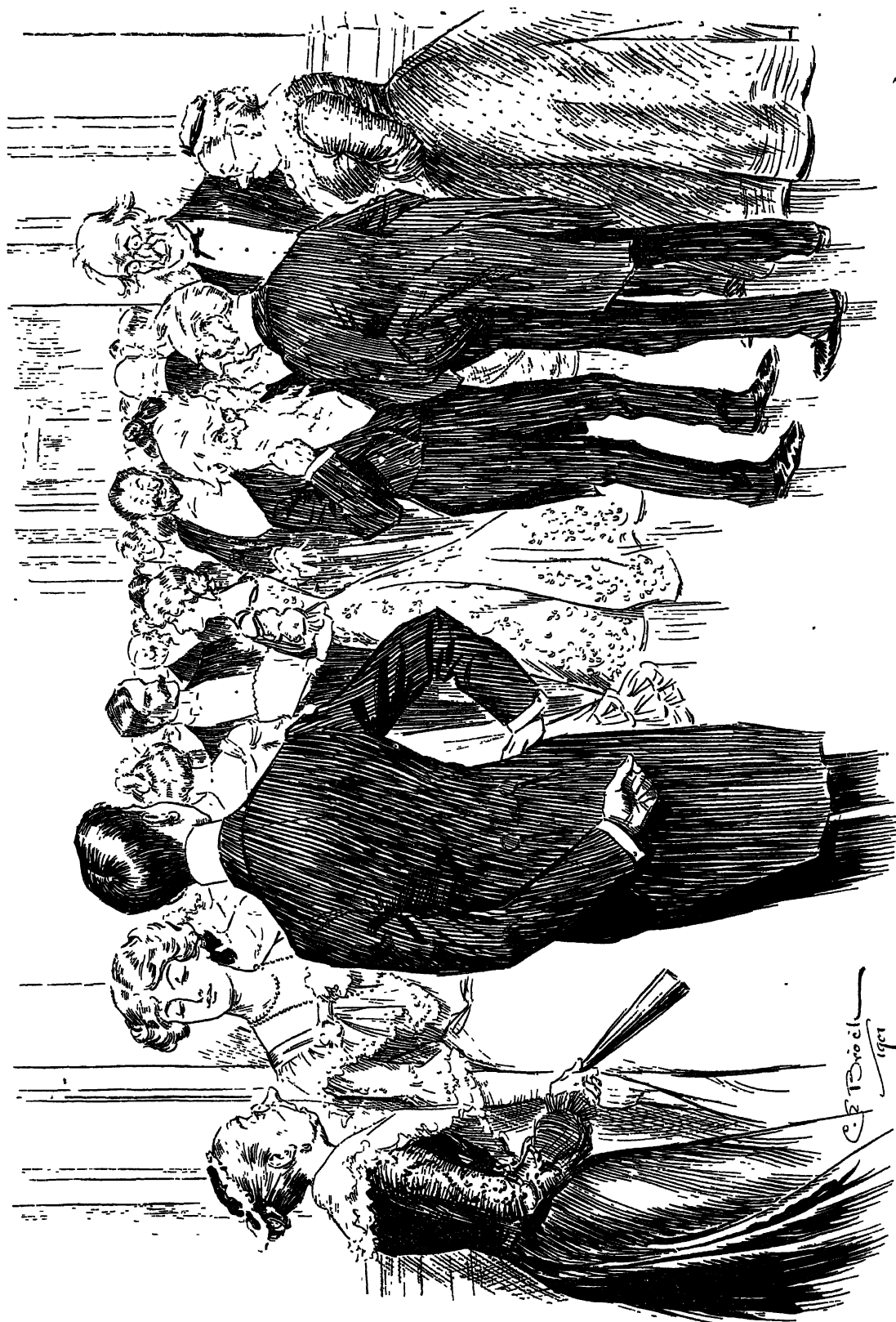
Then, O my youthful friends, beware!
There is a baneful curse
That lurks behind these bindings fair!
There's death in minor verse.

A GRAND OLD MARINER.

SAYS JAMES HAYLETT (whom Mr. Punch hails with "three cheers," as the crew did in the song of the "*Bay of Biscay O*"), who has been a lifeboatman for fifty years, a long-lifeboatman, giving evidence before the Board of Trade inquiry into the Caister disaster (in which the tough old salt lost two sons), "The crew of the lifeboat did not wear life-belts on this occasion, and a good job too, or there would not have been one of them saved. They were cumbersome, and he seldom wore one." Does this not recall the expert opinion of the Waterloo veteran who, asked if he would not prefer being protected by cuirass and helmet against the steel and bullet of the enemy, replied that "if he had to be in the battle over again he should prefer fighting in his shirt-sleeves"? But "cumbersome" though the life-belts may appear to be, and doubtless are, yet would not the weight of evidence given by the "life-belted knights" be in favour of their use?



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—"A Chamberlain" and "The Chamberlain."



AT A CONVERSAZIONE.

Young Lady, "I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW EVERYBODY HERE, MISS ODDIE?"
Miss Oddie, "OH, I KNOW MOST OF THEM. BUT THERE ARE SEVERAL STRANGE FACES OVER THERE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



MR. WILKINS, who has done much to establish the fame of Sir RICHARD BURTON—who revealed to the world the merits of that far more estimable person, Lady BURTON—dipping his hand into the lucky-basket of the traveller's chance MS., has brought forth a volume of posthumous essays. *Wanderings in Three Continents* (HUTCHINSON) comprise narratives of BURTON'S visits to Medina and Mecca, his ride to Harar, his journey to the heart of Africa, his call at Salt Lake City, when BRIGHAM YOUNG was in his prime: a mission to Dahomé, a trip up the Congo, a plunge into the interior of Brazil, and a voyage through Syria to Palmyra. On most of these enterprises—notably his adventurous journey to Mecca and Medina, disguised as a Moslem—he has written at length in familiar volumes. These papers were prepared in the form of lectures delivered before various audiences, and have, my Baronite testifies, the charm of lightness of touch proper to such occasions. They convey vivid impression of the dauntless enterprise of the pioneer of later travellers through that dark continent which to-day is so closely interwoven with the life of the British Empire.

Like all authors of a successful first book, Mrs. BURNETT'S enemies are those of her own household. Whenever she writes a new book, the shadow of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is cast upon it, and embarrassing comparisons are forthwith provoked. *The Making of a Marchioness* (SMITH, ELDER) stands the ordeal. The story, the characters, and the surroundings are altogether different. Mrs. BURNETT has even invented a new villain in the person of a ruthless ayah, faithful to her mistress with dog-like affection, pitiless to all who consciously or involuntarily assail her interests. *Emily Fox-Seton* is a fine study of a pure-minded, kind-hearted, absolutely blameless woman. My Baronite is aware that this is not a description of a heroine that will recommend her to the modern novel-reader. It is one of Mrs. BURNETT'S new successes that she makes her interesting, whether as maiden or Marchioness. *Lady Maria Bayne* lives up to her reputation as "the cleverest, sharpest-tongued, smartest old woman in London." *Lord Walderhurst* admirably fills the part assigned to him. He leads off in two fine scenes—where he asks the maiden to marry him, and where, kneeling by what the doctors thought was the deathbed of the Marchioness, he literally calls her back to life.

My Baronite, weary of much reading of new books, turns gratefully to a new edition of the *Essays of Elia*, just issued by Mr. METHUEN. All, all are here, the well-remembered chapters—The Southsea House, Christ's Hospital, Muckery End, Grace Before Meat, Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist, and the rest. Musing over an old colleague at Southsea House, "the polished man of letters" of the office, LAMB wrote: "Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days; thy topics are staled by the new-born gauds of the time." It is delightful to find afresh how little this lament attaches to *Elia*. His gentle humour never palls, nor does the infinite variety of his fancy stale. The *Essays* are introduced by a pleasant preface by E. V. LUCAS, and there are many illustrations by Mr. GARIB JONES. My Baronite does not care about the binding of the volume. There is about it something alike in colour and design that is un-Lamb-like. On the other hand, print and paper are thoroughly satisfying.

Twenty years ago GRANT ALLEN contributed to a London evening paper a series of erudite and interesting historical notes on English towns and counties. Under the title *County and Town in England* (GRANT RICHARDS) they are re-printed, with a prefatory note by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In a small space GRANT ALLEN, with practised hand, compressed the ancient history of many shires,

towns and hamlets. My Baronite, reading the chapter dealing with his own county, and wandering on through others, finds an amazing measure of research picturesquely scattered.

The Baron has received a book with a somewhat severe exterior entitled *Bardell versus Pickwick*, edited by PERCY FITZGERALD (ELLIOT STOCK), and the Baron would most carefully criticise its contents in detail were he not "given pause" on the threshold of his undertaking by the tone of this highly respected writer's work. Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD follows his leader, the late Sir FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., who in an able lecture on this very subject, boldly attempted to whitewash the dingy reputation of Messrs. *Dodson and Fogg*. The Baron cannot deny that Mr. FITZ G.'s efforts, like those of his leader, have achieved a certain amount of success. Also, Mr. FITZ G. somewhat discredits Mr. *Perker*, that model of a family solicitor! On these grounds the Baron is decidedly anxious as to the *Pickwickian* future of his PERCY FITZ. Is he going to round on his old friends and whilom favourites? Is he going to write a treatise extolling *Dodson-and-Foggism* at the expense of *Perkerism*? Where will he stop? Will he elevate the character and actions of *Jackson*, the attorneys' clerk, to the depreciation of *Sam Weller*, the serving man? And, being on the downward war-path, will he stop short of branding Mr. *Pickwick* himself as one addicted to riotous living, a gluttonous man, a wine-and-spirit-bibber, a conceited, bald-headed, elderly satyr, misleader of youth intrusted to his care, and the ill-adviser of virtuous maidens? It looks as though Mr. PERCY were about to give us a series of *Fitz and Starts*! Let Mr. PERCY FITZ G. be warned in time by the

BARON DE B.-W.



ADDITIONAL THEATRICAL REGULATIONS.

(At the Service of the L.C. and the L.C.C.)

Not only no living person shall be introduced in a modern play, but it shall be illegal to show hansom cab horses, hounds, and steam launches floating in tanks. To secure safety from fire, any member of the audience admitted by an order shall not be allowed to take his seat unless he can show a medical certificate warranting him certain to remain awake until the end of the performance.

The iron curtain shall descend on the first night of a new play when the senior critic present has had enough of it. When lowered, the iron curtain shall not be raised again for at least twenty-four hours.

Not only shall authorised members of the L.C.C. be permitted to be present at all performances of a popular character, but the privilege shall be further extended to their wives, their cousins, their sisters and their aunts. Not only shall refreshments be illegal in the auditorium, but all over the premises, and for a radius round the theatre of one square mile.

All the above regulations—and anything else that occurs to anyone—shall be carried out to prove that technical knowledge, worldly tact and general good feeling is not in any sense requisite in the proper management of a play-house.

"HURRAH FOR THE COSAQUE!" is an old chorus that merry families of youthful BROWNS, JONESSES, and ROBINSONS might appropriately revive and chant at Christmas time when the housekeeper goes to the cupboard where is kept the Christmas crackery, and produces therefrom the "Table-decoration Cosaques" and the "Toy Symphony Cracker Box" invented this year by the ingenious TOM SMITH. Pull away, boys and girls! The reports that reach us from the crackers are as startling as ever, and the sparks from the anvil of the Tom-Smithy as brilliant.

JOCOSA LYRA.

THE simultaneous publication of two anthologies of light verse—one of them, by the way, is entitled an *Anthology of Humorous Verse*—leads one to suppose that the great reading public has begun to take a serious interest in verse that is anything but serious, or, to express the matter perhaps with greater accuracy, disguises its occasional seriousness by the wearing of the jester's cap and the jingle of his bells. We may suppose, in fact, that there exists a paying public which has realised that the writing of good light verse demands very high qualities, and that a mere comic rattle with a liberal amount of puns thrown in does not quite fill the bill. This is a matter for congratulation, since the art of writing light verse is not an easy one, and the more its professors are sustained and encouraged, the higher will be their standard and the more valuable their efforts.

English poetry has a majestic record of many centuries, but it is only in comparatively recent times that the lighter Muse has gained her due recognition amongst us. Why did she come so late and in so timid a fashion? HORACE, MARTIAL and CATULLUS—what are they but writers of light verse? Our forefathers read them and knew them by heart, but those who rhymed shunned these shining examples,

and for the most part preferred Epics, Dramas, Odes—anything rather than the sparkling little piece in which a friend speaks to his friends about matters of everyday experience, redeeming them from commonness by the gaiety of his humour and the perfection of his phrases. I do not forget SICKLING or PRIOR, but they were exceptions. Our earlier poets, when they affected humour and lightness, for the most part trod their measure with a heavy foot. For instance, both the anthologies to which I have referred include MILTON'S "On the Oxford Carrier." Where is its lightness or its humour? In the midst of its frisking companions it has all the effect that might be produced by an ancient war-horse, fully caparisoned, prancing about among



**THE GOOD FAIRY ELECTRA OF THE CONTINUOUS CURRENT
BANISHES THE DEMON KING SULPHUR.**

[“The Directors of the Metropolitan Underground Railway announced yesterday that no time will be lost in proceeding with the installation of electric traction.”—*Daily Mail*.]

and finally established by WINTEROP MACKWORTH PRAED. Before that, the efforts were spasmodic, the occasional divagations of poets who put away their thunderbolts and sported for an hour with Anaryllis in the shade. Since that time we have come to recognise as poets those who, like THACKERAY, or FREDERICK LOCKER, or CALVERLEY, or Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON (to take a few recent examples only), were the skirmishers of the army of the Muses, gay companions who rode in light order with a bandolier filled with jest, and humour, and wit. And who shall say that they cannot win a battle as well as the Long Tom and Lyddite Shells of Mr. SWINBURNE?

You may begin by trying to make a distinction between verse

the ponies in a polo-field.

Or, take a much later period, and consider “John Gilpin.” Both collections include it. Indeed, I suppose one of an editor's fixed points in preparing his selection would necessarily be “John Gilpin.” Shall I be accused of treason if I hint that the reputation and endurance of this piece are a matter for wonder? How did it, even in an age that joked with difficulty, produce so overpowering an effect? The narrative is bald and portentously lengthy, the workmanship is not felicitous, the theme itself is trite and obvious. Something there must have been in the nature of citizens and train band captains and their frugal wives that produced in the minds of our forefathers an exquisite sense of incongruity, as of something that had no serious right to exist, or, if it did exist, was by that mere fact intensely humorous and comic, a proper subject for the most obvious ridicule. Echoes of their laughter still come to us, and since even the echoes of laughter are infectious, we laugh too, though the jest has lost its savour.

On the whole I think it is a fairly accurate statement—it is Mr. A. C. DEANE who has made it—that the tradition of light verse to which we now hold was originated by CANNING, continued by the brothers SMITH,

that is light and verse that is humorous, but you will find in the end that it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line. Your two selections will overlap at a hundred points. How, for instance, are you to deal with parody, whether it be the parody which has for its object the ridicule of its original, or the other parody which merely takes the form of that original and adapts it to another purpose? How again are you to distribute TOM HOOD, a mere word-twister on one side of his mind, shading off through satire and pure light verse into the greater poetry? These are only two examples of the difficulties that meet you. The fact is, of course, that such verse, whether you call it light or humorous, has many different forms, and the most judicious editor may well be puzzled as he makes his choice.

In its best and most attractive form it requires many qualities. Its writer must, if he is to succeed, have a correct ear, a fine sense of scholarship, a happy knack of fitting his most difficult rhymes so closely into the texture of his subject that they may seem inevitably a part of it, and an easy, rippling flow of perfectly appropriate language. Let him have a genial and friendly outlook on humanity, the outlook of a man who has lived in the world, and is able to speak of its struggles, and its disappointments with a humour that is always kindly and a pathos that is never (at least, in expression) tragic. If his verse sometimes trembles into tears it must be only for a moment, and a smile must go with the tears. Is there any man who combines these requisites better than THACKERAY, and this, though he has ventured to make "saffron" rhyme to "tavern," and "long year" to "frontier," an execrable collocation? Gaiety that is touched with regret, humour that is never without humanity, and a mellow, tolerant wisdom—these are the noble qualities of THACKERAY'S verse. His workmanship, though it is generally fine, is not always impeccable, but he never allowed his workmanship to master him, and, therefore, he always made the effect he wished to make.

CALVERLEY too must have his place, a very high one, though not quite beside THACKERAY. Where else can you find such



"CATCHING A MERMAID!"

[Submarine Photography is now possible.]

clean perfection of form, such amazing and almost devilish cleverness, or so light a touch? The tenderness that THACKERAY had he did not pretend to. His verse sparkles like a well-cut diamond, but there is no such glow about it as that which comes from "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," or, to take another instance, from TOM HOOD'S "I remember, I remember." Of living men I must not speak, except to affirm my belief that in the skilful exercise of their pleasant art they are not inferior to their predecessors. They maintain the good tradition and, in maintaining it, each of them asserts his own individuality both of style and matter.

SHADOWS OF FUTURITY.

[“In consequence of the inferior quality of modern

printing ink, it is a question whether the works of writers of to-day will survive a century.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Oh! Oh! Horror and woe!
Hapless Futurity, what a sad blow!
Never to know the writers that strow
With the flowers of culture the paths that we go!
Ah me! to think that inferior ink
Your souls in such Stygian darkness should sink,
That ye never shall welcome those meteors bright
That gladden our sight
With their radiance bright,
And scatter the numberless horrors of night!
For you, O Futurity, fast our tears flow!
Oh! Oh! Horror and woe!



His wish is law.

Oimoi! Otototoi!
Will you survive it? Your hours how employ
When troubles annoy and the vulgar alloy
Of sorrow is mixed with the gold of your joy?
In vain, all in vain will you sigh for the brain
Of a M-RIE C-B-LLI, a GR-ND, a H-LL C-NE,
Or those soul-stirring odes that the public delight
With their brilliancy bright,
Unapproachable quite,
Which none but our England's own ALFRED could write!
But these are not fated for you to enjoy.
Oimoi! Otototoi!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND TOBY, M.P.

No. 10, Downing Street; Christmas Eve.—PRINCE ARTHUR, turning out of Parliament Street, walked along Downing Street with long stride, arms limply hung by his side, hat slightly tilted back from his feverish brow. Left in town at this festive time to look after the affairs of the nation, he had spent a tiring day at his desk. The night was in unison with his faltering spirits. Fog and frost hung over the street. Ghostly figures, suddenly emerging from the mist, sharply scanned him. They turned out to be policemen, who wondered what he was doing out on such a night, and it Christmas Eve.

Arrived at No. 10, he fumbled at the key-hole in vain attempt to insert his latch-key. Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that PRINCE ARTHUR had seen it night and morning all through his official residence. Let it also be borne in mind that throughout the day he had not bestowed one thought upon OLD MORALITY. And then let any man explain, if he can, how it happened that PRINCE ARTHUR, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker but OLD MORALITY'S face!

OLD MORALITY'S face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the front of No. 10, Downing Street was. It had a faint flicker upon it such as might fall on an upturned countenance from the dying light in the glass roof in the House of Commons when members answer to the cry "Who goes home?" It looked at PRINCE ARTHUR as OLD MORALITY used to look, with kindly but shrewd glance, as if doubting whether he were altogether, as he has described himself, "a child" in some matters. The hair (what was left of it) was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and though the eyes were wide open they were perfectly motionless.

As PRINCE ARTHUR looked fixedly at this phenomenon it was a knocker again.

To say he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy—an earlier stage from that of the childhood alluded to—would be untrue. But he thrust the key into the key-hole, turned it sturdily, walked in and lighted his candle.

He made his way to the room nearest the doorway connecting No. 10 with No. 11, Downing Street. This was knocked through at the instance of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD when he was CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and Lord ROSEBERY, as Prime Minister, was his neighbour. He (the SQUIRE) liked to feel that at any moment, without the delay consequent upon passing out of one front door and through another, he could seek and find the counsel and companionship of his chief. PRINCE ARTHUR thought of this touching incident with a sense of relief. He was alone in the house. All the servants were making Christmas holiday. It was nice to think that by passing through a door he could, in case anything happened, be in the next house in no time.

"Pooh pooh!" he said, when he thought of OLD MORALITY'S face where the door-knocker ought to have been. Nevertheless, he doubled-locked the door. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his turned-down collar, put on his dressing-gown and his slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the fire to sup the gruel which the prevision of a faithful servant had left ready on the hob.

Half-an-hour passed; it may have been only twenty-five minutes. PRINCE ARTHUR heard a familiar step in the passage. It was coming straight towards the door. Whilst he was congratulating himself on the precaution he had taken of double-



"OLD MORALITY IN HIS SQUARE MORNING COAT."

locking it, the SOMETHING moved on through the massive door and entered the room. The dying flame leaped up as though it cried, "I know him; OLD MORALITY'S Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. OLD MORALITY in his square morning coat, his usual waistcoat, his trousers of the last century, and boots of the same date. His body was transparent, so that PRINCE ARTHUR, looking through his waistcoat, could clearly see the bookstall at Charing Cross loaded with those newspapers he never reads.

"How now?" growled PRINCE ARTHUR, throwing into his voice a tone of Philosophic Doubt. "What do you want with me?"

"Much." OLD MORALITY'S voice; no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"In life I was First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons whilst you were Chief Secretary for Ireland."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked PRINCE ARTHUR, looking doubtfully at him.

The Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace as if he were quite used to it.

"Don't be frightened," he said genially, warming his hands at the fire and rubbing his leg in the place where the calf formerly was. "I daresay you didn't expect me. I can't stay long, though I don't suppose you are much troubled with cock-crowing in Downing Street. I just wanted to have a little chat with you about Procedure in the Commons. I hear something about you going to tighten up the Rules so as to choke off Obstruction. I don't want to say anything disagreeable. Merry Christmas: good-will on earth, and all that, you know. So I won't refer to the time when you and GRANDOLPH and WOLFEY and JOHN GORST—how's GORST getting on? still respectful to his Chiefs, I suppose?—when you four did your best to make legislation impossible.

"What I wanted to say to you is—if I may quote a copy-book heading possibly not unfamiliar to you—when you put your hand to the plough, don't turn back. No half measures: fill the flowing bowl: you know what I mean. I did something in my time to deliver the majority from the tyranny of the minority. Never had such a chance as you possess. You have an overwhelming majority. The Irish Party, under the leadership of a pinchbeck PARNELL, have given themselves away, alienated public opinion by openly declaring their intention of making the House of Commons a byword among Parliaments, impotent, ludicrous. Now's your time. Snatch it and do your work thoroughly."

PRINCE ARTHUR began to feel quite at home. Had never heard a ghost talk in so sensible a manner, or comport itself in such homely fashion.

"Well," he said, "though unexpected, as you put it, I'm very glad to see you again. Won't you take something?" he was about to add when, catching a glimpse of the back of the chair through the lower part of his visitor's waistcoat, he recognised the inappropriateness of the suggestion.

As he looked OLD MORALITY edged towards the corner of the seat, placed his hands on his knees and turned his head to the left in the direction where the Speaker's chair is viewed from the Treasury Bench.

"He's going to pounce!" cried PRINCE ARTHUR excitedly.

Pounce he did, clear off his chair, through the shut and double-locked door. PRINCE ARTHUR, his faculties strangely quickened, could hear the pattering of his feet along the passage.

"Pooh pooh!" he muttered as he finished his gruel, "I don't believe my own eyes. No Foundations for Belief in this sort of thing. All the same there's a good deal in what he said."

A CHRISTMAS RONDEAU.

OLD Father Christmas! one more joyous peal
Hails your return, your wanted gifts to deal:

You bring your blessing—Peace on earth to dwell—
To men you teach good-will, and with your spell
Calm their fierce feuds, and differences heal.

Now wondering children to their stockings steal,
And find them hulging—leg and toe and heel.

Glad at the gifts the giver's name they tell—
Old Father Christmas!

I also join their joyful sports with zeal:

Crackers I pull, to cry the forfeits kneel,
And at Sir Roger I once more excel.

Yes, when each year your glad some carols swell,
Despite time's ravages, I cannot feel

Old, Father Christmas!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE OLD STYLE.

NOTHING could have been more cheerful than the well-lighted streets. The holly and mistletoe glistened in the green-grocers' windows. Toys were everywhere, and scores of happy children toddled beside their rosy-cheeked parents full of the glee of the joyful season, and so on, and so on, for a dozen pages.

The family party assembled together in the old ancestral hall was a right merry one. The armour reflected back the red glare of the blazing yule log. Dancing and flirtation and all the brightest side of life were in evidence on all sides. What could have been more delightful? What could have been more in keeping with the good traditions? And so on, and so on, for another dozen pages.

"Ah," said the host, as he bid adieu to the last guest for the last time, smiling, "what a pity it is that Christmas comes but once a year!"

THE NEW STYLE.

Nothing could have been more dismal than the fog-hidden streets. The green—if there were any—could not be seen in the fruiterers' windows. The customary cheap presents in the toyshops were hidden by the prevailing gloom. Children by the score shivered and whimpered as they listened to the querulous voices of their parents. And so on, and so on, for a dozen pages.

The family party assembled together in the large dining room quarrelled with the utmost heartiness. They had been so intent upon their bickerings that they had quite forgotten to keep up the fire. The coals were cold as the biting frost without. The hall table was covered with unpaid bills. County Court summonses had been left early in the afternoon and were well in evidence. What could have been more in keeping with the sadness of the dismal season? What could have been more wretched? What could have been more in keeping with the bad traditions? And so on, and so on, for another dozen pages.

"Ah!" said the host, as he bid adieu to the last guest for the first time, smiling, "how fortunate it is that Christmas comes but once a year!"

LADY GADABOUT'S CARRIGE WAITS.

HONERD MR. PUNCH, SIR,—If you would empress upon your reeders the sack that wating night after night drurin the Xmas hollydays up by-streets, while my employers are injoin the pantermes and plays, and I and JOHN THOMAS, to say nothin of the 'osses, are shivrin an starvin, is not my ideer of the festy seesun, you would greatly oblidge

Your obedient servant, JEHU JONES (Coachman).

P.S.—Couldn't you, honerd Sir, start a kinder messinger boy surviss as could go round with drinx an am sangwishes free gratiss for nothink wile hour employers is amosin of theselves?



PARTNERS. I

Britannia. "AFTER ALL, MY DEAR, WE NEEDN'T TROUBLE OURSELVES ABOUT THE OTHERS."
Colonial. "NO; WE CAN ALWAYS DANCE TOGETHER, YOU AND I!"

SANTA CLAUS.

A Special and Exclusive Interview.

"I HAD some difficulty," writes Mr. *Punch's* representative, "in finding the old gentleman whose views on current topics I had been instructed to ascertain. Everybody knew him—at least everybody pretended to—and one little girl to whom I applied for information was sure she had seen him last Christmas-time creeping up to her cot in the middle of the night. She described him, however, as looking 'just like Daddy,' and, as I knew that that particular Daddy owned no beard, white or otherwise, I saw at once that her story lacked that *vratsenblance* which to a newspaper-man is more valuable than life, to say nothing of truth. At length, however, by dint of a lavish expenditure of money, I found a clue, and eventually tracked the illustrious friend of all children to his home in a neatly constructed and unpretentious cave situated not far from Hyde Park. The avenue leading up to the entrance is composed, if I may say so, of five hundred magnificent fir-trees, and fifteen poodle-dogs, specially wound up to spring at an intruder and each of them constructed with a special and novel arrangement for barking, guard the outer gate. Having safely surmounted these obstacles, I was admitted by

A NORWEGIAN TROLL

of peculiar shagginess and highly curved legs. He wore a beard at least two feet long, reaching from his chin to the ground, and on his head was a funny old cap shaped like those usually associated with brewers' draymen and revolutionary enthusiasts. In answer to one question as to whether his master was at home he replied, with an affectation of surliness which could not conceal the nobility of his character and the true kindness of his heart, that Santa Claus was very busy at this particular moment, and that anyone presuming to disturb him would probably be converted immediately into a story-book with brilliantly-coloured pictures and sold for 3s. 6d. a copy on the railway bookstalls. Being naturally of a retiring disposition, and hating both publicity and advertisement, I was just about to turn away when the voice of

SANTA CLAUS HIMSELF

was heard inside the cave loudly instructing his servant to admit the stranger at once. At this the demeanour of the Troll instantly changed, a smile spread over his rugged Norse features, and with a low bow he proceeded to conduct me down a flight of golden steps into the audience chamber of his lord and master.

My first sight of Santa Claus disappointed me, and the description of it will no doubt disappoint readers of *Punch*. We live in an eminently rationalised



A DEFINITION.

New Governess. "Now, TOMMY, SIT UP, AND TELL ME WHAT ARE 'WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.'"

Tommy. "PLEASE, MISS JONES, *WAITS* ARE PEOPLE WHO COME HOWLING OUTSIDE AT CHRISTMAS-TIME, AND *MEASURES* ARE WHAT PAPA SAYS HE'LL TAKE TO STOP 'EM!"

world. All romances and fairy tales and legendary myths have been carefully smoothed out and reduced to the common experience of every-day life, and even the glamour of childhood has had to give way, so we are assured, before the relentless advance of common-sense coupled with business methods imported from the United States. When, therefore, I entered the audience chamber I expected to see a dapper gentleman in a frock-coat and patent-leather boots, with an up-and-down collar, a diamond-and-pearl scarf-pin, and a bunch of violets in his button-hole. I confidently anticipated that he would address me in curt tones, asking me to state my business quickly, as he was expecting a visit from

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF A TOY-SHOP,

and could give me only ten minutes. You may judge my surprise when I found Santa Claus to be just what the old, kind, cheerful stories of childhood had represented him—a hale, red-cheeked old gentleman, with a big white beard, his face and his long coat and his tall boots all powdered

with snow and an indescribable look of joviality in his clear blue eyes. "Great Scot!" I observed, in the first shock of my astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me that you're Santa Claus! Why, I expected quite a——"

"No matter what you expected," said the Saint, "here I am at your service."

"About those stockings, Santa Claus: don't you ever find a difficulty in filling them? Come now, you can't possibly do the whole job yourself. Why, in England alone there are——"

"If you're going to bother me with statistics, I've done with you. You don't suppose I care a farthing rushlight for all that kind of thing. I've done the job, as you call it, for nigh on two thousand years, and I'm not going to cry *peccavi* now."

I saw that the old man was offended, and hastened to change the subject.

"Yes," he said, meditatively, in answer to a question from me, "dolls are still in great request. My doll-cavern extends underground through a great part of Europe. Then there is the animals'



Mamma. "TO-MORROW'S CHRISTMAS DAY, EFFIE DEAR, AND YOU WILL GO TO CHURCH FOR THE FIRST TIME." (*Encouragingly.*) "THERE WILL BE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC—"

Effie. "OH, MUMMY DEAR, MAY I DANCE?"

emporium, a very large place, with every possible appliance for keeping the occupants in good health from Christmas to Christmas. My kennels are second to none, and my aviaries have been much admired.

STUFFED BIRDS, OF COURSE,

but even a stuffed bird wants its bit of groundsel and its handful of seed regularly. Kittens? I should think so. Lots of them, with red-glass eyes and horse-hair whiskers. Some of 'em are capital mousers. Here, for instance, is one. You see, it keeps a firm hold on its victim all the time. None of that inhuman playing about with it which disgraces so many cats who ought to know better. I never allow that."

"Where do you keep your horses?"

"The ordinary ones on platforms or wheels have excellent quarters in a handy mews in the neighbourhood. The rockers have special loose boxes elsewhere. We can't keep them together on account of their jealousy. The rockers swagger so much about their fine free action and their painted wood that

NO ORDINARY HORSE

can stand it. However, I don't keep many rockers: there's such a difficulty about getting stockings large enough to hold them."

"How about mechanical toys?"

"Oh, well, of course we march with the times, you know, and all that. There's something about mechanical toys that doesn't quite appeal to me, but I suppose

I'm conservative and old-fashioned. I just keep a few in stock by way of variety; but as a matter of fact, when a kid's old enough for some of these elaborate machinery things, why it's old enough to do without toys altogether. Anyhow, my visits are not required in that particular home. The old things, I find, go down best—dolls, animals, Noah's arks, jacks-in-the-box, and that sort."

At this moment a fearful noise broke out.

"It's only my dolls practising 'Papa' and 'Mamma,'" said Santa Clausé. "Come and see them. It's really a charming sight."

I had, however, heard enough. Thanking the Saint warmly for his courtesy, and bestowing a handful of brass tokens on the attendant Troll, I regained the upper air, deeply impressed with all that I had seen during my short visit to the Cave of Delight and Happy Memories.

TABLE TALK.

[The *Daily Mail* has recently quoted some striking facts to show our increase of luxury.]

OUR vulgar sires decided

To take in calm content

The goods the gods provided,

Whenever they were sent;

Their bourgeois tastes and sober

Were grateful for the boon

Of peaches in October

And strawberries in June.

But now we think it treason

To all good sense and reason

To own a taste

That's so debased,

And eat a thing in season.

When every coster's barrow

With strawberries is spread,

And every alley narrow

With strawberries is red,

It must in reason follow

That self-respecting men

Would rather die than swallow

Your vulgar favourite then.

But when the skies are snowing,

When prices all increase,

And strawberries are going

At half-a-crown a piece,

Then one, without forsaking

One's self-respect, might dream

Of possibly partaking

Of strawberries and cream.

You offer us green peas from

Your Surrey farms in vain;

We only look at these from

The "middle zones" of Spain;

Spring duckling in November

We reckon at its prime,

With lamb about December,

And trout at Christmas-time.

In short, we hold it treason

To all good sense and reason

To dare to wish

For any dish

That is not out of season.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1901.

(By one who has been forced to keep Christmas Eve, and is still at it.)

PUDDINGS of plum and mince pies too!
Hammer and nails for the holly—balloo!
(There! I've hammered my thumb! goroo!)

A romping party of girls and boys,
And a Christmas-tree that is hung with toys
(Greed, ill manners, and awful noise!)

To the family pew while the day is young,
And a carol of love on the bells is rung
(The beautiful anthem vilely sung!)

At night we'll dance till the morn is gray,
And drink to the friends who are far away
(How fearfully ill we shall be next day!)

THE GHOST THAT FAILED.

(A Story for the Festive Season.)

ALL my life long have I desired to meet and speak with a ghost. I am now an oldish man with my wish still unrealised. As a boy I revelled in the old-fashioned ghost story—with gibbets and gibbering, spectral lights and hollow groans, but I was far too healthy ever to be frightened, and though I longed to have that delicious creepy feeling, that sense of I-don't-know-what's-going-to-happen-but-I-shall-scream-in-a-minute, no ghost or suspicion of a ghost ever came my way. "You want to be in the proper mood," said my sister NEURASTHENIA; "read EDGAR ALLEN POE and HOFFMAN." I read POE with, I admit, a mild discomfort, but HOFFMAN bored me. In despair, I took to late suppers (lobsters, pork, anything, provided it was indigestible); but my cursed digestion was so magnificent that I slept afterwards the sleep of an infant, and only succeeded in keeping everyone within six-room radius awake with my snoring. Time passed on; I grew middle-aged, and with approaching baldness, the joy of feeling my hair "standing on end" receded into the distance of the unexperienced—into the abyss of the much unrealised. And yet I have not given up hope. Even now, as I am writing these lines (1 A.M., dark stormy night—haunted spare-room—country house—guttering candle), the thought that, perhaps, something may happen inspires me. I will blow the light out and see—metaphorically, of course.

* * * * *

1.15 A.M.—Have been in darkness a quarter of an hour. Making this entry by the light of a match. Casement rattling, but nothing has happened. Feel stupidly sleepy, but horribly matter-of-fact and tranquil—D—n! Match burnt down to my fingers.

2 A.M.—Have re-lit candle. Must have



C. Brock 1901

Little Montague. "I WAS AWAKE WHEN SANTA CLAUS CAME, DAD!"

Father. "WERE YOU? AND WHAT WAS HE LIKE, EH?"

Little Montague. "OH, I COULDN'T SEE HIM—IT WAS DARK, YOU KNOW. BUT WHEN HE BUMPED HIMSELF ON THE WASHSTAND HE SAID—"

Father (hastily). "THERE, THAT'LL DO, MONTY. RUN AWAY AND PLAY!"

been asleep. Trying to recall dream. Ah! I have it. . . . was buying Christmas presents with insufficient money. That's better; not exactly ghostly, but shows a certain vague discomfort. Perhaps now . . . what was that? Chair turned over outside. I walk to door and look out. My host in dressing-gown. Says he felt sleepless, and was taking book from book-case outside my room when a form glided out . . . dissolved from the panels. The family ghost! Had I seen it? Then I lost my temper.

"You wretch," I said: "you inhospit-

able wretch, to keep a ghost only discernible by yourself. Here have I been waiting all night—done so for sixty years"—and then I sobbed like a child in bitter disappointment.

"Try sleeping in the churchyard," suggested my friend.

"Done so for two seasons, and only got rheumatism."

"Hopeless," murmured my friend. "Incurable." Then he wrung my hand and fled, and I returned, Ghost-less and irritable, to sleep with my usual abominable tranquillity.

A. R.



OUR CHRISTMAS TEA.

Unregenerate Youth. "PASS THE SEEDY CAKE!"

Vicar's Daughter. "If?—If?—"

Unregenerate Youth. "IF 'E DON'T I'LL SHOVE 'IM IN THE FAICE!"

HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

IV.—WHAT THE SPARROW SAW ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE sparrow surveyed me from a neighbouring twig, with small, bright, beady eyes. Then he winked.

"Slow creatures, those ducks," he remarked in a piping voice. "Pity you haven't got a fairy pass every day."

"Beg pardon," I observed with puzzled politeness. 'Twas rather difficult to know how to address a sparrow. He was so very small, and yet looked so smart, that

any slip on your part would be quickly taken advantage of.

"Well, haven't you got permission from the fairies to understand bird-language for a time? You ought to be proud of it. You big two-legged things are so very ignorant of what goes on among us that a fairy pass——"

I hastened to assure the sparrow that I was extremely grateful.

"You write Christmas stories, and all that sort of thing, for the papers?"

I pleaded guilty.

"What do you write about usually?"

said the sparrow, with his head inquisitorially cocked aside.

"Oh, the usual love stories—plenty of mistletoe and pretty cousins, and the advantages of sitting-out dances in the conservatory, and—and ghost stories of every kind, ghosts that aren't ghosts as a rule;—must end up all right, you know."

"Rather samey, isn't it?" chirped the sparrow. "I prefer my stories; they really happen. Don't I forget them? Well, I expect I should, only I tell the fairies, and fairies forget nothing. Listen to this: it's more exciting than the duck's story. Last Christmas Eve I was flying along one of your dirtier streets the other side of the river, when I saw a little crowd of children peering into a flaring toy-shop. Gracious! how bright their eyes were, and how flushed their faces—much brighter than many of the children in the big, fine streets—only dirtier, more like we are, you know; while the other children were more like goldfinches and peacocks, you understand. Well, I flew down, not so much for the shop as because someone had been eating a bun, and I like buns!" added the sparrow with refreshing candour. "Then a man came out and drove the crowd away—all but one little girl who was making a horrid noise in her throat like a dog barking, and who kept a blue cold nose fixed against the window. After a while she grew tired and crept to a doorstep. Then, of course, I knew what ought to be done, and I flew away to tell the fairies."

A. R.

TO CINCINNATUS JUNIOR.

FOR AMENDS.

(See last week's "Cincinnatus.")

MY Lord, if I may understand
That you at last consent to yield,
To leave, in fact, your furrow-land
And take, for good, the tented field;

(Not that you say it anywhere
In such reports as I have read;
But Mr. ASQUITH, he was there,
And this is what he says you said)—

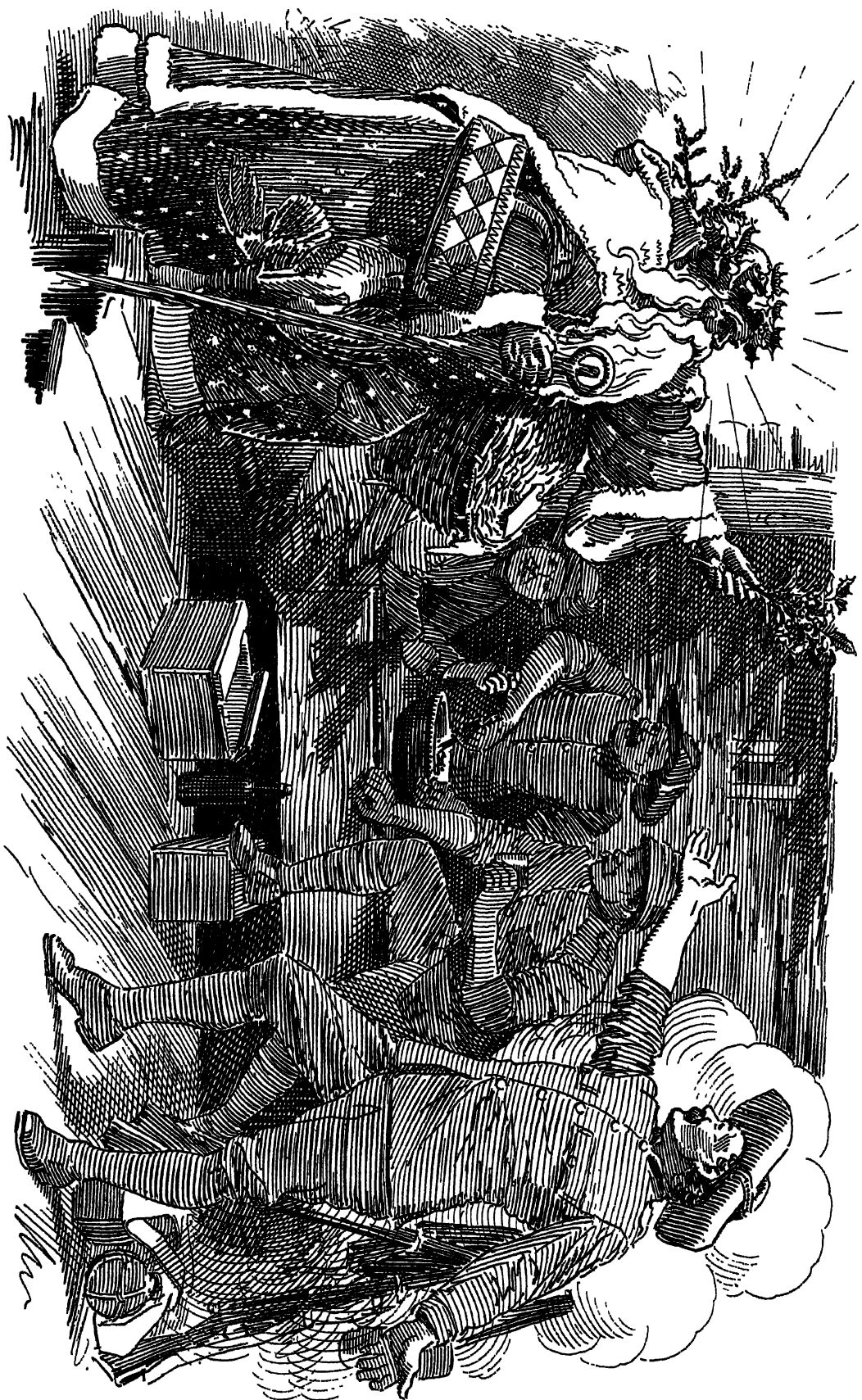
Kindly permit me to repent
Of that poor Cincinnatus-song,
Composed before the great event,
And proved oracularly wrong.

None gladlier than I, my Lord,
Would welcome with the coming year
Your plough-share turned into a sword,
Your pruning-hook become a spear.

For you have put one doubt to flight
In Chesterfield's vociferous hall—
Under what flag you meant to fight
(Supposing that you fought at all).

And, so you serve your country's ends,
Careless how else the issue goes,
You cannot lack for loyal friends
Except among our common foes.

O. S.



CHRISTMAS ON THE VELDT.

PRIVATE MARK TAPLEY. "DO BETTER! TO BE SURE WE WILL. WE SHALL ALL DO BETTER. WHAT WE 'VE GOT TO DO IS TO KEEP UP OUR SPIRITS. WE SHALL ALL COME RIGHT IN THE END, NEVER FEAR!"—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chap. XXXIII.

AN EXTRA-ACTIVE VERB.

*On all fours with To Mote, Tu Be, Ta Boo,
and To Week-end.*

[“Table Tennis” achieved its apotheosis in a
Championship Tournament at the Royal Aquarium
last week. It has therefore to be conjugated.]

PRESENT TENSE.

I PING.

Thou pongest.

He—ahem!—plays “table-tennis.”

We are all champions.

Ye pay subscriptions.

They are outsiders!

IMPERFECT AND AMATEURISE.

I was pooh-poohing.

Thou wast using an eighteenpenny set.

He was wearing a club “blazer.”

We were pitching into the umpire.

Ye were making your own rules.

They were having words.

PAST (last Season).

I pang.

Thou pongedst.

Ho pung.

We grovelled after balls.

Ye split your trouser-knees.

They burst their braces.

FUTURE.

I *will* ping, or perish in the effort.

Thou shalt “retrieve.”

He will upset the furniture in his
enthusiasm.

We shall annex the dining-room.

Ye shall go without dinner.

They (the servants) will bless us!

POTENTIAL MOOD.

I may turn professional.

Thou mayest take lessons from me (five
guineas an hour).

She may show off her figure.

We may electrify Balham.

Ye may get “blues” (not “the blues”).

They may win at the Aquarium.

OPTATIVE OR MATRIMONIAL MOOD.

I might become a “parti.”

Thou mightest introduce me to thy
daughter.

She might double her chance of marry-
ing.

We might ping-pong into “Society.”

Ye might “stand the racket.”

They might hit it off.

IMPERATIVE.

Play!

Let him mop!

Let's have a drink!

Go it, ye cripples!

Game!

PARTICIPLES.

Present: Ping. *Passive:* (not found).

Infinitive: To get into the Badminton
Series and abandon the now undignified
title of “Ping-pong.”

A. A. S.



G. L. STAMP

*She (who has been buying Christmas presents, to her husband, who is uncomfortably conscious
of the fact). “HORATIO DEAR, DON'T YOU SEE MRS. PARKER OVER THE WAY? WHY DON'T
YOU TAKE YOUR HAT OFF?”*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN a certain weekly paper of which he
is editor and was, if my Baronite is not
mistaken, “onlie begetter,” Dr. ROBERT-
SON NICOLL, thinly disguised as “CLAUDIUS
CLEAR,” comforts and counsels a wide
circle of devoted readers. He has col-
lected and published his essays in a
handy volume entitled *Letters on Life*
(HODDER AND STOUGHTON). They well bear
the ordeal. The subjects range over the
wide plain of common daily life. Amongst
the headlines are The Art of Conversa-
tion; Some Questions about Holidays;
The Sin of Overwork; Good Manners;
On Growing Old; Firing Out the Fools.
This last is a trenchant utterance gene-

rated by experience during a visit to the
United States. All the essays are marked
by wide knowledge of men and books,
equable common-sense, unflinching good
humour. Even when firing out fools
CLAUDIUS CLEAR manages to convey the
idea that, save for a predominant sense
of duty to his country, he would, following
personal preference and apostolic exam-
ple, suffer them gladly. When writing
of books or on literary topics, CLAUDIUS
CLEAR walks familiar paths through far-
reaching fields. He not only reads, but
discriminates and remembers.

“Under which King, Bezonian? Speak
or die!” This is what the Baron, apt at
quotation, asks himself while reading
Caroline, the Illustrious Queen-Consort of



THOMAS MAYBANK.

A BROWNIE STUDY.

George the Second, by W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.S.A. (LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.). Under which King will you rank yourself? Is it to be the Hanoverian GEORGE, first of that name, with all the STUART vices and none of their pleasant qualities, or KING JAMES THE THIRD of England and Seventh of Scotland? The First GEORGE was sensual, selfish and cruel, and the Third JAMES was not worth such wild enthusiasm as the STUART cause aroused in English and Scottish hearts. The Baron would have been inclined towards "the King over the water"; but sagely bent on retaining his wise head where Providence has safely placed it, he would have drank the KING's health and requested him to remain "over the water," without attempting to regain the crown his father had thrown away, unless summoned to do so by the nation. The most uncompromising adherent of the STUARTS can now-a-days throw up his cap for the lineal descendant of JAMES THE FIRST of England, and cry with all his heart and voice, "God save King EDWARD THE SEVENTH!" But what a set from the First CHARLES, blameless in his domestic life, to the Fourth GEORGE (saving "Farmer GEORGE," of kindly but melancholy memory), memorable as the "finest gentleman in Europe." It needed the virtues and strength of character of so pure and sweet a soul as



was the Gracious Queen VICTORIA to thoroughly purge a court that was not so very far removed from the open licentiousness that characterised the reign of the Second CHARLES so endeared to Englishmen who "take their pleasures sadly" as "The Merrie Monarch." Brilliantly written, with every incident dramatically given, and with every important character duly weighed and valued, there is not a dull page in the entire work. It is, indeed, one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most delightful, of books, sparkling with the romance of real life, that has engrossed the Baron's attention this many a day. Those who have a lively recollection of *The Love of an Uncrowned Queen* will be in no way disappointed with this new work by the same author.

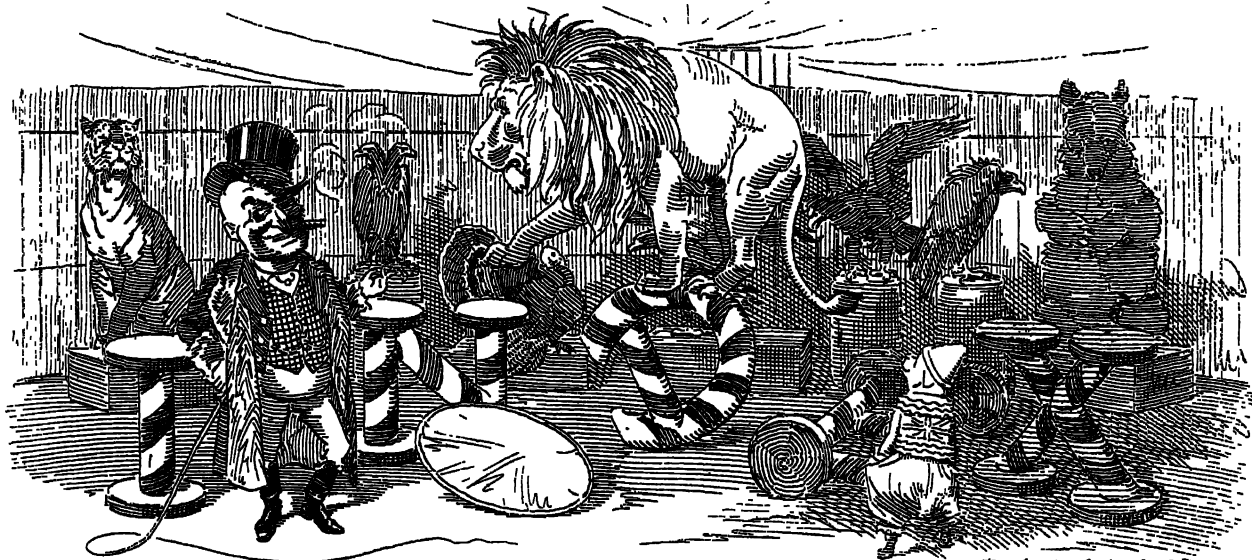
THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—Not in the regular Booking-Office line is a story in the Christmas number of the *Penny Illustrated*, but Mr. LATEY's *Love Conquers All* is worthy of exceptional recommendation.

RECOMMENDATION for spending a really jovial time any evening during Christmas holidays.—Attend meeting of the Statistical Society and hear a lecture on *The Absorption of Interest and its Effect on the Price of Meat at Berlin*.

JUST AT CHRISTMAS-TIME TOO

The Ghost of Rotham Grange. "Look here, I call this monstrous! I've kept the Grange empty for more than two hundred years, and scared some score of people to death. Now they've gone and turned the place into an Asylum for Idiots!"
Other Ghost (his friend, out of employment). "Oh, it's disgusting! I don't know where I shall spend Christmas!"



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